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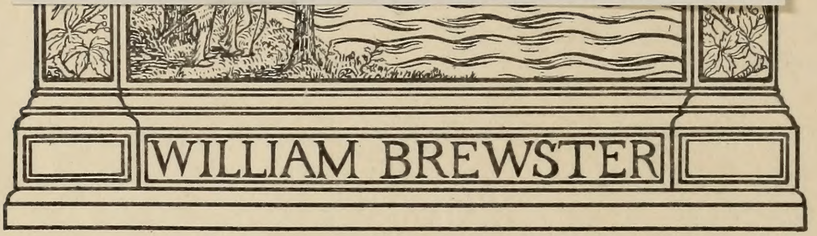
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VOLUME VIII.
JANUARY, 1898, TO JUNE, 1898

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G. O. SHIELDS (Coquina), Editor and Manager

⁂

NEW YORK:
19 W. TWENTY-FOURTH STREET
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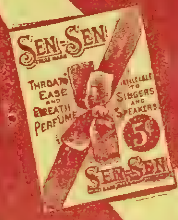
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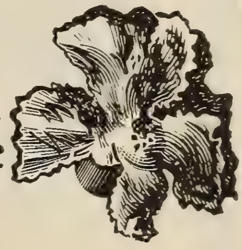

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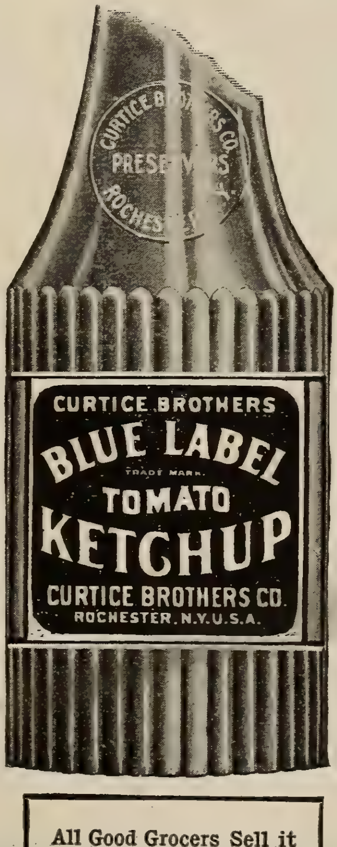

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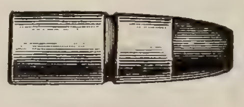

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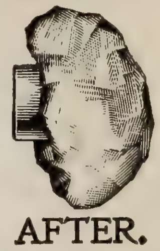

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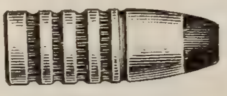

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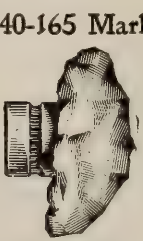

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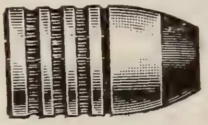

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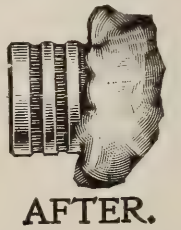

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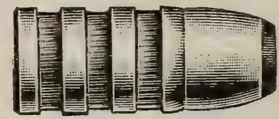

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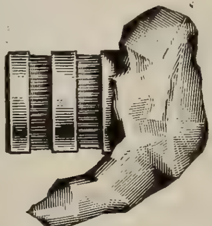

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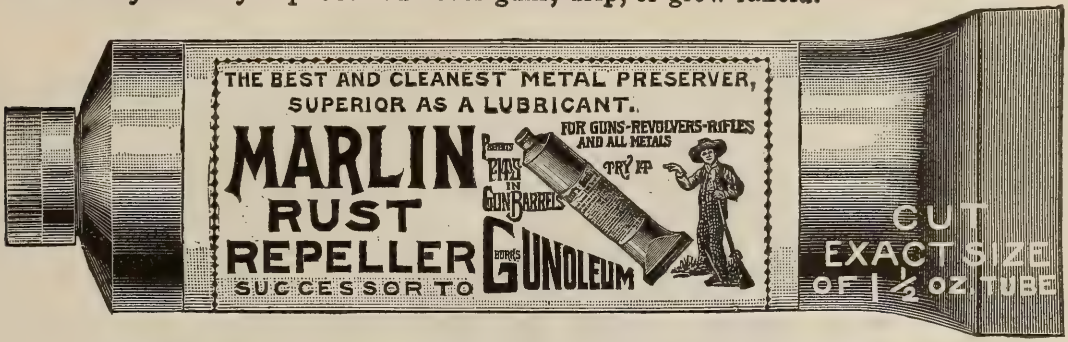
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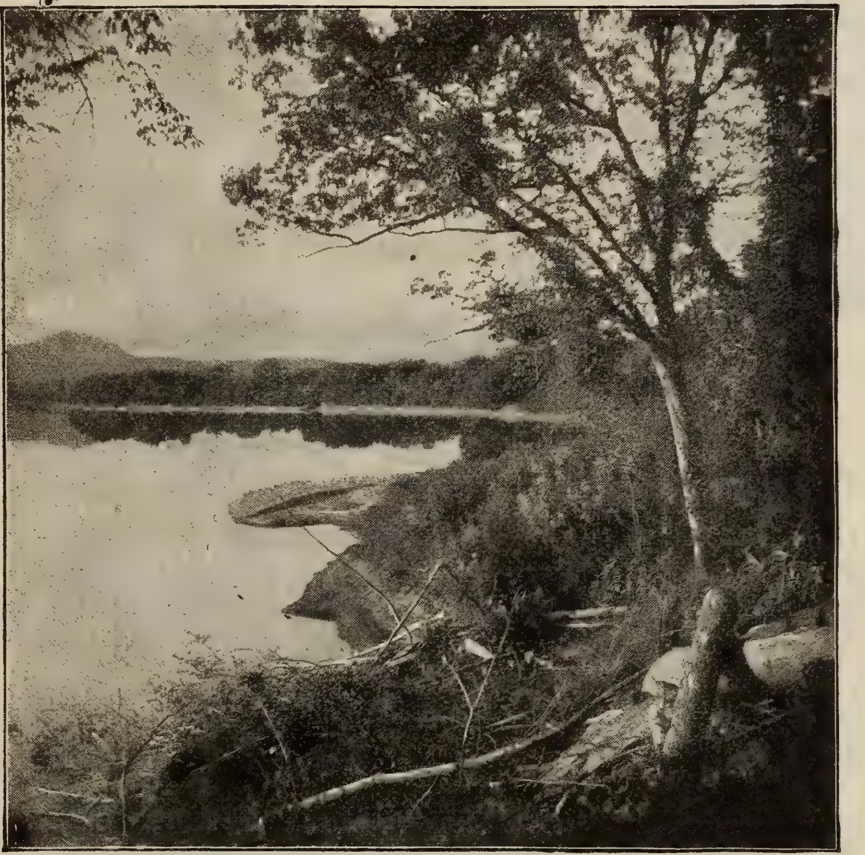

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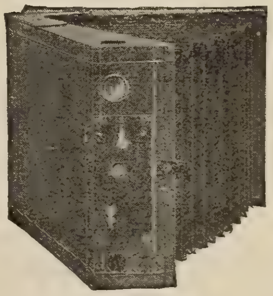

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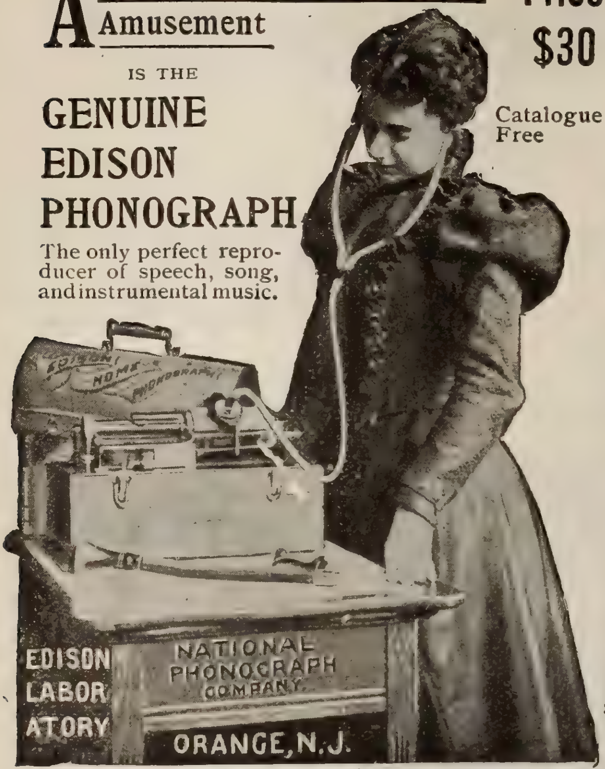

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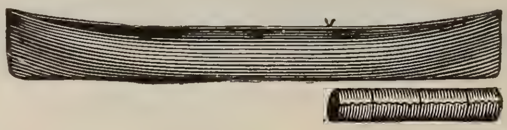
16-foot boat, carries 1,500 lbs. easily. Folds into cylinder 5-ft. long by 10-in. diameter. A man can pack one, a cayuse two.



The Comptroller of N. W. M. Police, the Hon. Fred White, writes from Ottawa: "Those who have tested the Acme strongly recommend it. We have adopted the Acme for our requirements."

Major Walsh, Governor of Klondike, has a 14-ft. Acme for his personal use. We have our third order from Canadian Gov. Send for photo of boat carrying ten persons, and for testimonials about Acmes, which safely ran the rapids of the Yukon and are now used in prospecting. Boats have outside Air Tubes. Bounce safely from snags and rocks. Better write at once.

Acme Folding Boat Co.

Miamisburg, Ohio, U.S.A.

A Little Philosophy

Let us reason together for a moment.

A little philosophy now and then does not come amiss.

Many people do not take enough fat in their food. The system craves it, but the palate rebels. Such people grow thin and suffer from fat-starvation.

Are *you* too thin in flesh? Have you the nervousness, the insomnia, and the hundred aches and pains that accompany fat-starvation?

If your system needs more fat, why not take more of it with your food? This is good common sense; it is also sound medical doctrine.

But it all depends upon the kind of fat you select.

It should be easily taken, easily digested, and easily appropriated by the tissues of the body.

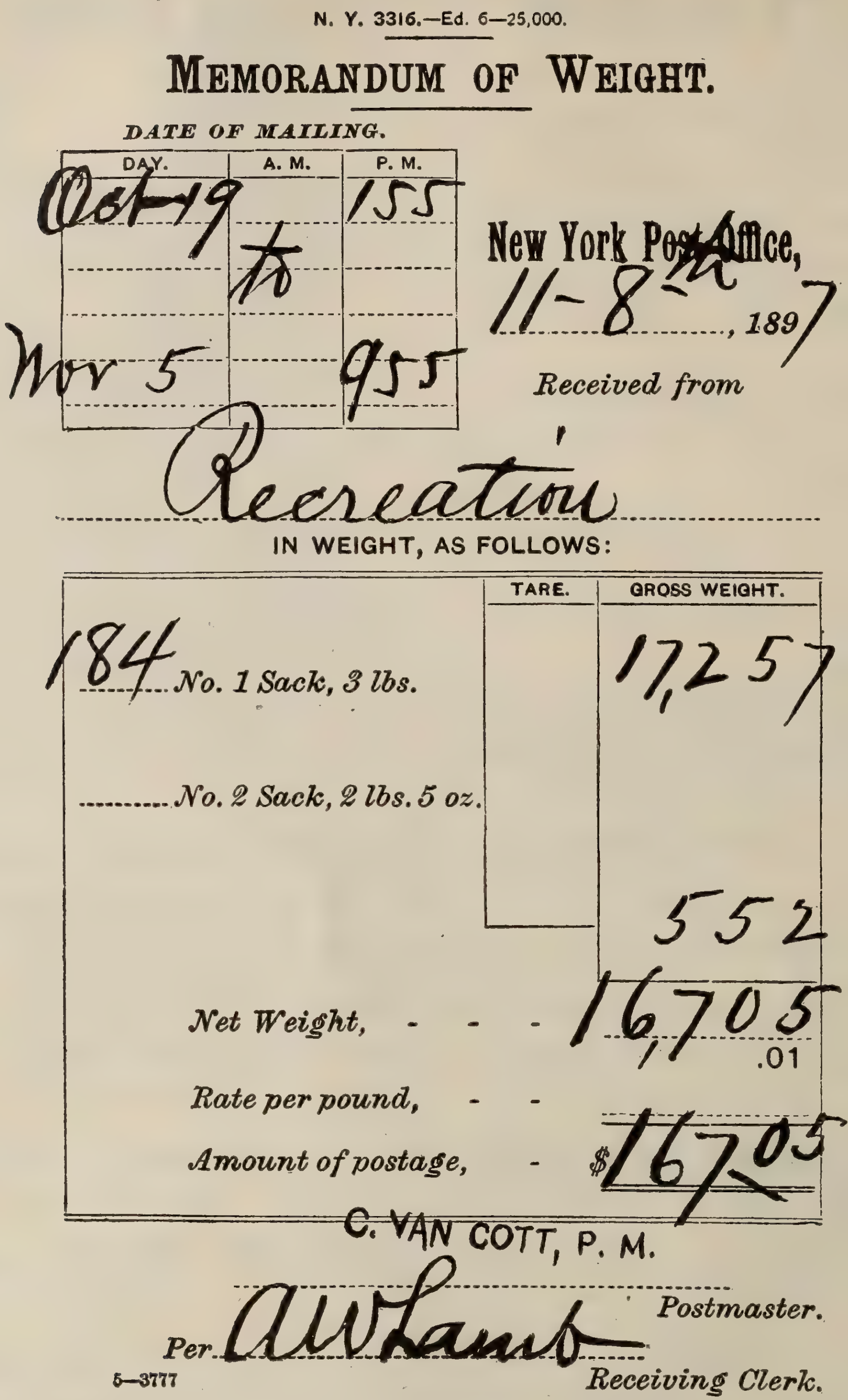
All medical writers agree that cod-liver oil is the most easily taken into the system and the most easily appropriated of all the fats. And all who have ever made the trial declare that Scott's Emulsion is the most easily taken of any preparation of cod-liver oil on the market, because it is not only palatable, but the oil is already partly digested.

Besides the best and purest oil, Scott's Emulsion contains the Hypophosphites, the great nerve tonics; and also chemically pure Glycerine, a nourishing, soothing and healing remedy of marked value.

Whenever there is thinness, in the tiny baby that does not prosper on its food, in the boys and girls who are growing fast and working hard in school, in the pale, anemic mother who carries the burdens of the household; from early life to old age, in all conditions of wasting, Scott's Emulsion offers the best promise of permanent cure.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
New York



N. Y. 3316.—Ed. 6—25,000.

MEMORANDUM OF WEIGHT.

DATE OF MAILING.

DAY.	A. M.	P. M.
Oct 19		155
	to	
Nov 5		955

New York Post Office,
11-8th, 1897

Received from

Recreation

IN WEIGHT, AS FOLLOWS:

	TARE.	GROSS WEIGHT.
184 *No. 1 Sack, 3 lbs.*		17,257
No. 2 Sack, 2 lbs. 5 oz.		
		552
Net Weight, - - -		16,705
Rate per pound, - -		.01
Amount of postage, -		$167.05

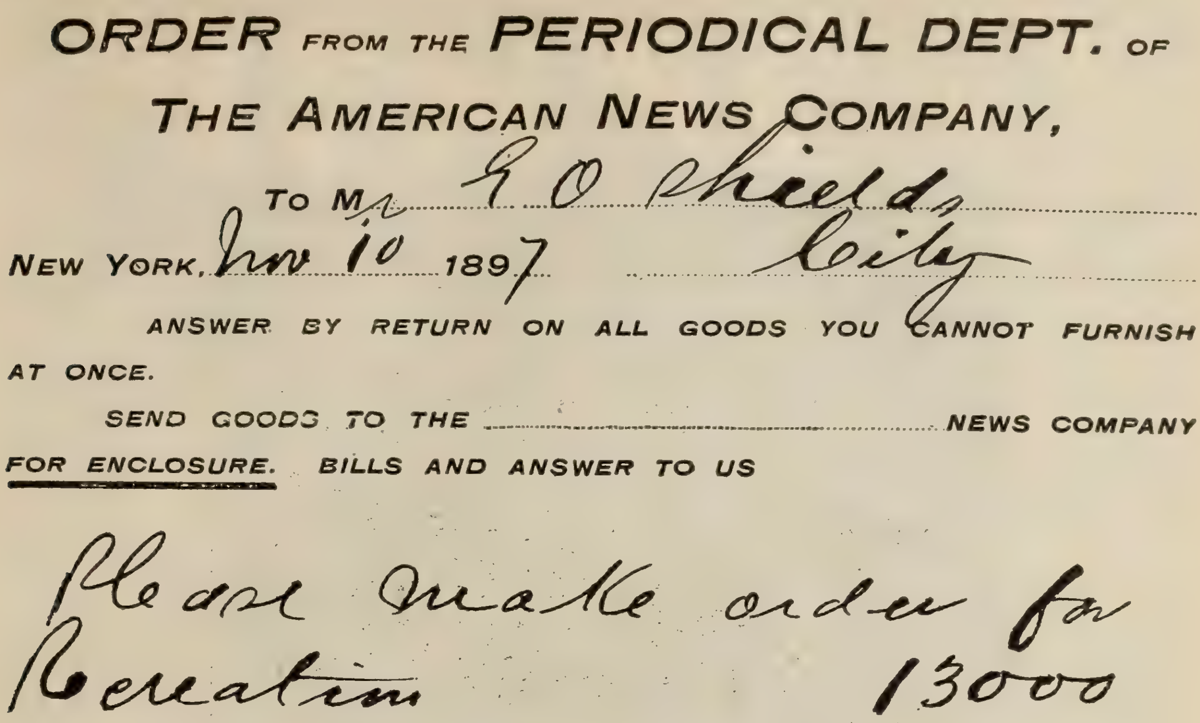
C. VAN COTT, P. M.
Postmaster.

Per A W Lamb
Receiving Clerk.

5—3777

Here is another post-office receipt. The rate of postage on magazines is 1 cent a pound. Weigh a copy of RECREATION and see how many copies it would take to make a postage bill of $167.

(38)



ORDER FROM THE **PERIODICAL DEPT.** OF

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

TO Mr G O Shields

NEW YORK, Nov 10 1897 City

ANSWER BY RETURN ON ALL GOODS YOU CANNOT FURNISH AT ONCE.

SEND GOODS TO THE .... NEWS COMPANY FOR ENCLOSURE. BILLS AND ANSWER TO US

Please make order for
Recreation 13000

Here is another order from the American News Co. Refer to some of the recent issues of RECREATION and see how these orders grow, from month to month.

What's the Use

of walking when you can get a first-class, high-grade bicycle for nothing?

How?

By getting 75 subscriptions for

Recreation

If you live in a town of 3,000 or more, and if you are a hustler you can get these in 2 days.

I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

RECREATION
19 West 24th Street
New York

This cut represents one of W. H. Mullins' "Get There" ducking boats, in use. It will be seen that it carries three men, one boy and two dogs, comfortably, and contains at least two hundred pounds of baggage, in addition to these passengers. The large air chambers in the bow and stern account for the remarkable buoyancy and carrying capacity of this boat.

Sportsmen interested in such craft, should write W. H. Mullins, 228 Depot Street, Salem, O., for a catalogue of these boats, mentioning Recreation.

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BORATED TALCUM
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The only Talcum Powder with a

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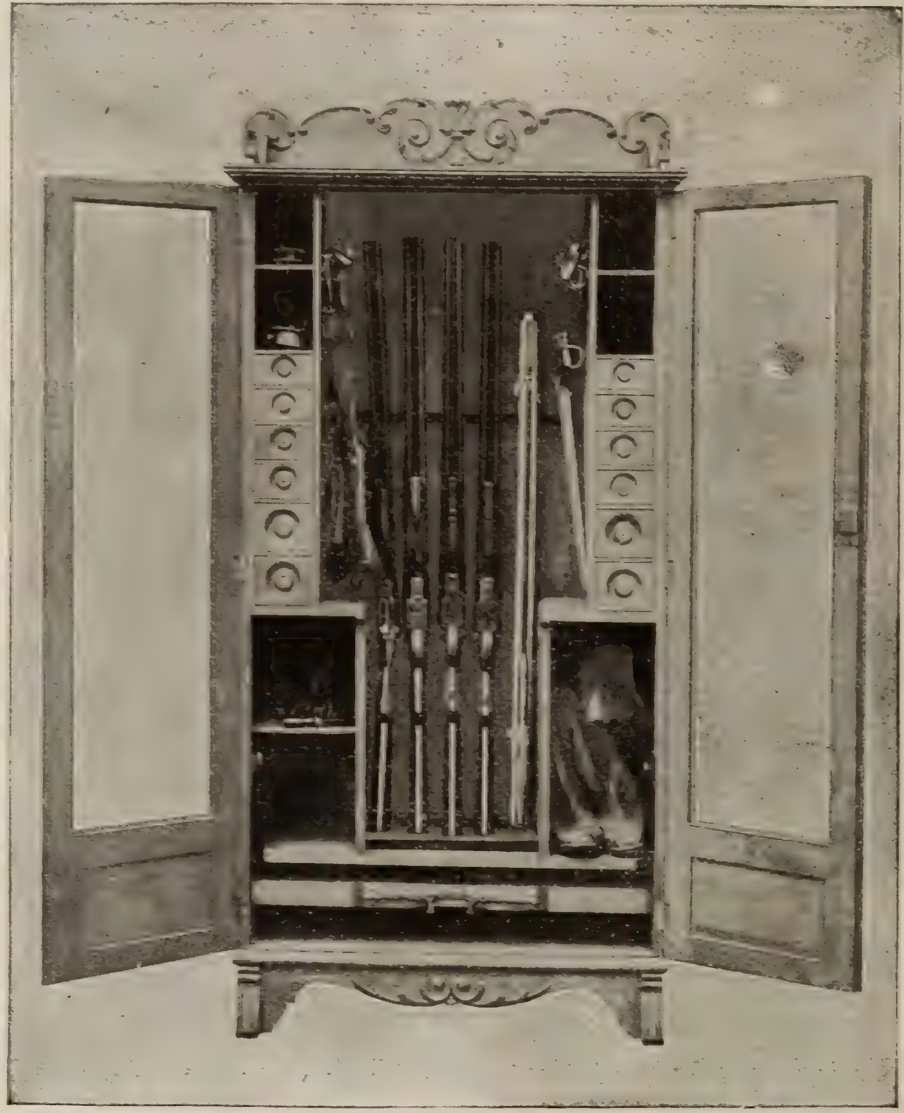
This trade-mark on box cover is a guarantee of **absolute purity.**

Take no substitutes which are likely to do harm.

For sale everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents. (Free sample.)

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J.

Sportsmen's Cabinets
as Christmas Presents



A MOST USEFUL ARTICLE FOR ANY SPORTSMEN
A REALLY BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE

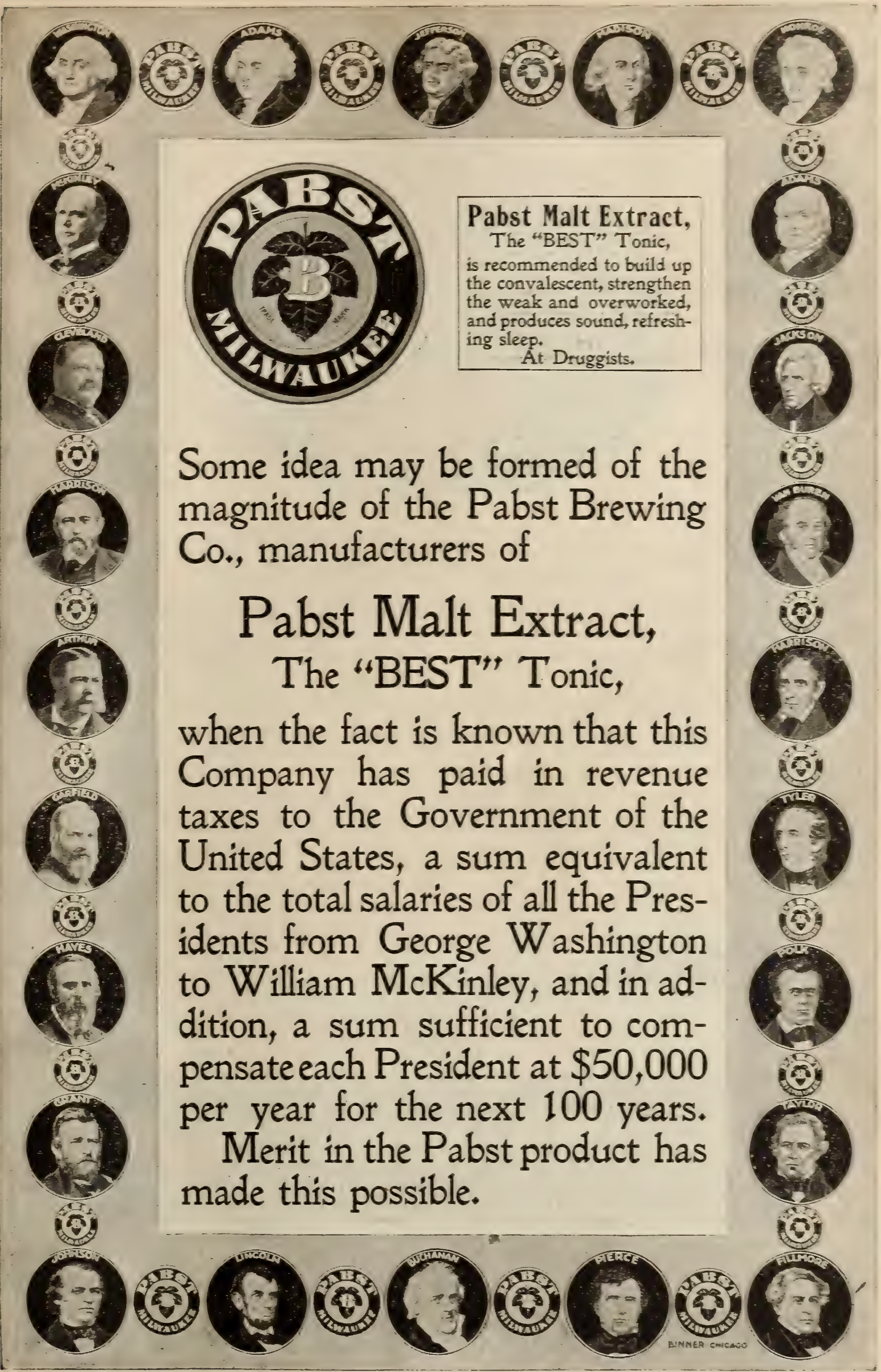
Last year at this season we sold more of them than we could make. This year we can supply all orders promptly.

These elegant cabinets are made of quarter sawed antique oak, top and bottom handsomely carved, all parts hand-polished—double thick glass doors.

A special feature is a strong folding table, which locks automatically when raised, and can be used as loading-table or writing-desk.

The Cabinet stands 6 feet high, 31 inches wide, and 12 inches deep. Nearly 500 of them have been sold and everybody satisfied. Price, crated, f. o. b. New York, **$35.00 net.** Special sizes made to order.

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON, 20 Cortlandt St., New York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Pabst Malt Extract,
The "BEST" Tonic,
is recommended to build up the convalescent, strengthen the weak and overworked, and produces sound, refreshing sleep.
At Druggists.

Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the Pabst Brewing Co., manufacturers of

Pabst Malt Extract,

The "BEST" Tonic,

when the fact is known that this Company has paid in revenue taxes to the Government of the United States, a sum equivalent to the total salaries of all the Presidents from George Washington to William McKinley, and in addition, a sum sufficient to compensate each President at $50,000 per year for the next 100 years.

Merit in the Pabst product has made this possible.

Racine Boat Mfg. Co.

RACINE, WIS., U.S.A.
Designers and Builders

STEAM
AND
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YACHTS
LAUNCHES
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$200 Buys A 20th-Century Electro Vapor Launch that will seat comfortably six persons, carry ten, and speed six miles per hour, at a maximum cost of 1½ cents per hour. No odor, noise, heat or smoke. No government license. Simple and effective, absolutely safe, and guaranteed for one year, or money refunded.

This is no row boat, but a well-designed, sea-going Launch, with steel, water-tight bulkheads.

$250 Buys A modern, up-to-date "Half Rater," designed for racing purposes. Hollow spars, special sails, Tobin bronze fastenings, gun-metal fittings, lignum-vitæ blocks. Finished in quarter-sawed oak, and guaranteed to be equal to any $350 craft turned out.

Steel Launches Built and carried in stock from 25 ft. up. Write us about them, or call and inspect them. We guarantee satisfaction.

$18 Buys A fine modeled and well-built Canoe, with paddle and seat.
A fine modeled Row Boat. Seats three. Fitted with oars and oarlocks.

We guarantee our work We guarantee our prices We solicit your wants

Send 10 cents for large illustrated catalogue, describing our output, consisting of Sea-going Steam Yachts, Schooners, Cutters, Sloops, Fin Keels, Knockabouts, Raters, Cat Boats, Sails, Fittings, etc. We can save you money and give you results. Address

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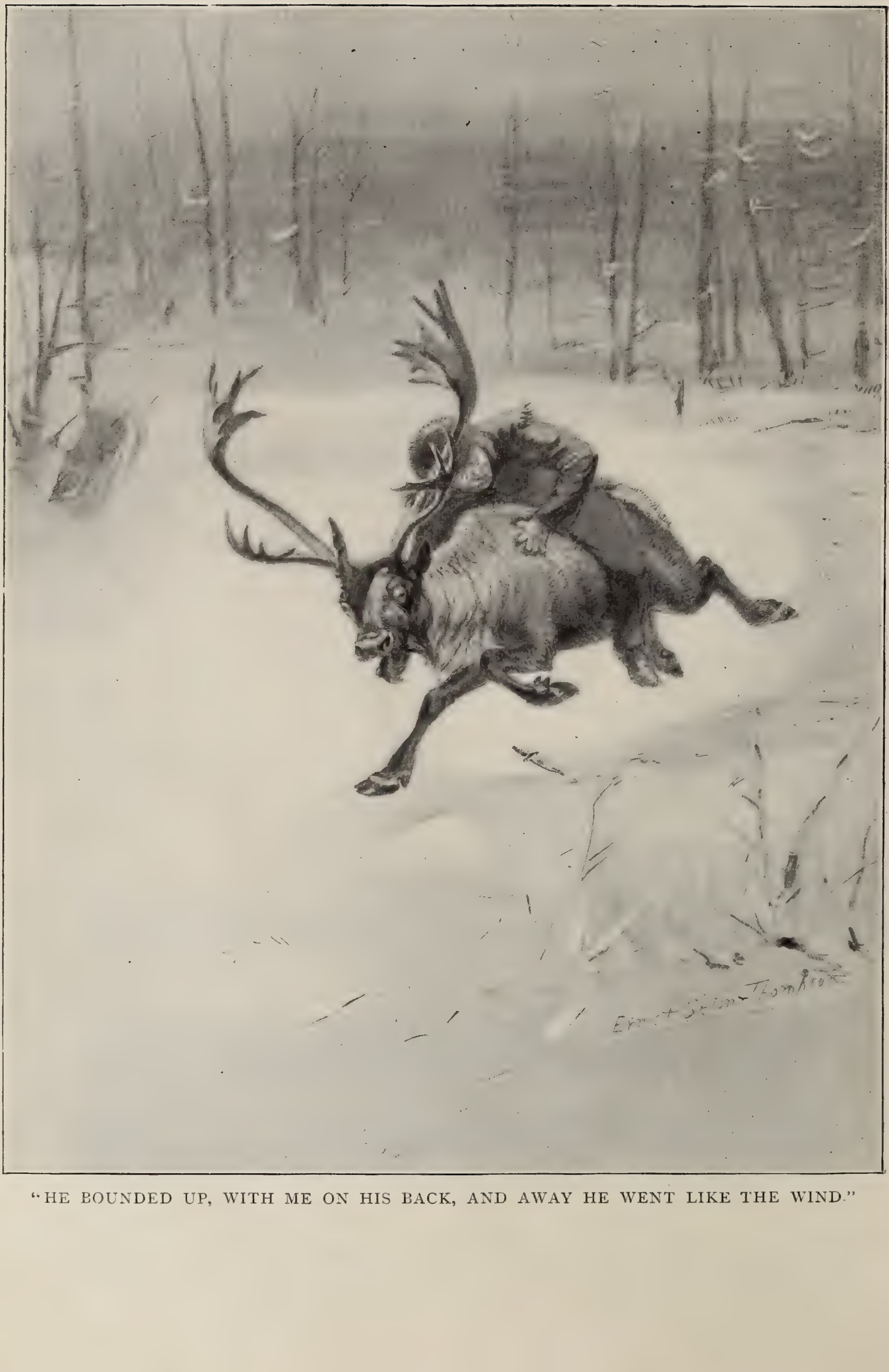

Ernest Seton-Thompson

"HE BOUNDED UP, WITH ME ON HIS BACK, AND AWAY HE WENT LIKE THE WIND."

RECREATION.

Volume VIII. JANUARY, 1898. Number 1.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A CARIBOU RIDE.

GEORGE GILLARD.

RECREATION finds its way into Newfoundland and is eagerly read by many of our people. It is certainly a meritorious work. The illustrations are remarkably true to nature, and the stories are instructive and entertaining, in a high degree.

Some changes have been made in our game laws. The close time on caribou is now February 1st to July 15th, and October 7th to 20th. This gives sportsmen 5 or 6 weeks' hunting before rutting time. Then 13 days in which to preserve skins, antlers, etc. Then the sport can begin again, for a few weeks. Part of the rutting time may also be spent in hunting bear, beaver, otter or sea fowl, and in fishing.

There is now a fine steamer crossing the gulf, to and from Cape Breton, and at the West end of the Island. This will be a great benefit to tourists and sportsmen coming here, from your side of the water.

The caribou begin to cross our hunting grounds early in September, from North to South, swimming whatever ponds or rivers come in their way, in herds of 20 to 120, and sometimes more. I counted one herd, last September, with 130 in it.

Six years ago I was hunting in the vicinity of Indian lake when I noticed 5 caribou crossing the lake. I selected an old stag for my mark, and just as they landed I fired. The shot entered the side of his head and he ran about a mile before falling. I followed and found him apparently dead, stretched out on a marsh. As I straddled him to cut his throat, the knife having passed entirely through it without him moving, he bounded up, with me on his back, and away he went like the wind. He ran about 200 yards, dropping the knife out of his throat in his mad career. I held on to him until I found a favorable opportunity to drop off, when I returned for my rifle. Then I followed him up until I got a second shot. This time I made sure work, securing a lot of meat and a fine pair of antlers.

It was an exciting ride yet I was not in the least frightened, for I knew I could go wherever the caribou could.

Another time we were on the same ground, early in September, and caught 2 fawns. In 3 weeks we had them so tame they would follow us wherever we went, not even offering to run away when bands of caribou were in sight.

Lynx are plentiful but to get them one must resort to trapping.

We have some good salmon and trout fishing, at the foot of Hall's bay, at the entrance of the rivers, about the middle of July.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. H. ASHCROFT.

TEN O'CLOCK AND ONLY 13.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

II.

W. E. CARLIN.

The little pine squirrel, *Sciurus richardsoni,* is abundant in the Bitter Root mountains, where we spent the summer; yet we found him a difficult subject to photograph. He is a busy little body and as nervous as a French dancing master. At times he is unduly familiar with visitors; at other times he resents intrusion in the most emphatic manner. His scolding and " sassing " have cost many a hunter many a shot at deer, elk or other game; for all the birds and beasts of the woods know this little chickaree as a vigilant and faithful sentinel.

"I WONDER WHO'S DOWN THERE."

He comes as near being perpetual motion as any animal I ever saw. Even when he stops to rest, or to bask in the sun, he is ever turning, twisting and listening; whisking his tail and pricking his ears in the hope of seeing or hearing something to bark at.

The telephoto lens, with which we did our best work on live animals and birds, requires a comparatively slow exposure, and Mr. Chickaree would never wait for it to " go off." We were therefore compelled to use our Bausch & Lomb Zeiss, series vii., 16½ inch focus, working at F. 12.5.

The prints from which these cuts were made are on Velox paper, which we find the best we have yet tried, for live bird and animal photographs. It gives better effects, for this class of work, than any other paper I know of.

Late in September we found an old snag, about a mile from camp, where our neighbor was wont to go for an occasional rest from the labor of harvesting pine cones, which he was storing up for a rainy day.

"LOOKS LIKE AN INDIAN."

We set up the camera near this old snag, focused on the top of it, and, with 40 feet of hose, leading into a clump of bushes, I lay down and read one of Stanley Waterloo's stories, while waiting for M. Sciurus. Finally he showed up and I pressed the bulb. Then I waited till he went away, so as not to alarm him. Then I set the shutter and waited for him to come back; and so on. The longest exposure I dared make was $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second. The negatives were made on Carbutt's cut films.

"I THINK I HEARD SOMETHING DROP."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. W. E. CARLIN.

THE COMING STORM.

During the 2 days I had been waiting for this little squirrel to pose for me I had been favored with good weather; but in the afternoon of the second day, just as I exposed my fourth plate on him, I saw heavy black clouds banking up in the West. I knew what this meant and made a run for camp. I arrived none too soon, for in 5 minutes a terrific thunder storm burst on us.

Mrs. Carlin had seen the clouds coming up, beyond the lake, and, setting up her little 4 x 5 Premo, got a beautiful picture of them, on an Eastman film, which is shown herewith.

MY CATCH.

LYNN TEW SPRAGUE.

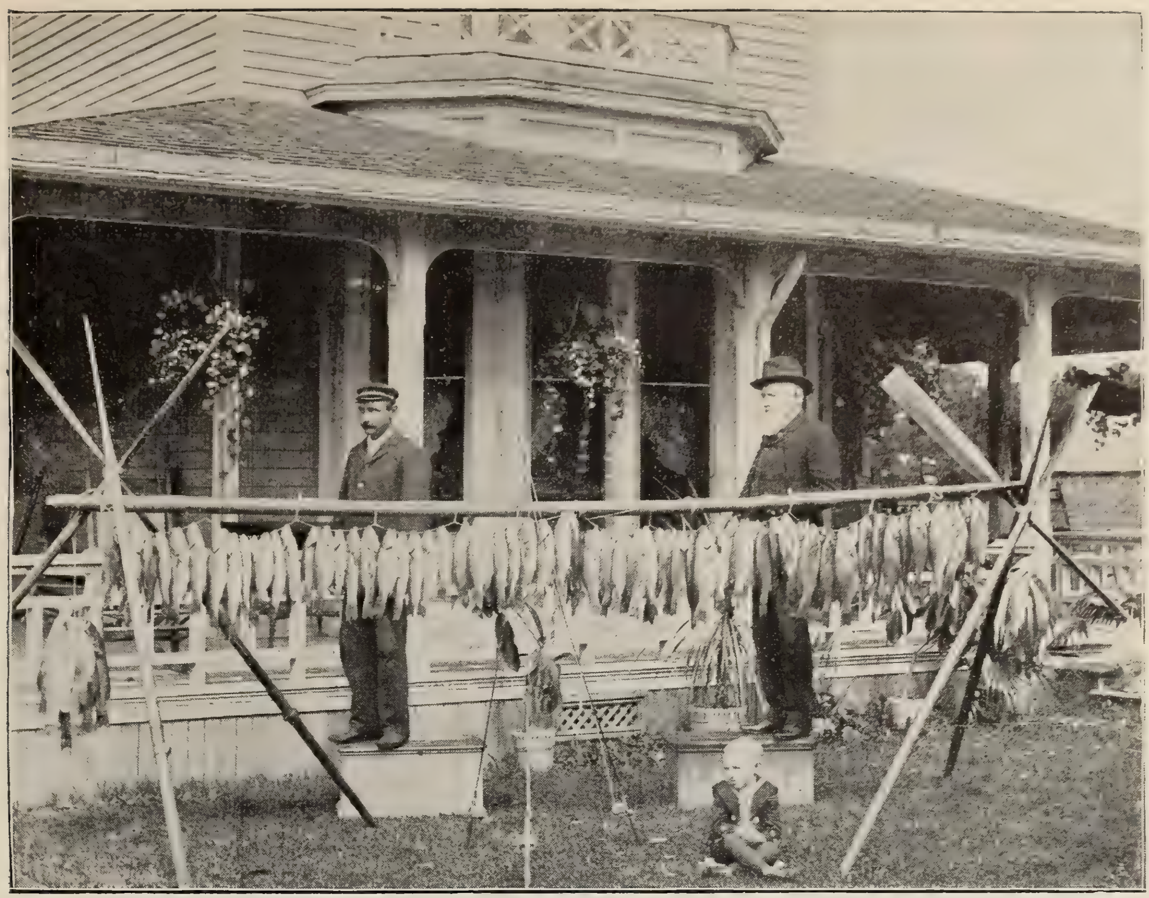
The day was warm, the fish were shy,
The mocking stream rolled, laughing, by.
And seated on its grassy brink
I watched my fly, and could but think

Of — not the bass I sought to catch—
The girl back in the berry-patch.
The clear and bright September skies
Were blue as her blue Irish eyes;

And velvet shadows, here and there,
Were dark like her dark Irish hair.
The sun-kissed breeze from out the South
Was soft as kisses from her mouth,

And so, beside the purling stream,
I fell asleep to sweetly dream.
When, suddenly, I start to feel
The tight'ning line, the clicking reel,

And wake with visions of a bass
To see—my saucy rural lass.
Her brown hand pulling on my line
Her eyes with mischief all ashine
And, what are all the bass e'er weighed
Beside the witching catch I made.



CAUGHT IN THE WATERS OF ST. CLAIR FLATS, MICH., BY H. LEE BORDEN, OF CHICAGO.

The picture with this number of the Occasional represents one day's catch of magnificent fish in St. Clair flats by H. Lee Borden, Esq., of Chicago, owner of the famous steam Yacht Penelope, so well known in the waters of St. Clair. Mr. B. is one of the most accomplished fishermen in the lake region. The picture tells its own story.—From The Occasional, published by the Phoenix Insurance Co.

Enough said. Any reader of RECREATION can tell you about the length of Mr. Borden's bristles, after looking at the record of his butchery.—EDITOR.

I am sending you a sepia drawing of wood ducks, which I trust will please you.* Will soon send you one of sharp-tail grouse.

It is a common fault of both taxidermists and artists to make the necks of ducks too long. They mostly study from a bird killed a day or 2 before, or from a preserved specimen. A duck that has been dead a few hours, especially if put into a game pocket and tumbled about, loses its natural form. The muscles of the neck become flaccid and the neck lengthens. Above all the skin of the cheeks is dragged down over the neck. This latter is the common fault of all or nearly all taxidermists. Ducks are my hobby and it pains me to see a poor picture of them, or a poorly mounted specimen. Allan Brooks, Vernon, B. C.

L. L. BALES, ONE OF RECREATION'S ALASKAN CORRESPONDENTS.

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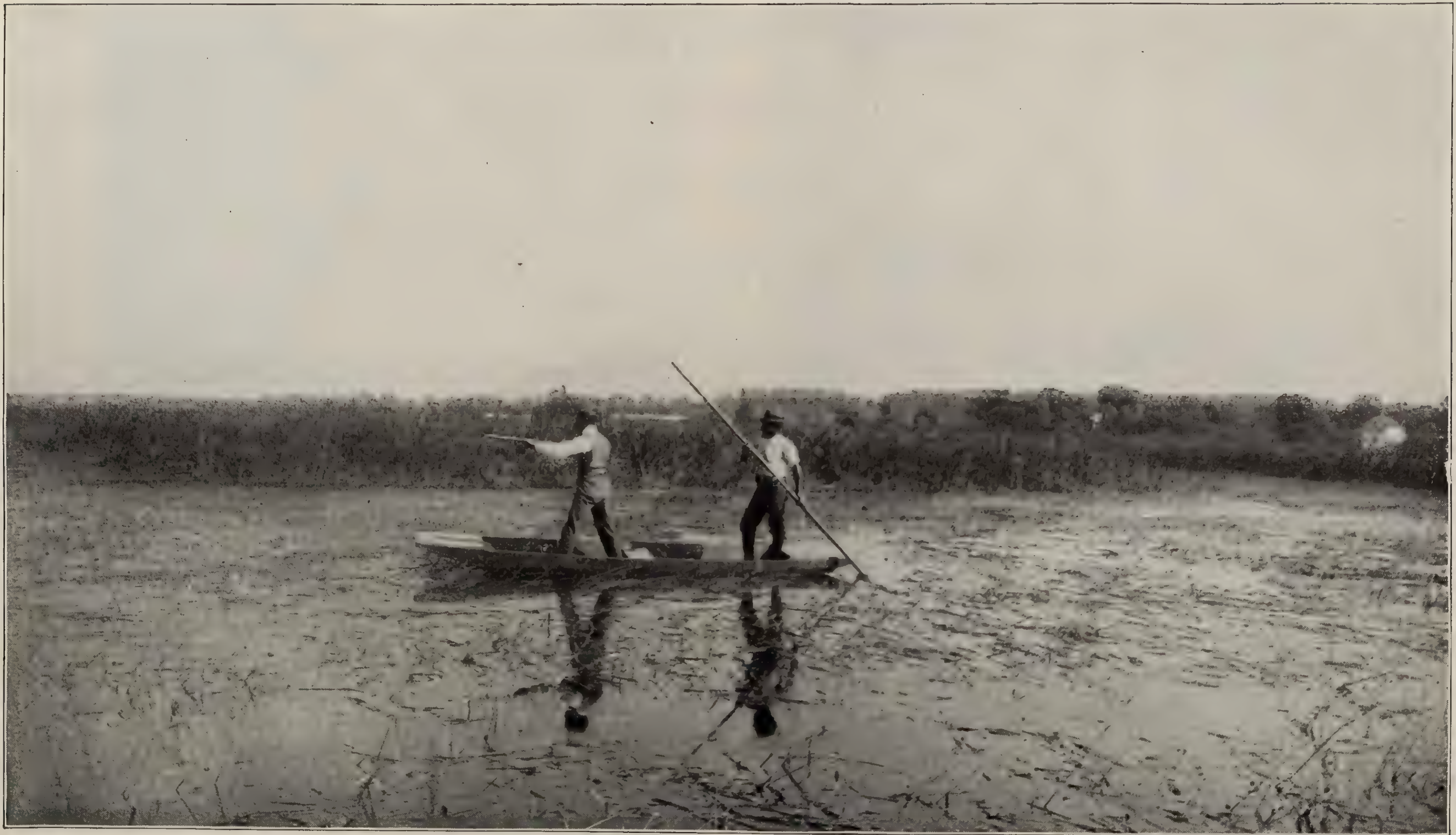
* See page 11.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. O. GARDNER.

RAIL SHOOTING ON THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS.

SHOOTING SEA LIONS.

EDWARD W. WILD.

About 20 miles South of Astoria, Oregon, at the mouth of the Columbia, a rocky promontory, known as Tillamook Head, juts into the Pacific, while about a mile off shore stands Tillamook light-house, where 3 men live in seclusion the year round. To the Southward lies an unbroken wilderness of wooded hills, with a rough coast line, for 18 miles, to the fertile valley of the Nehalem. It is a country abounding in big game, not yet familiar to sportsmen, nor in immediate danger of depletion.

An occasional isolated rock along the coast presents 2 or 3 acres of guano-whitened surface offering a convenient roosting-place for myriads of sea fowl. Toward evening, the flashing of the light, the sighing of the breakers and the music of the "singing sands"—so named from the shrill note produced by one's feet in walking over them—a phenomenon known in only a few other spots in the world—and the cries of the wild creatures, form a weird combination.

I spent a week at a ranch house a mile South of Tillamook Head, and 8 miles by trail from Seaside, a summer resort.

The days were filled with delightful experiences, many of which can never be effaced from memory; but the one taken for this sketch occurred on the day of my arrival at the ranch.

I preferred to walk from Seaside, and was fortunate to fall in with a Western Union lineman, bound for the same destination. We started shortly after sunrise, and greatly enjoyed our 8-mile scramble over rocks and logs. Near the summit of the mountain we stopped to rest. The chief thing that struck me as extraordinary was the oppressive silence of the big woods. Not a bird note thrilled on the air, not a squirrel nor a rabbit was seen or heard.

As we were emerging from the forest at the summit of the mountain, a roaring sound burst on our ears; now abating, again increasing in volume until it seemed like the combined bellowing of many bulls.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY HARRY CHICHESTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

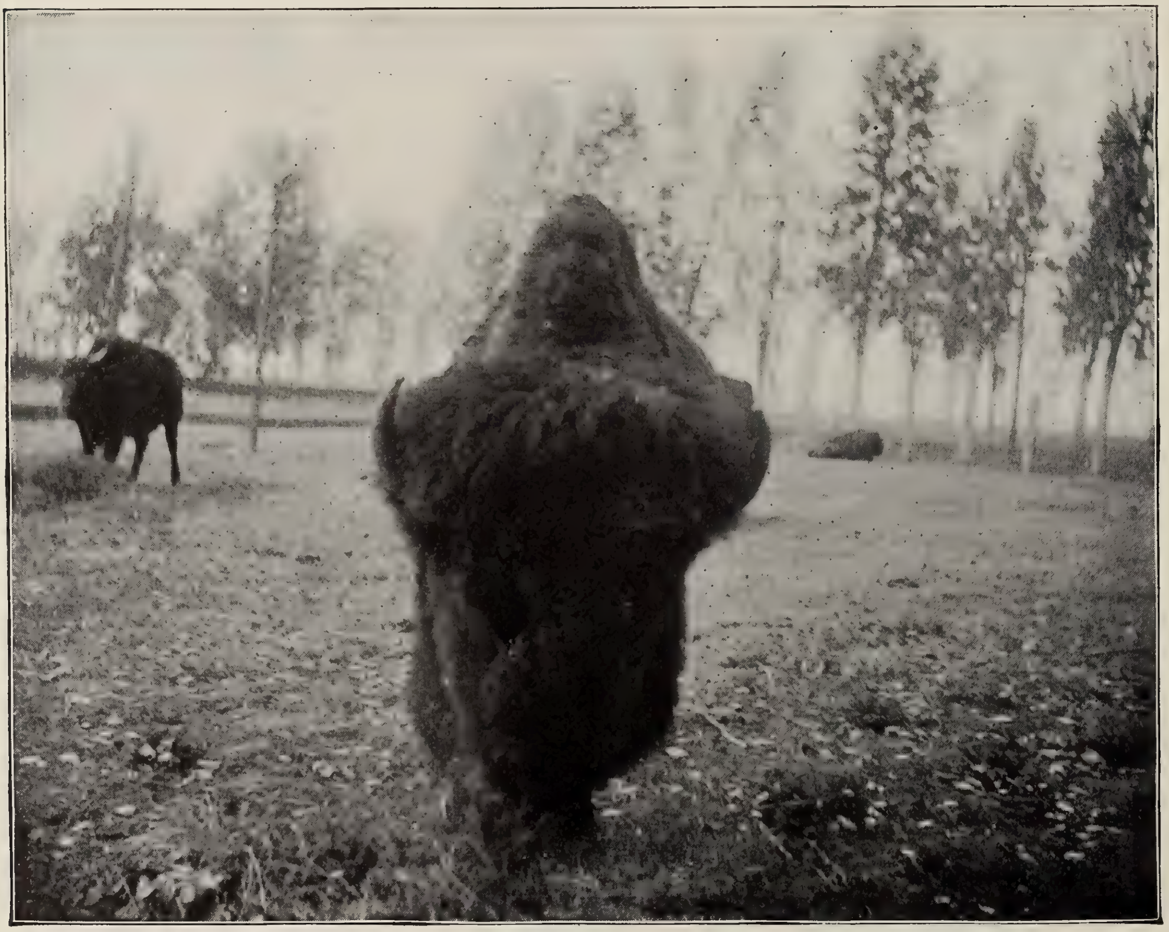
SEA LIONS ON THE ROCKS.

My companion insisted it was nothing but the interference of 2 trees; while it seemed clear to me a mountain lion was in deadly combat with a cinnamon bear. Our surprise was therefore mutual when we saw scores of sea lions, on the rocks 1,000 feet distant, and some 300 feet below.

My heavy Winchester was at once brought into use. We seated ourselves at the end of the promontory, and spent an hour or more in picking off the lions. Every time one of the awkward creatures was hit, half a dozen of the nearest would fall into the water with him, giving a succession of roars. We finally left, well satisfied with our sport. The tide the next day brought in ample assurance of the execution done.

These lions consume great numbers of cod, salmon and other valuable food fishes, so, as they are of no value to commerce, their destruction is of public benefit.

The lions protected on Seal rocks, off San Francisco, as a motter of sentiment as well as of profit, are the same as those killed by us. They are distant cousins of the fur bearing seals of the Pribyloff islands.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY RAY GALE.

THE BOSS HEAD.

Here is a buffalo head that knocks the tar out of all of them. Hornaday, Gottschalck, Sheard, J. G. of Middletown, and all the other fellows who think they have the big head (I mean the big buffalo head) can now take a back seat. This old bull's head extends from his forefeet nearly to his ridge pole, which seems to be about 6 feet from the ground. In fact, if you squint from the ridgepole to the trees in the background, which appear to be 30 to 40 feet high, you almost wonder where you are at, and you can give this head any old length you see fit. I have been anxious to know, for a long time, who really had the record head; and while I have no measurements at hand of the one illustrated above, it is a clear case that this old bull carries the winner. By the way he lives in the City Park, at Denver. The animal on the left of him is a half blood. There are also 2 half blood cows and 2 three-quarter blood calves in this Park.

The old bull was roped on the range near Laramie, when a calf, 11 years ago.

To paraphrase Shakespere:

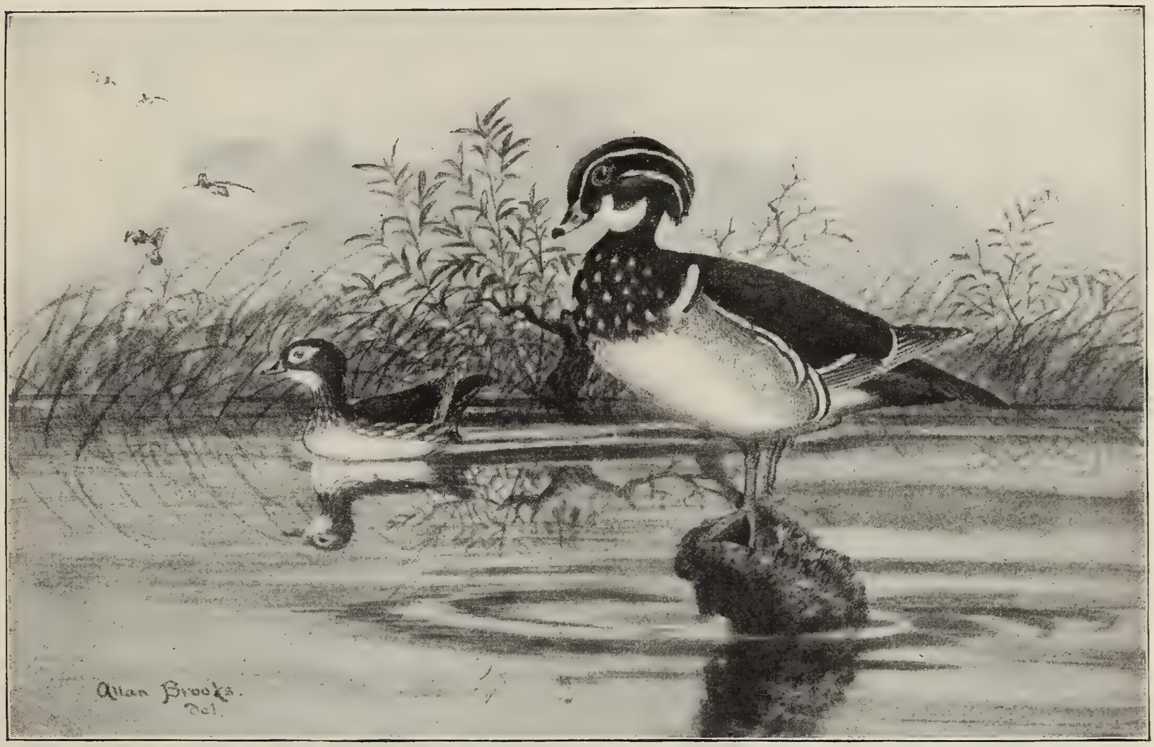
> "Now in the name of all the gods at once,
> Upon what grass doth this our Bison feed
> That his head hath grown so great."

A LETTER FROM MR. WOOD DUCK.

JOHN BOYD.

Dear RECREATIONISTS: I'm only a wild duck. A Wood Duck some people call me, because I like to build my nest in a tree, as do some of my cousins. Old fogies, calling themselves Ornithologists, say my name is *Aix sponsa,* which means " the bride " ; but I don't know where they got that. We never hear it among ourselves, although I cannot say but we deserve the title.

We can perch on trees, as other birds do, without being the least tired, and I do this every day when my wife is looking after the nest and the eggs. Some people would have you believe I leave my wife alone with these duties; but I do nothing of the sort. She is a good little body, and thinks no one can do the work like herself; so she insists on doing it all, and I can only look on—henpecked I believe you folks call it. I wouldn't desert her like that. Don't ever think it.


Allan Brooks. Del.

A PAIR OF WOOD DUCKS.
See page 7.

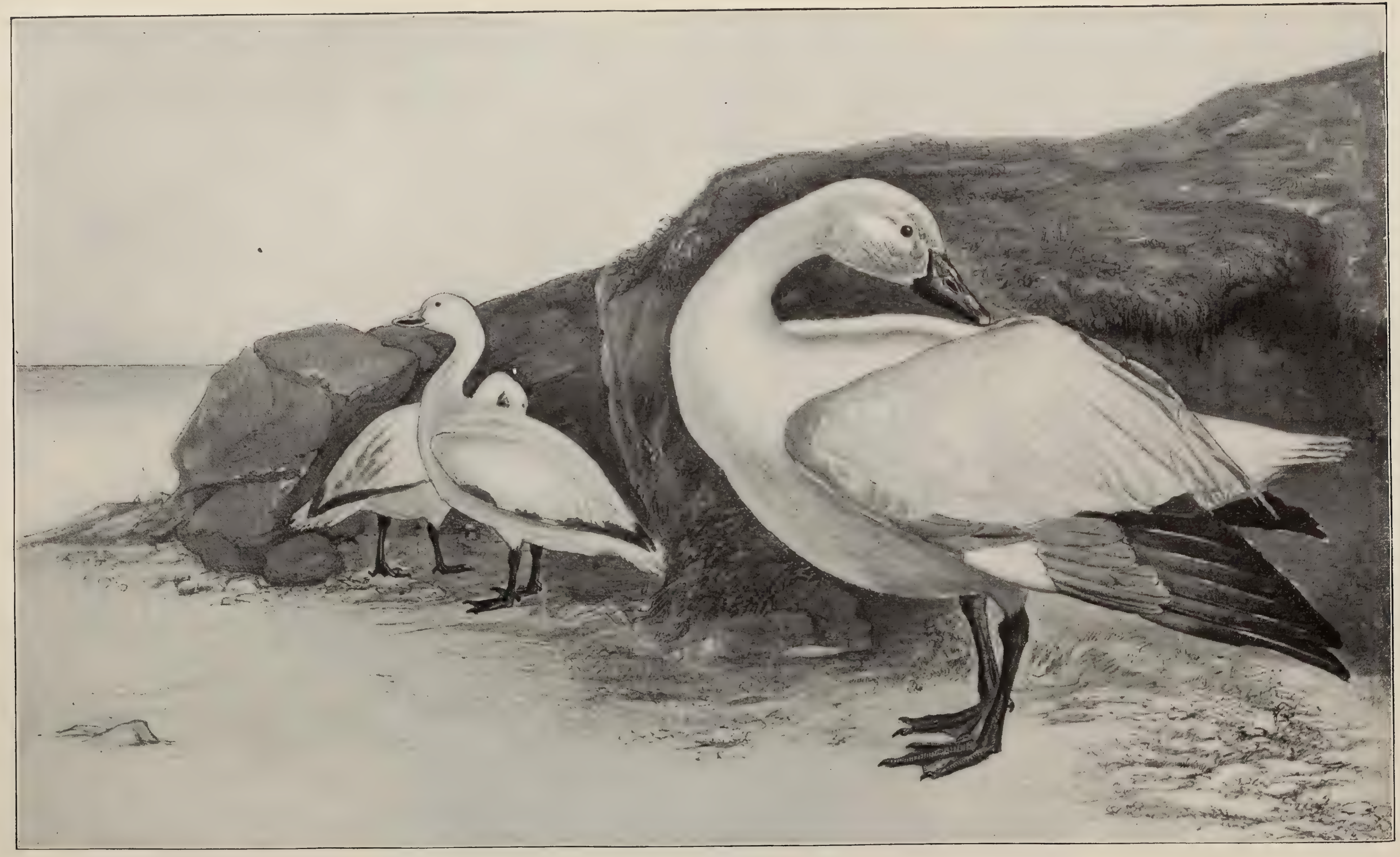
When our young come out of the shells it keeps both of us busy to keep them out of mischief and danger. And talking about danger, I wish you would tell people to leave their guns at home when they come out our way. We don't like them, and can't feel comfortable while they're in sight. If you could only get them to do this, I wouldn't mind letting them see our little family of 12. We had 13, but one was carried away by a fish hawk, who pounced on it when my wife and I were feeding the others. I will also show you how we carry our little ones from the nest to the water, and back again, and if the visitors are willing to stay until dusk we will put the babies to bed, so that all may see us.

Our nest was made by Daddy Woodpecker. He left it for us because we couldn't scoop one out for ourselves. That was kind of him, now wasn't it? I wish we could stay near our nesting place all the year round; we make so many friends whom we like, and our stay of 5 months seems so short. We would if we could, but the winters are so cold, and we are not hardy, like the majority of our cousins.

Tell that man who runs RECREATION that we all love him so much for calling down those hogs who hunt and kill us, and that if he wants to know more about us, we will gather around him and show off; for we know he has a good heart and that he wouldn't hurt us, or let any one else do so.

Tell the photographer he may come and take our picture, as often as he likes; and that we will group and pose for him, and look our prettiest. But please don't let that cruel gunner know where we are.

Well, Good-by. Oh-eek, Oh-eek. I see one of those gun cranks coming now. Oh-eek. Oh-eek.



SNOW GOOSE (*ANSER HYPERBOREUS*).

A NEW ENGLAND TROUT PRESERVE.

H. W.

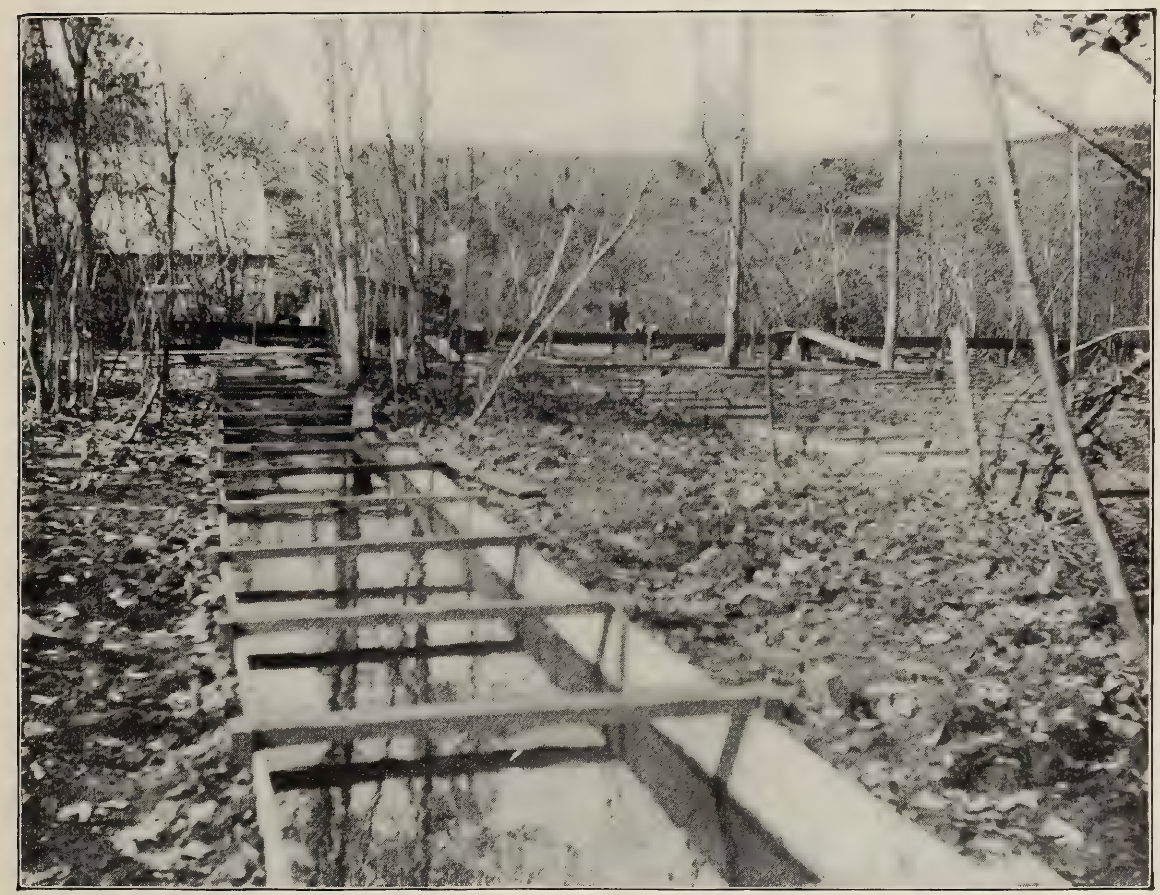
To anyone interested in trout culture a visit to the Blue Hills Trout Preserve, near Meriden, Conn., must prove deeply interesting.

Meriden is but 2½ hours' ride from New York, and is a charming New England city, nestled among the famous "hanging hills."

Arriving at the station we drove Northwest over a pleasant wooded road which, at every turn, presents a charming view to the traveller. We wound through a notch in the mountain known as "cathole pass," and turned round the rock which forms what is called "Washington's face." Then turning to the right and following the winding road a short distance, we descended into a pretty little valley, shut in on all sides by hills, and seeming to have been especially designed for the purpose to which it has been put.

Here is a cluster of springs and the generous flow of cold water remains at the same temperature during the entire year. The basin is so small and apparently so wild, that one is tempted to believe himself many miles from civilization.

The Blue Hills Trout Preserve Co. was formed about a year ago, by a few gentlemen of Meriden, New Britain and Berlin, for the purpose of raising trout and of making a desirable place for fly and bait fishing. They have succeeded admirably thus far.



BLUE HILLS TROUT PRESERVE. ONE OF THE BREEDING POOLS.

When the ponds shall have been completed, by the construction of necessary dams, and stocked with trout from the now well filled pools this will certainly be a delightful resort for the fly fisherman.

Early in the present year about 350,000 trout eggs were placed in the hatchery and soon began to hatch out. This stage of the trout's life is the most interesting and delicate of all. The little fellow is almost transparent, when he comes from the egg, and is about half an inch long. He has a large sac attached to him, of about twice his own size, from which he derives his nourishment

THE BLUE HILLS TROUT PRESERVE; TRANSFERRING FRY.

until about a month old. Then his diet changes. He is now given finely ground meat and has to be watched and nursed carefully. He also requires plenty of pure, cold water.

Owing to the good management of the Blue Hills hatchery the trout have thrived wonderfully.

A series of 20 parallel pools has been built, through which water is conveyed from the springs by means of pipes and flumes. When the trout were a few months old they were taken out of the hatchery and placed in the pools.

There are now about a quarter of a million of them, all healthy and vigorous. To watch them as they move up and down the pools, in solid bodies, reminds one of the long winded papers we have all read on over population.

When the company is prepared to open the preserve for fishing, which will be in a year or 2, it is sure to become one of great interest, not only to the angler but to all lovers of nature and of fresh air.

Persons desiring trout fry, for stocking public or private waters, can get them here in any number desired.

Besides the hatchery proper, the buildings comprise an ice house, an office, and an engine house, in which the meat is prepared for the trout.

A unique feature of the hatchery grounds is a pair of old oaks which are genuine Siamese twins. These venerable trees have been standing for nearly a century, and are connected by a large horizontal graft, about 30 feet from the ground. One of the trees is much larger above the graft than below; showing that it derives much of its nourishment from its twin.

The drive back from the preserve was over a different and somewhat circuitous route. We passed the reservoir from which Meriden receives its water supply, and through Hubbard Park. The views thus obtained are most beautiful. The reservoir is a large lake, hemmed in by mountains, and reminds one of some of the Adirondack lakes.

Hubbard Park is a recent addition to the beauties of the city and is the result of the generosity of Mr. Walter Hubbard, of Meriden.

On the whole the trip to the Blue Hills Trout preserve is a most delightful one, and is well worth the time it takes to make it.

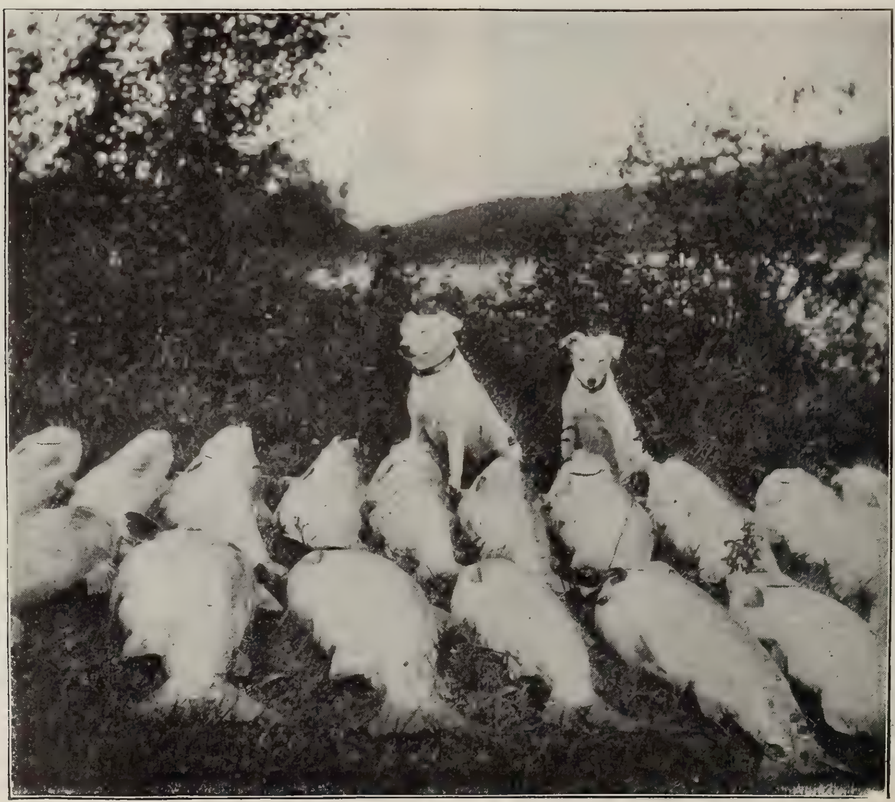
THE BLUE HILLS TROUT PRESERVE. THE SIAMESE TWINS.

DON.
English setter, owned by E. P. Robinson, Sidney, O.

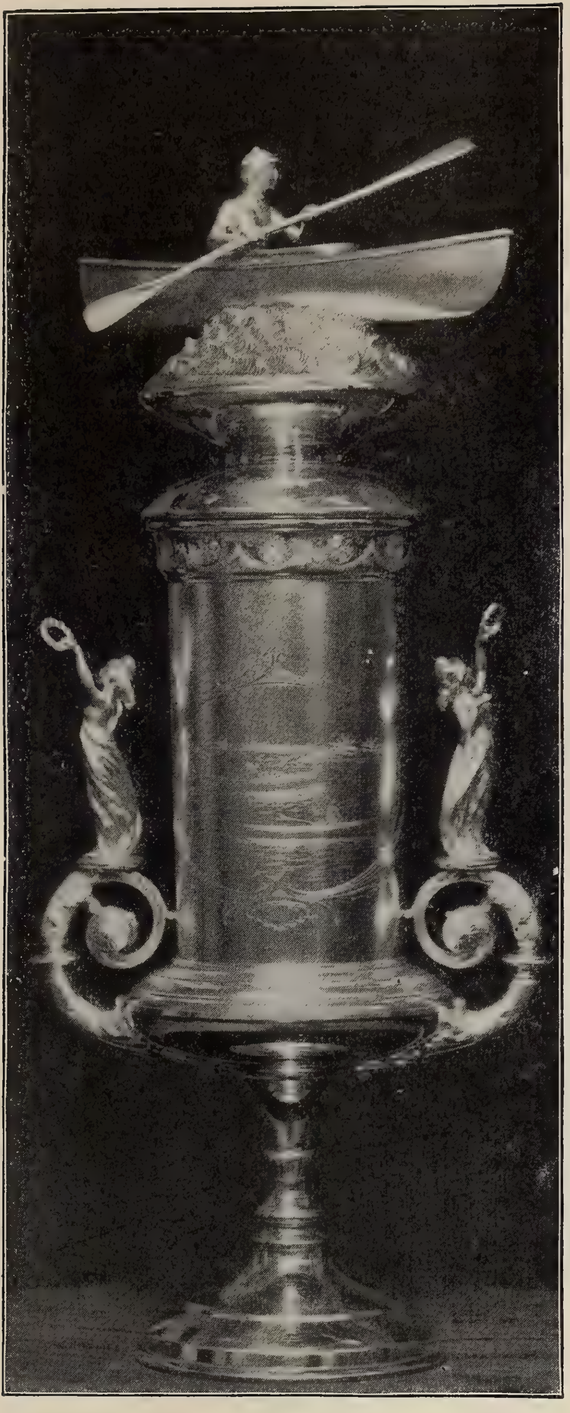
FALMOUTH.
Owned by H. R. Duval, Islip, L. I. Sired by Robert the Devil, out of Mr. Duval's Mona.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN BOYD.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

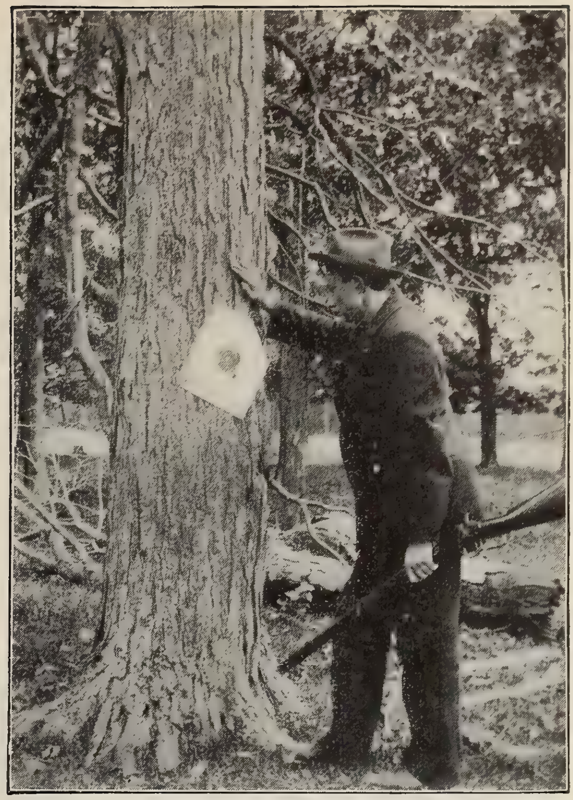


ON THE GRAND CASCAPEDIA. A NOVEL COMBINATION.
From a photograph kindly loaned by Mr. J. E. Davis.



LAWRENCE CANOE CLUB DOUBLE-BLADE PADDLING TROPHY.

This cup cost $100; is 17 inches high, is made of silver and lined with gold. It is offered by the L. C. C., Lawrence, Mass., to be contested for in best and best canoes. To become the property of the winner, it must be won 3 times in succession, and can only be contested for annually, on the Merrimac river, at Lawrence; the contest to be under the management of the L. C. C. The last race for this trophy was held September 29th and was won for the Wawbewawa Canoe Assn., by L. S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. S. DICKENSON.

NOT QUITE.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY B. C. PACKER.

A GOOD DAY FOR BEAR.

The square piano has four legs,
The grand has three to its frame;
The upright has no legs at all,
But it gets there just the same.
—Chicago Record.

CRATER LAKE.

PROF. B. W. EVERMANN.

On the crest of the Cascade mountains, in Southwestern Oregon, is Crater Lake, in many respects the most wonderful lake in the world. It lies in the top of Mount Mazama. To reach it one must leave the railroad at Ashland, or Medford, and travel by wagon road 100 miles Northeastwardly. There are many hills to cross and dust and rocks everywhere, but the trip is more than worth the making.

It was my good fortune to make this journey in August, 1896, as the guest of the Mazamas, a prosperous club of jolly mountain climbers with headquarters at Portland, Ore.

We left Ashland—40 odd of us, of whom a third were ladies—in strong wagons and equipped for camping.

Four or 5 started out on their wheels. The usual haps and mishaps occurred, of course, thereby adding spice and variety to the journey. One of the wagons broke down, and all the bicycles soon became a burden. They had to be either pushed laboriously, or loaded on the wagons. However, the trip would have been less interesting had it been otherwise.

We camped, our first night out, on Dead Indian creek, drank Dead Indian milk and ate Dead Indian butter, because they were better than the Ashland product.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MISS WINIFRED WATSON.

CRATER LAKE AND WIZARD ISLAND.

Llao Rock in the distance.

Then we spent 3 days on a side trip to the summit of Mount Pitt, while those who could not climb mountains, on Sunday, spent their time fishing at Pelican bay. And when we tried to fill them with regrets, by telling of the glories of Mount Pitt, they dwelt enthusiastically and in the regular worldly way on the delights of fishing in Pelican bay; and we loved them all the more because their acts were better than their creed.

The pleasures of the journey were many; but at this time I desire to write only of the lake and our stay on the brink of the mighty wall which hems it in.

On the summit of the Cascade range and in the top of one of its most interesting peaks lies Crater lake. The top of this mountain—recently christened Mount Mazama—is 8,228 feet above the sea, and in it rests the strange lake whose surface is nearly 2,000 feet below the wall which surrounds it. Thus the lake lies in a great pit in the mountain's top, and can be reached only by scrambling nearly 2,000 feet downward, on a trail which is not far from vertical.

The average diameter of the top of the pit is nearly 6 miles and that of the lake is but little less. The depth of the great pit is 4,000 feet and the depth of the lake is 2,000 feet. From this it is seen that the pit is filled with water just half way to the top. The bottom of the pit is 100 feet lower than the level of the Klamath marshes, at the Eastern foot of the Cascade range. Thus if there were a subterranean opening connecting them, the Klamath lakes would not completely drain Crater lake.

In the deepest part of Crater lake the bottom was found to be a nearly level plain, several miles in extent. As described by Professor Diller, of the U. S. Geological Survey, to the Westward this plain rises irregularly, culminating in 2 or more peaks, one of which reaches above the water's level and forms Wizard island. The others lie completely buried in the lake.

COASTING IN THE CRATER OF WIZARD ISLAND, CRATER LAKE, ORE.

To understand the unique character of this lake it is necessary to consider, briefly, its geologic history. In the first place the region is a volcanic one. All the mountain peaks of the Cascade range, from Shasta to Tacoma, and beyond, are volcanoes but recently extinct. All the mountain slopes and table-lands are made up of immense lava flows. Shasta's summit is 14,444 feet above the sea, and Tacoma is scarcely less. Between them are several great mountains, such as the Three Sisters, Jefferson, and Hood; but none so high as they.

When the fires were still glowing in this volcanic chain, there stood, where Crater lake now lies, a great, fiery volcano the peer, in size, of any of those now left. The evidence is almost, if not entirely, conclusive that this mountain must have been more than 14,000 feet high. It was an active volcano during glacial times.

Then a great change was wrought in this mountain. Instead of flowing out at the crater or breaking through the sides, as it had long done, the lava finally found an exit at some lower level. So great was the outflow, through this new channel, that the mountain became hollowed to a shell. The top of the mountain, being left comparatively without support, fell in and became engulfed in the great cavern. Thus more than 6,000 feet of the top of the mountain disappeared, leaving a truncated cone a little more than 8,000 feet high and about 6 miles in diameter at the top. In the top of this truncated cone is the great pit, 4,000 feet deep and just half filled with water, as already mentioned.

The lake has practically no shores, for the lava wall which hems it in rises almost vertically, not only from the water's edge but from far beneath its surface. This wall is 500 to 2,000 feet in height, above the lake, and so nearly vertical that there are but 2 or 3 places where it is possible to descend to the water.

In the lake are 2 islands. One of these is called the Phantom Ship. It is a small, rocky islet, in the Southeast part of the lake, and resembles, in a wonderful manner, a ship with masts and spars. In clear sunlight it is distinctly seen, while at other times it appears but dimly, or not at all. The other island is in the Western part of the lake and is known as Wizard island. It is 2 miles from the foot of the trail, by which the water is reached from the rim above, and is a cinder cone of remarkably fresh appearance. It is quite symmetrical and rises with a steep slope, on all sides, to a height of 845 feet above the surface of the lake. In its top is a bowl-shaped crater 80 feet deep, on the South half of which lies a bank of snow that the summer sun never entirely melts. Between Wizard island and the South shore is another cone which rises from the bottom of the lake to within 93 feet of the surface of the water.

Crater lake has neither inlet nor outlet, so far as known. The precipitation in that region is believed to be somewhat greater than the evaporation, and it is not unlikely that there is a subterranean outlet.

The water is pure and sweet and of remarkable clearness. An ordinary dinner plate, let down to a depth of 92 feet, could be easily seen.

When the surface is not disturbed the reflection or mirror of the surrounding wall, and of Wizard island, is one of fascinating beauty.

Though remarkably clear, the water of Crater lake is the most wonderful blue—the *bluest* blue I have ever seen. It is doubtful if there is anywhere else in the world a lake so marvellously beautiful in color effect. In the deep parts the blue is richer than the bluest indigo. Where the water is less deep, and in the changing lights and shadows of the clouds, the colors change from ultramarine through cobalt and azure blue, to smalt blue and hyacinth, and even to royal purple, violet and mauve. So wonderfully and strangely beautiful are these colors that one never tires of watching and studying them.

Temperature observations, made by Professor U. O. Cox and me, at the lake, proved extremely interesting. On August 22 the temperature of the surface, near the center of the lake, at 1 p.m., was 61° Fahr. At a depth of 555 feet it was 39°; at 1,040 feet it was 41°, and at 1,623 feet (which was at the bottom, in that place) it was 46°. From this it appears that the line of greatest cold is neither at the surface nor at the bottom; but at some intermediate depth, and the conclusion is almost irresistible that the lava forming the bottom of the lake has not yet entirely cooled, but that it continues to give off heat to the water. These observations are of unusual interest, but must be repeated before they should be accepted as final.

Crater lake, of course, contains no fishes; lakes without inlets or outlets seldom or never do; for fishes naturally get into one body of water only by swimming to it from some other body of water with which it is connected. Breaks in water continuity, or considerable falls, are absolute barriers beyond which fishes can not go. So it is with Crater lake. Though the water is suitable, and was found by us to contain an abundant supply of excellent fish-food, consisting chiefly of small crustaceans and insect larvæ, there are no fishes to feed upon them.

The gratifying success which has attended the efforts of the U. S. Fish Commission in stocking barren waters elsewhere, notably Lewis and Shoshone lakes, in the Yellowstone National Park, gives good reason for believing that similar results will follow, the stocking of Crater lake with trout.

Among the places in the United States of greatest scenic and scientific interest I would name the Yellowstone National Park, the Grand canyon, Crater lake, and Yosemite; and Crater lake is not the least of these.

The joy the merry urchin shows—
On Christmas morn—in clover,
Can't touch the bliss his parent knows
At night, when all is over.

CRUISING ON PUGET SOUND.

GEO. G. CANTWELL.

On the 3d of August a lively party of us left Puyallup, on the electric line, and were soon landed at the Tacoma dock where we were the guests of Mr. W. A. Stewart, bound for a trip down the sound, on his trim little yacht. We left our usual identity on shore, and once on the boat resolved ourselves into the following crew: captain, mate, engineer, fireman, cook, naturalist and the dog.

The city of Destiny gradually faded from view as the swift little propeller drove us through the foaming waters, and things were put in ship shape order about the boat. Bedding was spread out on the folding bunks, in the cabin; the guns and fishing tackle were put in handy places, to be ready in case of emergency; but the most formidable looking pile of all was the grub, which was carefully stored for future use.

Then we studied our chart. We were shortly to be in strange waters, and by the aid of the compass we were soon fairly on our way toward our destination. Down the sound, beyond Seattle, around Point No Point, and into the long, narrow sheet of water 150 miles into the wilderness, known as Hoods Canal.

Sea birds were abundant on all sides. The naturalist identified the ring-billed, herring, and Bonapart's gull. Also black foresters and least terns, with an occasional jaeger or sheerwater. A common bird was the pigeon guillemot, locally known as the sea pigeon. These frequently flushed from the head of the boat, where they would go spattering along the water for quite a distance before getting fairly on the wing. They breed in burrows, in the sand cliffs, along shore, and in places the banks are fairly honey-combed with their nests.

Sea coots rode the waves, in little bunches, but were wild, and occasionally little auks would dive about the boat. On almost every bit of floating kelp, or sea-weed, we saw the red phalarope; sometimes immense flocks of them.

Our first seal put its head out of water but a short distance from Tacoma. A shot from the .22 rifle caused it to go under again; and all along the trip they were frequently seen. This is a small hairy variety, about 4 feet long and of a mottled brown color. They are not of much use except for the oil of their blubber.

Wishing to make a certain point before dark the engineer called for more "fog," and as the steam pressure began to climb up something gave way and there was a lively scramble, through the escaping steam, to the cabin. On investigating the matter we found the packing had blown out of the cylinder head. This was soon replaced and we were on our way again, shortly coming to anchor, for the night, in a quiet little cove near shore.

Here the cook's troubles began with a howling toothache. Gory tales of the back-woods tooth-carpenter, in which the artist went at his victim with a hammer and chisel, were fresh in his mind; but imagine his surprise and relief next morning, as he looked up the dentist at Port Blakeley and had his aching tooth neatly extracted, by a finished operator.

The weather on our second day out, proved fine, and all hands took life easy, loafing about the boat, smoking, reading, and swapping lies. The dog had his turn, to-day, getting sea-sick, and willingly gave up all he had. The way he hung his head over the rail and longingly gazed at the shore, but a short distance away, was really pathetic.

The naturalist found the collecting quite to his liking. He would shoot the birds, from the bow of the boat, pick them up as we went by and prepare them while on the way. One specimen of the rare sabine gull was seen, but not collected.

We camped the next night around a point, in quiet water, and preparing a good hot supper, on shore, returned to the boat and indulged in a game of cards while the band played. Evidently the clear notes of the mandolin were not wasted on the desert air, for presently a mild-eyed seal drifted along side and listened to the tangled mess of waltzes, polkas and jigs that poured over the rail, till the strains of "After the ball" were recognized. That was too much, and with a haunted look in its beautiful eyes it slowly sank beneath the waves. The card game also broke up and all hands rolled into their bunks.

Next morning we were off by sunrise, breakfast being cooked *en route*, on the gasoline stove. At high noon we landed and made camp at the foothills of the Olympics, on the Duckabush river.

We anchored at the mouth, and while several of us went up the river for trout, taking a variety of flies, angleworms and salmon eggs, the rest of the party went along the beach and found a good clam bed. These men were first back to camp, with a sack full of the delicious bivalves. They had 3 varieties of small ones—little necks, butter clams and cockles—that are about the size of oysters; and 2 kinds of larger clams, 6 inches or more across. One of these is known as the horse clam, and the other as the goeduck. The horse clam is a staple with the Siwash Indians, but is not in great demand among the whites. The goeduck is a fine "bird," and to be prepared for the table it has to be cleaned and dressed as you would dress a chicken. This proposition rather floored the cook, who could find no head, wings, or feet to cut off; but as he expressed it, "He took the works out of 'em."

The party from up the river soon returned with a nice string of Dolly Varden trout. But the laugh was on the engineer. We had heard of grangers having hayseed in their whiskers but a fisherman with salmon eggs in his hair was something new, and as his hand went quickly through his back hair there they were, hard and dry. He then remembered that having a bite on his line and another on his head, at the same time, he had attended to the latter with the hand that held his bait; but as he had landed his big trout he was let off.

In going farther up the river the next day we were surprised to encounter a dense thicket of our beautiful state flower, the rhododendron, which, in its cultivated state is a mere shrub, but here they grow into trees 30 or 40 feet high, and 3 to 4 inches thick.

Instead of going back on the deer trail we had used in going up, we attempted to follow the river down, and fish it to its mouth. We soon found this well nigh impossible, for it led through a narrow, rocky cañon, making it almost impossible to obtain a foothold anywhere. The water was too deep and rapid to wade, so we were obliged to scramble along through the underbrush like rabbits.

Wild berries were plentiful, and noon found us hungry. We made a meal of the fruit about us—sweet, trailing blackberries, mealy sallal berries, red, blue, and black huckleberries, and the big, yellow raspberry known as the salmon berry. No use of anyone starving to death in the woods of Washington.

Deer and elk tracks were all about us, and the berry patches had been trampled down by bears; but we were a noisy crowd and so did not even get a glimpse of anything of the kind.

After 8 hours of the hardest kind of tramping we came to the end of the gorge, too tired to fish, now that we had a chance, but willing to eat the good square meal that was soon ready.

That afternoon we steamed down 10 miles along the shore and reached the Hamahama river. While not over 30 feet wide it was sufficiently deep to allow the boat to travel up it a mile or more, where we settled down again for a short stay.

Up the river, where the water was fresh, the trout took the fly readily. They were of good size and mainly brook trout, although one rainbow was taken that weighed over 7 pounds.

We found ruffed and blue grouse plentiful on the hill-side, and band-tailed pigeons scattered among the tall, dead trees of the bottoms.

One day all hands went on an exploration trip up the river, that led into the very heart of the beautiful Olympics. Their green sides of cedar and fir rose grandly on either side, each summit being crowned by a glistening cap of eternal snow, the source of numberless little streams that coursed down their sides. Here we found the fishing excellent, but the roar of a cataract ahead enticed us farther up the stream, to some splendid falls that leaped from an overhanging shelf, 80 feet above us. In order to obtain a better view of the falls we felled a tree across the creek, which let us out to a bowlder in mid-stream. Here we sat, drinking in the wild beauty about us and imagining we were monarchs of all we surveyed, when down the mountain side came half a dozen pretty girls attired in bloomers and straw hats. They accepted our invitation to cross on our foot-log, and join us on the opposite bank. Their big brothers were soon lost to view, fishing round a bend in the river, and we had the dear creatures all to ourselves. We must have presented a sorry appearance, with our dirty clothes and unshaven faces, but their bangs had long lost their curl which evened things up, somewhat. In the course of conversation mention was made of Mt. Tacoma. "Oh, no; you mean Mt. Rainier," said the girl with dreamy eyes. That settled it. They were from Seattle. They had just arrived, bent on a trip similar to our own.

"Wouldn't we please take their photographs, with the falls for a background," they asked.

"Certainly we would," and here is where the special artist, who had been kept in the background, came modestly forward. He labelled the plate—"Maids of the Mist;" but when the developer had washed over the plate for 10 minutes, in his dark room at home, and nothing came up he concluded something had been missed, sure enough. And now when he meets a member of our party he hears some remark about "dreamy eyes" and "forgetting to draw the slide."

Our next camp was made near the head of the canal, on the Skokomish river.

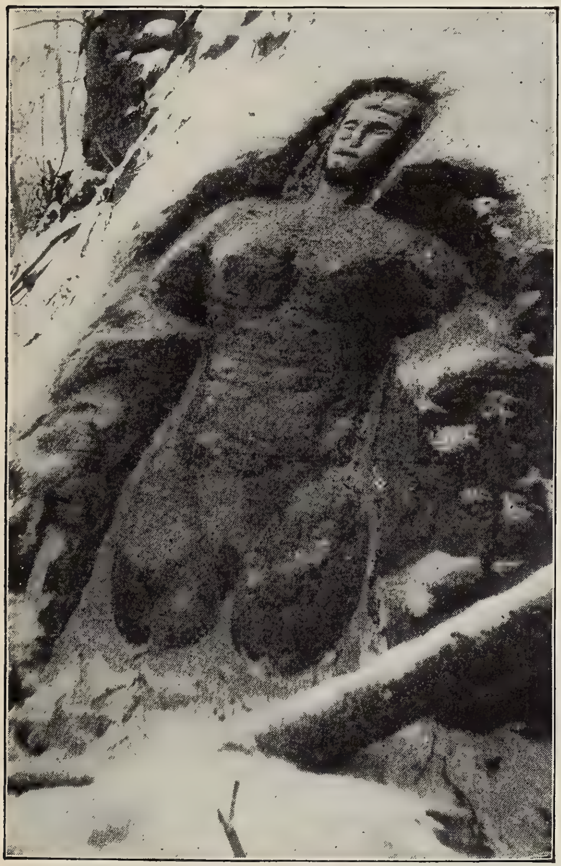
Being tired of trout we tried deep-sea fishing and soon found we could land flounders and rock-cod about as fast as we could pull in the 300 foot line.

On the second day here the party went up the river, with guns and tackle—all but the cook, who stayed with the boat and put in his time making biscuits. He cast 40, enough for 2 meals, and put them away; but alas for the cook! When the hungry crowd got back the biscuits were all eaten at the first call, and quantities of grouse breasts and pink trout beside, to say nothing of 2 rounds each of coffee and a large number of "spuds." The cook had a lay off now, and the crew washed the dishes. Then all came ashore and got thoroughly warmed up around the camp fire, before turning in for the night.

And so it went till the 10 short days had gone by and we headed the little launch for home.

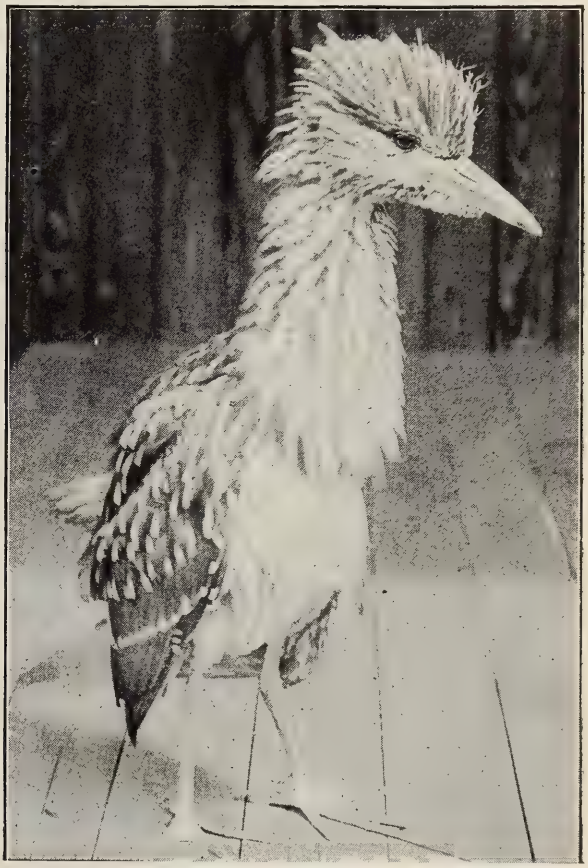
Owing to the special demand for biscuits and slap jacks the baking powder ran out; but we found an able substitute for it in the salt sea water, which seemed to contain all the necessary ingredients to make the dough rise, and the bread was good.

On the return trip one of the crew had an attack of sea sickness and pleaded with the Captain to keep the boat from rolling so, but it was of no use and he did not recover till we put him on the Tacoma dock, and the cruise was at an end.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY ROB'T WALSTROM.

IMAGE CUT IN STONE.*



AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. F. WHITMORE.

YOUNG BITTERN.

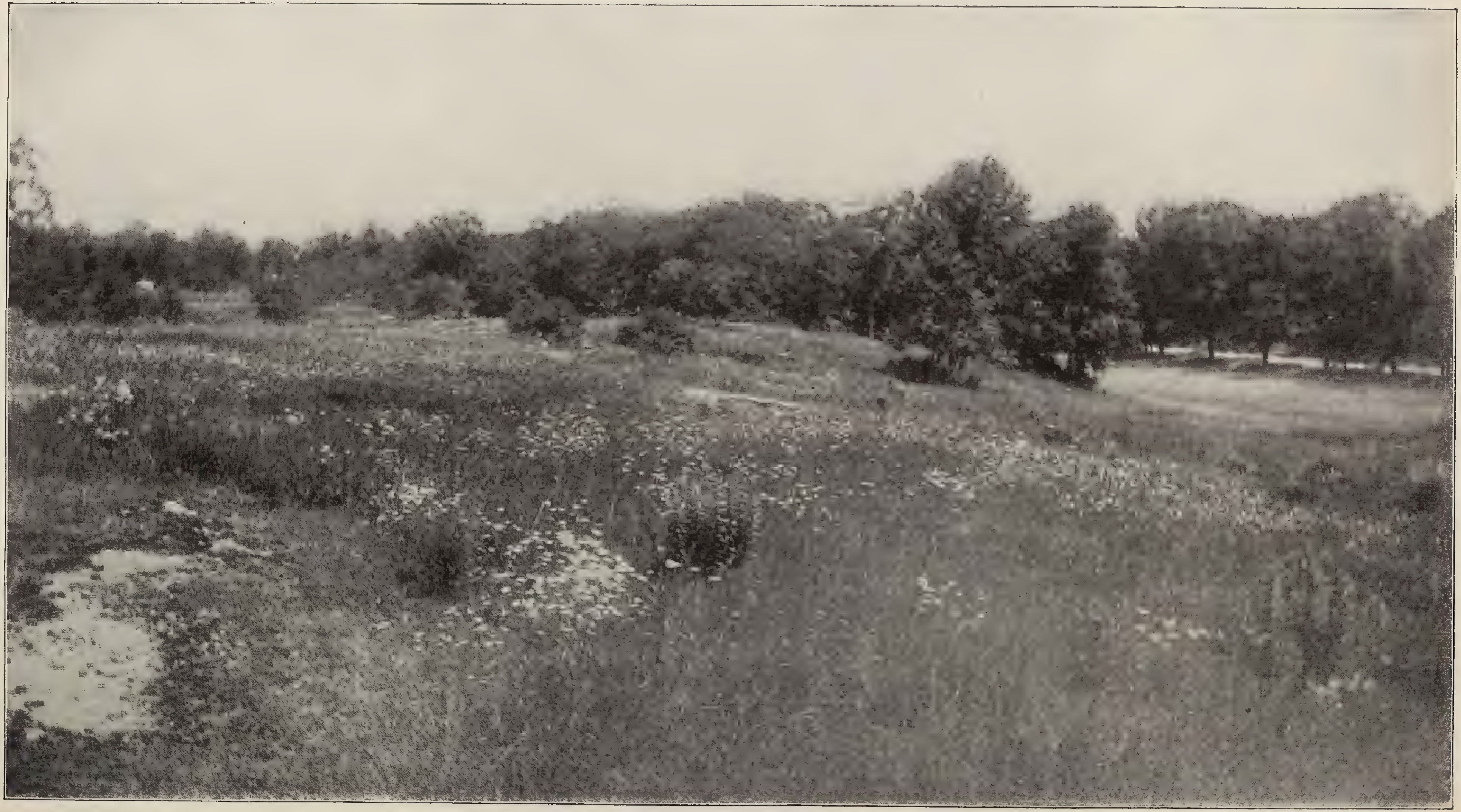
* It is not known by whom this was cut. It was discovered about 3 years ago and was then black with age. It is located in a ravine between 2 bluffs on the western shore of Lake Pepin, 2 miles from Lake City, Minn. It may be the work of the Indians. It is life-size.

A FEROX TROUT.

GEORGE H. GORMAN.

A ferox trout! Whiz! goes the reel.
Ah, what a thrill of joy I feel,
My faithful little bamboo bends
Until it almost touches ends
And reaches downward to my heel.

In yonder bank he would conceal
Himself in moss, but as I kneel
And press him slightly, he ascends.
I have him now, behold my friends,
This lusty beauty, dainty meal,
A ferox trout!



THE BUFFALO RANGE IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.
Looking toward the rocking-stone.

THE GROUNDS FOR A GREAT "ZOO."

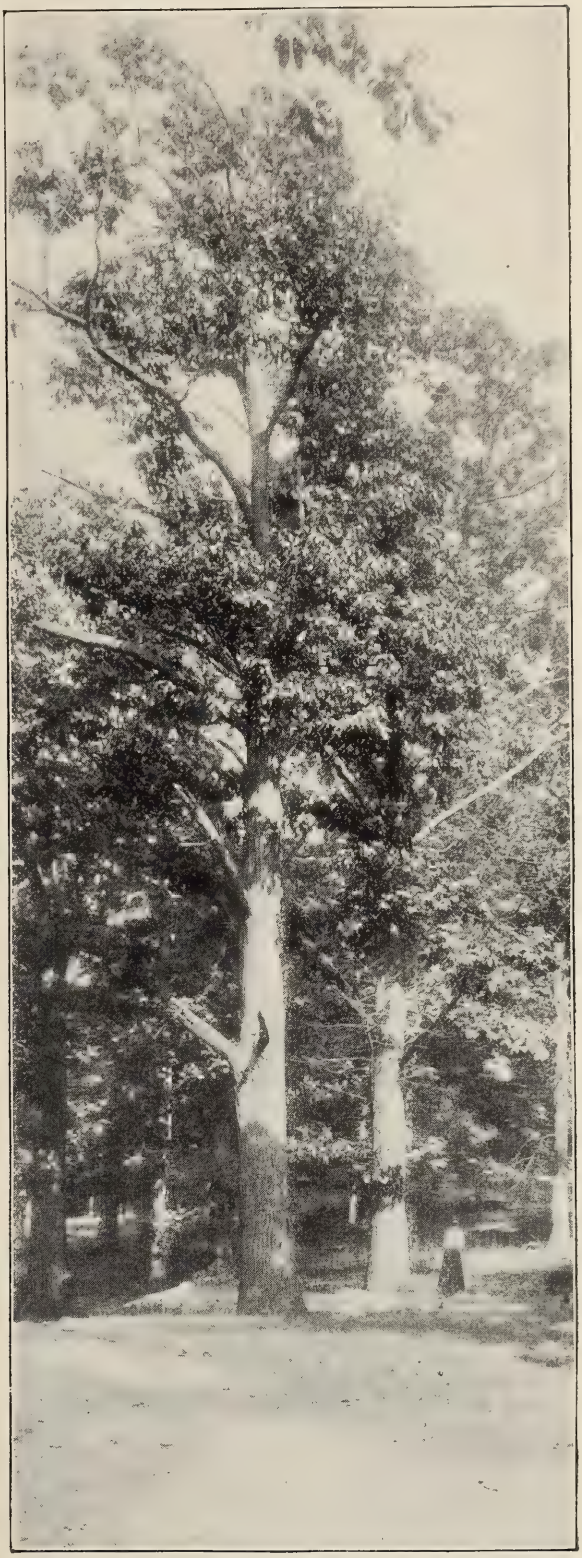
W. T. H.

The final plans for the development of the New York Zoological Park have been completed, and on November 15th were presented by the Zoological Society to the Board of Parks, for formal approval. The amount of close study and hard labor bestowed upon them, during the last 15 months, by the director, the architects, the landscape gardener and the zoological experts whose advice has been sought, has been great. The Zoological Society has spared neither time, labor nor money to make the park arrangement, and the plans for the buildings, as perfect as human knowledge and skill can make them.

The society has had the good fortune to secure, as a site for the Zoological Park, a tract of land quite accessible to the millions of Greater New York, and so well adapted to the various ends in view that it will prove a powerful factor in the achievement of complete success. The possession of South Bronx Park (261 acres) will make it possible to produce, with a total outlay of about $500,000, a more perfect zoological park than could be developed on any other location in New York City for 4 times that sum.

By way of illustration, consider the proposed buffalo range, a view of a part of which is shown herewith. Instead of a pen, such as is the limit in the ordinary 40 acre zoological garden, and instead of an area so large that it is impossible for visitors to see the animals, this range contains 20 acres of fine, rolling meadow, with enough trees to afford abundant shade in hot weather, 2 extensive basins in which the grass is abundant and good, and a great ridge on which the ground is always dry. The accompanying view was taken from the end of the ridge, near the Southeast corner of the range, looking along its crest toward the famous Rocking Stone, which is seen in the distance toward the left. On the extreme right of the picture appears the "lower meadow," a beautiful glade lying along the Eastern side of the ridge, which in the spring will be cut off from the main area, and used as a breeding range, for the cows and calves of the herd. Around more than one-half of the entire buffalo range, visitors on the boundary walks will look over the top of the fence (of Page's steel wire), and it will be quite impossible for the animals to get too far away to be seen to good advantage.

It would be an agreeable task to fill several pages of Recreation with facts setting forth the delightful adaptability of the open, hard-wood timber and sunny knolls for the herds belonging to the deer family; the



A BIT OF FOREST IN THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

splendid masses of pink granite to be utilized in connection with the dens of the bears, wolves and foxes; the rugged escarpment that will furnish a home for the mountain sheep and goat; the shady and secluded pond for the beaver; the ample lake for water birds, and the broad, grassy plateau that is to furnish trees, and rocks, and " town " sites for what is intended shall be a large collection of American rodents. But, like all good things, space in RECREATION is limited, and without an extensive series of pictures it is impossible to convey an adequate conception of the natural beauties of the zoological park grounds.

The timber is simply perfect. Instead of second-growth, filled with underbrush, it is all virgin forest, composed mainly of giant chestnuts, oaks, beeches, hickories, elms, hemlocks, and coniferous trees, varying from small red cedars to a huge white pine 120 feet in height. The accompanying illustration of a group of chestnut trees will at least suggest the general character of the forestry. From the number of trees that have been identified thus far, it seems certain that the Zoological Park contains not less than 40 species; and perhaps 50 would be nearer the mark.

The membership of the Zoological Society is now 510, and the fund for buildings and collections is steadily growing. A later date it will be a pleasure to place before the readers of RECREATION other illustrations of the Zoological Park grounds, and of the buildings for animals.

THE UPPER MISTASSINI.

W. F. J. M'CORMICK.

Mr. E. J. Meyer's article on the Lake St. John country, which appeared in RECREATION some time ago, interested me greatly, for I met him at his camp near the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini river last July, and spent some pleasant hours with him. At that time I was returning from an extensive trip to the headwaters of that river, having ascended it over 200 miles above Lake St. John. For many years I had heard of the " Grande Chute," near the source of the Mistassini, and had also heard the stories of the Indian and French *voyageurs*, concerning the origin of the river. Some of these men insisted it flowed directly out of the great lake Mistassini, which I knew to be incorrect, as Mr. Low, of the Canadian Geographical Survey, has proven, beyond a doubt, that the waters of that mysterious lake find their way through Ruperts river, into James bay. Reports that reached me from time to time, during my 7 seasons at Lake St. John, told of enormous ouananiche, pike, doré and of "trout as big as salmon," to be found farther up than sportsmen ever go. All this excited my curiosity, and while fishing for trout on the preserve of the Triton Fish and Game Club, near Lake St. John, I perfected my plans and left for Roberval some weeks sooner than I had originally intended, much to the disapproval of my father and my wife; but I finally persuaded them to accompany me. Arriving at Hotel Roberval, on the afternoon of June 14th, I found my 2 head canoemen—Alfred Lavoie (French) and Joseph Verrault (Algonquin)—whom I had employed 6 summers, awaiting me on the platform. Two days were spent in repairing my canoes, buying a new one and making additions to our stock of provisions; then all was ready for the start. I experienced some difficulty in securing the four subordinate canoemen, as none of the *voyageurs* of the lake care to undertake the hard portaging of mountains and ceaseless poling of the canoes up the heavy rapids above the tenth falls. However, a half-breed, Henry Caligny by name, and 3 Frenchmen from Chambord, agreed to go.

The morning of the 17th found us all on the little steamer " Le Colon," bound for the head of navigation on the river. After some 5 hours of bumping sawlogs and grinding our way through sand bars, we arrived at the landing of the Trappist Monastery, near the first falls. A hurried lunch was taken here, when, after a short walk around the fall, the canoes were laden and our trip commenced. This so called " fall," is merely a heavy rapid in a narrow gorge. Not 200 yards from where the canoes are launched, across a foam flecked pool, is the second fall, this being a sheer drop of 15 feet and affording good ouananiche fishing. The portage here is very short and steep. Two miles of canoeing in still water brought us to the third fall, merely a short rapid and a still shorter portage. The fourth fall is a shallow cascade, about ¾ of a mile from the preceding.

While here in 1892, accompanied by 2 reckless canoemen I ran the fourth and first falls. At the head of this portage the canoes are launched near a small island and very close to the brink of the cascade. Only a short bend in the river separates the fourth and fifth falls. This is the favorite camp site for parties visiting this river, in quest of ouananiche. The stream is probably 800 yards in width, with a small island near the right bank that divides it into 2 falls. The left, or main fall, has a vertical drop of 35 feet, while the smaller channel to the right is broken and slanting, forming a natural fishway to the river above. Our camp was made in the usual place, on the island dividing the falls. While the men were busy with the tents, I prepared my tackle, consisting of a 10 ounce lancewood fly-rod, a quadruple multiplying reel, with 200 feet of enamelled line and a cast of a Silver Doctor, dropper, and Brown hackle, stretcher. I made my way to the foot of the smaller fall and cast in an eddy—that I knew from previous experience was usually good for one or 2 ouananiche. Much to my delight, the brown hackle disappeared at once and the heavy strain that came in response to my strike told me I had no small game to contend with. But soon my exultation began to fade and finally turned to disgust as the mottled sides of a 10 pound pike (Esox lucius) revealed themselves. My father, casting a short distance from me, was soon fast to 2 medium sized ouananiche, and after ridding myself of my obnoxious victim, I assisted him to land them. His verdict was,

"Enough for supper, shall we stop?"

To which I agreed; and reeling up, we went to camp and revelled in the luxury of mosquito oil and smoke. The mosquito and the black-fly are the curse of the Canadian bush, in early summer; but the sportsman can live and even enjoy himself if he has a tight tent and plenty of "medicine." My experience has been very bad with most of the manufactured fly-repellants, so I use equal parts of oil of tar, oil pennyroyal, and pure vaseline, scented with citronella. This is thoroughly effectual and pleasant to use.

Father has been in love with the fifth fall ever since our first visit, in '92, and to please him we remained there 3 days before pushing on up the river. He succeeded in keeping the table supplied with ouananiche, while my wife and I amused ourselves by trolling for the large walleyes pike, or doré (*Stizostedion vitreum*), which I prefer to the ouananiche, for the table.

The portage around the fifth fall and the rapid above, uses up the best part of a mile and is quite rough. Then there is a stretch of calm water; then a narrow, rough rapid that must be portaged. Only a short distance above come 4 cascades, in quick succession, and as many short portages.

Lunch was made at the sixth portage at the foot of what is called the "short deadwater," some 12 miles in length and in places quite 2 miles wide. We camped at the eighth fall, on a sandy beach. This is a peculiar cataract, being fully a half mile wide and resembling a series of broad steps. The river descends at this point about 60 feet in 500 yards.

Here we made a stay of 2 days, for the purpose of making paddles and poles, soon to be used in the ascent of the heavy rapid above the tenth fall. These poles are from 12 to 15 feet long, of black spruce, and fitted into steel points, to prevent slipping on the rocks. While at this camp we took many ouananiche, releasing all those not needed for food. My father also took a 24 pound pike. A small creek, swarming with minnows, was close by our camp and a few dips of the landing net always secured an abundance of live bait, much relished by pike and doré, while one or 2 ouananiche were caught with them.

Above this portage, which is half a mile long and very steep, are 2 good sized falls, and one heavy rapid that necessitates the first use of the poles. Imagine yourself in an 18 foot birch canoe, heavily laden, with 2 brawny *voyageurs* standing erect in bow and stern, straining every muscle in the effort to pass a dangerous rock in the centre of a river as large as the Missouri at Kansas City, pouring its violent floods about the frail fabric and lashing itself into spray against the bowlders—seemingly doing its best to ingulf you, as if displeased at the temerity of man in attempting to conquer it. No wonder the canoemen use the best of wood, and carefully test their poles! The dreadful consequences of breaking one can be too easily foreseen.

Sometimes the current exceeds the strength of the men; and after a motionless moment, that seems hours, the canoe gradually creeps backward, an inch at a time, regardless of the efforts of the men. This is the moment of greatest danger. In an instant the poles are thrown inboard—frequently striking the sportsman's head—and, under the stroke of paddles, the canoe whirls rapidly around and descends with almost lightning speed to the nearest eddy, where breath is taken before again making the attempt. Imagine all this, if you can, with huge rocky cliffs and mountains in the background, clad in the sombre green of spruce and fir, with no sign of life among them! Then you may have a faint idea of the difficulties of the ascent of the upper Mistassini.

About an hour's paddle from this rapid the mouth of the Wassiemiska river is reached. This is a short stream, having 2 branches, one rising in Lake au Jeaune (commonly called Lac á Jim), and the other in Lake Otter, otherwise known as Netsegami, some 50 miles from its confluence with the Mistassini. Though so short, it is a rapid river, having no less than 30 falls and cascades in the Netsegami branch.

Through this stream lies the favorite route for sportsmen who ascend the Ashuapmouchouan river (pronounced Sam-

FIFTH FALLS, MISTASSINI RIVER, CANADA. LITTLE FALL AND OUANANICHE POOL.

From a photograph kindly loaned by Eugene McCarthy.

mouch-o-an), and return by Lac á Jim and the Mistassini—a popular, but to me, an uninteresting trip.

From the mouth of the Wassiemiska the tenth fall can be plainly seen, with a long, flume-like rapid extending half a mile above it. Down this flume the river rushes with great force and hurls itself over the last drop, of about 20 feet, into a deep, foamy pool, a favorite stopping place for pike, doré and ouananiche. On the right side of the fall, is a narrow channel, broken into short cascades, up which the fish can be seen leaping, on their journey up the river. Strange that every fall—otherwise impassible, has a natural fishway! On our return we spent some days at this point and tested the fishing thoroughly.

After crossing the portage a stretch of calm water is reached that requires some 2 hours to pass. Then there is a heavy rapid, scarcely 50 feet wide, with perpendicular cliffs on each side rising to a height of 200 feet. No chance for a portage and too deep for the poles. The " tump line " (a 75 foot manilla rope), is uncoiled and each canoe is slowly " warped " up to the crest of the rapid. No more portages after this, until the " Grande Portage " is reached, some days' journey farther North.

That evening we camped on a narrow sand bar, in the centre of the stream, which is very shallow and wide for some distance above the " Cransserrie," as the narrow rapid is termed. The next morning at sunrise (that being about 3.30 in this high latitude), camp was broken and we were soon under way. By noon the largest tributary was reached—the River Samoquan, which is fully as large as the Mistassini and has its source in a large, unknown lake near the watershed between the Ungava river and the St. Lawrence. This river and lake are probably responsible for the erroneous belief, so long current, that the Mistassini river was the outlet of the lake of that name; whereas the Samoquan flows from Northeast to Southwest, and the Mistassini from North to South; while the Lake Mistassini lies Northwest from the junction of the 2 streams. The rivers meet in an angry rush of waters, both being rapid and narrowly confined in rocky gorges, where the conflicting currents cause a dangerous whirlpool almost as perilous as the renowned one at Isle Maligne, in the Grand Déchargé of Lake St. John.

During the preparation of lunch here, I cast in the Samoquan several times without result. Then, crossing the narrow point to the Mistassini, I took 2 fine ouananiche, on a Jock Scot salmon fly.

A short digression here will not be amiss. Some of the *voyageurs* of Lake St. John declare there are no ouananiche above the tenth fall of this river. This is because they do not care to undertake the labor required to pole up the rapids; and as no sportsmen had ever been above the Was-

FIFTH FALLS, MISTASSINI RIVER, CANADA. MAIN FALL.
From a photograph kindly loaned by Eugene McCarthy.

siemiska before my trip, there was no one to contradict them. I am sorry to say there are some very unreliable men at Lake St. John, who make a practice of living off the sportsman with as little work as possible. They also take pleasure in misleading him at every opportunity. Happily, however, these constitute a small minority, for at no resort in Canada are there so many honest, hard working men as at Lake St. John.

My head man is perfection. Short in stature, muscular, and quick as a marten, he combines scrupulous cleanliness with an excellent knowledge of canoeing and cooking. He has served 13 years between Lake Temiscamingue (the source of the Ottawa river), and Moose Fort, on James bay, canoeing furs in summer and driving dog teams in winter, for the Hudson Bay Company. Besides his native tongue, he speaks excellent English and several Indian dialects. Having been in my employ several years, I doubt if he could be secured by anyone else, or I should take pleasure in recommending him to the readers of RECREATION.

For 6 days after passing the Samoquan the poling is uninterrupted except by resting spells for the men, every half hour. The river pours rapidly, but noiselessly, between high mountains covered with a thick second growth of pine and spruce, this country having been devastated by the great fire of 1873, that worked such havoc through this part of Labrador. Occasionally a bowlder cuts its surface, causing a slight ripple, but as a rule it is a strong reminder of Bayard Taylor's description of the Saguenay: " A river of desolation and death."

Silently and swiftly it moves, a river of oil, as gentle as an Adirondack pond, to all appearances; but once in your canoe the illusion is dispelled, for the united strength of 2 men can hardly force the light craft against it. The centre is of unknown depth; and even near the shore the poles sometimes fail to touch bottom, and the " tump line " is used. The force of the current is plainly shown by the many abrasions of the bark of trees 20 feet, or more, above the canoe, caused by drifting ice in the spring freshets.

These far Northern rivers have a rise of 10 to 40 feet, caused by the sudden melting of the snow on the adjacent mountains and by the formation of immense ice gorges at the falls.

In this part of the river we suffered greatly from the mosquitoes, which attacked us at every stop; and all agreed they were far worse than any we had encountered in the mangrove swamps of Florida.

However, there must be an end to all things, and on the afternoon of the sixth day, after passing the Samoquan, when we entered the " Great Calm," the breeze speedily ridded us of the pests. This so-called " calm " is merely a lake-like expansion of the river, resembling the short, dead water below the eighth fall, but many times larger. It is fully 30 miles long and from 2 to 6 miles in width, very shallow, with many bushy islands. I took the liberty of naming it Annabel's Lake, in honor of my wife, she being the first white woman to visit it.

It is well to state here, that, with the exception of a Mr. Cummings, of Lake St. John, who made 2 fur trading trips here, in 1884, our party were the first white persons to reach beyond the Samoquan. This lake is surrounded by a comparatively level plain stretching back 2 miles or more from the shores to abrupt cliffs of naked rock that rise to a height of 1,000 feet.

The rock formation here differs greatly

CAMP FIFTH FALLS, MISTASSINI RIVER, CANADA.

From a photograph kindly loaned by Eugene McCarthy.

from that of Lake St. John—this being of unmistakable igneous origin, while that of the Lake St. John is mainly sedimentary deposit, rich in the remains of small mollusca and crustaceans.

This basin was undoubtedly the crater of an enormous volcano, now partially filled by glacial drift. Everywhere on the mountains can be seen the erosions and rounded bowlders that identify the glacial epoch. At one camp I found some beautiful tourmaline crystals, but they were unfortunately forgotten in our departure.

Almost all the points and islands have been used many times as hunting camps, by the Montagnais Indians, and are fantastically ornamented with bear, beaver, marten, fox and other skulls, mounted on high poles. This curious custom arises from a desire to propitiate the good spirit of the animals. According to the Montagnais' belief, each species has both a good and a bad spirit, and is also possessed of a certain amount of immortality. These people say also the putting up of the skulls prevents the dogs feeding on them. They say, "If dog eat beaver head, no catch more beaver, never." Too bad they do not take the same precaution in regard to their own dead!

Near the Grande Portage we passed several shallow graves, one of which had been badly torn by bears and carcajoux, the latter being a vicious brute that I know no English name for.* On making inquiries of my Indians I learned that these graves had contained the bodies of 3 men and 2 women of their tribe, who had died of starvation, the previous winter. No sympathy was manifested by my men except a guttural grunt and an oath or two. Such is the reverence in which death is held by these squalid children of the bleak Northland.

At none of the stops we made on the lake, did we take any ouananiche, the water being too shallow and quiet for fly fishing. However, doré and pike were abundant, though smaller than those taken above.

Near the upper end of the lake a large stream enters it from the West, called the River Tuladi—(meaning salmon-trout), that rises in several small ponds among the mountains. We did not enter it, but were told by the Indians there were some beautiful falls near the source, and good trout fishing above them. Of course the Mistassini contains no trout, as the pike destroy all that enter it. Three days were occupied in leisurely traversing the lake, and the change from the laborious poling of the preceding week was most welcome.

At the upper end, or "head," the river flows between large sand hills, with a strong current, but permitting the use of paddles. Our camp, on the evening of July 3d, was made on a rocky bluff, in a thicket of small birches. Numerous signs of bear, beaver and otter were found here. On the morning of the Fourth, the water in our pail was covered by a thin crust of ice. That afternoon we reached the foot of the great rapids, which extend a distance of 50 or 60 miles. Though there is not so great a volume of water here as in the Peribonca river, or the Grande Déchargé, these rapids are the wildest stretch I ever canoed on, excepting, of course, the Batiscan river, in the preserve of the Triton Club.

For several days we did not test the fishing, but I feel sure many fine ouananiche could be taken in the numerous eddies and pools we passed. About midway of the rapids is the mouth of a small stream which I named River Castor, from the number of beaver huts and dams on it.

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* This is the wolverine.—EDITOR.

Opposite there is a winter trail leading to the Lake Ashuapmouchouan (the source of the main branch of the river of that name), some 60 miles to the West. This is the route the Indians use when crossing from Lake Mistassini to the Mistassini river and is the shortest distance (200 miles) between the lake and river. Six uneventful days were spent in these rapids and at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the seventh we camped at the lower end of the Grande Portage, a tired but thankful party.

This portage is around a very rough rapid that cannot be canoed on account of some terrible whirlpools. One bad hill at the start, then the remaining 3 miles are over a level barren, deeply carpeted with moss and small clumps of spruces. We crossed very early in the morning and the hoar frost, on the spider webs in the spruces, was a beautiful sight. Many fresh bear tracks, in the moss, wrought the Indians up to a high state of excitement, and they begged me to stop for a few days' hunt; but as I had no desire to carry any bear grease among our provisions, I refused and contended them by saying they could hunt all the bear they wanted when we went on our caribou hunt, on the Batiscan, in autumn.

At the end of the portage, there is a stretch of calm water, perhaps 10 miles long, where we tried the trolling lines and took some fine pike and one ouananiche. The last portage is just above this calm, the landing place being in a terrible rapid. The " sea " here is fully as high as that on the Gervais rapid, in Saguenay. I debarked and walked around the rocks, while my wife refused to get out, saying it was great sport.

This portage is only about a mile in length, but a very steep, sandy hill, about 200 feet high, has to be ascended and it taxed our breathing powers to the utmost. Near the upper end of the portage the river falls 100 feet in as many rods, the water going at lightning speed through a natural flume in the rock. So rapid is the descent that the water in the flume is but 3 feet deep. We named this the " Devil's Slide."

From the head of the " slide " the river is narrow and quiet for about a mile. Then it suddenly expands—forming a circular basin 2 miles in diameter and surrounded by abrupt mountains. Rounding a point, jutting out from the East side, we suddenly came in sight of one of the most magnificent cataracts it ever falls to the lot of man to see. The river seems to drop out of the sky, in 3 vertical falls; the first semicircular in shape, and not more than 20 feet wide; the second wider and white as milk, when, after striking a narrow ledge, a third leap of fully 300 feet is taken, to the boiling pool below. We estimated the total descent to be in the neighborhood of 700 feet, and the volume of water—the river was very low at that time—as great as that of the Delaware river, below Trenton, N. J.

Camp was made on a strip of sandy beach, directly opposite the fall. That night we were treated to a peculiar sight, consisting of a kind of rainbow formed by the aurora borealis in the spray of the fall. The soft light and weird, ever changing forms in the mist, made a picture that will never be forgotten.

While camp was being prepared a canvas-back duck, with a brood of fledglings, came near and, after counting the young, my father said:

" Eleven. Too bad she did not have an even dozen."

However, she was not to blame, as the following will show. Needing some pike for supper, my father trolled about the shores, near camp, and took several, one having a large lump in its stomach that subsequently proved to be the twelfth duckling. We had become used to finding small wood-rats and frogs in pike, but a canvas-back duck surprised us.

That evening we made a trial for ouananiche, near the foot of the fall. I took one doré, but saw numbers of ouananiche jumping, near by. These foolish fish are so absorbed in a desire to go up stream, that they leap, time after time, into the face of this insurmountable cataract, only to be dashed back to the rocks below.

Father was more successful for he took 2 large ouananiche on a cast of " Butcher " and " Silver Doctor " salmon flies.

The next morning, accompanied by the Indian, Henry, I climbed the mountain and discovered the source of the river, about 10 miles above the fall. Here we found many small lakes and streams, while as far as the eye could reach there could be seen a tamarack and cedar swamp, with a network of creeks running through it. The objective point of our trip reached, we devoted one more day to the ouananiche, taking a dozen small ones—averaging 2½ pounds—and then started homeward.

The return trip was broken by but one incident. Leaving the fall at 6 in the morning we crossed the 2 portages and began the descent of the long rapid, at noon. Near the worst place in the rapid there is a long, gravelly point, extending out to the centre of the stream, and just as we came abreast of it, a large black bear walked out on it and stood looking at us with an inquisitive gaze. I let fly at him with a .45-125 express rifle, but the motion of the canoe caused me to over-shoot, and with a few sniffs in the air he turned and entered the bush. Although this was the only bear we actually saw, we had heard them, and had seen fresh tracks at almost every camp. I do not know of a place in Canada that would afford better sport for the bear hunter than this river and its tributaries.

Late that evening we camped at Trout

river, having passed, in 12 hours, the same distance it had taken us nearly 8 days to cover, when going up. Under way at 5 the next morning, we passed Annabel's lake quickly and camped on a small island below it early in the afternoon. The next morning we ran the rapids, without event, and were at the River Samoquan by noon. After a hurried lunch paddles were again dipped and with the slight mishap of shipping a wave over the baggage canoe, while descending the "Cransserrie," we arrived at the foot of the tenth fall at 5 in the afternoon.

Some idea of the force and rapidity of the current can be gained when it is remembered that it took us 17 days to reach the great fall, from this point, while the return trip occupied but 3. A comfortable camp was made here, as we intended to remain several days and to send 3 of the men down to the Trappist Monastery for provisions; then to pole up the Wassiemiska and return to Roberval by way of Lac á Jim and the Ashuapmouchouan river. Here we took numbers of ouananiche, pike and doré with the fly and live bait; the fly being the most killing. I will ask your readers if they do not regard it as unusual to take the doré, or wall-eyed pike on the artificial fly. It certainly surprised me. The men returned in 3 days laden with pork, beans, flour and tobacco, all obtained from the good Fathers, for a round sum in gold.

The next morning Henry and I investigated the rapids of the Wassiemiska, but found the water too low for our heavily laden canoes, so we were forced to abandon our trip to Lac á Jim. The run down to the fourth fall was made in about 7 hours and many pools were tried with poor results. At the island of the fifth fall, Mr. E. J. Meyers and wife were camped, having as neighbors Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, author of "The Ouananiche, and its Canadian Environment," and Colonel Haggard, of England. All reported good sport.

Our last camp was made at the fourth fall, where we took many fine ouananiche. Having a strong current in our favor, we did not wait for the steamboat, but paddled the whole distance to Pointe Bleue Reservation, near Roberval, where we arrived at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 25th.

Summing up, I will say that while we had splendid fishing and enjoyed ourselves to the utmost, I do not think I would care to take the trip again. I advise all sportsmen in quest of ouananiche to ascend the Peribonca river, as far as Lake Tchitagama. Here they will find more beautiful scenery and better fishing, besides being only 4 days from Roberval.

In conclusion, I will say a few words about ouananiche fishing as I have found it, for 7 seasons. Use good heavy leaders, not more than 5 feet long; a multiplying or automatic reel, carrying no less than 70 yards of enamelled silk line, and a servicable, solid wood rod, not more than 10 ounces in weight. I consider the average split bamboo rod an abomination.

Let your flies be tied to reinforced snells, or better still, short loops of twisted gut. Numbers 2 to 6 hooks are the correct sizes; and it is well to include some double hooked salmon flies, on No. 4 hooks. The flies I have found best I give in order: Salmon Flies—Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Butcher, Durham Ranger, Dusty Miller, Prince William of Orange, Black June; Trout Flies—Professor, Brown Hackle—red body, Hamlin, Ferguson, Grey Drake, Grizzly King, Seth Green, Little Big Horn.

Once in the Ashuapmouchouan river, I took an ouananiche with a Scarlet Ibis, but have never raised one to it since. Parmachenee Belle, though the best trout fly in the world, seems to frighten ouananiche.

Use but 2 flies and let them be submerged 2 or 3 inches, part of the time. I never saw and never expect to see an ouananiche take a fly on the surface. Once at Isle Maligne one vaulted into my canoe, and played sad havoc with my open tackle box; but I do not think the flies in it attracted him. I advise to strike on the slightest touch. You won't see one fish in 50, when they rise. In playing them be careful to give no slack line.

I refer those desiring further instruction, to that excellent pamphlet, "The Leaping Ouananiche," by Eugene McCarthy, Syracuse, New York.

"They say if you look a wild animal squarely in the eye with a steady, concentrated gaze, it will be cowed, and will flee."

"Well, I couldn't do it; but my wife could. She has routed me that way, many a time."

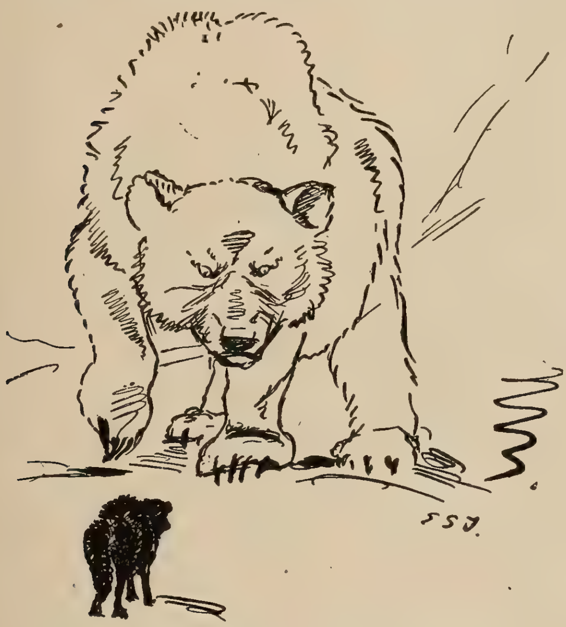
ELKLAND.

V.

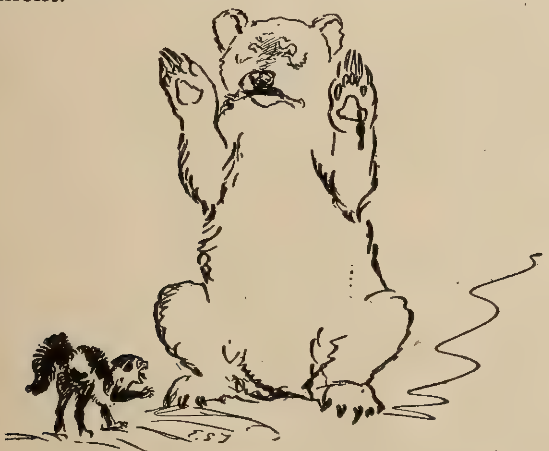
PUSS AND THE BEAR.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

An interesting episode was reported to me the other day, from the Fountain Hotel. I am not sure it is true; but it is so good I wish to believe it, and so will give it pretty much as I heard it, regretting my inability to translate it into standard English without losing much of its true sentiment.*

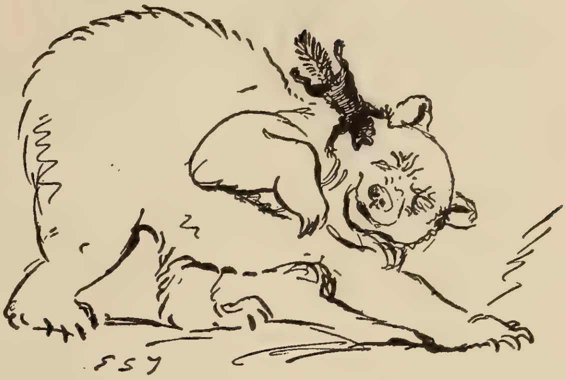


"I WONDER WHOSE BIG YALLER DOG THAT IS?"



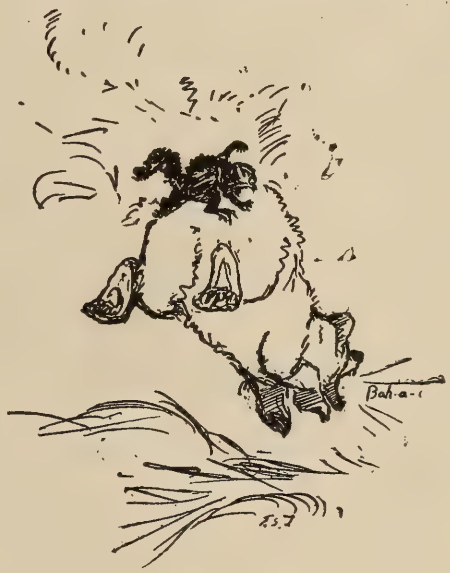
"HANDS UP!" SCREAMED THE KITTEN.

They have a new cat at the Fountain hotel this year, and this cat, herself a little chit of a kitten, brought forth her first brood of kits—of absolutely unparalleled beauty, she believed, and great Cæsar, how proud and happy she was!



"YOWL—SLAP—YEOW-W-W!"

Before many days a monster cinnamon bear loomed up against the distant landscape and darkened the sky with his vast, heaving bulk as he came toward the kitchen, as in days of yore.



"BAH-AH-AH!"

Kitty was with her kits; but when this eclipse of the back veranda took place she went out to see, and lo! the hugest, yallerest dog she had ever seen. To fly in terror was her first thought; but "my kitties" was her second; so, standing her highest and trying to look like a porcupine, she screamed, in excellent Wyomese,

"You awkward, hulking, club-footed, overgrown, bobtailed, yaller cur, you come within 3 jumps of this shack and your name is Dennis."

The bear slacked up a bit and grumbled something about a "miserable, spike-tailed skunk," which after all was not a bad description of the little cat.

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* Since writing the above I have met 3 bronzed mountain men who are willing to vouch for the story and who are good revolver shots.

"Hands up" screamed the kitten; advancing one hop, and redeeming herself from the reproach of "spiketailed."

"I wont," growled the bear; but he must have had a female disposition, for he did. He held up his paws and reared on his ultimatum till his head grew small in perspective. Then he growled something about being "the ruler of the hull Rockies; that he was there for swill and swill he would have."

The cat looked so small, down below, that the old cinnamon took fresh courage, dropped again on all fours and moved swill-ward.

"Stop!" shrieked the now desperate kitten.

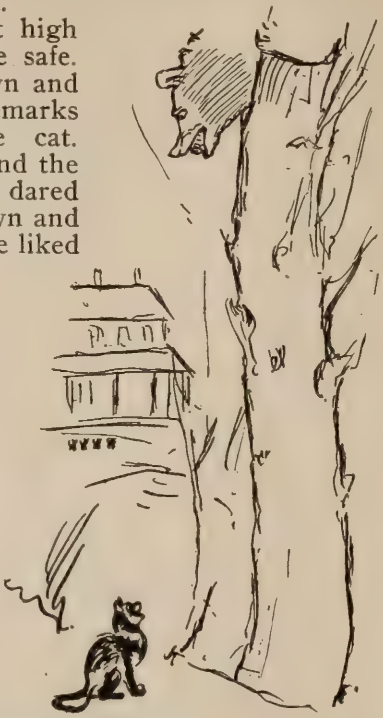
"I want my swill," growled Cinnamoneus.

"Fizz—yowl—yap," and the naughty kitten landed on his big bald nose. She had 32 knives in her mouth and 18 fish hooks in her toes and they all worked by electricity.

And the bear? Well he upped and ran; and you can't blame him. I'd a done the same thing myself. But pussy was out for blood. She could move faster than he could and she plied her hooks and knives like a little demon.

The ruler of the mountains tried his fastest gait, but it didn't seem to help out much; so, in desperation, he climbed the nearest tree, while pussy played hop scotch on his rear guard.

The bear went high enough up to be safe. Then glared down and made nasty remarks about the little cat. She walked around the base of the tree; dared him to come down and asked him how he liked his swill? Would he like it sent up to his room, or would he wait till he was big enough to come down and get it. She "rubbed it into him" thus, for an hour or so, till the boss of the hotel, considering the affair was degenerating into a case of bullying, came out and called off his cat.



"WILL YOU COME DOWN AND GET YOUR SWILL, OR WILL YOU HAVE IT SENT UP TO YOUR ROOM?"

THE CHIEF COOK.

W. H. NELSON.

Say, Jim, ye know *Coquiner?*
Well, hev ye ever seen er
Feller what's so derned, all-fired queer?
I hev knowed him in the mountings,
Camped with him beside the fountings,
And have swapped tabacker with him for more'n 30 year.

He kin stop a rushin' grizzly—
By the bones of Billy Chizley!—
Jist as cool as any duck ye ever met,
He kin drop an old buck quicker,
Coax a trout to come out slicker,
Than ary other feller; which the same I'm here to bet.

Kin he cook? Well, I'm a smilin'!
And for roastin', bakin', brilin',
He'll lick the boots off that big feller in Noo York;
He's some on chops or brisket,
He kin beat the Dutch at biscuit,
And he'll waller all creation on a mess of roasted pork.

Now, ther's lots o' cooks hez boasted
Which the pork that they hez roasted
Wuz sweeter than fresh honey from the hive;
But the dish they sweat preparin'
Wuz from hog as dead as herrin'
While this Coquiner feller now'-days roasts his hogs alive.

He hez got a combination
Range which he calls RECREATION,
Which the same he fires up monthly with fresh logs,
And the way he roasts the grunters
(Which they calls theirselves great hunters),
Is a beautiful invention in the way of roastin' hogs.

The fish-hogs must be feelin'
Kinder scaly, and like squeelin',
And the game-hogs they are quiet-like, this fall;
But the bristles, they are scorchin'
For Coquiner, he's a watchin'
And he'll roast them to perfection, *skin and all.*

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.

B. J. R.

The boys are telling a good story of 2 travelling men, who visited a small town in Northeastern Arkansas. Knowing that good fishing could be found near town they arranged for a camping trip. They were joined by 2 local merchants and the quartette began to hustle for a camp outfit.

They succeeded in getting a farm wagon, some extra wagon sheets, some pots and skillets and a box of grub. On the suggestion of one of the merchants they employed a colored man who answered to the name of Eiph, who was recommended as being faithful, industrious, an all round handy man, and a fair camp cook.

At the break of day the party pulled out, feeling as frisky and as jolly as a bunch of school-boys out for a holiday.

Arkansas roads are, as a rule, a serious matter. Many a poor wayfarer has had his shoulder blades shaken loose while driving over them, but these drummers were used to hard knocks and their victims, the native merchants, were hardened beyond all possibility of injury. A man who can sit on a dry goods box and let a St. Louis drummer talk to him 3 hours, without fainting, can stand anything.

So, the old farm wagon pounded merrily along, over the corduroy, and the passengers kept shouting into one another's ears, telling how glad they would be when they reached the river. And sure enough they finally reached it. On arriving there they set up camp and were soon enjoying a breakfast of "briled" bacon, hot coffee, etc., which Eiph had prepared. The drive had given them an appetite that any hobo might envy. They ate everything in sight and sighed for more; but Eiph told them there was no more and they must hustle for grub for dinner or go home hungrier than when they came out.

The next thing was bait. Spoons, flies, phantom minnows, etc., the drummers had, in plenty, but not a one with them; hence live minnows were the only recourse. There was a minnow seine in the outfit and so the party set out for a bayou to catch minnows. They were scarce, however, and hard to get; but by scraping the creek up and down and crosswise, a dozen times, they managed to fill their pail.

In making a draw it was discovered that they had captured a good sized soft shell turtle. One of the drummers said they were at least sure of a good dinner. He admitted these soft-shelled turtles, or, as most people termed them, these mud-turtles, were not the daintiest morsel in the world. For instance, he said, he would rather have a brook trout, or a red snapper, or even a canvasback duck; but that when the bacon was all gone and the other grub getting shy a soft shell was a mighty good thing to fall back on. The rest agreed and Eiph was told to pick up the turtle and lead out for camp.

Now Eiph was superstitious and had never heard of any one's eating a turtle. He therefore remonstrated, mildly, against such a course.

"Boss foh de Lawd sake you ain't gwine foh to eat dat ting! I wouldn't tase a bite o' dat ar' tuhtle fo de whole worl. Sho you dosn't mean dat. You jess tryin' to fool dis old nigga. You wants me to toat dat ting up to camp? Good Lawd!"

It required the positive command of the Southerner, which is second nature with them in dealing with the negro, to induce Eiph to shoulder the turtle and lead off.

As the party strode silently up the hill, Eiph in advance with the turtle on his back, one of the drummers following in his tracks and the rest bringing up the rear in Indian file, Eiph's agitation and superstitious awe were apparent. His mutterings were such as to indicate plainly that he regarded the whole scheme as uncanny.

Now it chanced that the drummer who was following next after Eiph was an amateur ventriloquist of no mean ability. This was well known by all the party except Eiph, who was as ignorant of ventriloquism as of turtle soup.

The ventriloquist took in the situation, and as Eiph was plodding along with the turtle on his back, the picture of unwilling subordination, the silence was suddenly broken by a weird voice, apparently coming from the turtle, saying plaintively:

"What are you going to do with me, Eiph?"

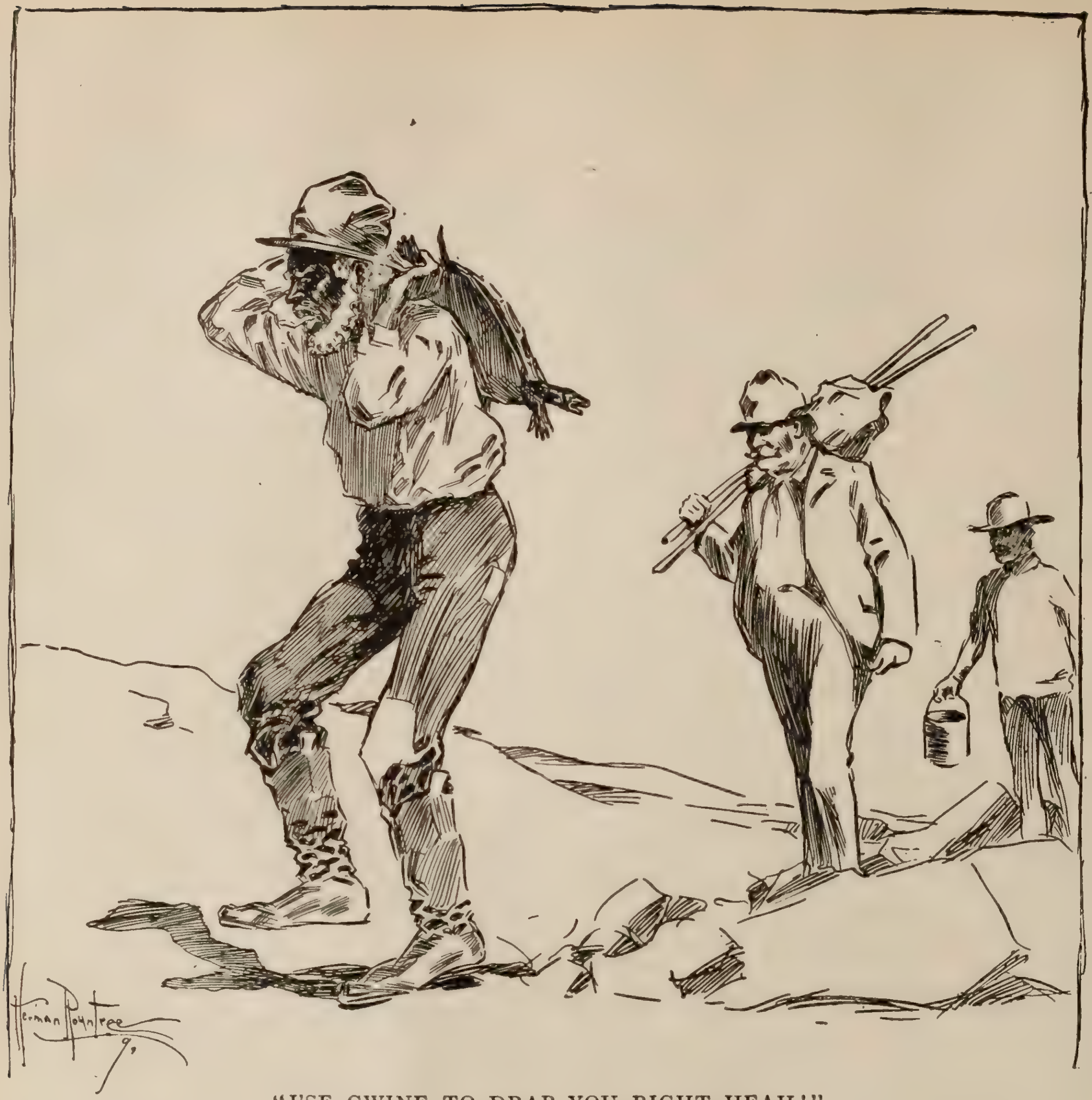
As the novelists say, Eiph "started, visibly." His eyes grew larger. His breathing was quicker and his step unsteady; yet through force of his habit of obedience he still trudged along with the turtle on his back.

After the lapse of a few minutes the turtle again said, pleadingly:

"What are you going to do with me, Eiph?"

By this time Eiph's agitation was pitiable.

His eyes were rolling wildly as he looked back over first one shoulder and then the other, his nether lip hanging down like a saddle skirt, and the perspiration flowing from his face in drops as big as peas. His steps were growing decidedly unsteady



"I'SE GWINE TO DRAP YOU RIGHT HEAH!"

when the voice from the turtle appealingly asked, again,

" Eiph, what are you going to do with me? "

" I'se gwine to drap you right heah! "

The words were bellowed, rather than spoken, and the action was suited to the word.

He " drapped " the turtle, lit out through the brush, in the direction of the village, and the place which had known him for an hour past, knew him no more.

THE DOCTOR'S BUFFALO HUNT.

CAPT. J. H. SANDS, U. S. A.

Old Fort Hays, Kansas, in 1872 was considered a frontier post; and in truth it was, for Indians were numerous, and mischievous, while the prairies abounded with herds of buffalo and other game.

It was during these times that many notables from the Old Country, often a prince or a duke, would come to America to hunt buffalo. They would notify the war department of their wish, and secure letters of introduction to the commanding officer at Hays, who would see to it that they had hunting to their hearts' content. They were usually excellent gentlemen, but poor equestrians, and many narrow escapes they had—not always from Indians or enraged buffalo bulls, but in falling from their horses in mad gallops with those experienced in the sport. On one occasion the Duke of M— was placed astride a cavalry horse that viciously dismounted His Grace on the rump of a buffalo. A rumor got abroad that it was a preconcerted affair, but of course it was not. Nevertheless, it created much merriment among the officers.

Dr. Jessie Maury, of Philadelphia, and W. F. Jessup, also of that city, were guests of Captain Joseph Kerin and me, during the best of one hunting season, and we promised them excellent shooting. Before leaving home, these gentlemen had been impressed with the idea that it was extremely hazardous to hunt among Indians, probably having read exaggerated accounts of massacres in this particular locality, and it was some time before we could calm their fears.

The day arranged for the first hunt arrived, and as a herd of buffalo had been seen South of the fort, we struck out in that direction. Captain Kerin, our guests and I made up the party. We did not think it best to increase the number, as we expected to be gone only a short time and not very far at that.

On coming to our game, the shooting was good, and the crack of our carbines was usually the death knell of a King of the Plains.

After killing a number, our horses were too much blown to pursue the herd farther, so we turned back. We were jogging along in good spirits when a huge bull that had strayed from the herd bore down toward us. Before he got within range, however, he swerved off to the right, heading for the Smoky Hill river.

This was too much for the Doctor, who at once spurred his animal to the chase. Pell mell he went in pursuit, not heeding our cries to desist, as it might lead him into dangerous country. Captain Kerin made an effort to follow him, but soon returned, thinking, as we did, that the Doctor would tire and come back.

We waited an hour, and then seeing no sign of our friend we cantered back to the Fort, surmising that he would probably take a circuitous route and reach home about as soon as we. On our arrival he had not turned up, and we began to be uneasy. The post cannon was subsequently fired, and detachments were sent in every direction, spending the whole night in search, but nothing could be learned of his whereabouts.

Toward noon of the following day, while Captain Kerin and I were sitting in front of our quarters, discussing the probability of the Doctor's being taken by Indians, we espied, far out on the plain, a solitary horse. We watched it intently, and as it slowly drew near we saw it was being led by a man—and that man the Doctor.

A strange procession it was too! The horse was besmeared with mud and going on three legs; saddle gone, and what was left of the bridle around his neck. The Doctor, his clothes rent and in tatters, hat gone, face scratched and besmeared with mud, was the saddest-looking, most woebegone man that could have been found. His story was as follows:

He had chased the bull for miles, along the Smoky Hill river, never appearing to gain. Night came before he realized where he was or how far he might be from his friends. He was alone and in a wild country.

By way of explanation, I will say this section of the plains, bordering on the Smoky Hill river, had been a rendezvous for Indians, and many bloody battles between them and the troops had taken place near this stream. At certain times, especially in the hunting season, the Indians infested the bottoms in large numbers. This the Doctor was well aware of, and no wonder he felt uneasy.

He wandered up and down the stream for several miles, in an effort to retrace his steps; but finding it useless, he determined to pass the night to the best advantage. He was reconnoitering, when all at once another bull, with a roar, sprang up in front of him. Supposing the whole Cheyenne tribe was about to pounce upon him, he raised his gun, fired, and sprang into the brush.

Cowering there in the mud, expecting at every rustle of the grass to be scalped, the Doctor lay until, hearing nothing of the redskins, he ventured out and crawled carefully toward his horse, which was browsing near by. He had barely reached what he thought the right location, when he felt something cold and clinging about one of his legs. Supposing he was in the grasp of a rattler, he commenced dancing, but finding he could not dislodge his foe, he reached for his revolver, and fired at the reptile, at the risk of shooting off his foot. Then, in desperation, he clutched—the circingle, which had become detached from the saddle, and wrapped around his leg.

By this time the gallant Doctor was completely exhausted. Sinking down in the grass, he awaited the break of day, which was welcomed with joy. His steed he had shot through the shoulder in the first onslaught of the imaginary savages.

This was the Doctor's first and last hunt in the "wild and woolly West." The day following, he prevailed upon us to escort him to Hays City, the nearest railway point, where he took the cars for his home.

Dr. Maury made many friends in the army, and we were all grieved to hear of his death, some years ago.

Mr. Jessup, later, moved to Colorado, where, in settling a dispute, he was killed by his adversary.

THE WOLF QUESTION.

FROM MONTANA, AT LARGE.

Stanford, Mont.

Editor Recreation: I send you answers to your wolf questions which state the facts as I know them:

1. Where are you located?

All over Montana. That is, I travel all over it.

2. Are gray wolves troublesome in your region?

Yes, in some places. In others not. They, however, go wherever cattle or horses range.

3. What do they destroy? Horses? Cattle? Sheep?

Colts are their favorite meat. They do not hesitate to kill cattle, also. They occasionally kill sheep; but I think only in cases where they are pressed by hunger.

4. About what amount of damage should you estimate they do in a year, in your county or range?

A family of wolves will destroy about $3,000 worth of stock per annum.

5. Did you ever *know* of a gray wolf killing or harming a human being?

Never. Have heard plenty of fairy stories in this line but take no stock in them.

6. Are wolves increasing in numbers?

Since the present bounty law went into effect they are decreasing.

7. Have you any reason to believe wolves can signal across country, and so tell each other what parts are dangerous or where the hunting is good?

I believe they can.

8. What is the average and the greatest weight and measure of a wolf, according to your certain knowledge?

Have one. Have never weighed or measured one, though I have killed hundreds.

9. Do you consider the coyote a nuisance; or do you consider the harm done in killing lambs, etc., more than balanced by the good they do in keeping down gophers, ground squirrels, etc.?

I do; but think there should be a bounty on coyotes, as well as on wolves. On coyotes $3 to $5; on wolves $10 to $15.

10. What do you consider the best means—legislative and practical—of dealing with the wolf question?

The State should fix the bounty and then let the stockmen club together and hire experienced trappers. Pay them so much a month, and let them keep the bounties they get; but they must hunt on a given range, where their employer's stock is. If the trapper has a good dog to trail wolves in the spring he can find their dens and get the whole family.

J. B. Jennett (Old Silver Tip).

FROM THE CORPUS CHRISTIE REGION.

Port Lavaca, Tex.

Editor Recreation: Allow me to tell you of an affair that recently came to my notice. A friend of mine, W. B. Garner, manages a ranch for T. M. O'Connor, 20 miles below here. The ranch contains 97,000 acres of land and has some 25,000 or 30,000 head of cattle on it. The wolves are a great source of annoyance, as well as damage, to the owner and manager. Mr. Garner has hit on a method of poisoning the wolves which is fairly successful, and an account of it may interest your readers.

Armed with a 2 inch auger and a bucket of tallow, well saturated with strychnine, he goes forth, and at reasonable distances apart he bores holes, an inch deep, in the fence posts and fills them with the poisoned tallow. He bores the holes some 2 feet from the ground.

He claims 2 distinct advantages for his method of poisoning the wolves. One is that the bait, when once placed, will remain effective all winter unless eaten up by a wolf or a dog. The other is that, having to slowly lick out the tallow, the wolf will not get enough poison to act as an emetic; but will stop as soon as the poison begins to get in its work. He says a wolf or a dog will eat tallow when no other food will tempt him.

If Mr. Garner desires to kill possums or polecats, he bores the holes 6 or 8 inches from the ground, and "the harvest is great." These little pests seldom live long enough to get 10 feet from the post, while a wolf frequently goes half a mile.

The wolves are fairly plentiful here and I have several times been able to ride to within 200 yards of them, when armed only with a shot gun.

H. M. Brown.

FROM IDAHO.

Parma, Idaho.

Editor Recreation: We have no wolves here. The coyote alone is left on our dreary, sage brush plains. The gray wolf has been crowded out before the advancing tide of immigration. I last heard him howl some 15 years ago; but Cousin Coyote is everywhere. Each night they give a grand chorus in the fields near my house. Sometimes they come within 100 yards. Occasionally the dog makes a bold dash and drives them 200 or 300 yards. Then they turn and hustle him home. In the gray dawn 2 or 3 shadowy forms may be seen watching the house, as though they enjoyed the humor of the thing.

I have seen a coyote sit within 50 feet of the road as I drove by. Apparently he was deeply interested in something away off in the other direction; but all the while the corner of one eye was on me. How well he knew I had no gun!

They bother young sheep and hogs here, and stray chickens never come home to roost, if they once wander from their own fireside. The vast number of destructive gophers, ground squirrels and rabbits it takes to make a meal for a coyote are too seldom taken into account.

Years ago 50 to 100 jack rabbits could be seen at once on a grassy plot here within 10 miles of the State Capitol. It was nearly impossible for a poor settler to fence against them, and notwithstanding 2 counties here have paid out, in bounties, about $30,000 we still have plenty of jacks; while out in the Eastern part of the State, rabbit drives are made to destroy the pests. Sometimes as many as 3,000 are killed in a day. The coyote undoubtedly holds the balance of power, and I leave him free to roam over my land. When some old sinner becomes too pugnacious I administer a "broken dose," at long range and it seems to do the entire tribe.

They have great respect for a gun, and know when you are out for business.

Certainly the good they do, in suppressing these destructive rodents, far outbalances the harm they do the few.

F. R. Fouche.

AS TO TRAPPING WOLVES.

Jacksonville, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: I have been interested in the letters on the wolf question. When a boy I lived in the territory of Wisconsin. Near us lived an old man by the name of Dr. Biglow, who had lived many years with the Indians. He made his living, principally, by trapping. I visited him frequently and once took care of him through a sickness he had. During that time he taught me how to trap all kinds of animals that were found in the country in which we lived.

It was known that he used something to bring the wolves to his traps, and he told me what it was. He said that when he caught a wolf he saved the urine, from its bladder, until it became rancid. Then, after setting his traps he sprinkled a few drops of this over each one. He said this would bring a wolf, in a bee line, for over a mile when he crossed the wind from the trap.

The Doctor always set his traps in beds of ashes, generally where a log had been burned by the forest fires. He smoked his traps and his boots, to kill all human odor.

He said it was much more difficult to trap a fox than a wolf. He told me in poisoning animals never to put the poison in any kind of fat; as the fat neutralized the poison; and to be careful not to use too much poison.

Geo. Hayden.

FOR A LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

As an old member of the League of American Wheelmen, I should say that Mr. Lydecker's idea is certainly commendable. A League of American Sportsmen is needed. There is an immense amount of good work which such an organization could do.

The L. A. W. was organized under much more difficult conditions, and with a much smaller number of bicycle enthusiasts than the L. A. S. would have, at the start. There are many thousands of sportsmen, and I believe about 170,000 of them are readers of RECREATION. These should all be glad to join the Sportsmen's League, which would have for its object the protection of game and fish; the educating of young sportsmen, and the teaching them that it is unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, unkind, and "hoggish," to slaughter game in excess of what they need for their own table; or to kill game on its breeding grounds, or migratory birds when on their way to breeding grounds; or to take fish at a season when the taking of one female means the destruction of several hundred more.

Personally, I am in favor of a short shooting season, and of having the open season uniform in the Northern half of the United States, between the oceans from East to West. In the Southern half of the United States the season should also be uniform, but somewhat at variance with that of the Northern portions. I do not believe the passage of game laws, in various States, will have nearly so good an effect, for the protection of game, as the educating of the rising generation, and the teaching of them as to what should and should not be done in the matter of protecting game.

A few years ago the average sportsman would boast of the number of birds he had killed in a day. To-day it is different. The more intelligent sportsmen are close readers of such journals as RECREATION, and hence have been educated to look upon the killing of an unreasonable quantity of game as unsportsmanlike. The result is that these same men now pride themselves on having a day's sport and securing only as much game as they can use for their own tables.

I am opposed to the sale of game at all

times and in all places. Make it a misdemeanor to offer game, or game fishes for sale, at any time or in any place, and we shall have no more market hunters or market fishermen.

When the L. A. W. was first organized, there were but a handful of bicycle riders in the United States; and what that League has done for the bicycle trade, for the sport of cycling and for good roads, can be told only by those who have been in touch with the League for the past 10 or 15 years. It had no influential magazine, such as RECREATION, to boom it. It had to get up its own paper, and a paper was an essential requisite to the success of the organization. The L. A. W. tried several times to get along without an official organ, and failed each time. The membership dropped off to a mere nothing, and at one time the League became very nearly bankrupt; but with an official organ, in the hands of a good publisher and a broad gauged editor, and a first-class business manager, the membership of the L. A. W. jumped from 20,000 to 100,000 in the short space of 3 years; and this League is to-day a great power in this country.

Mr. Editor, I heartily agree to support the L. A. S. If my long connection with the L. A. W. can be any assistance in the organization of a L. A. S. it is at your service. I indorse fully and wholly what Mr. Lydecker says, and believe that you, as the editor of RECREATION, with the assistance of your valuable publication, can easily start an organization of this kind, with a large membership at the beginning.

Sportsmen, as a class, are broad gauged fellows. They are good fellows. They are the kind of men we all like to associate with. Even the narrow minded, narrow gauged, penurious people, who take no interest in field sports like to associate with genuine sportsmen. They invariably acknowledge that sportsmen are genial companions, and intelligent gentlemen. There are a few exceptions, perhaps, but very few.

Some time I want to tell you what I think should constitute a reasonable bag of game, or creel of fish.

J. Elmer Pratt, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: I have read with interest the communication in your October number, suggesting a National League of American Sportsmen. The plan is good and I believe it feasible. What is most needed to insure game protection is more people who will interest themselves in the enforcement of the game laws. There are plenty of good laws and it is little trouble to secure the passage of any that may be necessary for the protection of game, but to compel their observance is another question. Appropriations for the enforcement of game laws are generally inadequate. With the laws placed on the statute books those who have secured their passage retire from the field and leave the execution of the laws in the hands of a few poorly paid officers, who in many cases have no special interest in game protection. With a national league every member would be interested in having the laws respected. The officers would be certain of a moral support that is now often wanting. A sentiment favorable to game protection would be fostered, and very soon the man who killed game out of season, or in an illegal manner, or in excess of legal numbers, would be made to feel that he had done something unlawful and dishonorable. Public sentiment would accomplish what fear of punishment would not. I am in favor of the League, will join in its organization and will do all I can for its success.

Wm. A. Richards,
Governor of Wyoming.

Editor RECREATION: I have read the plan for a L. A. S. and am heartily in favor of it. We must speedily adopt some means of protecting the game from the indiscriminate slaughter that is now going on, or it will soon be extinct.

I live in one of the greatest large game countries in the United States. I have in my possession photographs of thousands of elk, taken on their open ranges. I have succored starving bands of elk several times, to the detriment of my own domestic stock. Yet I see around me people speculating in wild game — principally elk, catching them to ship to Eastern markets, and killing five for every one saved.

Nor is this all. Many Eastern men hunted here, last fall, who made no discrimination as to sex. Others boldly announced they feared no prosecution, by Deputy Game Wardens, as they "had them fixed."

I am a member of a local game protective association, owing considerable property. Our efforts have so far been futile, in the proper enforcement of the law. It is estimated that 300 non-residents hunted illegally in this locality last fall. There has not been an arrest or conviction; yet 3 deputy game wardens were presumed to patrol the country.

From the looks of game interests in Jackson's Hole, this season, I imagine it is as a friend of mine once said:

"We are worse than Bannocks, because we are white Indians." So, even in this state, a League should gather into its fold all those whose hearts are fair to the game interests of Wyoming, and of the country at large. W. L. Simpson, Jackson, Wyo.

By all means add my name to the list for a National L. A. S., and to anything else that will tend to the betterment of our conflicting and outrageous game laws. Game in the public markets, during close season, leads the uninitiated to believe it can then be hunted and killed. Woodcock in July, ruffed grouse in September, quails and rabbits in November (vide New Jersey laws), are perplexing to the honest sportsmen, and a loophole for the unscrupulous man with a gun, who shoots all that flushes before his dog, in any of these months, be the season open or "close" for it. And who is to detect him?

Connecticut's law, October 1st for everything, is a good one. I suggest that the parallels of latitude be taken into consideration; say from here to some point in the West, and uniform laws made for certain parallels. This has long been my hobby.

I could elucidate this and go into further details, but time does not permit. I trust this movement will meet with all the success it deserves,

A. Clinton Wilmerding, 165 B'way, N. Y.

I have read with deep interest the article in October Recreation, looking toward the formation of a Sportsmen's League, and cannot see why the idea is not practicable. It is certainly good in theory; and I for one would be glad to join in any movement looking toward the protection of game.

I live at Upper Montclair, N. J., where a few of us organized the "Heights Fish and Game Association, of Essex and Passaic Counties." Our idea was to get the farmers, who occupy desirable land, to join the Association, without fees, their contribution being the posting of their cover. Other members pay small annual dues with which we bought and put out some quails.

This has worked well. I believe many of our members would join a National League. I sincerely hope the plan may be put in concrete form and followed up.

F. S. Hyatt,
Cashier Clinton Bank, New York City.

I am very fond of Recreation, and admire the noble stand you take for protection of game; but it is almost like locking the stable after the horse is stolen. Ducks are nearly annihilated, in this state, and we formerly slaughtered them by the thousands; never giving a thought to any question of their growing scarcer in future. So it is with other game. But after reading in Recreation your tirade against the game hogs I am ready to quit.

I like Mr. Lydecker's idea of a L. A. S. Let us have such a League, by all means.

In Colorado we are limited to 20 ducks a day. Twelve should be the limit. Twenty is too many. Twenty jack snipe is also the limit; yet one man came here the other day and shot 40, in half a day. Such a slaughter of game birds is infamous. Hurry up with the League or it will be too late.

Robert Harris, New Windsor, Colo.

I am heart and hand in favor of a L. A. S., and any action taken by such a body of sportsmen will receive my hearty support and co-operation. I have been reading Recreation for 2 years past. I love honest sport, and deplore a fish hog or a game hog. I visit the Adirondacks every season, where I come in contact with men who call themselves sportsmen; yet they kill as long as they can see anything to shoot at. They fish to see how many fish can be caught. One man caught 225 trout in one day; and some of them rotted in the sun; as he could not eat or give them away. He kills grouse on the same scale, and God only knows where the game is to come from, at this rate of destruction.

Clinton A. Smith, East Albany, N. Y.

The suggestion for a L. A. S., as outlined in October Recreation, meets with my hearty approval. In fact, the conditions of the country demand such an organization, before the cry of "too late" is sounded as a death knell to our game. Now is the time to act. No one can deny the pressing demand for better laws, in some sections, and more strict enforcement of existing laws, everywhere. Do not cease to agitate the question until the organization is perfected. Then the rest is easy and the movement will spread to every portion of the U. S. Brother sportsmen: Awake to this important question and soon every state will be represented.

B. F. Jones, M. D., Idaho Falls, Idaho.

The L. A. S. is what we all want. It certainly can do a great deal toward game preservation, by holding in check the so-called sportsmen whose object is to get game, "honestly if he can, but to get it."

There is a growing inclination among the sportsmen of this country to look out for the game of the future, and it should be cultivated. The L. A. S. would be an efficient and cheap means to this end. I have spoken to a number of my friends about it and they all favor such an organization. It will, I am sure, have a large membership in a short time.

H. C. Keneu, New York City.

The proposed L. A. S. is a good scheme and I don't see why it could not be put through. We have practically no game to protect, here, and if something is not done soon, the time is not far distant when the whole country will be in the same condition. There is only one way to proceed, and that is for the sportsmen all over the country to organize and insist on the legislatures of the various states passing laws to protect the game, and then providing means for the enforcement of such laws. You can do a great deal of good by work-

ing this up in RECREATION, and I hope you will continue the good work.
R. D. Pratt, M. D., Shelbyville, Ky.

I heartily approve Mr. Lydecker's idea of a League of American Sportsmen. We need it badly, and have needed it a long time. There are a lot of people who think they are sportsmen and who lack a great deal of it. There are others who may be reticent about the matter, and think they are not sportsmen, when they are the real ones. This League will set a standard. Please count on me as a charter member, and whenever the dues are wanted they will be sent.

Permit me to compliment you on the work you are doing in RECREATION. It is indeed recreation to read it. The more firmly you stand for the enforcement of game laws and the protection of game, the better will you be supported and the more humane your work.
M. J. Elrod, State University, Missoula, Mont.

I have just been reading Mr. Lydecker's article, in October RECREATION, and the more I think of it the more I become convinced it is a great idea. There are thousands of people in this country who would support and encourage such a League, who never shoot or fish; but who love the woods and waters, the life which adds so much to their attractiveness and which is so rapidly disappearing.

I feel impatient to see the work begin. There are, I am sure, men who will devote the time necessary to work this thing up to a successful issue. Count me as one of them. The work cannot begin too soon.
L. A. Huffman, Miles City, Mont.

I read the letter of Mr. Ralph D. Lydecker, in the October RECREATION, with deep interest, and I believe a L. A. S. would fill a "long felt want." This proposition should meet with the approbation of every true sportsman. I conferred with Dr. T. F. Smith, the President of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, and with a number of the members of the club, and without exception they all expressed their hearty approval of the scheme.
Meriden S. Hill,
Sec'y Ferry Museum, Tacoma, Wash.

I wonder no one has thought of a L. A. S. before. Such a League, with the help of RECREATION, would stave off the ultimate destruction of fish and game for many years. To make an unpopular thing popular, identify it with a popular individuality. Hence I second the motion to make RECREATION the official organ of the new League. Let the thing boom, from the first meeting; and the sooner we meet and get to work the better.
Charles F. Wadsworth, Springfield, Ill.

The suggestion for a L. A. S. is a timely one and should be acted upon immediately by all true sportsmen. We want game and fish hogs wiped from the face of the earth. In union there is strength. Let us band together and do something practical. Count me in on this grand movement.
L. W. Walker, Pasadena, Cal.

I heartily indorse the plan for a L. A. S. Such an organization could do more toward preserving our fish and game, than all the alleged game protectors in the country. I am with Mr. Lydecker, heart and soul.
R. H. Hendrick, Walcott, N. Y.

This scheme offers the best solution I have yet heard of the problem of game protection. I am warmly in favor of it. Count me in as a member, when the time comes.
J. N. Hall, M.D., Denver, Colo.

I am in favor of any movement looking toward the extermination of game hogs and fish hogs. Therefore put me down as a member of the L. A. S.
B. C. Broome,
363 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Count me in the L. A. S. and let me know when you want my dollar.
T. K. Tuthill, M.D., New York City.

I agree with Ralph D. Lydecker that we should have a L. A. S. It is a good thing, push it along.
A. F. Crossman, North Clarendon, Pa.

I fully agree with Mr. Lydecker and will do all in my power to help make the L. A. S. a success.
D. H. Eastman, Little Falls, N. Y.

I am decidedly in favor of the idea suggested on page 266 of the October number of RECREATION.
Jas. C. Young, New York City.

I am heartily in favor of the L. A. S. proposition. If such a League could be established game, all over the country, could receive ample protection in future.
F. J. Huntley, Oneida, N. Y.

I heartily indorse the plan for a L. A. S. and would be proud to have the honor of being among the first to join.
C. E. Butler, Salina, Kans.

Mr. Lydecker's suggestion is a good one and I am ready to be enrolled as a member of the L. A. S.

W. S. Bates, Chicago.

It will give me great pleasure to cooperate with you in the organization of a L. A. S.

L. C. Whiton,
Times Building, New York City.

I shall be very glad to join the L. A. S. as indicated in October RECREATION.

Julius H. Seymour, 35 Wall St., N. Y.

I am in hearty sympathy with the movement for a League of American Sportsmen.

Arthur Audley Brownlee, 63 Wall St., N. Y.

I have read the article about a L. A. S. and am with you.

Wm. W. Seymour, 35 Wall Street.

I am in entire sympathy with the plan for a L. A. S.

A. W. Dimock, 66 Broadway, N. Y.

The idea of a L. A. S. is a good one. Count on me as a member.

D. I. Simmons, Troy, N. Y.

I am heartily in favor of a League of American Sportsmen, and believe the idea would meet with general favor in this section.

Chas. Bailey, Garner, Ia.

CALL FOR A CONVENTION.

A merciless war of extermination is being waged against the game, the game fishes, and the song and insectivorous birds of North America. This destruction is being wrought by skin hunters, market hunters, plume hunters, game hogs, fish hogs, market fisherman and, we regret to say, by some men who call themselves sportsmen.

We realize that in order to check this terrible slaughter, and to prevent the total extinction of all game, all birds and all game fishes drastic measures must be adopted, at once, for the enactment of better game laws, where needed, and for the enforcement of existing game laws everywhere.

We believe this can only be brought about by concerted action on the part of all true sportsmen, naturalists and lovers of nature. Such action can only be secured by and through a national association of sportsmen and naturalists.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.

We therefore invite all who are interested in the preservation of our American wild animals, birds, and fishes, to meet with us at Hardman Hall, 5th Ave. and 19th St., New York, at 10 a.m., January 18, 1898, for the purpose of organizing an association to be known as The League of American Sportsmen.

(Signed.)

Ralph D. Lydecker, Englewood, N. J.
Hon. W. A. Richards, Governor of Wyoming.
Prof. W. T. Hornaday, Director New York Zoological Soc.
Hon. W. M. Kennedy, Pres. B'd of Game Commrs. of Pa.
Dr. H. M. Beck, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Hon. J. O. H. Denny, Ligonier, Pa.
Hon. John S. Wise, 44 Broad St., N. Y.
John Boulton Simpson, 5 E. 14th St., N. Y.
Hon. W. D. Jenkins, Sec'y of the State of Wash.
B. F. Bennet, Prest. Fish and Game Association, Maryland, N. Y.
Col. C. W. Dimick, Gen. Mngr., New England Sportsmen's Exposition, Boston.
A. F. Crossman, No. Clarendon, Pa.
Dr. J. N. Hall, 1517 Stout St., Denver, Colo.
Ralph H. Hendrick, Wolcott, N. Y.
Meriden S. Hill, Sec'y. Ferry Museum, Tacoma, Wash.
F. S. Hyatt, Cashier, Clinton Bank, New York City.
J. Elmer Pratt, Adv. Mngr. Grand Rapids Cycle Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dr. R. D. Pratt, Shelbyville, Ky.
W. L. Simpson, Jackson, Wyo.
Clinton A. Smith, East Albany, N. Y.
F. J. Huntley, Oneida, N. Y.
T. G. Bredington, Cranford, N. J.
Samuel Lowry, Johnstown, Pa.
W. W. Coleman, Carson City, Nev.
W. Scott Jones, Akron, O.
Dr. M. L. Tyler, Chebanse, Ill.
Fred. W. Moffett, Brooklyn, N. Y.
M. M. Elliott, Detroit, Mich.
D. H. Eastman, Little Falls, N. Y.
Otto C. Rottsted, Cattatonk, N. Y.
Paul W. Gardner, Honesdale, Pa.
C. E. Butler, Salina, Kan.
W. S. Bates, Chicago, Ill.
J. C. Young, Sec'y, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.
E. J. Breeze, Forestport, N. Y.
F. B. Guion, New York City.
M. L. Miner, Brooklyn, N. Y.
R. Newton Finck, 32 Nassau St., New York City.
Ernest Seton Thompson, New York City.
A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York City.
Hon. L. A. Huffman, Miles City, Mont.
B. C. Broome, Jersey City, N. J.
A. W. Dimmock, 66 Broadway, New York City.
J. H. Seymour, 35 Wall St., New York City.
L. W. Walker, Pasadena, Cal.
L. C. Whiton, Times Building, New York.
F. A. Musser, Witmar, Pa.
Dr. A. J. Marling, Greenville, O.
W. A. Ballard, Scranton, Pa.
Edward W. Wild, Keene, N. H.
Arthur F. Rice, Passaic, N. J.
Chas. F. Hickok, Grand Marais, Mich.
M. A. Bates, Star, Idaho.
W. S. Allen, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.
H. C. Wilcox, Friendship, N. Y.
S. M. Perrigo.
W. R. Chadwick, Port Huron, Mich.
E. Shelley Morgan, Portland, Ore.
Earl Barber, Swarthmore, Pa.
Wilmot Townsend, Bay Ridge, N. Y.
L. H. Sargent, North Chelmsford, Mass.
John A. Tumwall, Lynn Centre, Ill.
Robert C. Fletcher, 382 Elmwood Avenue, Providence. R. I.
J. C. P. Leck, Sec. Marysville Fish and Game Protective Assn., Marysville. Mont.
O. B. Johnson, Orion, Ill.
W. S. Mead, Woodstock, N. Y.
Dr. Robt. T. Morris, New York City, N. Y.
Jas. W. Jacobs, Jasper, Mich.
B. F. Ellsworth, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thos. V. Farrell, Portland, Ore.
W. B. Cuckler, Athens, O.
W. S. Gavitt, Lyons, N. Y.
A. J. Durand, Moorestown, N. J.
T. S. Van Dyke, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dall De Weese, Canyon City, Col.
J. S. Stangroom, New Whatcom, Wash.
Chas. Bailey, Garner, Ia.
Paul W. Gardner, Honesdale, Pa.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, Wyo.
Nelson Yarnall Dubois, Wyo.

NEBRASKA GAME LAWS.

No. Platte, Neb.

Editor RECREATION: The most absurd and unreasonable game law ever turned out by any body of men was passed by the late State Legislature of Nebraska.

Look at some of the wise provisions in this remarkable act.

All song birds and others " that promote agriculture," including turtle doves, may not be killed at any time of the year, except on one's own premises. Penalty $3 to $10.

It is unlawful to kill Mongolian, or any other imported pheasants, for a term of 6 years, under a penalty of $50 to $100.

One-half of all fines goes to the informer and the balance into the county treasury. Justice courts have jurisdiction over all offences against this act.

Muskrats, mink and otters may be killed only between February 15th and April 15th, except on the owner's premises.

It is unlawful to kill elk, deer or antelope between January 1st and November 1st, under a penalty of $15 to $30.

All species of grouse are protected from January 1st to September 1st, and may not be snared at any time; fine $5 for each offence.

It is unlawful to kill quail or wild turkeys between January 1st and November 1st, to snare them at any time, under a penalty of $5 for each bird.

All species of water-fowl, including geese, ducks, plover, snipe and woodcock are protected from May 1st to September 1st, and they may not be killed at night.

This part of the law practically forbids shooting any grass or upland plover in this state, as they do not arrive here till about May 1st. Although they breed here abundantly, the young are full grown by August 1st, and both young and old have left for the South before September 1st. Therefore, one of our best and most abundant game birds, cannot be killed at all within this state.

Now for the benefit of those Eastern lawmakers who may want to formulate a real up-to-date game law, let me quote from sec. 86 c.

" It shall be unlawful for any person . . . by the aid or use of any raft, punt boat, sneak boat or other boat to catch, kill or destroy or to pursue after with intent to catch, kill, wound or destroy, upon any of the waters, bays, rivers, marshes, mud-flats or any cover to which wild fowl resort . . . any wild goose, brant, duck, etc., . . . and it shall be unlawful for any person at any time of the year to dig, build or construct any blind, hiding place or structure in the bed of any river, stream or lake with intent to catch, kill, wound or destroy any of said birds, or at any time of the year to shoot or shoot at any of said birds by wading in any river, stream or lake or by standing in the bed thereof, or to shoot or shoot at any of said birds from any such blind, hiding place or structure. The penalty for violating this act shall be not less than $25 nor more than $50 for each offence."

The law also provides that no one shall go upon the land of another person to hunt, etc., except by the consent of the owner or occupier, under a penalty of from $5 to $100, and shall be liable to the owner or occupier in an action for trespass.

Will some expounder of the law, explain how a man can hunt ducks or geese at all, in the glorious State of Nebraska.

There is no provision for any game warden or deputies, and if there were they would have a fine job enforcing such a law.

If the game law has been utterly ignored in the past, how much more will such a monstrosity as this be ridiculed.

This year the fields were full of hunters after prairie chickens, early in July, and parties openly bragged of having killed over 300 chickens and grouse before September 1st, the end of the close season.

Some of the local hunters began to kill quail early in September, saying, " They are fully half grown and make fine eating." The only excuse for these fellows is that most of them cannot kill one quail in 5 shots when they are full grown. With a reasonable game law, well enforced, Nebraska would be one of the finest of hunting grounds, for years to come, but heretofore the laws have been utterly ignored throughout the State.

A reasonable and just game law should make the close seasons about as follows: Song and insectivorous birds all the year; turtle doves, prairie chickens and all kinds of grouse from January 1st to August 15th.

Snipe, plovers, tattlers and sandpipers April 15th to August 15th.

Quail from January 1st to October 15th.

Wild turkeys and Mongolian pheasants for 5 years.

Geese, swans, ducks and all water fowl April 15th to September 1st.

Elk, deer and antelope December 1st to October 1st.

Some additional restrictions would also be necessary, but no such absurd and unreasonable ones as are embodied in the present law.

Above all things, game and fish wardens and deputies should be provided, to see that the laws are rigidly enforced, and all violators prosecuted. Without this no law can be of much benefit to the game. We do not yet need many of the stringent limitations enacted in older states, but we are sadly in need of a reasonable law with provisions for thoroughly enforcing it.

Before closing allow me to compliment you upon the stand taken in RECREATION on the subject of game protection. Let the good work go on.

M. K. Barnum.

THE COOK'S INLET COUNTRY.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: The Cook's Inlet country is Alaska's most wonderful combination. At the entrance of the Inlet is Mount Augustine, an island which, if not a living volcano, is but recently dead. I infer this from the looks of the land and from the fact that the mountain seems to grow warmer as you ascend toward the summit. In fact, the natives assert that about once in 10 years the mountain gives evidence of life.

Flanking the inlet, on either side, are towering, snow clad mountains, rolling tundras—many miles in extent—with scattering spruce groves, extensive fresh water lakes and broad valleys covered with waving grass and nodding flowers. This inlet extends so far into the interior that it receives a portion of its warm, summer sun; also a share of its winter weather, with a heavier fall of snow than is found in the interior. Here, in all their cold grandeur you will see the mighty glaciers—relics of past and forgotten ages—sweeping down to the sea.

Here too are wild fowl in great variety, and in countless numbers. Gulls' eggs, duck and geese eggs are among the staple articles of food, during the spring and summer months.

Moose, caribou, mountain sheep and the fearless cinnamon bear roam over the mountains and valleys, worthy game for any man's steel.

But one place in all the known world (the Bay of Fundy), has a higher tide than is found at Cook's Inlet. Here the full moon tide is 45 feet, and the highest spring tide over 50 feet. The inlet has nearly 100 miles of tide flats that are uncovered at low water; and on these flats many a poor prospector, not accustomed to such high tides, has been left with his small boat, by the receding waters, miles away from the beach. Then, some hours later, he has watched with fearful forebodings the incoming tidal waves, and has listened to his death knell in the sullen roar of this mad rush of waters.

On the shores of this inlet can be found the relics of a people who were once here in great numbers. Tyonick, which is located on the North foreland, 100 miles up the inlet, had at one time, according to native tradition, over 10,000 inhabitants. To-day the caving banks of their ancient grave yards expose to the view of the passer-by many human skulls and bones. On the advent of the white man these people withered away like the leaves of the forest and to-day a dozen natives and one white trader comprise the entire population of Tyonick. I send you herewith an old coin which I picked up on the beach at Tyonick. It may or may not be of historic value.*

On the beach at this place can be found small pieces of amber; also plenty of semi-petrified wood, which makes good fuel. There are great coal deposits near the entrance to Cook's Inlet, at Coal Harbor. There is also a large coal oil marsh back near the mountains, opposite Kasilkoff.

Here the lordly king salmon, weighing 40 to 100 pounds is taken, in great numbers, on Six Mile and Resurrection creeks and their tributaries.

Hydraulic mining is carried on successfully, here, while the gulches, at the head waters of the Kenai, show evidence of having been mined years ago, by the Russians.

There is plenty of timber for domestic purposes at the Inlet. To the North are the Shushitna and Knik valleys—2 in one as it were. About 45 miles up the larger stream is a series of rapids with a trading post near by; and up this valley is a good winter route to the Yukon, 400 miles away, over an open, rolling country, principally high divides.

Alaska is the only frontier we have left and Cook's Inlet is one of its favored spots. I predict that the present generation will see many prosperous towns and villages on its shores.

L. L. Bales, Alaska Guide, Seattle, Wash.

A SHOSHONE VIEW OF IT.

Salt Lake, Utah.

Editor RECREATION: We were in the vicinity of the Jackson Hole country, the sportsman's paradise of America, at the time of the late Indian scare in that locality. It was in the month of July, when all nature was clothed in its richest garb; the roaring streams kept perfect time to the music of the breezes as they whistled through the immense forests of stately pines; the grand and majestic Teton Peaks were always in view, seemingly endeavoring to push their spires through the clouds above. The laughing waters were clear and pure, and millions of gamey trout were sporting on the surface. No matter in what direction one might turn, the eye would rest upon a scene indescribably wild. It seemed that this particular spot was set apart by the hand of the Lord for the enjoyment of the sportsman. With such surroundings, we were loath to depart and leave behind such magnificent sport as awaited us. However, the fates seemed to be against us. Reports came that the country just beyond was alive with Indians, who were slaughtering the elk by hundreds. Every messenger would add something additional to the already distorted facts, until it was believed that every person in the surrounding country was fleeing for the settlements below in order to save his scalp. It was reported that 5 Indians had been killed by the whites, and as a result the Indian was on the war path in earnest.

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*A copper coin, apparently of Russian make, but so worn that the date is lost.—EDITOR.

Exaggerated reports were telegraphed throughout the world. The war department took prompt action, and ordered Companies D, E, H and I from Fort Robinson, Neb. It did not take long for these troops to begin their march toward the towering Tetons, and it was at that time I met and had a long talk with Captain Jim, Chief of the Shoshones.

Captain Jim is an aged and trusted Indian, who has been a scout for the Government for 30 years. He has been intrusted with many important missions in his time. When I met him, the gray haired buck seemed to be in his element, as he sat on his pony and was piloting General Coppinger and his colored troops to the scene of the Indian depredations.

Asked as to the method of Indian warfare, the old chief replied:

"One Injun alle same 3 whitee man, when Injun know country. In Nez Perce war, Injun had 700 warriors, and whitee man had 4,000. Injun scared whitee man alle time 4 months, and kill 150 whitee man, and Injun lose only 4 men."

When Captain Jim was asked what he thought of the present disturbance, he said, "Injun Agent telle me no talkem now. Pretty soon, heap lot fight. Maybe Injun heap killem nigger soldier, maybe all of 'em. Injun maybe go back home; me tink so. Maybe he fight now, me don't know. Whitee man, he killem 5 Injun. Injun heap mad now, bad heart. Me go see, and maybe bring him home to reservation. He no come, maybe Big Father bring more soldier man." L. M. E.

GAME A NUISANCE.

In his annual report to the secretary of the interior, Acting Superintendent Young, of the Yellowstone national park, says:

"The prevailing impression is that game, buffalo excepted, is increasing in numbers. The black bears have increased rapidly, and have become very annoying. Complaints have come in from Norris Lunch station, Fountain hotel, Thumb Lunch station, Lake Hotel, and from the station of a detachment of soldiers at the canon, that bears have broken into their storehouses and destroyed meat and other provisions in large quantities. It is a common occurrence to see from 6 to 12 bears, any afternoon, feeding on the garbage dumps within a hundred yards of the Fountain hotel. Among the number is one large grizzly. At Norris, Fountain, Thumb, Lake and Canon lunch stations and hotels the bears feed daily on the garbage from the kitchens. At least 12 bears might be disposed of to responsible zoological gardens, where desired, for the expense of capturing, which would be small.

"The number of buffalo is estimated at 24. An expert hunter, equipped with a good knowledge of the park, as well as of the habits of the game therein, is engaged in making thorough observations with a view of estimating closely the number of each species within the park boundaries, including the annexed timber reserve.

"I have consulted with Dr. Frank Baker, superintendent of the National zoological park, at Washington, as to the advisability and practicability of corraling the remaining buffalo in the park with a view to their preservation and increase, and our concurrent conclusion is that it has been the experience of most persons engaged in the capture and domestication of wild animals that, while the young of 2 classes, to one of which the buffalo belong, may be caught and confined with usually successful results, it is otherwise with adult animals, a large proportion of which fail to adapt themselves to even slight restraint, and die in consequence. As to the practicability, the buffalo remaining in the park are now scattered in very small herds at a number of points far remote from each other. They are mostly in rough, ragged regions, where they could not safely be captured alive, and their ranges are separated by mountains, streams, and canons of such impassible character that their transportation could not be accomplished without great injury and loss. Even were the advisability of the project free from doubt, the difficulties in the way of its successful accomplishment appear to be insuperable.

"The coyotes are numerous and bold. It is estimated that of a herd of 500 antelope that wintered in the valley of the Gardiner, and on the slopes of Mount Evarts, 75 (15 per cent. of the herd) were killed by coyotes during the past winter, and many antelope fawns, elk calves, and broods of grouse have been destroyed by them this season. The opinion has been advanced by a few of the friends of the park that if the coyote is exterminated the gopher in time would eradicate the grass from the winter valley ranges. I do not concur in this opinion, and request authority to reduce the number of coyotes so that they will not hunt in packs."

OLD KATE BRUIN.

Dayton, Ohio.

Editor RECREATION: Not many years ago the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, Ohio, boasted one of the finest game parks in the country. It was one of the chief attractions of that handsome Home, which to-day ranks as the best in the world.

The park at one time included fine specimen of elk, buffalo, deer, bear, mink, otter, beaver, alligators, eagles, lions, and many other American species.

Of late years, however, the game has been dying off, and no effort has been made to replenish the supply. Nothing remains, now, but a few Virginia deer, and it is only a question of time when they will be dispensed with.

Old Kate who was recently killed was one of the largest black bears in captivity. She outlived many other animals who were installed in the park long after her. At one time her family consisted of 5 or 6 members, but they have long since passed in their checks; yet as years flew by, Old Kate seemed to be enjoying splendid health and to be good for a number of years yet. At the time of her death, she was nearing her 26th anniversary.

Recently Governor Thomas decided to dispense with the bear, on account of her age and the trouble of maintaining her. She was becoming vicious, toward strangers, although the game keeper, Jennings, apparently had no fear of her. She seemed on friendly terms with him at all times. He has looked after her for the past 10 or 12 years and she came to know him well.

One day in April last I was called on to despatch old Kate. Although this was not a pleasant duty I responded rather than have Kate suffer from any possible awkwardness of inexperienced executioners.

My friends, Mr. Albert Kerns, the well known attorney, and a skillful amateur photographer; Frank McMillan and Harry Johnson, both young business men of Dayton, accompanied me to the Home, with their cameras, in the hope of getting several good views of the old bear. We tried to get her into the open cage, so as to get several pictures of her while alive; but she preferred to stay in her den; so I was requested to fire as soon as she stirred in the den. With the assistance of several soldiers we managed to get her out and just as she showed her face in the door I fired. She sprang forward, bleeding profusely, but turned and disappeared in her den. Her gasps were plainly audible, but none of us ventured in, for although we knew she was hard hit, it was possible she might still have life enough to do some savage work. The cage door was finally opened and I jumped in with my rifle cocked. At this moment the bear raised her head and with a quick aim another shot was fired, hitting her in the base of the brain. She made one turn and dropped in her tracks, forever quieted. Then the assistants ventured in.

How to get her out of the cage was the next serious question. Rope and tackle had been prepared, but unfortunately could not be used. After several efforts, and with 5 good men at the ropes, she was finally hauled out and drawn under a tree, where several exposures were made by the gentleman mentioned, but it was too late in the day to get good photographs.

The first bullet penetrated her skull fairly between the eyes, passing through the head, breaking the back bone, severing the jugular, glancing down through the breast and the forearm and lodging about 3 inches back of the shoulder blade. The second bullet penetrated the side of the skull, right at the base of the ear, and passed clear through. Such is the killing force of a 38-55-255 Winchester rifle, using metal jacketed bullet. I used in these cartridges 19 grains of DuPont's smokeless powder. Where the bullet had entered the skull, the hole was barely larger than a lead pencil, although after entering, the path made by the bullet was terrible; covering a space of 3 inches of ground bone and flesh.

We put the old bear on the scales and she weighed 592 pounds. Her length, from tip to tip, was 6 feet 9 inches and her girth 5 feet 7½ inches. She was said to be one of the largest black bears in captivity.

Walter Keenan.

HUNTERS RETURN HOME.

Jerome Marble and his hunting party, who left Worcester, Mass., in September, in the palace hotel car, "Yellowstone," for a month's hunting trip in Minnesota and North and South Dakota, reached home early in November after a most delightful and successful journey of 34 days. In addition to Mr. Marble, the party included Mrs. Marble, A. W. Gifford, Arthur E. Gifford, Mrs. A. B. F. Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. V. D. Kennerson and Lester P. Kennerson of Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Sturtevant and Laurens N. Sturtevant of Quincy, Miss L. A. Putnam, of Quincy; Lewis Eddy, of Dorchester; W. E. Harmon, of Lexington; Miss Helen S. Griffiths, of Lexington; John M. Johnson and G. Pearce, of Norwich.

Good shooting was found at various points beyond St. Paul, and, if the report given by the Worcester "Spy" is correct, the men killed a great deal more game than they should have killed.

Mr. Marble, whose address is Worcester, Mass., is now contemplating a similar trip through North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and another, starting in March, to go to Mexico, California, Oregon and

Washington, visiting all the points of interest on the way, and from Washington a trip will be made, by steamer, to Alaska. The return will be made over the Canadian Pacific road, through the most picturesque country in the world. Yellowstone Park will also be visited, en route.

TIME WAS UP.

Holly, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: One afternoon, in the fall of 1892, I started out with my new hammerless breech loading gun, from Milford, Mich., after squirrels. I had bagged one black, 3 gray and two fox squirrels, when I saw another fox that seemed the largest one I had seen for years. I first saw him on the ground, far away. In my efforts to steal on him, he discovered me, and started on a long run through the woods. I was fortunate enough to keep in sight of him, until he ran up a tree, when, by a careful approach, I got within shot of him before he " holed."

The first barrel killed him, in the crotch of the tree, but he did not come down. I fired 4 more shots but failed to dislodge him. I then tried to stone him out, without success, and finally concluded I must lose him. That, I hated to do, for he was an unusually large one, and I wanted to take him home. After exhausting every other resource, I decided to climb the tree, which was a dreadful task. It was a large oak, nearly 2 feet in diameter, and fully 20 feet to the first limb.

I pulled off my hunting coat and hat and hung them on my gun which I leaned against another tree; and with only my hunting shirt, vest, trousers and shoes on, I went at the tree. Half a dozen times, on the way up, my courage almost failed me; but I stuck to the task, until I finally reached the squirrel, and threw him down. He was certainly the largest one I had ever killed.

When I got to the ground, again, I was too tired and weak to stand up. I rested awhile and declared I would not climb another such a tree for 50 just such squirrels.

I roamed about the woods for another half hour, but saw no more game, and as it was getting late I thought I would start for home. Imagine my surprise, when I felt for my watch, to find it was gone. Only the guard bar and a small piece of the chain were in the button hole of my vest. Where I could have lost it, I could not imagine, unless it was where I had left my coat, near the tree I had climbed.

To find that tree again I did not believe possible. Anyone who has been in the woods knows how difficult it is to locate a certain tree in a strange piece of timber.

After searching a long time, however, I found it, and although every foot of ground around it was searched carefully, my watch could not be found. I gave it up as lost, and had decided to go home, as it was nearly dusk. I felt as though my afternoon's sport, had been rather a dear one. Then I took a last look up the tree, where I had shot the squirrel, and you can imagine my surprise to see my lost watch, swinging in the breeze at the end of the broken chain, from a twig fully 40 feet from the ground.

In coming down, the charm had caught, a link of the chain had broken and my watch had been noiselessly purloined from my pocket.

There was but one thing to do, although I had declared I would not climb that tree again for 50 big fox squirrels; yet I would, and did, climb it again for a gold watch. My " time was up " and I had to get it.

C. P. Bissell.

A LEGAL QUESTION.

Podunk Woods, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: I am a law abiding citizen, and I want the other fellows to be law abiding too.

I want to preserve the game in this neck o' woods, but I'm a little puzzled; so I write you for information 'cause you know most everything, and I want you to be spry and answer me quick.

The fact is Bill Hunter has violated the game laws pretty bad, and I think he ought to be yanked up and fined, heavy.

I see in our daily paper, under the head of " New Game Laws," an opinion from the Deputy Attorney-General.

He says, " Any one violating the law is subject to a fine; and if he don't pay the fine he must serve one day in jail for each dollar of the fine he don't pay."

He further says, " One half of the penalty goes to the complainant, and the balance to the county treasurer."

Now Bill has broke the law pretty bad, and I think he ought to be fined about $20. If he wouldn't pay the fine he would have to go to jail for 20 days; and as one half of the penalty goes to the " informer " I would have to go to jail for 10 days, wouldn't I? But may be he would scrape around and get money enough to pay one half the fine and take the other half in jail. In that case which half would I get? Would I get the $10 in money, or the 10 days in jail?

And if I got the $10 in money would the county treasurer get the 10 days in jail?

I would like the $10 mighty well. It would come handy to pay taxes and buy groceries with; but if I should make a grab for the $10 and miss it, and get 10 days in jail, that wouldn't be so convenient.

I feel a little skittish about it; for as one half the penalty goes to the county treasurer, I am afraid he'd get the money and I'd get the jail.

Now Mr. Editor, hurry up and let me know how it is; for I dassen't begin to yank up Bill till I hear from you, lest I get more then I bargain for.

Yours for law and justice.

Hank Backwoods.

P. S. Pennsylvania Law.

A SOUTHERN CRUISE.

Beardstown, Ill.

Editor Recreation: My family and I feel that we are acquainted with you through Recreation. My wife is a good shot, and we believe in the gospel of open air. We are spending a few days with friends in Sangamon valley, on the Illinois river near Beardstown. Here are abundance of quail and chickens. The game laws are well enforced. The lakes are stocked with fish; crappie, pike, bass and thousands of gamey little sun-fish, which are not bad sport when the others fail to bite. The game and fish hog gets the cold shoulder here. When Recreation has 1,000,000 subscribers the hogs will have no place on this earth, and there will be fish and game enough to satisfy all true sportsmen.

October 15th we leave Beardstown, in our boat. Will travel the Illinois river to the Mississippi, then down to the Sunk Lands of Arkansas. Later we go on to New Orleans and the Gulf and take passage to Fort Myers, Florida. My wife and our little son will be my companions on the journey.

We never fail to say a good word for Recreation. Birds should not be shot during their spring flight. The females of game animals should be spared at all times. The game hog and market hunter should be suppressed by well made and well enforced laws. If these principles are carried out we will have an abundance of game, even in the thickly settled portions of our country. Wm. Clark.

WHERE TO GO TO TRAP FURS.

Vancouver Island, B. C., is a sportsman's paradise for game and fur. On the Northern half of the island can be found elk, deer, black bear, cougars, wolves, lynxes, wildcats and coons, beavers, land otters, fishers, martins, minks, blue grouse, ruffed grouse, ducks, geese and brant. To make a special hunt in B. C. would cost a non-resident $50; but there is no license for trapping. That is free to all alike.

The best trapping grounds are found in the interior of the island, from the head of Campbell river to the source of Salmon river, on a long chain of lakes about the middle of the island, with the exception of land otter, which are found along the rock bound coasts of the many bays and inlets on salt water. However, these otters go to the lakes to breed, in spring and summer, and return again to salt water in the fall.

A dozen beaver and otter traps, and 4 dozen martin and mink traps, with the deadfalls that can be built, will be plenty for one man, and one rifle or shot gun, or both.

To reach the grounds take steamer or cars from Seattle, Wash., to Vancouver, B. C. Then take steamer Comox or Rainbow, to the Hastings lumber camp, at Bear River, Vancouver Island; thence 3½ miles to Bear lake, by trail, which is the first of a chain of lakes that extends for 40 miles.

Unless you are in the company of some one who knows the country it will take you one season to learn the details. But for a hunting or trapping country Vancouver Island is all right.

L. L. Bales,
Alaskan Guide, Seattle, Wash.

HOW TO HOLD.

Dear Sir: I take the liberty of seeking a few points on duck shooting through your valuable columns. I am a fair wing shot; but on ducks I meet with little success. I shoot a 10 gauge Parker, with No. 5 shot. I think my ill luck is owing to miscalculation of distances.

A reply, through Recreation, will confer a favor on a lover of the gun, but not a pot hunter.

Chas. Ellis, Denver, Col.

I referred this to Mr. Wilmot Townsend, who replies as follows:

Mr. Ellis' statement that he is a fair wing shot, seems to me, to make the matter simple of explanation. I should say his trouble lies not in "miscalculation of distances" as he puts it, but rather in miscalculation as to the speed of his game. I take it that he has not done much duck shooting, from the tone of his letter. If he will increase his lead on cross shots, giving them 6 to 12 feet for their ordinary flight, and when they boom down on the wind, from 16 to 20 feet, aye, and even more, I think he will be in the right way of solving the problem. The speed of wildfowl is tremendous, at times, and great all the time; and the majority of misses are caused by not leading them enough.

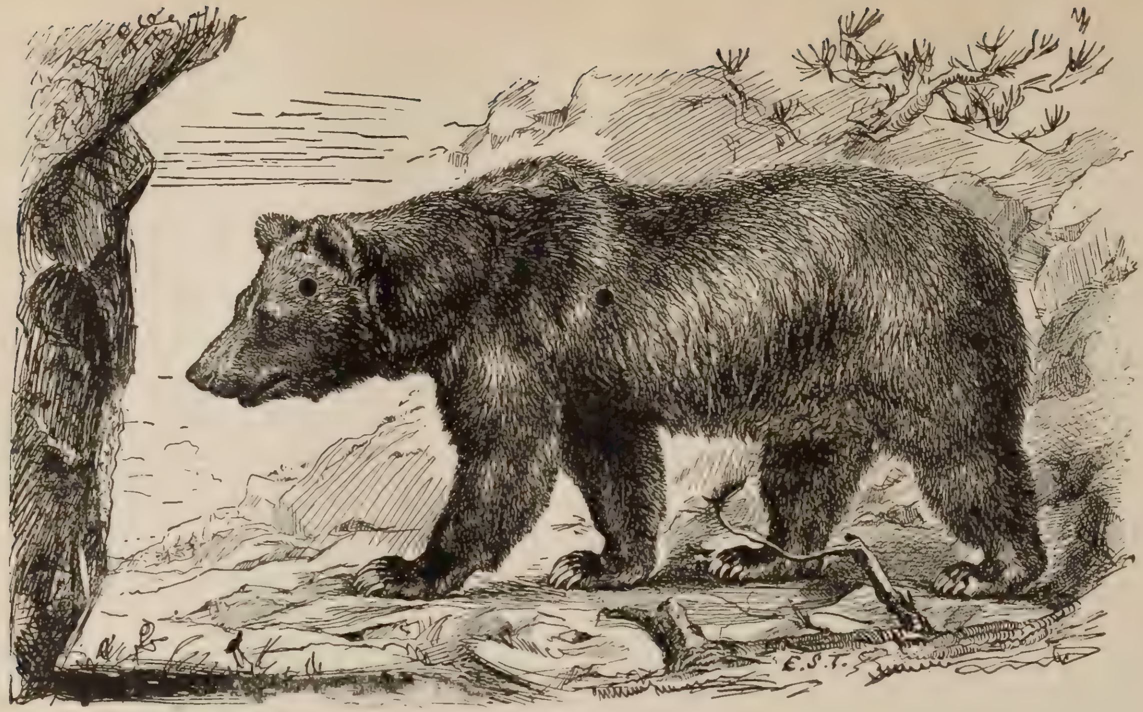
With practice Mr. Ellis will soon get the hang of it; but at first he will find it hard to believe that one must lead his ducks such a distance.

His gun should at least be a modified choke, for this work, though I prefer full choke in both barrels.

Wilmot Townsend, Bay Ridge, N. Y.

THE GRIZZLY BEAR CONTEST.

Recreation's grizzly bear makes his second bow to his friends, who have been shooting at him so industriously ever since



WHERE THE 3 SHOTS WENT.

September 1st. He is slightly disfigured, but still in the ring. You will see 3 bullet holes in him. Bullet number 1 went through his heart, when he ran 50 yards and fell dead. The next time he came along, bullet number 2 went through his brain and he fell dead in his tracks; yet strange to say he showed up again—that is, in the imagination of the hunter, who fired the third shot at him as he disappeared behind a rock. This caught him in the ham and severed a small artery, without breaking a bone. The hunter trailed him 2 miles, by the blood, but the wound had by this time closed up and the flow of blood had ceased; so that the poor old grizzly escaped after all.

About 1,500 shots were fired at him, in all, and below I give a list of the names of the hunters who planted all 3 of their shots in the right places, according to the above diagram, which was made out and filed in this office, when the hunt began:

R. M. Jackson, L. W. John, B. H. Pettit, H. D. Luse, M. K. Barnum, J. B. Gillett, C. H. Sloane, M. C. Marsh, H. T. Greene, E. D. Bond, T. C. Halsey, C. E. Breder, H. M. Wolf, C. F. Gardner, A. E. Fischer, R. Bieberstedt, R. O. Baylor, C. H. Buell, B. F. Kizer, James Whyte, B. Bassell, Jr., W. H. Foss, G. B. Dennick, Thos. R. Ketcham, and O. L. Wood.

It was stated in September Recreation that whoever should locate these 3 shots correctly would receive, as a prize, a yearly subscription to Recreation. Of course the above named gentlemen, like all sensible sportsmen, are already subscribers to Recreation; but each has been credited with another year, in addition to that for which he had already paid.

I shall probably get up another hunting puzzle, in the near future. In fact, it is safe to always count on finding something of special interest in the columns of this magazine.

WHEN TO STOP.

I read with much interest the article in August Recreation, headed "What Constitutes a Reasonable Bag?" and your comments on the prowess of a Mr. Leavenworth; who, his friends say "is a hunter for the love of the sport, and never took more than he could use."

I was told a few days ago, of a man—probably "a hunter for the love of the sport"—who at Blue Hole Tunnel, W. Va., killed 20 squirrels, with a club, as they landed from swimming New river. This was a man who knew nothing of the meaning of true sport, and to whom the word extermination, was meaningless. Mr. Leavenworth, who, as a gentleman sportsman, should have known better, killed at least 150 squirrels more than his share. Mr. Knight, and his companion, were evidently trying to make a record, or they would not have boasted of taking 105 quails in 10 hours. Twenty quails should satisfy any one to whom the mere bagging of game, is not the only pleasure derived from shooting.

I heartily agree with your opinion, in regard to Mr. Jaques' theory that "a reasonable bag is all a man can kill with a gun." He tries to modify this, by time, amount of game, etc., but the fact remains, that if a man kills everything he can, he will probably keep it up as long as there is anything to kill. This system, practised extensively by the negroes in some parts of Virginia, has almost exterminated the rabbits and wild turkeys. C. D. K., Newport, Ky.

TOO MUCH LIKE SLAUGHTER.

Your regard for Mr. Roche, is enough to convince me of his character as a sportsman; but I think him unfortunate in his friends. If he imagines their skill will be admired, or the use they made of it, appreciated, by readers of RECREATION, he is mistaken. Those expert hunters may not wear bristles or be in danger of pickling in brine, but they can depend on being pickled in RECREATION, when their exploits are published.

Think of it—105 quails in one day! That ranks Mr. Roche's friends with the Steven's Point, Wis., hogs, and with the Boston swine, who boasted of taking 120 trout in an hour. It is a puzzling question to me, how these skilful butchers get their game home. Do they take along a wheel-barrow or hire an express-wagon to follow up their bloody trail?

A reader suggests giving the game hog a rest. That is just the trouble; they have had too much of a rest, and not enough arrest. "There shall be no rest for the wicked," and the rest of us will try to restrain them until you, Mr. Editor, get rested.

Sam. Crofoot, Fond du Lac, Wis.

QUIT WHEN YOU GET ENOUGH.

I would like to add my testimony as to what constitutes a reasonable amount of game for one man. I believe 12 squirrels is all any man should want to kill in one day.

I have hunted for 33 years and never but once exceeded that number. Why kill all in one year? Why not let them increase, so as to have good shooting again? Why this spirit of slaughter should enter into man's nature, I cannot see.

There are few men living who love shooting better than I, but I never did have a disposition to kill more than I could use.

I spent the summer of '80 in the vicinity of North Park, Colorado. At that time you would never be out of sight of antelope. In crossing the Park, a distance of 57 miles, I could easily have killed all a team could haul. Yet my partner and I killed but one. That was all we could use.

We passed 300 carcasses in crossing the Park. From some a ham was taken; others a quarter, and again a piece of tenderloin. To-day antelope are almost a thing of the past, in that locality.

I should like to see every sportsman raise his voice against the slaughter of our game; so I say, "Long live RECREATION!" It is doing noble work in preserving the game of our country.

E. K. L., Otsego, Mich.

A GOOD PLACE TO GO.

Schoolcraft County, Mich., is a fine country for fish and game. Dr. R. C. McKesson, of Manistique, is game warden, and he is the terror of all illegal hunters and fishers of that section.

I have been there several seasons; was there this summer, trout and bass fishing. Caught several messes of brook trout, the smallest were 12 inches long. Deer and ruffed grouse are very plentiful. Ducks are as numerous there as mosquitoes in June. I always go to Abe. Hughe's place, 35 miles from Manistique, up the Indian river. Those who have once been to Abe's, go there again if they can. From Manistique, take the M. and N. W. R. R. to the Pull Up, which is 5 miles from Abe's clearing, in the heart of the game country. Abe will meet you there if you write him in care of C. L. Co.'s Pull Up, Manistique, Mich. He is a thorough woodsman, and will give you all the pointers you want; and his wife's pies are the next thing to ambrosia.

W. S. Bates, Chicago, Ill.

THE PENOBSCOT FOR BIG GAME.

There are hundreds of sportsmen in New York City interested in that part of the Maine wilderness known as the "Hunters' Paradise." For their information I will say a trip up either the East or West branch of the Penobscot, for 25 miles, will be one of the best in Maine. Deer are plentiful anywhere in the woods.

While in camp on Ripoganns Carry, last spring, we made a negative of a ruffed grouse sitting on her nest. Carry pond lies just off Ripoganns, and is noted for its splendid trout.

Big game is numerous near the base of Mt. Katahdin. The West Branch river runs within 4 miles of the basin. From the bank of the stream, near Athol and Katahdin brook, a good trail leads to the summit of the mountain. There are hundreds of acres of table land on the mountain, over which large numbers of caribou roam.

Quite a number of ladies climbed Mt. Katahdin last season. It is a hard climb, but you are fully repaid as you take in the beauties of the surrounding wilderness. It stretches away on every hand for miles and miles, with its hundreds of lakes reflecting the beautiful tints of autumn foliage.

Peace and contentment comes to him, who, worn out by the excessive demands of our hustling American life, can lay aside these cares for a short trip to this wonderful country.

F. E. Farnsworth, Fitchburg, Mass.

GAME IN ALASKA.

Editor RECREATION: Deer are surprisingly abundant on the islands in this part of Alaska, and we seldom have to go more than a mile from the beach to find them. They are killed the year round for food, and rarely hunted for their skins. Our deer are smaller than the Eastern red deer, but fully as fine venison.

At this season, the bucks are on top of the mountains, where they spend most of their time fighting one another with their new horns, that have just shed the velvet. The does and yearlings stay lower down, often along the beach, in grassy places.

I have killed many deer with a 22 calibre rifle, by shooting them in the head.

There is talk of building a packing house, in this country, to can venison. Our people are opposed to it; being warned by the havoc the canners are making of the salmon. The concerns that put up salt bellies, throwing away the rest of the fish, are the most destructive. We often see a pile of a half million decayed salmon; the refuse of a pack of less than 2,000 small barrels.

Black bears are sometimes numerous along the salmon streams, coming from the hills to feed on the fish.

I noticed the first flocks of wild geese moving South, on September 6, just a day ahead of a cold snap. Ducks have not begun to flock yet.

Ptarmigan are now full grown, and occasionally come down on the open beach.

Many fur seals are taken here at Dixons Entrance, during the spring, and sometimes, a sea otter.

Geo. G. Cantwell, Houcan, Alaska.

BERRYING ON THE PEND D'OREILLE.

Usk, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: My wife, daughter and I, recently went down the river to get some alder berries. As we were out of fresh meat, I told them to take the boat, and I would walk through the woods, and see if I could get a deer. Although deer are plentiful here, none but the white-tail comes down in the flat country, and any hunter knows that he is very fortunate if he gets one of them in a half day's hunting. I had not gone far before I could see from the tracks that there were plenty of deer. Going very slowly through a small slough, I unfortunately stepped on a twig. It broke with a sharp report, and I immediately heard a splashing and running, but was too late to get a shot. I could tell from the snorting or whistling that there were two or more deer, and I knew from the tracks they were large ones. I had but little hope of getting any meat that day, and was walking along rather carelessly, when looking ahead about ½ mile, I saw 2 feeding right toward me. The wind being in my favor, I sat down by a big log to await developments. It was probably ½ hour before they came within 100 yards of me.

The buck was a monster. My 40-65 spoke his death warrent at the first report, although I shot him once more, on the run. He had an elegant head of horns—13 points.

This country is certainly an ideal place for the hunter or fisherman. I killed 8 mallard ducks at 4 shots this morning and was only gone from the house 45 minutes.

John B. Renshaw.

NEVADA GAME HOGS.

Carson City, Nev.

Editor RECREATION: The educating influence of RECREATION has not spread far enough in this vicinity; for some, who call themselves sportsmen, go out before the law is off grouse and quail, and shoot large numbers of them. When law abiding shooters wish to enjoy a day's sport they must tramp all day for nothing, where a month before the season opened one could put up 5 or 6 coveys of quail.

When I spoke to the proper officer about this illegal shooting, I got a shrug of the shoulders, and "What can we do? We cannot convict if we make an arrest;" and such I understand is the case.

The constitution of our state gives all fines to the school fund; yet our game law provides that one half the fine shall go to the officer making the arrest, and an officer so doing cannot collect, as it is unconstitutional.

There is work ahead for all who uphold the principles set forth in RECREATION, if they wish to protect our game from poachers, and make the chances for a day of pleasure more abundant.

Ducks and geese are very scarce so far this season, possibly owing to the lakes and marshes farther North not having frozen over.

There is a question I would like to ask, through your magazine. Is it a fact that parties hunt the eggs of our wild fowls in their Northern breeding places, to secure the albumen? I have been told that boats go North every season for the purpose of gathering albumen. W. W, C.

So far as I have been able to learn there is no truth in this report.—EDITOR.

LIMIT THE BAG.

Merrimac, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: I want to relieve my mind about pot-hunting and its remedy, if there is one.

New England is blessed with more than her share of this sort of beast, and the sooner he is suppressed the better, for both game and sportsmen. Nearly every hamlet in this state has its pot-hunter, while many have several. They hunt from the day the law is off till snow flies, without a stop to rest. They are all fair shots and all take advantage of the game, or rather take it at a disadvantage, if possible, which no true sportsman will do. I know of several —no doubt the number reaches the hundreds—who kill from 100 to 500 ruffed grouse, quail and woodcock every fall. They never eat a bird, but always shoot to sell; most of them making fair wages for the season.

I have been through the shooting grounds this fall and previous years, after the active shooting was over, only to find perhaps 2 or 3 stray birds in a whole locality, where there should be 100. Birds are scarce and are growing more so each year. It will be but a short time ere the grouse will be a rarity in this locality.

Can there be a law to regulate this slaughter? Has any section such a law? If so I hope some of the readers of RECREATION will tell about it.

I see but two plans, viz., limit the number of birds killed, as are deer in Maine and New York; or prohibit game being shipped from the town or county wherein it is killed.

I hope to hear from others on this subject. "It is now or never," and something must be done.

H. E. Barton.

OUGHT TO HAVE KILLED A GRIZZLY.

N. Ontario, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: Last week a party of 4, Mr. Scott, Rogers, "Ought" and I, went up the San Antonia mountains, about 10 miles North of here, to hunt deer, and give Ought a chance to kill a grizzly that had been seen in that region. Over our evening camp fires, we discussed the bear question. Ought said he would like to see a bear, and pepper him with a 40-65 Winchester. All he wanted was a chance. I warned him to be cautious if he found one, and be sure he had some advantage on his side, before attacking. He insisted he was not afraid of any bear in the mountains.

On the third day out, Mr. Scott secured a 3 point buck, the first deer he had ever killed. Hearing the shot, I went to him, and we dressed the game, and started with it for camp. We had not gone far, when we met Ought and Rogers hurrying for help—Ought, had found his bear.

He had been on a rocky point, for 15 minutes, watching for deer, when, looking about, he saw, 30 feet below him, a grizzly lying asleep. At this chance of a life-time, Ought's heart failed him, and he crept cautiously away, to enlist recruits for the war. We returned with him, though we knew the bear would be far away before we reached the spot where he had lain. It was but a short distance back, and Ought led us silently to the rock, and leaned over. The look of disappointment on his face, as he turned to us, was pitiable. The bear had gone.

On our return home, Ought was the first to tell the story, and own that he had been afraid of one bear, at least.

A. G. Allen.

ANOTHER BRUTAL SIDE HUNT.

FROM THE LEBANON, N. H., "FREE PRESS."

All the men in town who know a gun when they see it, and all others who ever heard the gun question discussed, as they smoked their T. D.'s about the livery stable office stove, have been pressed into a game hunt this week. John S. Freeman is the great (?) leader of one faction, while P. A. Waterman heads the other. The hunt was set for Wednesday and Thursday, but in truth it begun last Friday night, and has been going on ever since. The following schedule has been arranged: A red squirrel counts 50 points; partridge, 200; rabbit, 200; fox, 500; duck, 200; crow, 150; grey squirrel, 200; woodcock, 300; coon, 500; quail, 300; hawk, 150; owl, 200; deer, 2,000.

All game was to be brought in last night, by 12 o'clock, save coons, the men being given until 8 o'clock this morning to get them in. For the wind up a game supper is to be served at the town hall, this Friday evening, 6 to 8 o'clock. . . ."

Accompanying the above clipping a Lebanon subscriber sends me a yellow hand-bill which announces this great slaughtering match, in circus poster type, and which contains the names of 140 game butchers, divided into 2 teams, and each under the leadership of a captain! I regret that for lack of space I cannot print the names of these game hogs in this issue, but may do so later.

The subscriber who sends in this account says:

"I enclose a bill of game slaughter, and hope you will roast these hogs as they deserve. Red squirrels may not be game, but they are harmless little creatures; and that a barrel full of them should have been shot and brought in, and then thrown on the dump to rot, is an outrage. All the true sportsmen, here, are indignant at this piece of wholesale slaughter."

It seems incredible that so large a number of game hogs could be found in any one town in the East. Talk about Indians as game destroyers! I never heard of a band of Indians, or savages of any nation, committing as fiendish a piece of butchery as this appears to have been.—EDITOR.

INDIAN ART COLLECTION.

Antonio Apache, the Indian scout and scientist, whose recent tour through the Maine and New Brunswick wilderness resulted in securing so many valuable features for the New England Sportsmen's show, is now in the far West collecting materials for that Show.

He has secured an extensive collection of antique and unique specimens of Indian art, of rare value, and has already shipped 10 cases of Pueblo pottery, and a number of bales of Navajo blankets, which, with rugs, robes and curios, will play an important part in the forthcoming exhibition, and will serve as valuable souvenirs for those who are fortunate enough to obtain them.

Tents of birch bark, inhabited by full-blood Indians, wearing rudely fashioned garments of furs and buckskin, will be interesting features of the show.

In point of realism and scenic effectiveness this Indian camp will undoubtedly prove a revelation, not only to those whose journeyings have never led them beyond the confines of civilization, but to the great army of sportsmen.

GAME NOTES.

When one is forced to forego the pleasure of a trip to the woods or fields, nothing does him so much good as to read the experiences of others. No true sportsman wants a monopoly, but is willing that others should have a chance.

I do not approve of an early opening of the season. When I read " Ruffed Grouse and Woodcock," by " M. B.," in the September number of RECREATION, and came to, " The day of our hunt was hot; such a day as fairly curls one's gun barrels," I thought how much more M. B., and his friend would have enjoyed themselves if the opening season had been the first of October.

Then Jack Frost drops the leaves from the trees and the blood quickens in one's veins. The days are cool and pleasant and after a hard day's tramp in the fields and woods how one can sleep!

I like RECREATION for the way it goes for the fish and game Hogs. I always spell it with a big " H." I feel that you, dear editor, share my sentiments in regard to a later day for the opening season for grouse and woodcock.

J. W. Burnside, Schenectady, N. Y.

I do, most heartily.—EDITOR.

The homely advice, "Don't be a hog," is applicable to hunters of a certain type. Everybody knows the type of man who covers the front of his camp with massacred grouse or deer, geese or ducks, and then sits down with an "I-shot-'em" look on his face, to be photographed. He has no use for so much game. He and his friends cannot use it, and he does not intend to sell it. He is a butcher and not a sportsman. A sportsman does not kill everything he sees, for the mere sake of killing. Yet this fellow, who has not yet developed beyond the savage stage of his bloodthirsty ancestors of a few generations back, kills for the pure love of killing, and pays some newspaper man to recount his murderous exploits and print his portrait, surrounded by the evidences of his own bloody and inhuman tastes. If the happiness and health of the city man depend on his going to the woods and killing something, let him at least use some kind of moderation, and "Don't be a hog."—Editorial in the Minneapolis, Minn., "Times."

Good for the Times Editor. He is a sportsman, and, of course, a gentleman. If all newspaper men had as much sense of decency, and as much nerve as this man has, the millenium of game protection would arrive much sooner than we can now hope for it.—EDITOR.

Early in the morning of September 1, the opening of the reed-bird season, 2 friends and I, went down the " Neck," in the marshes along the Delaware river, for a day's sport with reed-birds. At daybreak, the shooting commenced, and a continuous fusillade was kept up the whole day.

From 4 o'clock in the morning until 2 in the afternoon, we bagged nearly 3 dozen reed-birds, 2 plovers and 3 rails.

The best shooting for reed-birds, down the " Neck," is between September 1 and October 5.

If it were not for market-shooters, there would be many more birds. Market-hunters commence shooting as soon as the birds arrive—about the latter part of August.

I have known of 2 pot-hunters (regular hogs), before season, killing 12 dozen reed-birds in less than 3 hours. They also shoot plover, snipe, ducks and rails long before season. If a stop is not soon put to these outrages, there will not be a single bird left.

I would like to have some brother sportsman, kindly inform me what kind of game (large and small) is found in Pike county, Pa. O. Fisher, Phila.

I read RECREATION regularly and like it very much; especially its stand in regard to the preservation of fish and game. I do not slaughter game myself, nor allow others to do so. I take my patrons and guests to good hunting and fishing grounds, and when I think they have had their share of sport, I take them elsewhere. Every man should be satisfied with his share; but I find some are never satisfied.

We have a large territory of hunting and fishing ground, with plenty of both large and small game.

So far as it is in my power, I see that the game and fish laws are enforced.

RECREATION takes well with my guests, and makes a good hotel magazine, for this part of the country.

Guy H. Remore, Bernidiji, Minn.

One of the principal features at the Fourth Annual Sportsmen's Exposition and Bicycle Show, to be held at Madison Square Garden January 13 to 22, will be a rifle tournament. There will be an individual championship match, open to all, 100 yards off hand, at a 25 ring target, distance 100 feet. The entrance fee for this contest is $5. which will include a season ticket to the Exposition. First prize, championship trophy and $20. The other 12 prizes will divide $110. A continuous match, open to all, distance 100 feet off hand at a 25 ring target. Entrance fee, for ticket of 3 shots, 50 cents. First prize $50; $140 divided in other prizes. There will be a target of honor and a bulls-eye target open to all. Full money prizes and premiums will be given. The target of honor will have $100 in cash prizes.

Here on Lake Traverse is a queer state of affairs. On the marsh may be seen from 8 to 12 tents of market hunters. They shoot black powder, before sun rise and after sun set. The business men of the town go out and slaughter game for market, because if they don't the market hunters will get it all. Chickens are killed before the law is off. The limit on ducks and chickens is no more observed than the Koran. About 6,000 ducks have been sent to St. Paul, by business men and pot hunters. Do I believe all the game I see going there, from this state, is eaten there? No, not by several carloads.

Pink Edge, Wheaton, Minn.

I first went to Plattsburgh, N. Y., where I shot a few ruffed grouse. I then went on to Argyle, Minn., one station North of Warren. I looked up 2 sportsmen who took good care of me. I did not have much time, but shot a reasonable number of chickens, ducks, jack-snipe, plover, etc. The weather was a trifle hot, 104°, and the dogs could not do themselves justice.

Game is not plentiful in the vicinity of the railroad, anywhere, this year; but by driving about 50 miles East of Argyle, to the Thief river country, great sport can still be had with chickens and geese. One party came in with 103 chickens, for 2 days. You have to take a tent and grub, if you go in there. Livery horses are cheap. There is a good Hotel at Argyle. Geo. Harris, station agent, Great Northern R. R., will set anybody on the right track.

E. A. J., Hackensack, N. J.

I have mailed you a photo of a fawn which I caught some time ago, and which became a great pet. Deer are plentiful at present and will afford good hunting this fall, if they are not molested by wolves, or driven too far back by dry weather. There were a good many deer killed here last season, as every man paying his 50 cents license put in full time in order to make sure of his limit, 5 deer; while the non-residents were obliged to stay away, or pay $25 to hunt. The hunter from outside is usually satisfied with one deer, and is willing to return to his home after a few days' sport, while the home hunters are never satisfied until they reach the limit. Therefore, I think it would be much better to make the fee the same for all, and if necessary for any difference, make it in the number of deer each shall be allowed to kill and to ship.

C. G. Shepherd, Lathrop, Mich.

Two bears, a 22 rifle and a man were recently mixed in these parts. Result, 2 dead bears, a ruined rifle and a crippled man. The man, who was working in a lumber camp, went out one Sunday, with a 22 calibre rifle to shoot grouse. Finding a cub bear, he drove it up a tree, and shot it until it died, by which time it's hide would have made a good sieve. Shouldering the cub, he started for camp, when the mother bear appeared, and disputed the right of way. He shot the old bear with the 22, and when she closed in, clubbed her with it until it was knocked from his hand. While the bear was chewing him, he used a knife, as best he could, and succeeded in killing her, after she had made him a cripple for life.

M. P. Dunham, Redlodge, Mont.

The Montreal "Star" gives a most pathetic account of the work of a lot of game butchers, in slaughtering fawns and female deer in the woods of Canada, during the past summer and fall. A game warden found, in the hands of a hide dealer, in Montreal, 36 skins of fawns, which he had bought from these game butchers, and it is believed this is but a small portion of the number this dealer has handled. From the condition of these skins, it is easy to determine that the animals were nearly all killed during the close season. The fine for killing deer, in close season, in Quebec, ranges from $2 to $100 for each offence, and it is earnestly hoped the vandals will be detected and punished, to the full extent of the law.

As I was being paddled down the St. Croix river, quite close to the shore, I noticed something lying on the bank, a short distance ahead. Not much attention was given to it, for I thought it was a deer, a common sight there.

We were moving quite rapidly, so when I looked again we were within 20 or 30 feet of the creature. At that instant he raised his head and I saw it was a Canadian bay lynx. I at once gave him a charge of shot in the eyes, killing him almost instantly.

As much as I have been in the Maine and Canadian woods, this was the first lynx I ever saw alive.

H. B. Clewey, Woburn, Mass.

In the fall, the sportsmen of Warren have great sport coursing jack rabbits with greyhounds. The adjacent country is level prairie, excepting along Snake river, and the farms are not fenced—just the place for coursing.

On a hunt last fall, I rode in a sleigh. As we were spinning over the prairie, the rabbit made a sudden turn. We followed and the sleigh struck an ant-hill, hidden under the snow. In an instant we were over. Although the rabbit was killed, we did not see the close of that hunt.

C. S. H., Warren Minn.

Permit me to congratulate you on the splendid picture of wild geese in the August number. Have been comparing the picture with my live decoys, and it is certainly true to life.

In the little piece of fiction, "Woodcock and Ruffed Grouse," why not have had the imaginary birds killed according to law?

I have been out of good old New York State for the last 2 years, but hardly believe the law has been altered so birds can be killed, lawfully, in the "latter part of August."

A. S. Doane, Coinjock, N. C.

Game in this section is plentiful. Rabbits are more common than dogs; there are also numbers of turtle or mourning doves. Grouse and quails gave us lots of fun last season. There are a few foxes, gray and red, left; also a few "bob-cats." Fox, gray and black squirrels are more plentiful than they were last fall.

We had a few law breakers around us last fall and quite a number of game hogs. Our game warden will make it hot for the out-of-season shooters.

A. Englecamp, Saginaw, Mich.

Recreation comes regularly, and I think it the handsomest magazine in the country.

Will you kindly say we got our new statute through. Now no man in this state can "sell, barter, or propose for sale, or have in possession for the purpose of sale" any quail, prairie chicken or grouse, for an unlimited term of years. We have worked 10 years on this one point.

F. M. Gilbert,
Game Warden, 1st Dist, Indiana.

While down at the station, one morning in September, I heard some one calling my name. Looking through the crowd, I saw a friend who had just returned from the Adirondacks. He took me into the baggage car and there showed me a spike buck. It weighed 185 pounds, my friend said.

We took the deer home, and a butcher came to cut it up. "Spoiled," was what he said when he saw it. So we buried the buck, and became converts to a later open season.

Harry E. Spaulding, Cambridge, N. Y.

I would like to hear the opinion of some of Recreation's readers, on the mourning dove. They are numerous around here and I have been trying my skill at them with a shotgun. Recently I heard from some of the farmers that they should not be killed; for the mates will mourn themselves to death. I would like to know if this is true or nothing more than an idle tale.

Louis Boettger, Jr., Callicoon Depot, N. Y.

I am a sportsman and reader of Recreation. Here in Eastern North Carolina we have many ducks, brant, geese and swans. The wild fowl come in October and November, and stay until March and April.

A mile from my home there is good fishing; while in the woods nearby there are squirrels, rabbits, coons, deer and bear.

Another attraction is a fine road for wheelmen; for 10 miles there is not a hill 3 feet high.

S. S. Lupton,
Hobucken, Pamlico Co., N. C.

We organized a club here, called the Recreation Club, and your magazine is our favorite journal. We all think there is nothing like Recreation. We love to see the game hogs get roasted. On Saturday, November 6th, 3 members of the club took a run to the country, after rabbits. We got 3 rabbits and were entirely satisfied. We hunt for sport, not for meat.

H. M. Watson, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.

I thoroughly appreciate the honor you have conferred on Recreation in naming your club for it, and have ordered a flag made and sent you, which will be appropriately inscribed.—Editor.

When Dr. Robert Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, returned to Ottawa, the other day, from his explorations in Baffinland, he found awaiting him the agreeable news that he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, at the last annual meeting. This is the highest honor at the disposal of British scientists, and only a few new Fellows can be elected each year, owing to the limited number of vacancies. This year there were 15 vacancies and over 90 candidates, from all parts of the Empire, most of whom were scientists of high standing.

A great many dogs are used for hunting deer, in Northern Michigan, near Trout lake and Naubenway. This makes the deer so wild they leave that locality. Please mention in Recreation, that the readers would like to have something more from Percy Selous.

E. J. M., Traverse City, Mich.

The J. H. Martin Rod and Gun Club will have a general reorganization soon. The officers are, John McCain, Pres.; Elbert Brack, Vice-Pres.; Livert McCain, Sec., and Gottlieb Brack, Treas.

The club has 16 members, and will have more soon.

Livert McCain, Little Rock, Ark.

A party of 4 of us, and a guide, went out late last fall, and in 3 days got 2 bear and 2 deer. A. J. Merrill, Jay, N. Y.

IS THE OUANANICHE A FRAUD?

EUGENE M'CARTHY.

I returned in September from my eleventh annual visit to Lake St. John for ouananiche, thoroughly satisfied with the number of fish I killed, and with their fighting qualities. In quantity there may be a diminution, from a decade ago; in fighting action none. Akin to the salmon, the ouananiche does not vary in its manner of taking the fly, or its action when hooked, from its illustrious progenitor. From a yearly experience during the length of time above mentioned, I believe myself capable of defending the "little salmon" against the unfavorable charges made against it in an article headed "Is the Ouananiche a Fraud?" in September RECREATION.

Some 7 years ago a well known salmon fisherman made himself heard in 2 sporting journals, bitterly denouncing the ouananiche and its fighting qualities. Result—such a flood of indignant replies that in the end, he stated he had not given the fish a fair trial, and would again do so, and admit his error, or otherwise, as the facts warranted. He has remained silent since. A friend of mine was once invited to a salmon preserve. Within a week—his limit of time—he killed 3 or 4 medium sized salmon, none of which fought very hard. He at once rushed into print, stating that salmon fishing was decidedly over-rated. Another friend came to try his first bass fishing in Oneida lake, at my invitation. He, unfortunately, struck a bad time, and results were poor. His deduction was that bass fishing was no good. Shall we condemn salmon and bass fishing as a consequence?

There is no fishing that does not have its good and bad days, and seasons. Suppose the man who tries it for the first time happens to strike the bad season, or a run of small fish, shall his condemnation libel the fish? I do not believe so, when thousands of anglers, who seek the ouananiche year after year, agree that it is the gamiest of fresh water fish. Individual success or non-success is a very poor argument, against the experience of hundreds of anglers.

Not over ¼ to possibly ½ of salmon killed, take the fly other than under water. The others will break water or jump entirely out for it. The same rule holds good for ouananiche. It is immaterial to me whether they take the fly below, on the surface, or above; there is just as much skill required to hook, play, and bring them to net.

I must therefore deny that they do not rise to the fly. Just as large a percentage do, as of salmon themselves. Only a certain proportion of trout, bass, or any game fish will jump out of water for the fly. The ouananiche compares more than favorably with that proportion. In speaking of the way the ouananiche takes the fly your contributor says, "He just opens his mouth and sucks it down." The ouananiche rarely, if ever, hooks otherwise than in the lip, indicating a strike, not a suck, and generally lightly, as does the salmon. A trout or bass usually gorges the fly, hooking well back in the mouth or throat. Not over one in 50 or 100 ouananiche will ever hook back of the lip.

Let me relate my experience. In 2 days, on the third pool of the Metabetchouan, during September last, I killed 16 ouananiche; none jumping less than 6 and the majority over 8 times. These fish weighed 3 to 5 pounds. My average time taken to bring them to net was 12 to 18 minutes. This season's fishing was in no way an exception to those preceding. I have never, at the Grande Décharge, Metabetchouan, Ouiatchouan, Ashuapmouchouan, at the fifth falls of the Mistassini, or at any of the 11 falls of the Peribonca river, and lake Tschitagama beyond, found the fish to vary much in size or action from what I have stated above.

Trolling with flies perfectly represents the impatient fisherman. He naturally covers more ground in so doing, but while he may catch more fish they are as a rule smaller. The true angler, imitating Isaac Walton in patience, locates himself at a good pool, and casts his fly until success rewards him. Success not so much in numbers, but in hard fighting, large sized fish. He who so fishes cannot truthfully say, the size and action of his fish are not satisfactory.

I am willing to admit that the ouananiche are not so plentiful as they were several years ago. Enough remain, however, to thoroughly satisfy the true angler. Mr. Beemer, the lessee of all the ouananiche waters, will have a hatchery in full working order another year, that will quickly restock the waters.

Ouananiche fishing, like all other kinds, depends much on time and place. Everyone seems to seek the Grande Décharge at about the same time. As a result, it is over-fished, and far from satisfactory luck is had. Seek the other rivers, at the times I have set forth in my previous writings on the ouananiche, with sufficient time for success, and no complaint will be made. As to the price charged for ouananiche fishing, I have nothing to say, except that it is worth it. If salmon, the king of salt water fishes, are worth $50 each, the average price it costs to kill them; its descendant, the fresh water salmon, king of fresh water fishes, is worth one hundredth part, 50 cents, as the average catch per day will cost.

Ouananiche fishing is *sui generis*, as is salmon killing. Preliminary fishing in the Nepigon, in Maine, the Adirondacks, Scotland or any other section, is of little value, no matter how long practised. This fishing, at the proper time and place, demands that one almost learn fishing over again to be successful. His former trout or bass experience is of little value, and his judgment is but little better than an amateur's.

"Four pounds is a big ouananiche." I must disagree with this statement. I consider it a medium or rather an average weight. Six or 6½ pounds are large ones, and are frequently taken. It is heavy for trolling, not for casting. I must also submit that the unknown adjectives applied to the guides, and their quoted French, have nothing to do with the argument, unless to bring out the proper claim that no better guides or canoemen exist anywhere. As for Mr. Beemer's preserve on the Grande Décharge, it is nearer 12 miles in length than 5 or 6. The number of good pools contained in it would run into the hundreds. Certainly not a very limited fishing ground. His other territory covers over 1,000 miles of ouananiche fishing waters.

It can be guaranteed that when one fishes properly for ouananiche, and secures them as they can be secured, not only rods, but tips and leaders as well, will be smashed. This is the experience of hundreds of anglers. As to the eating qualities of the fish, that is a matter of taste. The concensus of opinion is that it is equal in every respect to the salmon, excelling it in that it is not so oily.

The letter given in your September number "is a matter of opinion," but if an opinion is radically wrong, it is subject to criticism. Individual opinions are allowable, but should not be advanced against the universal opposite opinions of the multitude.

The moral to be deduced, is to never condemn any especial sport at sight. This your correspondent has done. An old member of the St. Marguerite salmon club not long since said to me that they occasionally hooked a ouananiche on their preserve. His final remark was, "I would just as soon kill a ouananiche as a salmon, as it will outfight and outjump a salmon of twice its weight." How does this coincide with what your contributor states?

In conclusion, I would add that just as large fish, and as satisfactory fishing, have been had this season at Lake St. John as at any time in some years past. Not every day but as a whole. This I learn from fishermen who have been there, not from "the record book at the hotel." I will only ask your correspondent to again try ouananiche fishing properly, and I will guarantee he will become an enthusiastic convert to the sport, as have many others. I will gladly advise him personally when and where, if he so desire.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

COL. FRED MATHER.

In the November Recreation the editor asks for some points on fishing through the ice, for pickerel, which request recalls the days of youth, when winter sports were different from those of the same season today. The change has not been in the sports. No, it is in the man. Half a century ago (I love to count time by centuries now) we boys, just like the boys of to-day, cared nothing for the blasts of winter. A frozen ear, or toe, while skating or taking pickerel through the ice, was a mere incident not to be considered seriously, so long as it was incurred while engaged in any real sport.

Mark the change which comes with years. Now the main charm of winter consists in sitting by the fire and rehearsing the sports of other days; or in "good compagnie" to discuss the venison and currant jelly; the roast grouse and a bottle of Barzac, or a canvas-back, *au naturel*, and a champagne, if you will; or, better, one of the wines of Burgundy, into which the sunshine on the hills of Côte d'Or has been preserved in bouquet.

"To this complexion must we come at last," as Hamlet says. And so an old man gradually shifts into "the lean and slippered pantaloon, his acts being 7 ages."

With this as an apology for writing about a sport in which I have not recently participated, but which is just the same old sport that it was, and ever will be, we will take a look at it, as we boys loved it.

Said Garry Van Hoesen; "There's goin' to be ice enough to bear us on the lake tomorrow, an' we'd better git out and have the first whack at the pickerel, in the mornin'; 'cause if we don't the ice 'll be thicker nex' day an' we can't fish as many holes."

"To-morrer's Friday," said John Atwood, "an' I've got to go to school. Make it Saturday."

"All right," said Garry, "but the ice 'll be 2 inches thicker an' the holes harder to cut. In 4 inch ice we can cut 30 holes in an hour; but if it's 6 inches you cain't do more'n half the number. I tried it once when the ice was over a foot thick, and it took all the morning to cut 3 holes; an' we ought to have about 50 holes for 3 of us."

And so we boys went to the lake with an axe, an ice chisel, lines and a lot of live minnows, in 2 buckets, which the cold water kept alive until we could make a change of water on the way. The ice was about 5 inches thick and while one boy cut holes with the chisel, about 40 feet apart, another took the axe and made tip-ups, from limbs of trees; for we boys had never seen the patent contrivances now on sale, which hoist a flag when a fish is hooked. We cut limbs about 2 feet long, which had twigs nearly opposite. On one of these we left the little branches and the other was cut off to 3 inches. The line was made fast to the main stem and led to the end of the short twig, where a half-hitch held it. The limb was laid across the hole and the weight of the long twig on the ice balanced the minnow, but a pull on the line raised the signal by pulling the short twig down into the water.

The lines were baited by hooking a minnow just below the dorsal fin, but not far enough below to paralyze it by injuring the backbone and so preventing its swimming. The water was 10 to 30 feet deep, and we let the minnows half-way down. Then we skated around, to keep warm, until the signal came from some hole, that a fish had struck. We had to see that our tip-ups were not frozen fast, and that the minnows were kept alive. All this gave us plenty of exercise.

On that particular day, which is as fresh on memory's tin-type as if yesterday, we took 17 pickerel, not pike, which averaged over 3 pounds each. The lot weighed 56 pounds on the scales at Mat. Miller's grocery.

BASS AND PIKE IN MINNESOTA.

I had caught the tarpon, jew-fish, jack-fish, Spanish mackerel and other varieties of fish, of the Gulf of Mexico, and was anxious to try the fresh water fish of the North. My first opportunity came late this season. I had business that called me to North Dakota and determined to stop a few days at Alexandria, Minn. There I expected to meet some of the members of the Chillecothe club, at their camp grounds on Lake Carlos. I did not see them, as they had returned home; but fortunately I had a letter from Mr. John E. Wait, one of the most active members, which put me in good grace, on my arrival at their club grounds. I had the use of their boats, nets, etc. I remained there 4 days and had a royal good time; catching wall eyed pike, small mouth black and rock bass, pickerel, crappie and other smaller varieties. In fact, I then made up my mind to stop again on my return from North Dakota, which I did, and stayed 5 days. Took my boat to Lake Geneva, 2 miles from Alexandria and rowed through into Lake L'Homme Dieu, and on to Lake Carlos; fishing more or less at the most favorable places. I did the most of my fishing in Lake Carlos. It is 9 miles long, 2 miles wide and 150 feet deep, and is the last of a chain of lakes. Did not fish for a record, but simply to catch what I could use, and give to a few friends. The last day of my stay I told my boatman I wanted to fish that day for a record, to tell my Texas friends, and he asked me what kind of fish I wanted to catch. I answered, "Wall eyed pike." We landed on Pike Bar, and at night we had 52 pike, 1 gray bass, 8 pickerel and a few other fish.

Alexandria is in Douglas County, Minn. The county has about 200 lakes; some of them quite large. On a number of them are located club houses. Later in the season, they have fine duck shooting.

In North Dakota, in and around Stump lake, I found good chicken and duck shooting, but as non-residents have to pay $25 for a permit, there have not been so many hunters there as usual. I was so well satisfied with my trip, I hope to be able to go again next season.

Levi Lingo, Denison, Texas.

SUMMER DAYS ON THE CEDAR.

Waterloo, Ia.

Editor RECREATION: R. S. Brown and R. J. Nickols, with their families, and my wife and I, have been on a 2 weeks' camping trip, down the Cedar river. We camped in a large walnut grove, with a running spring near by.

Caught enough blue channel catfish, crappies and big mouth bass, to supply the camp. The fishing has been excellent this fall, good strings of bass and pike being taken all the time.

We are not troubled with game hogs in this section. A game and fish club here, with a large membership, makes life a burden to the pot and market hunters. Prairie chicken shooting has been very good, though no large bags were made. With the warm weather, and the birds staying in the corn fields, hunters have earned all they got. Rabbits and fox squirrels are plenty, and will afford fine sport for the boys. There are many quail, all over the Northern part of the State, but sportsmen do not bother them; would rather see them increase, and hear again the familiar call of "Bob White" throughout the land.

N. W. Tieman.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

A Tallahassee correspondent of the "Citizen" says: The fishermen in the East Coast country are highly elated with the decision of Judge Minor S. Jones, at Titusville, in the first case brought under the new fish law. The law prohibits the catching of any fish between June 15 and August 15 with net or seine, or any mullet from November 15 to December 31. An offender was arrested in Brevard County, charged with having violated the law by catching mullet. He was arraigned before Judge Jones, who released the prisoner, claiming he had violated no law, as he viewed it.—Indian River Advocate.

A Florida correspondent sends me the above clipping and adds: "By this Florida judge's decision a mullet is no fish. Is that so? Can you tell me what is a mullet?"

Evidently there is some misunderstanding here. If the arrested party caught mullet with net or seine, at a time when the law pronounces the catching of any fish unlawful, he violated the law and should have been convicted. The mullet is not only a true fish but it is the most valuable fish now handled in Florida. The catch of mullet, in Florida waters, is as valuable to the State as that of all other species of fishes combined. I suggest that my correspondent get an authoritative statement from Judge Jones, as to what he thinks the mullet really is.—EDITOR.

Inclosed you will find target made by Ed. Coxshall and me, 30 yards, off hand, with a Marlin repeater. Four shots went outside of the bulls-eye, and 2 went into the same hole, on bottom edge of bulls-eye. Top indicated by notch in bulls-eye. Each man took 8 shots, each losing 2 shots outside of bulls-eye.

I am 51 years old and Mr. Coxshall is 26. How does this target average with others you get?

J. W. Griffith, Randolph, Wis.

STUDYING WESTERN FISHES.

Goose Lake, Oregon.

Editor RECREATION: We are now in camp on the East shore of Goose lake, at the California-Oregon state line. I shall not take time, now, to tell you about the excellent fishing and the many things of interest connected with this trip. These things can be best written about after the completion of the summer's work. The journey out, from Washington, was pleasant, in every way, and we regard ourselves as fortunate in the route selected, viz: Baltimore & Ohio Railway, Washington to Chicago; Chicago & Northwestern to Council Bluffs; Union Pacific (the World's pictorial line), to Ogden, and the Southern Pacific thence to Ashland, Oregon.

The service on each of these roads is superb, in every way. "The Fast Mail" from Omaha is scarcely inferior to "The Overland Limited," so justly celebrated for the elegance of its appointments and the comfort with which the traveller can make the trip across the Continent. On nearing San Francisco a lady passenger, with a little child, said: "How easy it has been to make this long trip! I feel as rested and comfortable as on the day we left Chicago." And so it was with all of us. A trip to the Pacific coast need be dreaded by no one.

At Ashland we outfitted with 2 wagons and complete camping and collecting outfits. The object is to examine, carefully, all the lakes and streams lying East of the Klamath lakes, in Southern Oregon.

These are Goose lake, the Warner lakes, Albert, Summer and Silver lakes.

It is the purpose to thoroughly explore these lakes, along all lines which have any bearing upon fish-life. Numerous soundings will be made and the depth of water and character of bottom determined. Temperatures of the water will be taken, at different times, at different places and at different depths.

The chemical character of the water will be determined, and the abundance and distribution of the various species of fishes and other animals and plants found in the lakes will be considered. Large collections will, of course, be made.

This region has never before been investigated, and we shall not be surprised if a number of new and interesting fishes are found.

I had occasion last year to mention, in RECREATION, the remarkably large trout of Upper Klamath lake. The more one sees of this trout the more certain is he that it has not its equal anywhere. That it took Mr. Gifford Pinchat 1¾ hours to kill a large one, in Pelican bay, last fall, is sufficient to attest its game qualities. Not all individuals are so gamey as was that one, but many are; while the abundance and size of the trout make this lake one of the very best places for the angler who desires to test his skill with big fish.

Pelican bay (an arm of Upper Klamath lake) is the most prolific in animal life of any lake I know of. Crustaceans, mollusks, and small fishes abound, in marvellous numbers, and constitute an abundant food supply for the trout. There is now a comfortable hotel on Pelican bay and there are plenty of good boats. Pelican bay is easily reached by wagon road, 45 miles from Ashland, on the Southern Pacific. Fishing is good at any time, from March to November.

B. W. Evermann.

Fishermen say fishing in the river is better than for a long time past. The frost has driven the bass to deep water and the unusual absence of insects, on which they feed, causes them to bite freely. The landlord of the Coolbaugh Hotel, at Laceyville, says one man caught, with 5 rods, on Saturday, 700 bass.—Luzerne, Pa., paper.

If this report be true, or if this man caught even 100 bass, then Landlord Coolbaugh would confer a favor on all decent anglers by posting the name of the man on his hotel bulletin, as a genuine fish hog. —EDITOR.

Deputy Fish Commissioner John J. Hildebrandt, of Logansport, Ind., recently captured a seine in the possession of John Eller, of Monticello, whom it cost $24.05 to settle with the state for violating the fish law.

Fishing is no good here thus far. We are having rain every day and the brooks and rivers are bank full, all the time.

H. H. Clark, East Angus, Quebec.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

AS TO 25 CALIBRE RIFLES.

Abilene, Tex.

Editor RECREATION: Replying to query from J. M. Miller, in September RECREATION; I believe the 25-36 Marlin one of the best cheap guns made, and prefer it to the 25-35 Winchester, though that is also a good gun. My remarks on reloading will apply to either gun. Both will use high or low pressure smokeless or black powders, but with the latter require frequent cleaning.

The shells are hard to clean after using black powder, but I find low pressure smokeless as accurate as black, and it does not foul shells or gun. My only objection to smokeless is its high price.

Am reloading with Du Pont's No. 1 Smokeless, and cast bullets, with excellent results. In the factory cartridge, the bullet is metal patched, but the shells can be reloaded with smokeless or black powder, and cast bullets, if the bullets are properly made.

The twist in these guns is 1 in 12 inches. A more rapid twist will not shoot cast bullets accurately. Do not use a pure lead bullet. These guns require a hard bullet, not softer than 1 part tin to 10 of lead. If softer they will strip.

I consider the Ideal No. 6 reloading tool, the best in use; but it crimps too tightly over the bullet, if the shell is pushed to the shoulder. Increasing the crimp is equivalent to increasing the powder charge, and shells that have been reloaded several times are likely to burst if too tightly crimped. The 1 to 10 bullet is almost as accurate as the metal-cased, under 400 yards.

A friend of mine, on his first trip with a 25-36 Marlin, reloaded shells and cast bullets, killed 2 antelope at what was estimated to be 500 yards. He did not raise his rear sight, but making allowance for distance, by the elevation of his front sight, and aiming at top of shoulder, he hit one antelope in the shoulder, and the other in the neck.

For small game and short range shooting I use a light charge, and fill space between powder and bullet with cotton.

One advantage these guns have, over those of larger calibre, is their flat trajectory, making it unnecessary to calculate distances accurately. Their killing power is surprising, being far greater than that of a 32-40. With high pressure smokeless powder, and metal-cased bullets, they are accurate up to 1,000 yards.

If Mr. Miller buys a 25-36 Marlin, with Lyman combination rear, and ivory bead front sight, he will not regret it.

S. R. Cates.

REVOLVER CARTRIDGES.

Trumansburg, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: In the November RECREATION, Lindley D. Hubbell, asks information in regard to the 38-40 and 44-40 cartridge in the revolver.

While I am not an expert shot, I have had considerable experience with the 44-40 in a target revolver, and in my opinion it is inferior to the 44 Russian cartridges, in every respect.

The recoil is heavy, and the large powder charge fouls the barrel rapidly.

On a warm dry day this fouling is especially troublesome, and so adhesive that nothing short of a wire brush will remove it, and even then it takes considerable time.

I have used in this revolver, with fair results 40 grains of F F G Dupont's powder, and a 44 Russian bullet, of 255 grs. sized to .424.

These bullets were not lubricated, but a paraffin wad about $\frac{3}{32}$ of an inch in thickness was used over powder.

I fired 10 shots with this load, a few days ago, at 50 yards at an elliptical bulls-eye measuring 8 by 10 inches.

Nine of these shots were well in the bulls-eye, and the tenth very close.

The fouling from this charge was not worse, nor the recoil noticeably greater, than from the 44-40-200 cartridges; while the heavier bullet should be more effective on game. I received 2 cans of King's semi-smokeless F F G powder for use in my 44 Russian model revolver.

While I have not yet had an opportunity to give it a thorough trial, I think it will prove superior to black powder.

Its price is about the same, 50 cents a pound. The recoil is comparatively light for the charge used, 25 grs. measured in an Ideal flask. The report is a sharp crack, with less smoke and odor than given by black powder. The fouling is easily removed and apparently has no more injurious effect than ordinary black powder. I think about 28 grs. of this powder of the F F Fg size and a flat pointed bullet of say 250 grs. would prove a killer on game. The makers claim it gives a higher velocity and from 10 to 20 per cent. greater penetration than black powder. I cannot understand why they do not advertise this powder in RECREATION, so sportsmen may know of its good qualities and where to get it.

L. O. H.

16 BORE *VS.* 12 BORE.

I have had a great deal of experience with 10, 12 and 16 bore guns, and after considerable experimenting with each, have come to the conclusion that the 16 is not in it with a 12.

So far as I know, there is no powder, either black or smokeless, made to suit so small a bore as 16; and until there is, the 16 will not shoot as well as a 12 or a 10.

In a 12 gauge, and, especially in a 10 gauge, the surface of combustion is so great, that the powder is more rapid in ignition, and the charge leaves the muzzle quicker than in the smaller bore; therefore making a better gun for wing shooting, as you do not have to aim so far ahead.

I have owned two 16 gauge guns, a Parker and an Ithaca, both hammerless. But the results obtained did not encourage me in the use of small bores.

For use in cover, where snap-shooting is necessary, slow powders are a nuisance. In this kind of work, one has no time for careful calculation.

Then I began to experiment. Having long since discarded black powder, I got the quickest grade of wood powder—a smokeless powder not now made—and began to test it. At first, aside from the lack of recoil and smoke, it was about as bad as black powder. I reduced the charge to 2½ drams, and used 1 grain, by weight, of fine black powder as priming, in the best Winchester shell.

This made a load that was quick and reliable in every way. But having to buy loose ammunition and load my own shells, was, sometimes, inconvenient, especially when travelling. So at present, I am clinging to my old lever-action, 12 gauge, Winchester, as if not another one could be made.

W. A. Wright.

TEMPERING SPRINGS.

Tempering a gun-spring is a difficult matter, if one does not know a good way of doing it.

Get a piece of good spring steel and forge it to the required width and thickness. If it is to be curved or V shape, before bending, heat to a bright red, and with light blows of the hammer tap it all over, until smooth and black. Leave no hammer marks, as they will weaken the spring. The light tapping is very important as it forms a kind of skin, and toughens the steel.

Now heat to bright red and bend to shape required: in fitting use a file as little as possible.

Heat over a clear coke or charcoal fire, until the steel is a cherry red, and plunge in water. Polish with emery cloth, and with a piece of wire hold spring over the turned up flame of an oil lamp, or of lighted paper saturated with oil, until it is evenly covered with soot. Then hold 3 or 4 inches above a clear coke or charcoal fire until the soot is burned off; then plunge in water. This gives a good, sure spring temper.

J. B. W., Carson City, Nev.

HOW THE 25-35 WORKS.

I see in September Recreation that J. M. M. would like to hear from some one who has used the 25-35 Winchester, model '94.

I took a 6 weeks' outing last summer, through Yellowstone park and adjoining country. I had a 25-35 Winchester, and found it a most excellent gun for small game; being light, accurate, nicely balanced and the ammunition reasonable in price. We put in one day on Buffalo fork of Snake river.

About 3 miles from camp, we ran into a band of 50 elk.

One of our party had a 45-75 Winchester, he fired 3 shots at an elk, all taking effect in the animal's neck, but none going through. The 3d shot, however, broke the neck and the elk fell. This furnished all the meat we were in need of, and the other member of the party—who had a 303 Savage—and I, went in search of antlers. He found his inside of ½ mile and had no trouble bringing him down with his Savage.

The next morning I started for my antlers with my 25-35. I had gone about ¼ mile when I saw 5 elk, but no antlers to suit me.

I moved on down the canyon and heard an old bull elk whistle. He was coming my way, so I waited. I have had chills and fever in Michigan and mountain fever in the West, but I don't know what I had while I waited for that elk.

At last he came out in full view, about 150 yards from me. I fired and the elk ran. I know I fired because I found the empty shell afterward.

After dinner I took one of the boys down to show him where I had shot at the elk, and while we were looking over the ground for blood or hair, another large elk started down the same trail. We sat down and waited, and the elk came and stood facing us, about 100 yards distant. I aimed for the point of shoulder and fired. The elk ran 40 yards and fell, bleeding freely from nostrils and mouth. The ball had passed through the shoulder and lungs, and lodged in the other side. I have shot through a 7 inch dry red pine post, with this gun, at 50 yards. Have used several large guns but consider the 25-35 the best for all kinds of shooting. Use soft nosed bullets.

Parties desiring a pleasure or hunting trip next season, will find Lander the best starting and outfitting point in the West. Any questions cheerfully answered.

W. F. Chalmers, Lander, Wyo.

TARGET PRACTICE.

The first and most important requisites, are a good rifle, and ammunition. I prefer the Winchester, but it is a matter of taste.

In testing for accuracy, never clamp a gun in a vise. Kneel on right knee, and sitting on right heel, place left elbow on left knee; hold gun firmly to your shoulder, and press the trigger steadily. Keep gun well cleaned, and cartridges free from surplus grease. If there are scratches or dents on the bullets, burnish smooth with a piece of steel.

In long range shooting, study the wind. A head wind carries a bullet down, a back wind, up, and a cross wind, to right or left.

Just as the sun sets, on a still evening, you can see the course the ball takes, by watching the steam caused by its friction against the damp air. I discovered this by accident, and after a little experience, could call my shot every time. Try it, fellow sportsman, and be convinced.

H. N. M., New Orleans, La.

NOTES.

I have followed with interest the discussion of small bore rifles, and nitro powders, in Recreation. There appears to be a difference of opinion, as to whether the new high velocity rifle is the ideal sporting arm. None of the articles I have seen, made any reference to the length of life of these powerful weapons. The tremendous velocity of the steel covered projectile, must wear the rifling in a short time, and cause irregular shooting and reduced penetration. Who would think of shooting steel shot from a shot gun?

The new rifle is undoubtedly powerful, but is it not rather dangerous for sporting purposes, because of its long range and great penetration? The other qualities claimed for the nitro powders—less smoke, noise and recoil—are perhaps not such valuable attributes as they are considered. What sportsman would care to use a gun absolutely smokeless and noiseless? To me, it would be like hunting with a dog that never barked. Reader.

In reply to the query of R. C. G., Merriam Park, Minn. I beg to say I have used the 38-55 Marlin, both with black and smokeless powder cartridges, and if R. C. G. is intent on deer he needs nothing better. I lived in Merriam Park, and have more than a "bowing acquaintance" with the tricky and elusive deer of Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin. A 38-55 Marlin will take the conceit out of a big buck as quickly as a 45-90, if held right. It has all the range and penetration of the 45-90, and is good enough for any man. It has not quite the pulverizing power of the 45-90, but that is not needed on deer. The smokeless cartridges give greater range, and a flatter trajectory than black powder, and there is no smoke to obscure the vision. Used with the soft-nosed bullet the killing power is greatly increased; but sights should be readjusted. Otherwise R. C. G. will probably overshoot. Do not use the "jacketed" or metal patched bullet.

N. A. C., Toronto, Can.

Wishing to reblue an old revolver, I tried the method described in July Recreation. I powdered, dried and sifted some charcoal, put it in a pan, and imbedded in it the barrel and cylinder of the revolver. I then covered the pan, and put in on a stove, leaving it there about 10 minutes. On examination, I found the steel covered with pits and rusty. It was thoroughly cleaned and dry when placed in the charcoal. Can you point out any mistake I made in following the method?

J. J. Bowman, Lancaster, Pa.

The above letter was forwarded to the Marlin Arms Co., and they reply: "Bluing requires charcoal to be red hot, and the steel to be blued, must also become red hot. The process requires skill and constant attention; the work has to be looked after carefully while color is forming, and only with the best appliances, and after considerable experience, can good results be obtained. We advise those who have work worth rebluing, to send it to the manufacturer, or to someone making a business of such work. We doubt if any amateur will succeed in rebluing steel."

John McMillan, an old and experienced hunter and trapper of the Upper Skagit, has during my 8 years acquaintance with him, been a strong advocate of large calibre rifles, and until a year ago always used a 45-90. I have been using a 40-65 for the past 5 years, and 2 years ago, while hunting goats with "Mac," I had many arguments with him as to the relative merits of our guns. He could not believe the 45-90 was not the proper gun for big game. Imagine my surprise, when on visiting him last month, I found he had discarded his old gun for a 30-40 Winchester. He has been doing some wonderful execution with it, on big game, and praises it more highly than he did the 45-90. I believe it is the best gun for big game, that is, with the soft nose bullet, and I shall discard my 40-65 for one. My only objection to the '95 model is the hard trigger pull, and I have written to the Winchester people to find if that can be regulated.

I greatly admire the stand you have taken against the game and fish hogs, and hope your magazine will be the means of reducing the slaughter of game and fish, throughout this country.

J. S. Stangroom, New Whatcom, Wash.

H. P., Chicago, Ill. Your inquiry concerning the browning of Damascus gun-barrels, was referred to the Ithaca Gun Co.

They reply, in substance: To successfully brown Damascus steel requires technical knowledge and experience. The first step is to thoroughly cleanse, and polish the barrels. They are then treated to an acid bath twice each 24 hours, for from 4 to 6 days; the time required depending on atmospheric conditions. This is called "rusting," and brings out the pattern or figure of the metal. After each bath, the barrels are scratched bright with a metal scratch-card. The following is a formula sometimes used for the acid bath:

Tincture muriate of iron, 1 ounce; nitric ether, 1 ounce; sulphate of copper, 4 scruples; rain water, 1 pint. If the process is to be hurried, add 2 or 3 grains oxymuriate of mercury. When barrels are colored, place in lime-water to neutralize the acid; then rub well with iron-wire scratch-brush.

I notice H. F. Chase's letter in regard to the advanced prices of nitro powders. If it is a fact that the manufacturers of nitros can and do furnish the Government powder at 20 cents a pound, why should sportsmen be compelled to pay 2 or 3 times as much? Why we should be charged any more than they charge the Government, is a question I should like to have answered by some powder manufacturer. I hesitated long before giving up the use of black powder, but after a thorough trial of the nitro I found that in all respects, it was better than black. I shall use nitro as long as I own a gun and have enough money to buy it, but should like to see the price come down to a level with our bank accounts, at least.

John Sallman, Shelby, Ia.

Small steel articles—parts of firearms, etc.—may be blued by the following method. Remove all grease from the steel by washing with benzine, or rubbing with clean cotton waste. Put a peck of finely sifted, thoroughly dried wood-ashes, in an iron kettle. Bury the steel to be colored in the ashes, and place the kettle on a stove over a hot fire. Watch the progress of the coloring from time to time, by uncovering a small part of the steel. It will first turn yellow, then purple, then blue. When blue, take out and place in fine, dry wood-ashes, until cold.

By this method I have obtained a beautiful rich, dark blue, perfectly even in color over all the pieces in the ashes.

John W. Bowman, Lancaster, Pa.

I wish to thank Mr. Minsker, Mr. Peterson, and "16 Gauge," for their information as to 16 gauge guns, which was published in Recreation, in answer to my query in the August number.

I should like to ask these gentlemen what black powder loads they use, and if they found same satisfactory?

In answer to Sandpiper, Osage, Iowa, as to why the Colt people do not advertise in Recreation, would say the same question has puzzled me for a long time. They have been in business many years, and possibly do not try to compete with Marlins, Winchesters or other high grade arms. It seems the same may be said of Hopkins & Allen who seem afraid to advertise in competition with other gun makers. Many readers will remember the end of a firm who handled their goods, almost exclusively, and who refused to advertise in Recreation.

In my estimation Recreation is the best advertising medium there is, for guns and fishing tackle.

C. R. Wagner, Oak Park, Ill.

I see that Mr. H. F. Chase, of Amesbury, Mass., protests against the advance in price of nitro powder. I heartily indorse Mr. Chase's kick. I have been a great lover of these powders, but have quit the use of them. I can get black powder for 40 cents a pound that is good enough for me. Nitro powder costs no more to make now, than it did a year ago.

I. M. Gregory, Lansing, Mich.

Replying to R. B. B. who asks about Lyman sights; would say I have had considerable experience with both open, and Lyman sights, in hunting large game and at the target. Would advise him to remove his rear open sight, for good shooting. In deer-hunting at dusk, it is impossible to see any rear sight, and I always turn it down and use the bead alone, with fine results.

Adirondack.

Will some sportsman who has used patched bullets, cast in an Ideal cylindrical adjustable mould, in a 30-30 smokeless, Marlin or Winchester rifle, please tell me what effect such bullets have on game?

R. M. C., Unity, Pa.

Would like to know, through Recreation, what its readers have found to be the best load for a gun choked from a 10 gauge breech to a 12 gauge muzzle, using black powder.

J. H. Haxby, Jacksonville, Ill.

An Australian Mosquito-Proof Tent for 10, 15 or 25 subscriptions to Recreation—according to size of tent. Send for circular. This tent is light, compact, waterproof and *insect-proof.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

WOLVES, DOGS AND CATS.

W. B. PARSONS, M.D.

In June Recreation I noticed a communication from Mr. E. S. Thompson, regarding the habit of wolves' rolling in carrion, and his suggestion that it is probably done to conceal their individual smell, to the end that animals and birds, upon which they prey, may not detect their dangerous proximity. While this hypothesis seems plausible, it is not quite satisfactory. Dogs, almost universally, are addicted to the same filthy habit. They, however, are closely related to wolves and no doubt both are descendants from a common ancestry.

I have seen many dogs, of different breeds, and have owned several, that were veritable nuisances because of this habit. One of mine was a collie, smart and industrious, but this was his failing and there were few regrets when he was stolen by some " Kansas or bust " movers.

Another was a fice—a wide-awake, frisky pet—nice and clean in other respects but whenever he ran across any carrion he at once proceeded to perfume himself. Then he would act as though he knew he had done something mean.

On such occasions he was given plenty of " cold shoulder " and denied access to the house. Still he did not profit by experience, for he invariably repeated the dose at every opportunity.

Certainly these dogs could not have intended to cover up their smell, for they were not, and never had been, dependent on their own exertions for a living. I can only account for their actions on the theory of heredity.

There are other habits of the dog which, to say the least, are peculiar and which are doubtless of the same origin. One is turning around and around, on a few straws or leaves, before lying down. As there is nothing in sight to make a bed this is no doubt another habit inherited from wild ancestors.

Another is, pawing and scratching just after defecating, often on a solid surface where there's nothing movable, in order to cover up the fæces. Cats are more successful, in this line. Probably nature has made an attempt to instil into these so-called unreasoning animals, the laws of sanitation, and it is not stretching the imagination to suppose that the great armies of Bible times took the hint from their dumb companions, and acted upon it, by equipping themselves with paddles for the same purpose.

Another strange habit of the dog is consuming time in hunting for a satisfactory object to urinate on. Any object that has previously been used as a " target " always receives the preference and the cause is a mystery.

Still another interesting habit of the dog is that of secreting food, usually bones, when he has had enough to eat. A hole is scratched in the ground and the bone covered with dirt. I have known dogs to have several such caches, in different places, at the same time.

Here is a remarkable incident. When I was a boy, our family had a female cat which was better cared for than many children are. We little folks were very much elated, one morning, to find her in the cradle with 6 kittens. She was allowed to retain her quarters, and all went well for about 2 weeks, when, on returning from breakfast, we found every kitten dead and horribly mutilated. The mother of the kittens was not there, which was quite unusual, as she had kept constant guard over her little ones, not allowing a dog or a cat to come near, without a fight. It being warm weather all the doors had been left open, and no noise had been heard. Our first impression was that the kittens had beeen killed by some person, but this seemed improbable. Little more was thought of the matter till several months after, when I caught an old Tom cat in the act of biting and killing kittens. This cleared up the mystery.

On telling this to the neighbors several of them recalled having heard of or seen just such capers of Tom cats. No satisfactory explanation of the motive for the slaughter was ever offered. The only possible reason was that the Tom cat desired the company of the mother, and the only way it could be had was to destroy the objects of her care.

To any one who has a penchant in that direction the many curious doings of animals, birds, reptiles and insects are a source of never-ending entertainment. It is not uncommon for a sow to eat her own pigs. We cannot say why, when done deliberately, but when done under excitement, as when great harm to them is feared, we can assign the same motive a human mother has in killing her offspring to prevent their falling into the hands of savages, as has been often done.

WHERE ARE THE WILD PIGEONS?

Caraccas, Venezuela.

Editor Recreation:

In reply to your query as to American passenger pigeons in Central America:

I have sent home for skins of the pigeons which are found in Northeastern Nicaragua and Honduras. They will help answer your questions, while gratifying a desire I have often felt to look into this subject.

I have never seen, or heard of, flocks of pigeons, of any kind, in Central America. This is not evidence that such flocks do not exist there; for while I have repeatedly ridden from side to side and end to end of the republic of Honduras, and have traversed Nicaragua from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, and from the Southernmost limit to its Northern boundary, there are large areas in each of those republics which I have not seen. Of Guatamala, Salvador and Costa Rica I have seen but little.

I may add that while I have spent weeks in tramping and in riding, on mule or in canoe, through the forests and pine clad opens, over grassy prairies and along rivers and lagoons, I have never seen nor heard of birds of any kind which eat grain being found in flocks.

In those republics wood doves or ring doves are found. They are of sizes from that of a Baltimore oriole to that of a passenger pigeon ¾ grown. They are always in pairs, and seldom if ever seen in flocks. They make most affectionate pets, and are easily domesticated, as are, indeed, many of the birds which we do not think of as tameable—the egrets, for example.

In those countries are no large forests of oaks, beeches or of other trees to furnish food in considerable quantities for pigeons; nor is there wheat, barley, oats or rye. Even of rice there is little grown. Rubber trees yield seeds on which the pavos, or turkeys, feed; but rubber trees are few and far between. There are many seed bearing plants from which pigeons might get food, but they are rarely found together in such numbers as would support large flocks of birds. These facts would tend to lead such birds to go in pairs, or in small numbers.

E. W. Perry.

THE DOPING HABIT.

Oakmont, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: I know nothing about "doping" of wild carnivora, and cannot remember seeing a cat or dog practise so nasty a trick; but surely it cannot be that animals, wild or tame, practise this to "break scent." That would involve a much higher degree of mentality that I am willing to concede any animal, but most of all, it would certainly be ineffective. All accounts of good man-tracking hounds mention that no "scent breakers," garlic, onions, etc., give the hounds serious trouble. Further, I have known foxhounds pick up a fox trail, just after a fight with a skunk had resulted in their stinking so horribly as to be unendurable, and there have been many accounts in our sportsmen's papers of dogs pointing game when directly to leeward of some decomposing animal. Surely the mere smell of carrion could not break the scent for a fairly decent trailer, when the essence of skunk has not the least effect. The fact seems to be that the distinctions and differences in scents, are in kind, not in degree. My valued friend "Coquina" told me some years since of a lady who could distinguish different persons by their smell quite as accurately as any hound can, and this is a common ability of those of the deaf-blind, who possess a keen sense of smell.

Our inimitable "Uncle Dick" once made a bet with the owner of an exceedingly ferocious dog, that he could go into the yard guarded by the dog, and it would run from him. Dick mashed up a handful of red peppers, wrapped them up in a cheese cloth, which he put at the end of a stick, and when the dog rushed at him, shoved the stick at his face. The dog grabbed it—and immediately had business elsewhere. Then Dick played double or quits, betting that he could go into that yard and the dog would follow him out of it, peaceably. Dick went home, saturated the legs of his breeches with the oestrum odor and went into the yard, and although the dog was a bit shy for awhile, it finally followed him out, and great was the fall of that dog in the eyes of the urchins! Between peppers and certain odors a protection could always be had from him, and his owner's garden, cherry trees, and grape vines were thereafter at the boys' mercy.

W. Wade.

I see in the October RECREATION some accounts of wolves and dogs rolling in carrion, etc.

I think it is done more to drive away fleas and the like, than anything else, because if there is anything that a flea abhors, it is something that has the odor or appearance of death. Everyone who has shot rabbits has seen the fleas leave them before they were done kicking.

We don't try to vie with Missouri, but if people think they can get ahead of us in the matter of raising porkers of the genus homo they must get up and hustle.

There are many people here who hound deer all summer, not making any bones about it, because there seems to be no one who cares whether we have any deer next year or not.

John Johnson, Merrill, Wis.

I have been quite interested in the theories as to why wolves, dogs, and foxes dope; for foxes also dope. I killed one last fall that was covered as badly as any dog I ever saw. My theory is that they do it to gratify their love for filth.

H. M. B., Gaylordsville, Conn.

YES, RABBITS DO SWIM.

I was much interested in the article in October RECREATION, by Mr. McCurdy, of Fresno, Cal., on the ability of rabbits to swim. It brought to mind an incident that happened under my observation some 20 years ago.

While boating one afternoon, on one of the bayous of the Mississippi, we noticed a small animal swimming, some distance ahead of the boat, that we thought was a muskrat. On coming nearer, what was our surprise to find that it was a common cotton tail. We could not determine whether the rabbit took to the water of its own choice, or was forced to do so by some predatory fox. We took bunny aboard; and landed him on the shore, where he quickly disappeared in the bushes.

Another incident, which occurred in the same locality, shows the ingenuity which birds of prey exhibit, when necessary, to catch their game. It was before the ice was out of the river, though there were numerous open places of varying extent. In one of these was a mallard duck, which had been winged by some hunter. A bald eagle espied the duck, and pounced upon him with the speed of an arrow, but the duck was alert, and dove in time to escape the cruel talons. The eagle swept on and upward and circling again launched himself at the quarry; but again the mallard escaped by diving.

The eagle apparently became convinced that he must use his brains as well as his swiftness and strength. So, flying to the shore he alighted on a water elm overlooking the field of action. He spent 5 or 10 minutes in perfecting his plan of campaign, and then circling about he darted with the speed of a meteor at his prey. The mallard as before disappeared in the icy water; but the eagle, instead of passing along, remained hovering in the air, over the place where the duck went down. When the shining green head reappeared the fierce talons closed on it, and the tragedy had been enacted.

Dr. S. O. Arnold, St. Paul, Minn.

A GOOD DAY FOR SNAKES.

I take much pleasure in reading your magazine, and although some might think it strange, I first read the letters from your many correspondents, because, as a rule, they are true, full of facts, and I always learn something. I raised a litter of terrier pups this season, and when about 6 weeks old, let them into the yard for exercise and noticed them all, one after another "doping." On examination, I found them rolling on a bit of rabbit skin, that had been there all winter; so you see it is instinct, and nothing learned by experience or otherwise.

One day last week N. B. Fuller, of this place, killed 21 milk adder snakes at one stroke of a shovel. This sounds a little snaky, but 20 of them were in the mother snake's stomach, where they are frequently carried for safety. They were 4 to 5 inches long.

I. T. Monroe, North Livermore, Me.

MEMBERS OF THE AUDUBON SOCIETY DON'T WEAR THEM.

I am naturally sweet-tempered, but the self-laudatory address of the Audubon Society, in September RECREATION, stirred my bile. "Doing excellent work for the protection of birds" are they? "It is to laugh." There never was a time when bird-skin trimmings were in greater demand, or more generally used, than now. Every fashion paper is printing instructions in home taxidermy for decorative and millinery purposes. The ladies have such tender hearts. They are dear creatures, and I love them all, but am not banking on their consistency. One lately reproved me for shooting a hawk. "How could you kill the pretty thing," she said, looking reproachfully at me from under a hat covered with fragments of a dozen birds. If the sale of bird skins is ever stopped, it will not be by any ladies auxiliary committee.

G. A. M., Pleasantville, N. Y.

Nevertheless the Audubon Society is doing excellent work, and deserves the active support of all bird lovers.—EDITOR.

A beautiful specimen of the great blue heron was discovered by my wife, early in October, at Winthrop Beach, Mass., while strolling with her hostess, Mrs. Arthur Young. One of the bird's legs was broken and it could not escape, but, true to its instincts, it aimed a savage blow with its beak at one of Mrs. Young's eyes, striking fortunately on the bony framework just above that organ. The heron was killed and presented to the Natural History Society, at whose rooms on Copley Square, Boston, it may now be seen.

The bird's beak was 6½ inches long, neck circumference 4½ inches, girth of body 19 inches, length from beak to tip of tail 3½ feet, from tip to tip of wings 6 feet.

Edward W. Wild, Keene, N. H.

NOTES.

To the discussion whether rabbits can swim, I would add the following: In the summer of '96, I was one day fishing in the Pompton river. Opposite me was a sand bar, extending far out in the river, which was, at this point, about 75 feet wide. Looking across, I saw an animal swimming, that proved to be a rabbit.

It came ashore about 10 feet from me and lay down in the sun. I stepped toward it, and a friend, who was with me, advanced from the other side. The rabbit, becoming frightened, jumped over my head, striking the water 8 or 10 feet from shore, and was soon on the other side, none the worse for its swim. Its first trip over the river, was, as far as I could tell, entirely voluntary.

E. Guenther, M.D., Newark, N. J.

Lt. Col. Young, who, for a year past, has been stationed in the Yellowstone National Park, has been promoted to be Colonel of the 3d Cavalry and has joined his regiment. This leaves a vacancy in the office of Superintendent of the park. Many people who know Col. Young, and who have visited the park during the past season, will regret this. He has been a most efficient officer, in that capacity, and has proven a terror to poachers and pot hunters who hang about the park.

It is said Col. Young will be succeeded, at Ft. Yellowstone, by Lt. Col. Morris, of the 4th Cavalry, and it is earnestly hoped the new Superintendent will deal with poachers as peremptorily and as severely as Col. Young has done.

Sergt. Wm. Van Buskirk, who, since his discharge from the Army, has been employed as a scout in the Yellowstone Park, recently brought in to the National "Zoo" Park, at Washington, 3 buffaloes from the Allard herd, in the Flathead Valley, Mont. These animals were delivered to the Zoo on November 2d.

Sergt. Van Buskirk also brought in 2 wild geese, 8 pelicans and a number of smaller birds, for the Zoo.

Your report of the taxidermist having set up the moose with the right antler on the left side, and the left on the right, reminds me that the forefeet of the alligator are wonderfully like the human hands. In fact when taken off they would almost pass for those of a picaninny. I wonder how many people have ever noticed that the right hand is on the left arm and *vice versa*.

Selden, Fort Slocum, N. Y.

I notice in RECREATION many suggestions as to why coyotes, wolves and dogs roll in carrion. It is probably done to rid themselves of fleas. Any strong, pungent, disagreeable odor will drive off fleas, and the odor of carrion is as good as any.

Harry M. Church, New Bedford, Mass.

I have succeeded in obtaining 5 moose for Litchfield Park. They have been there a month and are doing well. I am in the market for more. Would buy 10 or 15, if prices are not too high.

E. H. Litchfield, 59 Wall St., N. Y.

The suggestion of a Union City, Pa., correspondent, regarding the establishment of a department in ornithology, is a good one.

The editor's concurrence in the idea is to me the best forecast for its ultimate success. Jno. Boyd, Toronto, Can.

I am now offering a $750 upright piano for 200 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION, at $1 each. Here is an excellent opportunity for some energetic woman to get a high grade piano for a few days' work. In any city of 5,000 inhabitants, or more, a club of this size can be enrolled in a week. Write for particulars.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

What else can you give a man for a Holiday present that will give him so much pleasure, at so small a cost, as a yearly subscription to RECREATION?

The banner which you so kindly presented our Gun Club came some days ago, and I thank you on behalf of the club. I assure you the banner is appreciated by all the members of RECREATION Gun Club, and it will always be displayed on shooting days.

F. H. Campbell, Sec., Lexington, Va.

Accept my thanks for the New Haven double hammerless gun sent me as a premium for 25 subscribers to RECREATION. I have tried it and it gives perfect satisfaction in every way. It is far beyond my expectations, and I recommend it to anyone wishing to get a good gun for a small amount of work. It took me but a few days to get up the club.

C. B. Vick, Seaboard, N. C.

TEACHER—Can you tell me, Johnny, which travels faster, heat or cold?

JOHNNY—Heat, of course. Anybody kin ketch cold.

—New York "Herald."

With pleasure I acknowledge receipt of the 30-30 Marlin rifle, just received, for the last club of subscriptions I sent you. It is a handsome rifle and I have been doubly repaid for my time.

The Marlin people were exceedingly prompt and careful in shipping it. This, with the Premo A camera you gave me for a former club, makes me a fine outfit for the woods.

J. W. Stuchell, P. O. Dept., Denver, Col.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 2 YEARS AND 11 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1897.
January	$379	$723	**$2,146**
February	256	693	**2,127**
March	300	1,049	**2,215**
April	342	645	**1,921**
May	292	902	**1,596**
June	307	770	**1,402**
July	345	563	**1,101**
August	306	601	**1,906**
September	498	951	**2,223**
October	438	969	**2,586**
November	586	1,054	**2,440**
December	652	1,853	
	$4,671	$10,773	

The pace is well maintained. November, '97 is 100 per cent. better than November, '96. Look out for December report.

TWO FRAUDS.

I have just learned that N. C. Foster, who formerly conducted a taxidermist shop at Ann Arbor, Mich., and who advertised in Recreation, is a swindler. He sneaked out of that town with a lot of heads, skins and other specimens that had been intrusted to him, by different people, for mounting. He also spirited away some hundreds of dollars' worth of goods which he had bought on credit. These goods were shipped from Ann Arbor to Detroit, but where they may have gone from there, I have been unable to learn.

Of course, if I had known this man was dishonest, I would never have carried his ad. I inquired as to his standing, when his ad was submitted, and was informed, on what I considered good authority, that he was all right. I never carry an ad for any man unless I have good reason to believe him honest.

Foster is of medium height, rather heavily built, dark complexion and eyes, sandy mustache and black hair. He kept himself clean shaved while in Ann Arbor. His eyes are shifty, and he is not fond of looking one in the face. He dressed rather poorly. My informant thinks he had a mole on right cheek, but is not positive as to this.

I learn this man bought goods of various kinds, wherever he could get credit, and that he slipped them all out of Ann Arbor clandestinely. He bought, from a firm in Deadwood, South Dakota, a large stock of Indian work, including buck skin clothing, cowboy saddles, bridles, hats and various other goods. He will no doubt attempt to sell these goods; or may already have done so, somewhere in the U. S., and readers of Recreation are requested to look out for him. If he can be identified anywhere, report him to me at once, and to the post-office inspectors, Gen. Post-office, New York City, who have the case in hand and are watching for him. In fact, if the case should be reported to your local postmaster, or to the police, they would doubtless arrest and hold him until proof could be furnished. "Foster" is undoubtedly a fictitious name, and wherever this man has gone, he has probably assumed some other name.

Geo. Rœssler, who for some weeks past has been travelling through New York and Pennsylvania, taking subscriptions to Recreation and representing himself as an authorized agent of this magazine, is another impostor. Judging from reports received from various points, he must have taken at least 100 subscriptions; but has never sent a dollar to this office. I wish all readers of Recreation would keep a lookout for him, and, if found, have him arrested, at once, and telegraph me.

He is described as being either a German or a Jew; rather thick set, with short neck, full face, florid complexion, a light brown ragged mustache and abundant dark brown hair, somewhat curly. He is said to dress well; to make a respectable appearance and to be gentlemanly and business like in his methods. He speaks with a decided German accent. He is about 5 feet 8 inches high and weighs about 175 pounds. One of his victims describes him as being dressed in a light suit of clothes, light overcoat and dark derby hat. He sails under several aliases.

He tells the people that Recreation has been changed into a semi-monthly; that 2 handsome pictures, of hunting scenes, will be sent each subscriber, and gives each a receipt, on a blank made with a rubber stamp, which he has supplied.

I should delight in an opportunity of interviewing this young man.

February Recreation will contain a thrilling story by Lt. C. B. Hardin, descriptive of his personal experiences in the fight with the Modoc Indians, in the lava beds. In the same issue will appear a beautifully illustrated story by C. C. Maring; also the 6th installment of Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's story of Elkland; an account of a deer hunt at Round Lake, by Seaver A. Miller; "Canadian Fishing," by John Boyd; "A Fox Hunt on Mt. Kearsarge," by E. C. Derby, etc.

The usual fund of information as to

where to go for game and game fishes; on guns and ammunition, bicycling, photography, natural history, etc., will be found in this issue.

With the December number of Recreation, its circulation reached the 50,000 mark, as predicted at the beginning of last year. I have now set my stakes at 100,000, and intend to reach that point on or before December, '98. To do this I shall need the earnest co-operation of all my readers, in future as in the past; but this I can confidently rely on.

I am having a great many requests, from readers, to issue Recreation semi-monthly, and to double the price of it. Others request that I double the price and double the size of the magazine. When you have a good thing it is natural to want plenty of it, and I desire to give my readers as much Recreation as possible. I hope to increase the size of the magazine, to some extent, before the end of this year; but can only do that when the advertising receipts grow to such a point as to meet the printer's bill. My readers can materially aid me in solving this important problem. If you wish to see the magazine increase in size and interest, use your influence to induce advertisers, who are using other magazines or other sportsmen's periodicals, to use Recreation also.

I have no intention of ever increasing the price of Recreation. It is possible to make it much larger and better than it is, at the same price, if a large enough circulation can be reached and if a large enough advertising patronage can be secured. My printer's bill is now in excess of $3,000 a month. It costs me more than $1 to print and deliver the magazine to each yearly subscriber. The advertising receipts should pay the difference and should also pay a profit. Let us see what can be done during '98 to make the magazine pay its way. So far as profit is concerned, I do not expect this, for many years to come. I intend to put back into the magazine every dollar it earns. I have no desire to make a fortune out of it. My main object in printing it, is to do good with it and to give sportsmen the greatest periodical ever published, in their interests. Shall I have your help?

Recreation will be in its old corner at the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden, January 13th—22d, and will be glad to meet as many of its friends as can make it convenient to call there. The indications are that the Show this year will be fully up to the standard of those of previous years, and everyone, so far as I know, who has attended the others, has been entirely satisfied with his investment therein.

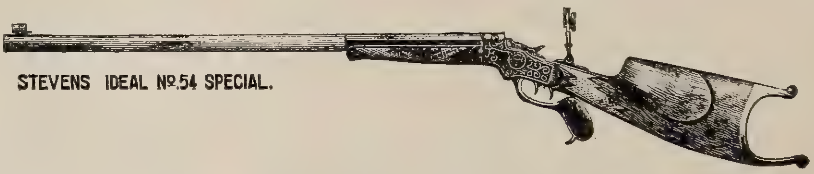
I am with you on the figure question. Men who dare express their convictions, especially if they conflict with old ideas, always have a set of barkers at their heels; but you are right and have introduced a much needed reform, which many will thank you for, in days to come.

L. W. Walker, Pasadena, Cal.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

STEVENS SCHUETZEN SPECIAL RIFLE.

This model was designed to meet all the requirements of riflemen who want the best, regardless of cost. No expense has been spared to attain this object. The best points of the most approved models have been adopted, making this the most complete rifle ever made, for the style of shooting in vogue among the German riflemen. Every rifle is carefully tested, from a machine rest; and a 10-shot, 3¾ inch group guaranteed at 200 yards, when using the 32-40 or 38-55 cartridges.



STEVENS IDEAL No.54 SPECIAL.

The barrel is half octagon; stock and fore-end extra fancy walnut checked; finely modelled cheek-piece, lever of special design, heavy Swiss butt-plate, embossed frame, double set triggers.

The muzzle sight is a hood attached to a fixed base, with interchangeable disks. The wind-gauge movement is secured on the Vernier by a sliding bar with screw attachment.

Made for the .32-40 and .38-55 cartridges, with extra barrels to order for the .25-20, .25-21, .25 rim-fire, .22 Long Rifle and .22 short cartridges. Weight 12 to 14 pounds. This rifle will be supplied with palm rest and false muzzle.

WHERE TO OUTFIT FOR ALASKA.

In your October number you tell your readers how to outfit for Alaska, and among other things tell them they would do best to purchase their outfits at Tacoma or Seattle.

In justice to our city, our business men and to those intending to go to Alaska, in the spring, permit me to inform you that you have neglected to mention a very important city in the Northwest, and one which offers more advantages to parties going to Alaska than any other city on the Pacific coast.

Portland, Ore., the metropolis of the Northwest, offers every advantage to the gold seeker. Our population is twice that of Tacoma or Seattle, and consequently we have a good many more business houses, in every line.

Complete outfits can be bought here as cheaply as in any other city in the United States. I except nothing. Wearing apparel, boots and shoes, food, boats, sledges, pack saddles, in fact anything necessary to complete an outfit. We have a steamship line running direct to Dyea every 16 days, and in the spring shall have one, if not 2 new lines.

E. S. Morgan, Portland, Ore.

CALIFORNIA PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURIST EXCURSIONS.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has inaugurated a through tourist car service to California and Colorado points, leaving Philadelphia and points in Pennsylvania and New York State every Wednesday. The route of this tourist car has been selected through the most picturesque regions of America, including such beauty spots as Niagara Falls, the St. Clair Tunnel, over the Great Rock Island Route, through the Royal Gorge, the Grand Canon, over the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City, along the shores of the Great Lake, to Ogden, and over the Sierra Nevadas to the principal cities of sunny California—Sacramento, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego.

For particulars as to time of trains, rates, etc., inquire of ticket agents, or address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lehigh Valley R.R., Philadelphia, Pa.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

A few months ago I decided to increase my supply of reading matter, and so wrote for sample copies of a dozen or more sportsmen's periodicals, including RECREATION. In looking them over the picture on the cover of August RECREATION, "A fresh Supply of Venison," caught my eye and caused me to drop everything else. After reading that copy of RECREATION I was simply jubilant, for I knew I had at last found what I had long been looking for, a real sportsman's magazine, edited and managed by a true and experienced sportsman. I at once subscribed for RECREATION and shall take it as long as it is kept at its present high standard.

I should like to exchange amateur photographs, eggs, arrow heads, etc., with some of the readers of RECREATION.

E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

All sportsmen know the value of a good boat, and are interested in the latest developments of the makers. Everyone who visits the Fourth Annual Sportsman's Exposition in Madison Square Garden, January 13th to 22d, will find lots to interest in the exhibition of punts, boats, yachts, and vapor launches. It will be the most extensive display ever brought together at one time in New York, or in fact in any place. From the cheaper models to the expensive ones, that run into thousands of dollars, will be shown. The sight of these alone will be worth a visit.

The Southern Ry. Co. puts out a pamphlet giving detailed information as to the prospects for quail shooting in the territory along its line, during the present winter. There are separate reports from almost every station on the line of that road, signed by the local agents. This enables a prospective tourist to correspond direct with the agents of the road and get exactly the information he may be in want of. A copy of the pamphlet can be had by addressing Alex. A. Thweatt, E.P.A., 271 Broadway, New York.

The pilot boat "Thos. S. Negus," having on board Capt. McClure, John Schaffer, Arthur Boyle and Chas. Carleton, of New Haven, and John Adams, of Fordham Heights, N. Y., John E. Melville, Meriden, and John Beck, of Tyler City, Conn., Porter Rhodes, West Haven, and John Perry, San Francisco, sailed from New Haven November 3d for the Klondike. The entire party was outfitted with Johnson Sleeping Bags, Squires' Siberian Moose Shoes, and with Fur Clothing from the sporting goods establishment of Henry C. Squires & Son, 20 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. This is only one of several such expeditions that have been outfitted by Squires & Son.

I am glad to see the advertisement of Ellwood E. Huebner, of Detroit, Mich., in RECREATION. Mr. Huebner is a practical furrier; he has made for me, robes, rugs and ladies' garments, from raw furs. His work is first class and his prices reasonable. I make this statement unsolicited, for the benefit of sportsmen who have furs and who want them made into useful articles.

Geo. Hayden, Jacksonville, Ill.

The Overman Wheel Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., is sending out its desk pad calendar for '98. You can get one for 4 2 cent stamps.

A FRIGHTFUL HEADER.

ORRIN D. BARTLETT.

Only those who live or have camped at great altitudes, among the grand old mountains, can appreciate the inspiring beauty of a summer morning in the Susquehanna hills.

Such a morning was selected by my friend and me for our memorable trip to a neighboring town, several miles down the valley.

The village for which we were destined is on the Eastern bank of the river, as is also Wyalusing, the historic borough from whence we journeyed.

In order to reach Laceyville, we were obliged to traverse a rough, mountainous road, crooked, stony, and intersected by numerous small ditches, made to prevent the heavy rains from cutting channels in the road. These drains, however, had failed of their purpose, judging from the condition in which we found the road.

The fragrant morning air and the bright sunshine cheered our hearts as we mounted our wheels and sped away, with the enthusiasm of young Indians.

Past green meadows, shady groves, and by swiftly speeding brooks, we flew, that rippled and played in the sunlight as if they too felt the delicious contagion of the glorious morning. On and on we sped, vieing with each other in friendly rivalry of strength, until many miles were covered and we had reached the foot of Browntown mountain, where a long, tedious walk confronted us. Here we leaned our steeds against a rail fence and asked the owner of the old house if we might trouble him for a drink of water, when out trotted a flaxen haired, barefoot girl, with a tin dipper filled with sparkling, almost ice-cold water, from a spring that flowed from the base of a large rock.

After a 15 minute rest, we set out to climb the mountain. Only 2 wheelmen, to our knowledge, had ever claimed to have ridden up this grade, and as there existed a strong but unacknowledged rivalry between them and us, we determined to make a desperate effort to ride to the top; and so, mounting once more we followed the winding mountain path toward the summit, occasionally stopping for a breath.

Our hearts were beating like trip-hammers, from the terrible exertion; but with dogged determination and an immense expenditure of muscular force we finally landed at the top of the long hill. Then we dropped on a grassy mound, which was as welcome as a feather bed to a sleepy boy. Here we gave our aching limbs and winded lungs an opportunity to recover their wonted vigor. Then we remounted and bowled along through the picturesque farming country, on the tableland, drinking in the beauties of rural life, until we began the descent of the mountain.

Here we started out on a hot brush. Away we sped like the wind, alternately gaining or losing on each other. Our innate love of competition was fully awakened, and we scarcely thought of the danger we incurred. The narrow mountain road gave hardly room for 2 wagons to pass, and was becoming steeper at every turn.

Looking down the precipitous mountain side, at our right, we could see the river and the rail road nearly a mile below; while on the upper side a deep ditch ran parallel with the road bed.

Hotter and hotter became the pace. I was in the lead, glorying in the thought of having my chum behind.

Lying flat on my machine and keeping a sharp outlook for stones and ditches (for I knew what it would mean to strike an obstruction while going at that terrific speed) I glanced along an unusually smooth stretch of road and saw a sight that made my heart stop dead still with a painful thump. My teeth snapped together like a steel trap; for only a few feet ahead, squarely in my course was a deep hole, cut by repeated plunges of heavily loaded wheels. It could not be seen until so close that escape was impossible.

Stiffening every muscle for the inevitable shock, and fully expecting to be dashed into the abyss below, there first came a quick dropping sensation; then a violent lifting jolt and I seemed to be flying in the air. In fact I was flying; for, as I afterward learned, my wheel made a jump of over 16 feet, before again touching the ground.

As it struck the road again, still right side up, something appeared at my left shoulder and the next instant our 2 machines crashed together with terrific force. Amid a smashing, grinding, snapping noise, and a cloud of dust, we slid 30 or 40 feet, and gradually came to a stop.

We were twisted and locked together like Siamese twins. My arm was around the Professor's neck, and my leg through his rear wheel. He was wound up in both machines in such a way that it took several minutes to pull him out.

A sharp sting here and there admonished us of several cuts and bruises and of several patches of missing epidermis.

After extricating ourselves from our bent and broken steeds, which were so badly twisted together that we had to unscrew some of the nuts, in order to separate them, we both stepped back, folded out arms and with blanched faces surveyed the wreck of our pets. We cared little for our own cuts and bruises, and neither spoke a word, for some seconds. Then my friend broke the silence by remarking that "that was a corker"; in which opinion I fully concurred.

After picking up our hats, tools and other debris and repairing our machines so we could trundle them—we limped down to Laceyville, about 3 miles distant, where we crated our wheels and shipped them to the makers. Hereafter, when tempted to scorch down a mountain road we will get off and walk.

THE RACER'S PRAYER.

I. N. GREENE.

Forward, roll forward, oh wheel in your flight,
Make me a scorcher, please, just out of sight;
Faster than "Zimmy" who's speed I adore,
Swifter than all who win races galore.
Smooth from my pathway each puncturous snare,
So that the wind will stay safely in there,
And tho' my path be both rugged and steep,
Help me, oh wheel, to keep, help me to keep,
Help me to come out ahead of the heap.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES.

Even in this changeable climate of New England there are many days, and even weeks, during winter, when cycle rides are not only possible but pleasureable, if the rider be properly clad and mounted.

By the latter I mean that you should be on a wheel whose maker has a conscience; so that your life may be reasonably safe; that the tires should be of first class make, and not inflated too hard; for hard tires, on frozen and rutty roads, make a terrible combination against the nerves.

For winter riding I cannot get too much spring under my saddle. For this reason I continue the use of the old Kirkpatrick hammock that was, I think, made by Garford, many years ago. The average modern saddle bangs and kicks the rider, on a rough road, so that there is no comfort in riding; and produces more "frenzied expressions" than are pleasant to see.

The several wheels used at "Brookhouse" never know what it means to be laid up for the winter. They are always ready for the daily run to town, to the studio, or, the drop-frame ones, on shopping and calling trips. When warmly clad some of our most delightful rides have been taken on a hard, frozen road, during the winter months; for it is then we most need out-door exercise. The rider not only feels better for the ride, but he saves time and car fare, and breathes no coal gas, with which the average railway car seems heated.

As you, dear Novice, acquire experience and age you will incline toward lower gears, having learned that high speed is not all the pleasure or profit there is in cycling, and that "the boiled-lobster face and petered-out condition" at the end of a ride, do not conduce to long life and happiness.

My friend J. P. Tafft, of Stamford, Ct., in speaking of RECREATION, commended the Editor's scorching of game swine, and expressed great satisfaction with the magazine, as a whole.

Several of our sportsmen go in strong for Ice Yachting, on the Cove, near Stamford. Among the leaders in this sport is Harry Webb.

It is a dashing pastime, that attracts great crowds, and calls for a lot of nerve—and photographs.

Stam.

A-WHEELING.

ALMA PENDEXTER HAYDEN.

When days are cool and fields are sweet,
The dearest girl I often meet;
The charm of youth beams from her face,
And on the bike she's full of grace,
As a-wheeling, off we go.

This dainty girl is rather shy,
In vain I try to keep close by;
Swift as a bird she darts ahead,
Or lags behind my pace instead,
As a-wheeling, off we go.

Returning when the sun is low,
And western hills are all a-glow,
One glance from out her love-lit eyes—
The road leads on to Paradise!
As a-wheeling, home we go.

So hard to take her back to town!
My Spanish castles tumble down—
I wonder shall I ever dare
Ask her my road of life to share,
As a-wheeling, home we go?

Boston Transcript.

Editor RECREATION: The L. A. W. Bulletin, of October 22d, has several formulas for ascertaining the gear and speed of bicycles.

Numbers II., III. and IV. are interesting, but are not so accurate as they might be. I wish to refer particularly to IV., as December RECREATION has a similar one. The RECREATION formula is very nearly right, but a slight change should be made. My correction is based on an average that the Veeder M'f'g Co. has found to give the best results.

Let the number of teeth, in forward sprocket, be represented by T; and in rear sprocket by t. Then the Bulletin formula, as corrected, can be written $\frac{T}{t} \times 4.8 =$ seconds in which the pedal revolutions equal the miles per hour the bicycle is moving.

The RECREATION formula, as corrected, would be:

$$\frac{\text{Gear}}{5.821} = \text{Seconds, etc.}$$

Below is a list of gears, with the corresponding number of seconds,

Gear.	Seconds.
63	10.8
66½	11.4
70	12.0
73½	12.6
77	13.2
80½	13.8
84	14.4

W., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary got a little bike,
When to that length she'd gone,
She likewise wed, that she might have
A man to hold her on.
—Detroit Tribune.

Yes, Mary got her bike,
And the man to hold her on;
He also held her up,
And now her money's gone.

The guarantee problem is one that at present concerns the cycle manufacturer scarcely less than the styles in or prices of next year's wheels. Some manufacturers are in favor of abolishing the guarantee entirely, while others favor the shortening of the guarantee term to 6 or 3 months, and the cycle board of trade has finally decided on a 60 days limit.

The old town pump, where we met of yore,
Is lonesome and out of date.
For the new town pump at the cycle store
Is catching the crowds, of late.

The L. A. W. Consulate desires to call the attention of all wheelmen to the fact that the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has a standing offer of a reward of $25 for the arrest and conviction of any person who throws glass, nails or pieces of metal on the public streets.

The Brooklyn Heights Railway Company is considering the advisability of carrying bicycles on its trolley cars. M. H. Kennedy, the passenger agent of the company, has a plan to place bicycles hangers on the front and rear dashboards, for this purpose.

"What did that man want?" asked the druggist.

"A pint of whiskey," said the new clerk, who was on trial for a week.

"Did he have a prescription?"

"No."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I wrote one for him."

"Consider yourself permanently engaged."—New York "Herald."

Some makers propose to place 2 rear sprockets on their chain wheels next year, one on each side of the hub. To provide a change in gear the rear wheel may be removed and reversed.

"Did you read about that thief who stole a bicycle and left a baby in its place?"

"Gracious—no. I wish some man would sneak in here, take this baby, and leave me a bicycle."

One of the leading manufacturers will fit his '98 models with an improved chain gear which he claims will obviate the difficulties at present experienced with chains.

Bradford, Mass., has foot pumps fastened to the sidewalks, at every corner, for the free use of cyclists. "Wind while you wait," would be a good sign to put over each pump.

Buffalo wants the L. A. W. championship meet, for 1899, and President Field, of the Buffalo Athletic Club, has subscribed $5,000 toward getting it.

The advance catalogues of many of the larger manufacturers give the price of '98 model chain wheels, of the first grade, at $75, and of the second grade at $50.

The bicycle is as popular here as at home, and American wheels are the favorites among the Germans.

H. J. Burkhard, Munich, Bavaria.

The cycle track recently built at Detroit, at an expense of $8,000, has proven a financial failure, and is now on the market.

I have received the Ithaca hammerless gun you sent me for the club of subscribers, and am much pleased with it. Have tested it and find it gives good pattern and penetration.

Sam. T. Pearson, Rutland, Vt.

A Grand Upright Piano, listed at $750, for 200 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION 1897–98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.

Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newtown, Mass.

Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

AS TO CHANGES IN RACING RULES.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: If there be any change needed in the constitution of the A. C. A., it is to provide for the formation of a permanent committee, to have control of the racing regulations in much the same manner as the board of governors control the association finances.

It has been the custom of the outgoing regatta committee to recommend, to the executive of the Association, that certain changes be made in the racing regulations; and for members to publish proposed amendments in the association's official organ. These proposed amendments then come before the executive committee for action at its annual meeting, when there is so much business to be transacted, in its one day's sitting, that the matters relating to changes of the racing rules, or to the constitution or by-laws, are left for attention at the last moment, only to meet the fate which awaited them last year, when there was a large mass of conflicting proposals to be acted upon in a short space of time, and this by some 20 men, selected, not in consequence of a knowledge of the requirements of racing, but because of their fitness to generally represent their respective divisions.

The result of this method of procedure has been a demand for many changes, each year. Last year the committee unknowingly changed the old-time maximum limit of beam, for the sailing canoe, while intending to change only the minimum beam of the paddling canoe. This result was entirely unlooked for and undesirable.

A permanent racing board, as suggested, should be composed of one representative from each of the 4 divisions of the association, each elected for a term of 4 years, except for the first terms which would be one, 2, 3 and 4 years, respectively. The members of this committee should be racing experts. They should carefully consider the racing regulations as a whole, and submit to the executive committee, from time to time, such changes as a careful consideration of the matter would lead them to deem advisable, after having published the proposed changes as now provided for. The executive committee could then either adopt or reject the proposals as submitted. Appeals from the ruling of the regatta committee would also come before them for final decision, which would result in a great saving of time at the annual meeting of the executive committee, and insure the prompt settlement of such appeals.

This plan, if carried out, would fill a long felt want and would undoubtedly stimulate the interest in racing, through a stability in the rules and regulations which cannot now be depended upon for any length of time.

The proposed programme for the 1898 Meet, considered as a whole, is far from satisfactory. The double blade paddling men are at a loss to know why this committee has dropped the tandem paddling event, for decked canoes, which not only has the merit of being an exceptionally good race, but has also been well filled during the past. It is to be hoped that it will be on the completed programme, as it has much in its favor, and seems to promote club entries. The argument in favor of the tandem single blade event should hold equally well for the decked canoe. If the total number of events is to be reduced, either the swimming race, tail end race, or the tournament might better be spared.

The open canoe has one sailing and one combined event. There seems no good reason for making a change in the distance of the combined event, from one mile to 1½ miles. It is the intention of the committee to have this event around the triangular 1½ mile course, 2 sides of which may be covered under either sail or paddle;

but which for the mile and which for the half has yet to be decided. Half a mile is enough for the paddle and half a mile is enough for the sail; nothing can be gained by the proposed change of favoring either one or the other. It would be better to leave the race as it was last year; but if a change must be made just for the sake of a change, then put a buoy midway between the buoys of the second leg, and let sail be either lowered or hoisted there.

In the sailing race for open canoes, event No. 14, it is proposed to permit the compromise type of canoe, the one with the addition of partial decks and high combing, to enter. It is to be hoped that the committee will not adhere to this ruling, as it is thoroughly unjust to the owners of the open canoe proper, who probably outnumber those of the half decked craft, 10 to one. It cannot be doubted that the half decked canoes, with their high combing, will have a decided advantage in sail carrying power, and as they are so few in number, they might better be barred altogether, or else given a special race.

Two good events are promised in the Hurry-Scurry, and in the Relay race, which latter appears for the first time, and in which the Regatta Committee again discourages the use of the decked canoe. There is no good reason why a man should not have a choice of boats, as he has of paddles. To make the most of this event the men must have a free choice of boats, as many clubs may not have 3 open canoes in camp. In the tail end race a limit of inches should be made for the position of the crew; otherwise canoes with long end decks will be in demand.

The Committee still adheres to the unpopular turn in the paddling races, to which so much objection has been found. If one or 2 paddlers were on the committee, a change to a straightaway course would be quickly made.

Lincoln B. Palmer.

The thanks of the Regatta Committee are tendered Mr. Palmer, who has so pertinently criticised the proposed schedule of events. Mr. Palmer probably voices the opinions of many members of the A. C. A. The committee desires opinions and suggestions from others, on various points. The committee is the servant of the members in all matters relating to racing, and will do things in the way most desirable to the majority of proposing contestants. Some changes will undoubtedly be made in the schedule. Never before, that I am aware of, has opportunity been offered to the members to criticise and suggest points in the programme before its publication in the Year Book, and now that the chance is offered, should the racing men (and "stuffs") fail to take advantage of it, no blame can attach to the Regatta Committee if the programme, as finally adopted, is not satisfactory to all.

The Chairman will be glad to receive any communications, and the sooner they are received the better he will be pleased.

All criticisms and suggestions, with the replies thereto, will be published in the official organ, in the near future.

P. F. Hogan, Chairman,
243 Pearl St., New York.

RACE CALENDAR.

The following schedule of races to be held at the A. C. A. meet of 1898, is respectfully submitted by the Regatta Committee. Subject to change if found desirable.

REGATTA PROGRAMME.

Stave Island,

August 5th to 19th, 1898.

Races for decked Sailing Canoes:

Maximum Length, 16 feet
" Beam, 30½ inches
" Draft, 11 inches
" Sail Area, 130 square feet.
See Rule No. 1 of Racing Regulations.

Event No.

1. Record Combined paddling and sailing, ½ mile alternately, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours.
2. Record Paddling, ½ mile with turn.
3. Record Sailing 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours. The same rig and seat will be used as in event 1.
   The Record races are prescribed by rule 5 Racing regulations. In addition to the Record prizes, a first and a second prize will be given for each race.
4. Trial Sailing (see rule 5) 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. The contestants in Trophy race are selected from this race. First and Second prize.
5. Novice Sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to September 1, 1897. First and Second prize.
6. Trophy Sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. First and Second prize.
7. Dolphin Trophy Sailing, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Trophy race will not compete.
8. One man paddling, ½ mile with turn. Decked Sailing Canoes. First prize.

DIVISION RACES.

These races will be sailed during the first week of the camp, provided they have not been sailed at Division Meets. Special rules will be posted on Bulletin board.

9. Atlantic Division Trophy Sailing.
10. Central Division Trophy Sailing.
11. Eastern Division Trophy Sailing.
12. Northern Division Trophy Sailing.

Races for Open Canoes Under Rule 1.

	For one and 2 men.	For 4 men.	For War Canoes.
Maximum Length	16 feet.	20 feet	30 feet.
Minimum Beam	29½ inches	29½ inches	36 inches.
" Depth	10 inches	12 inches	17 inches.
" Weight	50 lbs.	70 lbs.	120 lbs.
Maximum Crew.			9 men.

One and 2 men canoes weighing less than 50 pounds may make up a deficiency of not more than 5 pounds, by ballast.

War Canoe limitations do not apply to canoes built before October 1, 1897.

Event No.

13. Combined paddling and sailing, ½ mile alternately; 1½ miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Single blades. First and Second prizes.

Event
No.

14. Sailing 1½ miles; time limit, 1½ hours. First and Second prizes.

    In Events No. 13 and 14 the sail area is limited to 40 square feet. No rudder, or seat which projects beyond the gunwales allowed. One pair of detachable Lee-boards may be used.

    These races are arranged for the encouragement of those members who have open canoes for general use. The Regatta Committee reserve the right to rule out any canoe which in its judgment has been built with the idea of developing these canoes into racing machines. The same canoe and sail will be used in both events.
15. Trophy paddling. One man, one mile straightaway. First and Second prize in addition to Trophy.
16. One man, single blades. ½ mile with turn. First prize.
17. Two men, single blades. ½ mile with turn. Two first prizes.
18. Four men (Club or Division), single blades. ½ mile with turn. One First prize.
19. War Canoes, ½ mile with turn. First and Second prize.
20. Relay race (Club or Division) in one man open canoes, single or double blades at individual option. Three men from each club or division will compete. Course around regular sailing triangle. The starters paddle to and turn the first buoy, when they will pass some article to the second men, who will paddle to and around the second buoy, passing to third men, who finish. Three first prizes.
21. Tail end race. Single blades. Paddlers must kneel in extreme stern, facing astern and paddle stern first with the wind.
22. One lady paddling, single blades. ¼ mile straightaway. First prize.
23. Two ladies paddling, single blades. ¼ mile straightaway. Two first prizes.
24. Upset paddling, paddles optional. First prize.
25. Hurry Scurry, paddle optional. First prize. This race will probably vary from the usual run, swim and paddle.
26. Tournament. Two first prizes.
27. Swimming 100 yards. First and Second prizes.

The Regatta Committee will be glad to have suggestions tending to the improvement of this schedule.

R. Apollonis,
C. Howard Williams,
Percy F. Hogan, Chairman, } Committee.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Thrift Burnside, Deer Park, Toronto, member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.
Mr. Samuel Raynor, Yonkers, N. Y.
Mr. Arthur M. Reese, New York.
John B. May, 272 Centre St., Newton, Mass., of Wawbewawa Canoe Ass'n.
John Robson, Fells, Mass.
Edward Denham, Union St., New Bedford, Mass., Island Canoe Club.
Mr. Ernest G. Budington, Cranford, N. J.
Stedman Smith, 87 Milk St., Boston, Dedham Boat Club.
David Foster, 63 Maple St., West Roxbury, Mass., Dedham Boat Club.
Mr. Hobart D. Hewitt, 209 Penn St., Burlington, N. J.

BROOKLYN CANOE CLUB, NEW YORK.

OFFICERS FOR 1898:

Commodore: Henry M. Dater.
Vice-Commodore: Morton V. Brokaw.
Purser: Jos. F. Eastmond, 68 Broad St., N. Y.
Measurer: Walter N. Stanley.

Boat House, foot 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

13th Annual Dinner of the Club, January 12, 1898.

Club Totem, Alligator.

Club Colors, Red, White and Blue.

A. C. A. COMMITTEES FOR 1897-1898.

Camp Site:

H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.
Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.
F. S. Thorne, Chairman.

Transportation:

William E. Barlow, Chairman, Sing Sing, N. Y.
Chas. V. Winne, Albany, N. Y.
Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto, Canada.

Regatta:

P. F. Hogan, Chairman, 243 Pearl St., N. Y.
Raymond Apollonis, Winchester, Mass.
C. Howard Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Signal Officer:

Harry M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y.

Assistant:

W. J. English, Peterborough, Canada.

Committee on Literature:

Atlantic Division: H. H. Smythe, 3 So. William St., New York City.
Central Division: T. G. Mather, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division: F. J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.
Northern Division: E. B. Edwards, Peterborough, Canada.

OFFICE OF THE REGATTA COMMITTEE, A. C. A.
243 Pearl Street, New York.

In so far as it is possible for any base ball umpires, or Regatta Committee, whatsoever, to have any opinions of their own, on any subject (they being selected on account of their absolute lack of intelligence), it is the opinion of this Regatta Committee that many members of the A. C. A. have absented themselves from the meets because, wanting to race, they were debarred by the expense, time and physique necessary to possess, equip and handle the modern racing canoe, and by the impossibility of competing against that creation (which in the opinion of the aforesaid R. C. is of no use, whatever) with the older "general purpose" canoes.

Those members who were at the 1897 Meet will remember that several men brought to camp open canoes, equipped with one sail, and a pair of lee-boards, of handy design; that an interesting race was sailed which aroused the dormant energy, and fired the sluggish blood of a lot of "has-beens." The lee-board outfits were all strictly hand and home made, were very simple and at the same time effective. In this race the last man (being partially disabled) crossed the finishing line because the Regatta Committee had forgotten to take it in out of the wet, and it was in his way. He therefore won second prize.

Now the Regatta Committee proposes to arrange more races for this type of canoe, because there is lots of fun in such races, and there is, in such craft, something like a return to the old fashioned general purpose canoe, which in the opinion of the aforesaid R. C. is the proper caper, and which we can all own and handle.

Now why not get down your old Canvasback, or any other old open canoe you may have, or can steal, and stick any old sail and a pair of lee-boards on it, and bring it to the Meet, next summer?

There are mugs, and shields and a lot of other truck to be won. Why shouldn't you break down, come in last and win second prize?

If you have no lee-boards, and can't make them, get a pair from English, of Peterborough, Ont., or of some one else.

There will probably be races provided for these canoes, with limited and unlimited sail, but all will be restricted to *one* sail and the canoe to be steered with a paddle. No racing appliances of any kind will be allowed.

Do you think this is a good thing; or don't you? The Regatta Committee thinks it is a custard pie.

P. F. Hogan,
Chairman Reg. Com. A. C. A.

CANOE NOTES.

The Duquesne Canoe Club, was organized here recently, and bids fair to become a successful club. The members are all good canoe men, who take an active interest in canoe matters, and who enjoy paddling as well as the next man.

The waters hereabout are as good as you can find anywhere, under similar conditions. The rivers are not what they were when the Indian and the early settler, or even "the oldest inhabitant," sported on the bosom of the Allegheny, Monongahela and La Belle Riviere—the Ohio. Factories have polluted these streams, but such waters as we have we intend to use.

With what canoes we have, and those we intend to build, during the winter, by early spring our fleet will make a good showing. The sport is out of season now, but the interest is being kept alive. We are receiving no end of newspaper notices, and are before the people.

We hope to increase our membership, very materially, as well as the interest in the A. C. A. RECREATION is a most welcome visitor.

H. E. McLain, Pittsburg, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: One of the quasi-official emblems of the A. C. A. is a knotted rope, encircling the A. C. A. Burgee. Many years ago a die was made in which the rope was not knotted, but merely twisted; and year after year this absurdity is sent forth on official correspondence. Even on the stationery of the officials of '97 we find the same blunder. That which purports to be a square knot is not even a "granny" knot.

Even on the stationery of the Divisions we find the same mistake. True an exception was made in the handsome cover of the 1897 Yearbook. Again in the A. C. A. pins we find, knots, lover's knots and no knots at all; but few square knots.

Why can we not have the officials send out a correct emblem, and set an example to all others.

Throw the dies now in use in the sea, and spend $3 in making a correct one.

Square Knot.

Any member having good photos of camps, cruises, races, or anything of interest to canoeists, and who would like to have them published in the '98 Year Book, will please send them to me as early as possible.

Illustrations add greatly to the appearance and interest of a book. I am anxious to get the best selection and variety possible. I hope the members may take enough interest in this to assist me in getting up a handsome Year Book.

C. V. Schuyler,
Sec'y-Treas., 309 Sixth av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Atlantic Division will give a complimentary smoker to the members of the A. C. A. early in January. Due notice will be given as to the exact date and location, by circular letter. The object of this smoker is to gather canoeists together, and hear what is being done by the officers and committees, for the '98 meet. A pleasant evening is assured, and it is hoped the members from out of town will turn out in full force. Bring your friends with you.

Thomas Hale, Jr., V. C.
William M. Carpenter, Purser.

Members of the A. C. A. are requested to send to the Editor of the Official Organ notes and items of interest to Canoemen; also good photos of canoeing subjects, brief accounts of cruises, etc.

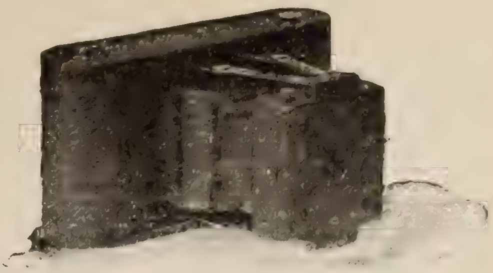
The 2 Bristol steel fishing rods, and, the 2 Yawman & Erbe automatic reels you sent me, as premiums for subscriptions, are as fine as anything on the market; and the Forehand hammerless shot gun is a beauty. It is a good hard shooting gun, and I advise any one in need of a good, reliable gun to give the Forehand a trial. Would suggest to all readers of RECREATION that they can secure valuable premiums with a little hustling. Try it.

S. B. Kauffman, Lima, O.

I received the Cyclone Camera you sent me, as a premium for 7 subscribers to RECREATION. Have subjected it to practical tests and it does the work in a most satisfactory manner. I am more than pleased with it, and thank you very much for this valuable present. I will say a good word for RECREATION whenever I can, for it is all right.

Charles L. Yeo, Battle Creek, Mich.

Folding



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The shutter is a marvel of simplicity. It is always set and snap shots are made by a simple downward pressure on the exposure lever; time exposures are made by touching another lever once to open and again to close the shutter. The shutter has a set of three stops and there are two finders, one for vertical and one for horizontal exposures.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECREATION'S THIRD ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 2 amateur photographic competitions, both of which have been eminently successful. A third will be held, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one will open January 1, '98, and close April 30, '98.

Following is the list of prizes as thus far arranged. Others may be added later:

FIRST PRIZE—A Folding Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $75.

SECOND PRIZE—$25 in cash.

THIRD PRIZE—A Cycle Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $22.50.

FOURTH PRIZE—An Adlake Camera, made by the Adams and Westake Co., Chicago, and valued at $12.

FIFTH PRIZE—An Amateur Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and valued at $10.

SIXTH PRIZE—A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., of Boston, and valued at $6.

SEVENTH PRIZE—1 Gross Blue Label photo print paper.

EIGHTH PRIZE—1 Gross Aristo Jr. photo print paper.

NINTH PRIZE—1 Gross Aristo Platino photo print paper, made by American Aristotype Company, Jamestown, N. Y.

The makers of the 15 next best pictures will each be awarded a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

The contest will close April 30, '98.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions:—Contestants must submit 2 mounted silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon prints, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture, to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

ANOTHER NEW COLOR PROCESS.

Amateur photographers who have experimented with various color screens, ray-filters and othrochromatic sensitizing solutions, to get true rendering of color values in the photographic negative, will, no doubt, be more than pleased to learn that Mr. Jos. T. Keiley, in the *Pictorial Photographer* for October, explains a new and simple process, by which not only color values but the actual shades, tints and colors of Nature can be faithfully reproduced.

According to his theory, all that is necessary is to immerse an ordinary plate in a 50 per cent. solution of the juice of any flower one may wish to photograph, and expose the plate on a similar flower; develop the plate, and lo! we have the exact colors of the flower.

In photographing a peacock, Mr. K. extracted a fluid from the subcutaneous tissue of a peacock, immersed a plate in this fluid, and claims to have reproduced, faithfully, its gorgeous colors!

All that is now necessary, in portrait photography in natural colors, is a supply of fluid from the subcutaneous tissue of human beings.

Of course it will have to be extracted from living subjects, as dead ones are usually somewhat deficient in color; but probably no reasonable sitter will object to supplying a few ounces of subcutaneous tissue juice, prior to a sitting.

Mr. K. says nothing in regard to the keeping qualities of this juice. If it keeps well, no doubt professional photographers will have on hand a supply of caucasian, negro and heathen chinee juice, for the different colored races; and many a man, who, to his annoyance, has carried around a highly colored nasal appendage for years, will now find it a veritable Klondyke of subcutaneous coloring matter for photographic purposes. Many a red headed girl will also be glad to have her golden tresses cooked, for a valuable consideration in hand paid, and the soup sold to her less fortunate sisters who wear bleached hair and who would like to have its true color value shown in their pictures.

Verily, the wonders of amateur photography are great.

H. D. L., Crown Point, N. Y.

RANDOM RIFFLES.

This is a good time of year for snap shots about town. Take out your 4 x 5 and get some winter views of the prettiest streets, parks and other spots, while shrouded in snow. They will be pleasant to look at next summer when the mercury is cavorting around in the 90s. Plates should not be too rapid; as distance is better rendered with f 16; and to my mind nothing comes up to good tripod work. Plates need not be developed at once, and don't be in a hurry when you do go at it.

Take a few pictures each day. Use Metol-Hydrochinon developer, and acid fixing bath. The plates may be allowed to soak over night, while the weather is cool. For a 4 x 5 plate a good soaking dish is a ½ gallon flaring stone crock. Fill it with water and place in it the plate, film side down, so the chemicals will drop to the bottom. A few washings in such a dish are worth many in a tray where the plate is placed face up.

How many of my fellow "graphers" have negatives, taken while they were learning, that were good in all respects?

Many thus taken are good in every quality save that they were over exposed, or over developed, thus making them print slowly and causing the prints to lack clearness. Now, during these long winter evenings, no more pleasant occupation can be found than taking these over exposed plates and treating them to a dose of reducing solution; or, if very much over exposed, to an intensifying solution. In this way we may yet get some good prints from them.

Many amateurs use the fixing bath too sparingly in handling solio paper, in separate baths. I take a gallon jug, put in it 13 ounces clear Hypo, 1 gallon water, ½ ounce hardener and allow it to stand over night, for ripening. No matter how small the batch I have to fix, I use a large, white wash-bowl and the whole gallon of fixing bath, handling the prints from bottom to top, rapidly, for full 20 minutes. I use this fixing bath over and over, until I have fixed nearly or quite a gross of cabinets or their equivalent. Keep the solution in the jug, and well corked.

"Combined bath" is a delusion and a snare and, to a struggling amateur, a constant source of regret. It is also harder to use than the separate bath. Try the latter once or twice, carefully following directions, and you will agree with me.

The amateur who has not the advantages of a city home, where he can enjoy the luxury of a well regulated camera club room, and the associations connected with it, should exchange prints with other amateurs, everywhere. "Swap" prints, methods, opinions and ideas. Write long letters and take good advice from your correspondents. You will learn more, during the winter, in this way than in almost any other. You may be a good operator, and may consider yourself almost perfect; but the first exchange you make may give you a pointer in the right direction, and may shatter some of your pet ideas.

What an interesting collection of prints you can have, in time! I enjoy pictures made by brother amateurs, if good and well chosen, as well as those I make myself. I would be pleased to hear from all amateurs who would like to exchange prints.

F. R. Archibald, Rock Creek, O.

In spite of every precaution, amateurs sometimes find their finger tips stained from pyro.

Instead of wearing the skin away by rubbing it on pumice stone (a method which I find several amateurs adopt), the stains may be got rid of in the following manner:—

Take 7 ounces of hot water, dissolve in it 1 ounce of hyposulphite of soda, and ¼ ounce of powdered alum; immerse the discolored members in this for about 5 minutes and the stains will disappear.

Bromide prints which are a trifle dark may be lightened and toned to a beautiful sepia at the same time, in the same bath, allowing them to remain in for half an hour.

R. A. [illegible], in "The Photographic News."

Karasek suggests the following method for stripping gelatine negatives: Bathe the plate 10 minutes in a 10 per cent. solution of formalin; dry, and heat gently. Then coat with a solution of gelatine made of—

Water	1250 parts
Gelatine	300 parts
Glycerine	35 parts

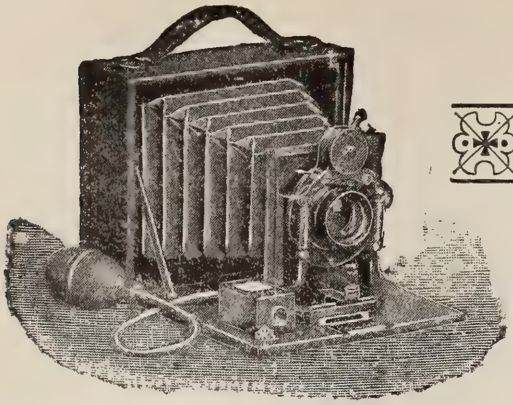
When dry, the negative should be bathed in a 5 per cent. solution of glycerine, the damp film cut round with a sharp knife, and then transferred to a sheet of glass which has been well cleaned with talc; then the edges bound down on the glass with gummed paper, and, when dry, it may be coated with enamel collodion, or negative varnish, and then stripped. Old negatives cannot be stripped by this method, but require soaking in dilute hydrofluoric acid.—British Journal of Photography.

To photograph machinery set your camera level. Use a small stop, in order to get good, sharp detail. Use a quick plate. If polished surfaces are too bright, give them a dark coat of paint or wipe them with a dirty piece of greasy waste. If you have not light enough use white cardboard as reflectors; but do not put it in view of the lens.

A. S. R.

In making up your list of Holiday presents put down a yearly subcription to Recreation, for each of your best friends.

Mr. L. T. Brodstone of Superior, Neb., will exchange unmounted prints with other amateur photographers.



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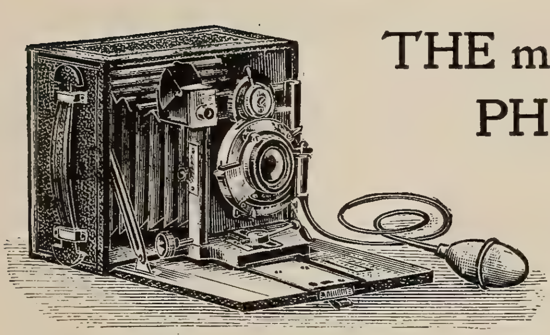

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I am delighted with the Yawman & Erbe automatic reel and the steel rod, sent me as premiums. The use of them both has made me enthusiastic over their merits. The automatic reel has become widely used in this state, but I do not think the rods are so well known. I have used my Bristol rod several times, and cannot speak too highly of it, and I have two split bamboo rods, too. It is beautifully made, the joints are perfection, and it will last a life-time. The first use I gave it was a 2¾ hours' trout fish on Lake Whatcom, and brought home 22 of as fine trout as an angler could wish to catch.

S. B. Irish, New Whatcom, Wash.

I must apologize for not sooner advising you of receipt of the wheel you sent me for 75 subscribers. After 2½ months of hard service it is in perfect condition, and my sister would not exchange it for any wheel on the market. I thank you for not only the wheel, but also for the pleasure I derive from reading each number of RECREATION, which is the best sportsmen's magazine published. I find no difficulty in obtaining subscribers. One reading of a sample copy is enough to convince any man that he cannot afford to do without it.

A. W. Woodell, Sydney, Cape Breton, N. S.

The Ithaca gun, which you gave me as a premium for 35 subscribers, was received in due time, and I have now used it 3 weeks. I would not take $100 for it; so you may know what I think of it. The gun is perfect in every respect, and for shooting qualities beats any gun I ever used; and I have owned a good many different guns, all the way from an old army musket to a $200 Greener. It don't seem possible that you can give away such premiums. It is no trouble at all to get up a club for RECREATION.

E. B. Stearns, Mitchell, Ill.

I received the Forehand Arms Co.'s hammerless gun in due season, for which please accept my sincere thanks. I have tried it on small game, both at short and long distances, and find it equal in pattern and penetration to the best guns owned here. It is also finely finished and fits me perfectly, and it would take $35 more than it cost me for anyone to own it except myself. Again thanking you for your liberality, I am J. E. Hutchinson, Laconia, N. Y.

I don't know what I would do without RECREATION. Please accept my sincere thanks for the valuable premium you sent me for the little work I did for RECREATION. I mean the Marlin repeater. It is a daisy. I have shot nearly all the different makes of rifles, but must say the 38-55 Marlin knocks them all out. It seems so nicely balanced that it don't make much difference whether the object is moving or still; I can get the ball there all the same.

L. C. Danner, Wormleysburg, Pa.

I wish to thank you again for the new Forehand gun you gave me as a premium. It is as good a gun as a man could wish for. I have just come home from a 4 days' shooting trip, and had the gun with me. I gave it a thorough trial and it is as hard a shooting gun as ever was made. I killed 12 ruffed grouse, 7 woodcock, and 4 gray squirrels, and from the way in which it killed the grouse, it will take a good gun to beat it.

John W. Ackerman, Fishkill, N. Y.

Mr. Packard and I have each received a No. II Bristol steel rod as a reward for sending you the necessary subscriptions to your most excellent magazine. We are more than pleased with the rods, and I have taken pleasure in showing them to a number of gentlemen who have been using bamboo rods. They all aver that a steel rod must hereafter be parcel and part of their outfits.

W. C. Shoemaker, Lima, O.

The Baby Wizard camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and sent me as a premium, arrived in due time, and I am very much pleased with it. For mountain photography, it is indeed an ideal camera.

Wm. Gebhardt, Salt Lake, Utah.

I thank you very much for the Forehand gun you sent me, and am well pleased with it. All the sportsmen say it is a good gun, and that RECREATION is a good book, and should be circulated in every town and city.

H. Barry, Bristol, Conn.

The Premo B. camera came to hand in due time. Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness. I consider this a present from you, as I certainly did not earn such a prize.

The camera is excellent. I have exposed 3 plates and have 3 nearly perfect negatives. Our professional photographer pronounces it a remarkable instrument.

T. P. Bowler, Fonda, N. Y.

I want to say, emphatically, that the Manhattan Optical Co.'s goods are what they claim for them, and that I got value received in the little 4x5 Baby Wizard, purchased from them. Next year I will try to do better than this. It takes a man one year, on a new hunting ground, to know how to handle it properly.

H. S. Garfield, M.D., Pendleton, Ore.

I have received the Davenport shot gun you sent me, for 15 subscriptions to RECREATION. I gave it a trial on targets and in the field. I put the whole charge of No. 7 shot in a 28-inch circle at 20 yards. In the field I loaded with 2½ drams black powder and one ounce of No. 7 shot, killed a wild duck at 65 yards. I don't think any gun could shoot any harder than this does. J. H. Ruth, Lancaster, Pa.

Through your kindness, I received the Premo camera, from the Rochester Optical Co., and am thoroughly satisfied with it, after a careful trial. Accept my sincere thanks for this beautiful present. It is well worth 10 times the work and trouble that it was to get it. This is a great town for the Premo, and for RECREATION.

Chas. H. Stearns, Mansfield, Mass.

I have neglected to acknowledge receipt of the Winchester repeating shot gun, which you so kindly gave me for a club of subscribers to RECREATION. Am more than pleased with it. It is a hard hitter, a close shooter, and a great improvement on the model '95, and all other repeaters.

H. C. Gardiner, Buffalo, N. Y.

Since you sent me the Marlin 30-30, for 28 subscribers to your magazine, there have been 6 Marlins sold here. None of them would have been bought except for RECREATION, and a look at my new Marlin. All those who bought rifles are subscribers to RECREATION.

W. W. Worthen, Manden, N. D.

I received the Syracuse gun you sent me, as premium for a club of subscribers, O. K. For good, hard shooting, it can't be beaten. It is a close shooting gun, at 40 yards. The left barrel put 328 No. 7 shot in a 30″ circle at 30 yards; the right 261. Please accept my sincere thanks.

C. O. Rogers, Albany, N. Y.

I received the Marlin rifle, as premium. It is a beauty. I killed a crow, at a distance of 198 measured yards, and completely dissected him. The Marlin has no equal as an arm. I am more than thankful to you for your kindness.

Cyrus Brown, Greenville, R. I.

The Kenwood bag, sent me as a premium for subscriptions, arrived promptly. I have now no occasion to sing, "Cease rude Boreas blustering railer." He can bluster and rail all he wishes, while I sleep as snug as a bug in a rug. L. Allen, No. Falmouth, Mass.

The beautiful and highly appreciated prize, the Syracuse Hammerless gun, arrived by express O. K. about the same time I received your letter. I am very much pleased with the gun; far better than I expected to be. I cannot praise it too strongly. D. D. Betts, Amherst, N. S.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the No. 2 Bullet camera, which you sent for a club of 15 subscribers. It is all one could ask, and it seems to me your liberality is unequalled by that of any publisher in the United States.

Wm. F. Short, Jr., Jacksonville, Ill.

The Davenport rifle, which you sent me as a premium for 10 subscribers, is a beauty. The longer I use it the better I like it, and every person who has shot with it is loud in his praise of its accuracy and power.

J. H. Couch, Springdale, Pa.

The Forehand revolver you sent me as premium for 10 subscribers to RECREATION, is all right. Many thanks for it E. B. Porter. Middleboro, Mass.

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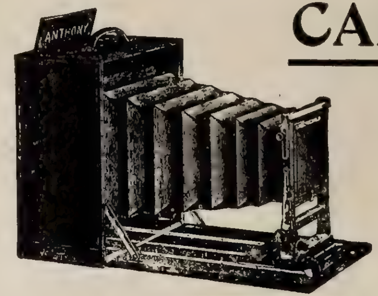

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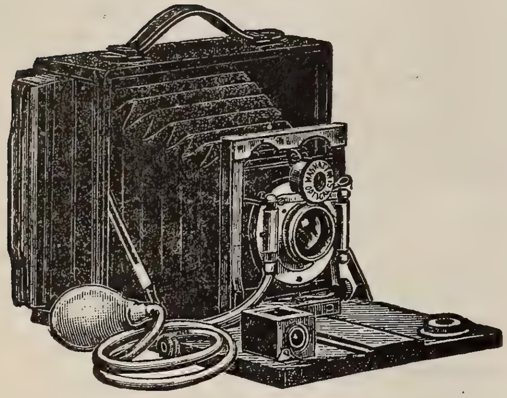

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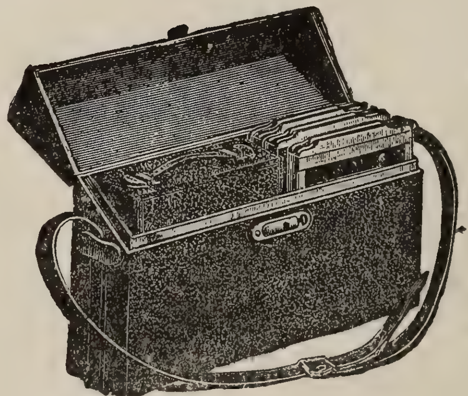

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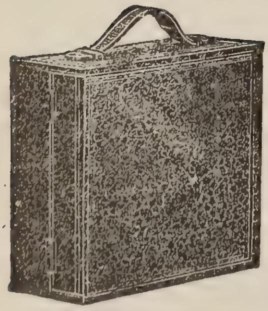

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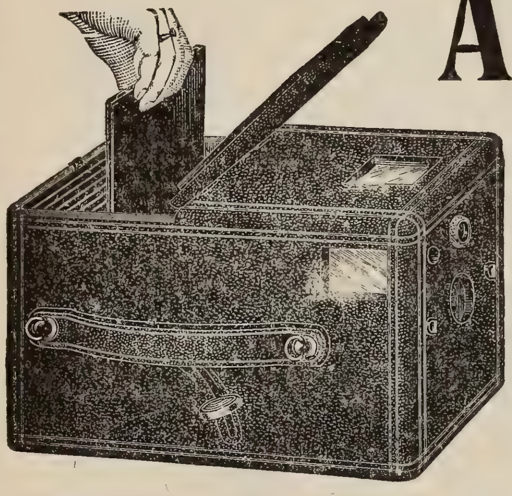

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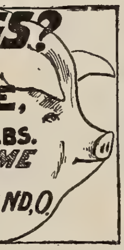

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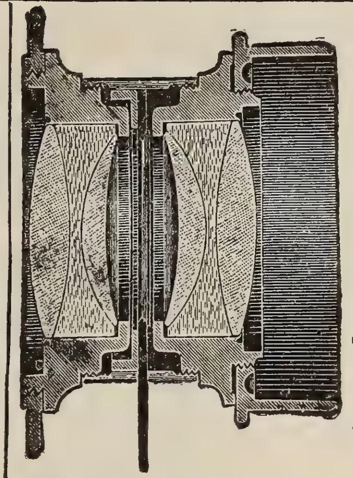

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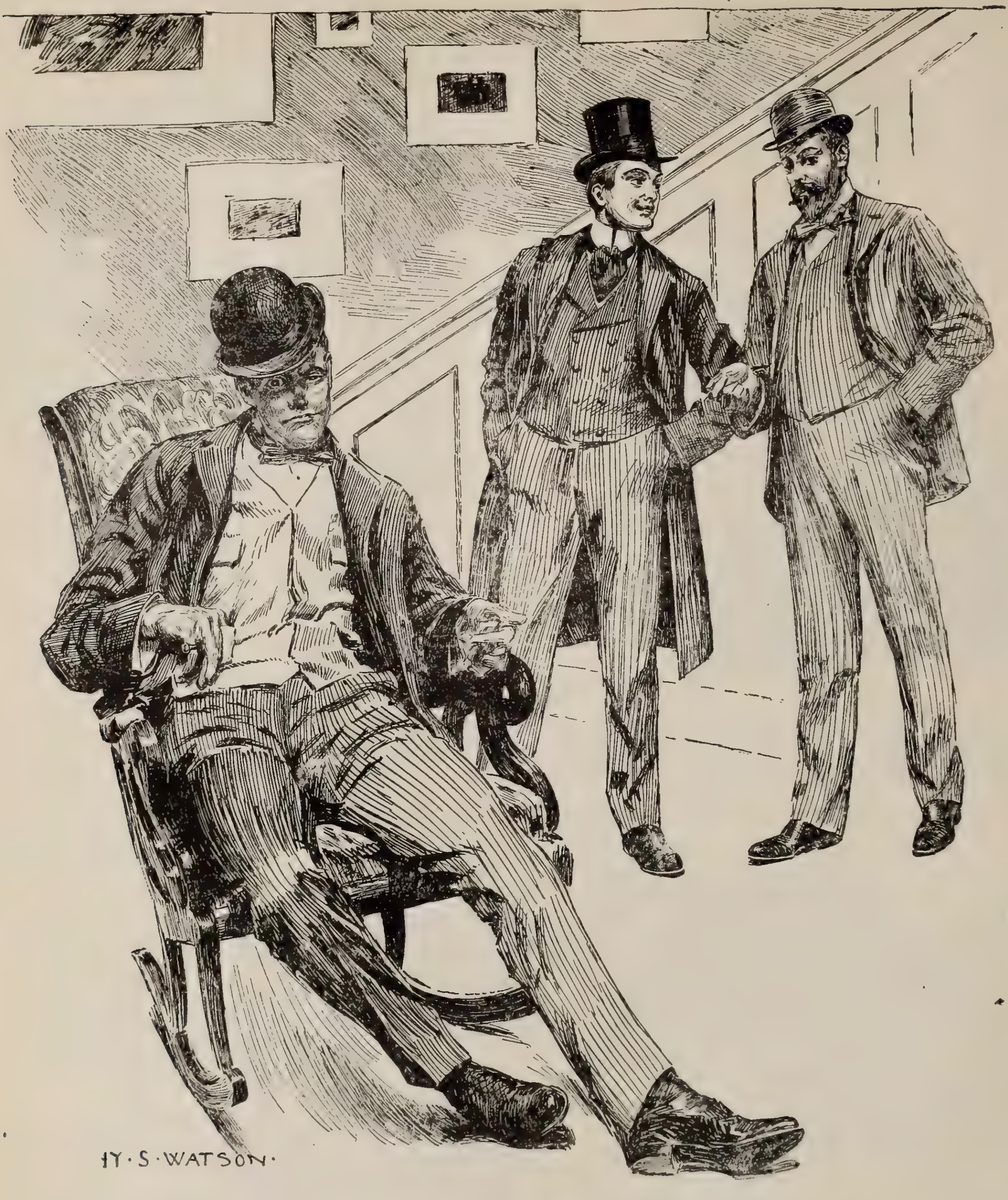

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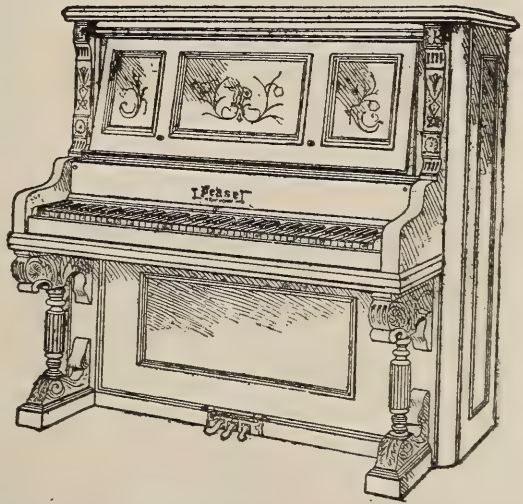

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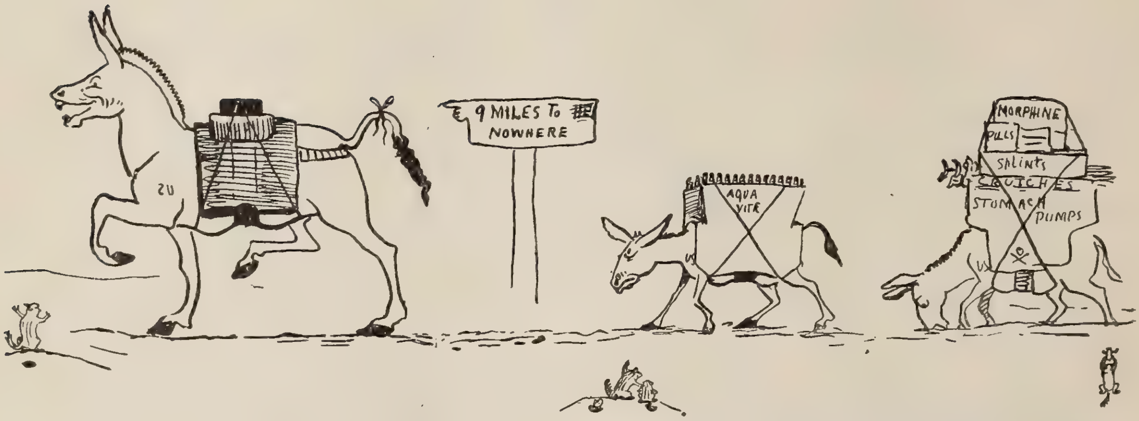

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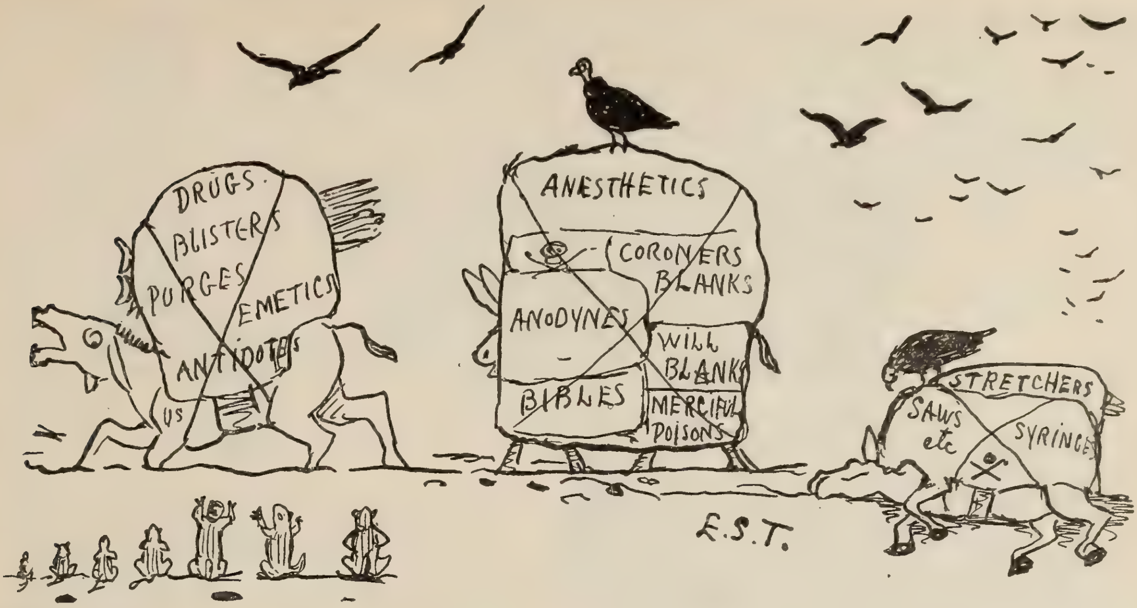
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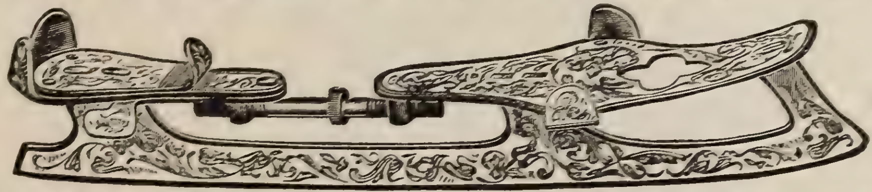

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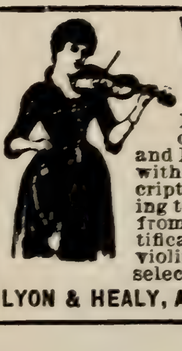

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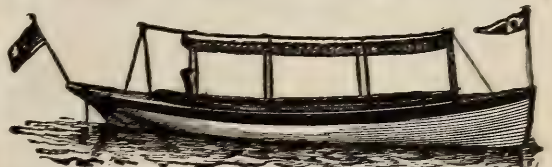

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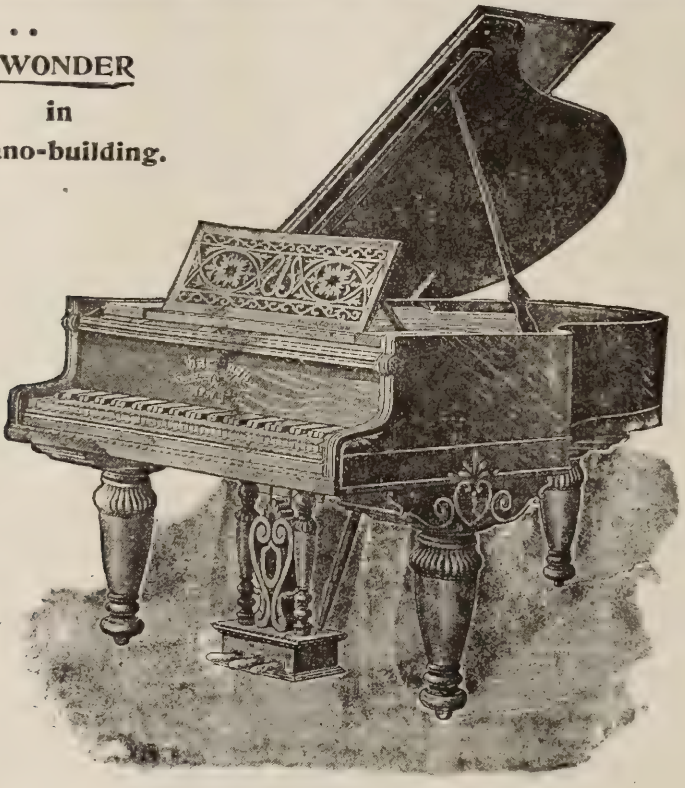

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For Sale: Bargain, valuable R. C. St. Bernard brood bitch. Vera F. *registered.* Also fine litter pups, 6 weeks old. Vera F. x Sir Monroe, best breeding in America.

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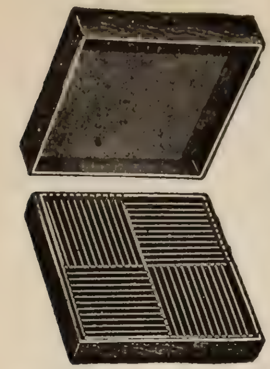

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All orders should be in before Dec. 15.

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Mr. T. W. Hickson, Bowling Green Building, N. Y.

Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to inform you that the New Zealand tent which I purchased for the Nicatous Club, and which was used in Maine last summer, was in every way satisfactory. It was considered, by the President of the Club, and others who camped in it with us, the most satisfactory tent they had ever used. The guides are enthusiastic in their praise of it.

Yours truly,
Marshal L. Bacon.

For Exchange: A fine St. Bernard dog, registered in the American Kennel Club of New York. He is worth $150. Will exchange for diamond of equal value. Age 18 months; 169 pounds.

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For Sale: Richards 16 gauge shot gun, in good shooting condition with loading tools and crimper; for $12. Will kill game with any gun.

Chas. J. Coughlin, Brocton, N. Y.

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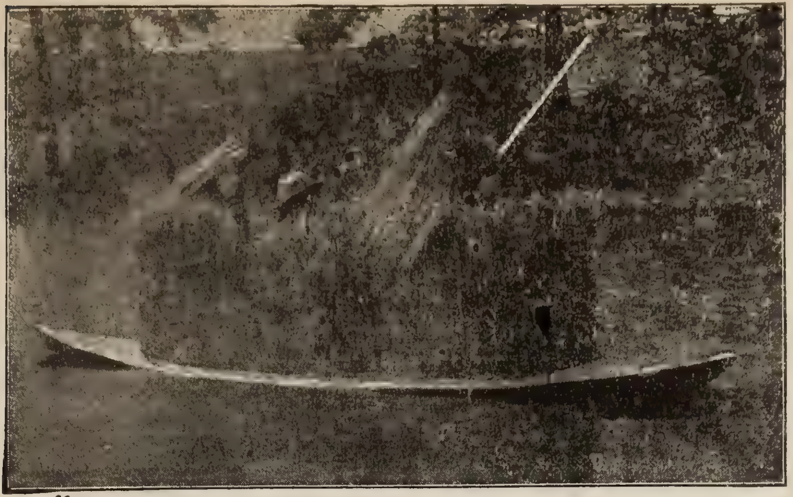

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In the article "Excessive Catches," which appeared in August RECREATION, you ask what department of the animal kingdom Messrs. Wadleigh and Wheaton (who caught 412 trout in 3 days) belong to. I should say they belong to that class of animals who root for their living. What a shame to allow such creatures at large! They are not sportsmen, and no man who is a thorough sportsman would do such a thing. To call them swine is expressing it mildly. Bristol Rod, Chester, Pa.

I have just returned from a 3 days' trip to Kelley's Island, for black bass. We had fall weather of the bad sort, and were unable to fish much, but on one day we succeeded in landing 36 as fine bass as one would wish to see, ranging from 1 to 4 pounds. This catch was made by my partner and me. The same day 3 boats got 60.

We stopped with Mr. H. F. Catanach, and he left nothing for us to desire in the way of good treatment. I would advise any one wishing to try our fishing to write him for particulars.

Chas. Von Weller, Sandusky, O.

Why not join the A. C. A.? The dues are but $1 a year, including a subscription to the Official Organ.—EDITOR.

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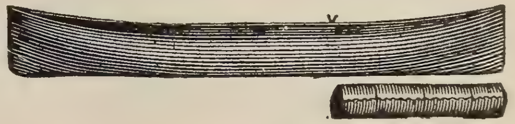

The Comptroller of N. W. M. Police, the Hon. Fred White, writes from Ottawa: "Those who have tested the Acme strongly recommend it. We have adopted the Acme for our requirements."

Major Walsh, Governor of Klondike, has a 14-ft. Acme for his personal use. We have our third order from Canadian Gov. Send for photo of boat carrying ten persons, and for testimonials about Acmes, which safely ran the rapids of the Yukon and are now used in prospecting. Boats have outside Air Tubes. Bounce safely from snags and rocks. Better write at once.

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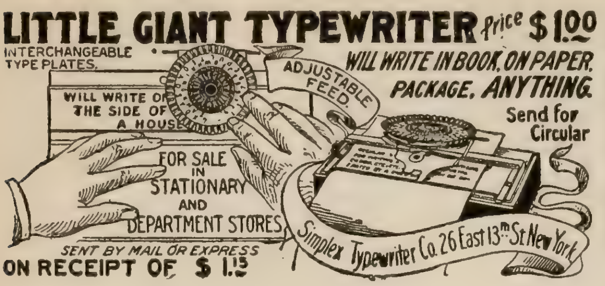
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References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Naval Dept., Washington, D. C.; Will D. Jenkins, Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash., and the editor of RECREATION.

Correspondence promptly answered.
Will return to Alaska in March, '98.

"Queer about those Klondike mosquitoes, that bite when snow is on the ground."

"Not at all; everything up there is rigged out in seal skin."

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Can black bass, while ascending streams, go over dams, by going straight up through the sheet of water pouring over the dam? Is it not a fact that they jump over the dam, if not too high, where there are no fish ladders. If they go up through the overflow how high a dam can they climb, in that manner? S. F. D.

I referred this letter to the U. S. Fish Commission, Washington, D. C., and here is its reply:

While the black bass is an active fish and there are on record many remarkable leaps, it has not the habit, like the salmon, of jumping over dams and other similar obstructions.

Very respectfully,
J. J. Brice, Commissioner.

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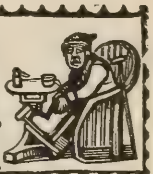
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A despatch from Port Townsend, Wash., says:

An official report has been filed at the custom house, here, by Inspector Webber, who has been detailed at Point Roberts, for the past 3 months, showing that the salmon catch, of the fishing season, just closed, is the largest ever known, in the Northwest. The Alaska Packing Company, at Point Roberts alone, put up 95,000 cases, using 65,000 salmon. Altogether 2,500,000 fish, of the sock-eye variety, were caught near the mouth of the Frazer river, during the season, and nearly as many humpbacked salmon were taken from the traps and left on the mud flats to die and decay.

Yesterday I caught a Rocky Mountain trout that measured, 20 inches in length, 12¾ inches in girth, 5½ inches in depth, and that weighed 5 pounds. Is not that very thick and long according to average length of a trout?

S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

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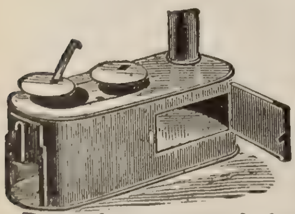

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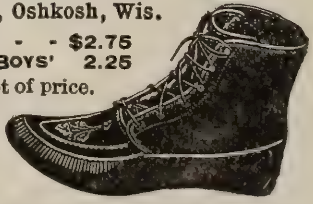

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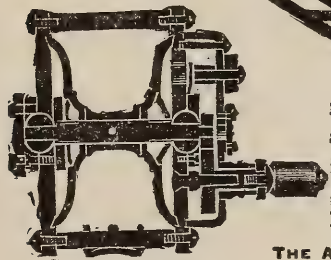

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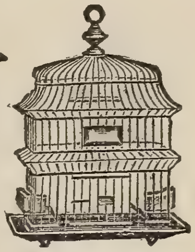

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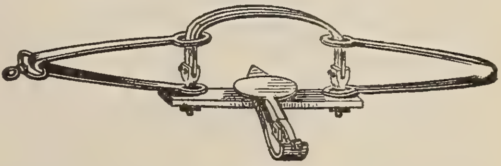

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A NARRATIVE OF

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WITH SPECIAL CHAPTERS ON HUNTING THE

Grizzly Bear, the Buffalo, Elk, Antelope, Rocky Mountain Goat, and Deer; also on Trouting in the Rocky Mountains; on a Cattle Roundup; Life Among the Cowboys, Etc.

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Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, author of "The Still Hunter," and other popular books, says: "It is one of the most entertaining books on field sports yet published. Mr. Shields always has something to say, and says it in a way that makes one see it. He is never dull, and there is an air of truth about his work that fully satisfies the reader."

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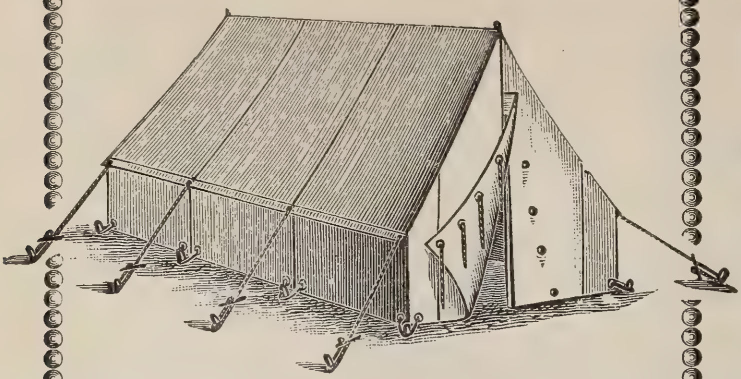

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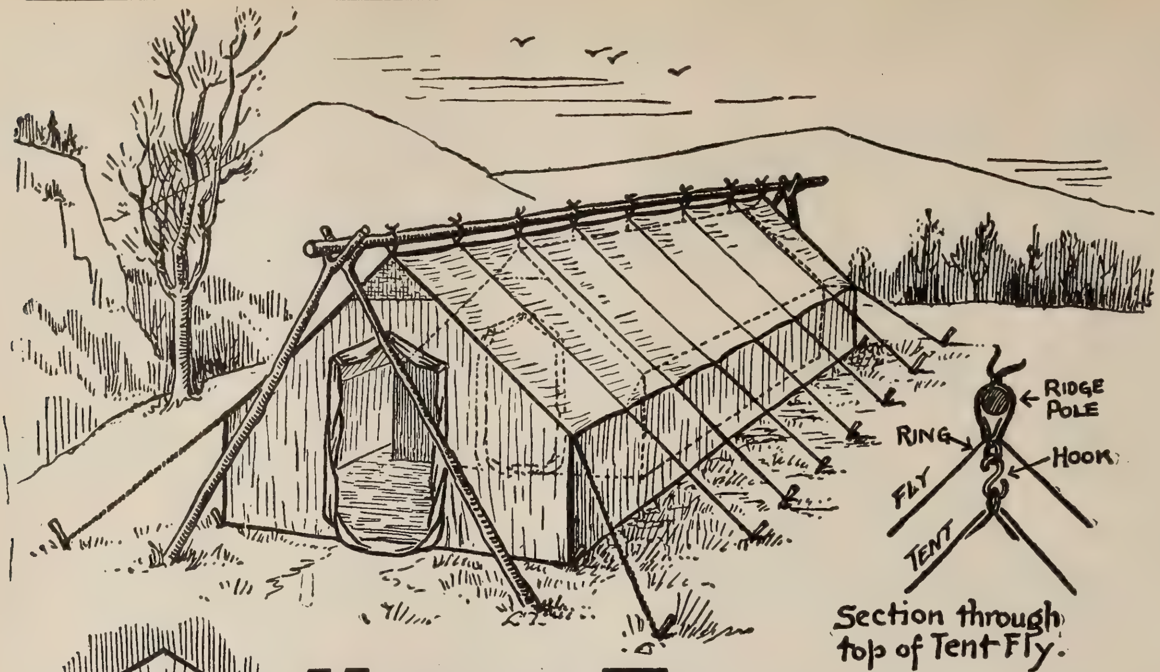
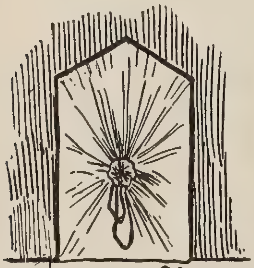


Section through top of Tent Fly.



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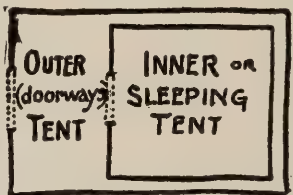

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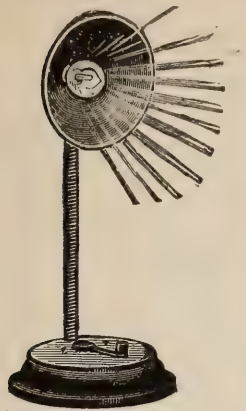

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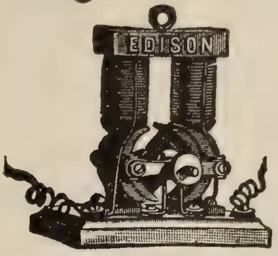
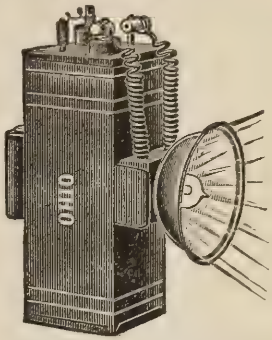


Dollar Motor.



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A CONQUEROR CONQUERED.

S. W. Foss, in the *Yankee Blade.*

In southern archipelagoes he'd fought the bloody cannibal;
He'd skinned and tanned the crocodile, and found him very tannable;
Not a word of fear he'd uttered, not a word and not a syllable,
When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for bears and lions suitable;
He used to boot the grizzly bear, and found him very bootable.
He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable;
No boa constrictor could escape, for he was unescapeable.

In fighting hippopotami he said he was invincible;
No jaguar could make him wince, because he wasn't winceable;
He made the ramping elephant no longer recognizable,
And pulverized the roaring bull, and found him pulverizable.

Just then his wife came in and said, “I'd think it quite commendable
If you'd come and 'tend the baby, and you'll find him very tendable.”
The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable;
She pulled him out and led him home, and found him very leadable.

“Papa, you say 'at every time I breathe somebody dies.”

“Yes, Georgie.”

“Well—if I quit breathin' will all them folks quit dyin'?”

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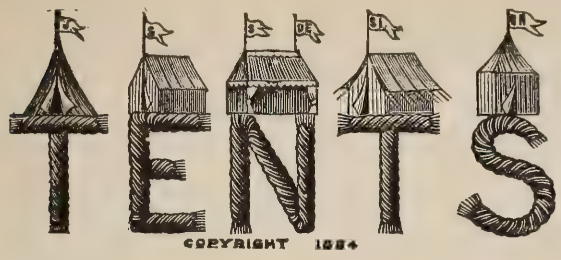

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D. L. Mechling, Denver, Col.

The Manhattan Camera you sent me, for a club of subscribers, came to hand, and I am very much pleased with it. I expect to derive great pleasure from the use of it, this fall and winter. In a short time I will send you some more subscriptions and wish you would place them to my credit. I am going to work with a view of getting a gun. RECREATION is growing more popular in this section, every day.

C. T. Stephenson, Dallas, Tex.

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To Show Your Heels
To other skaters wear the
Barney & Berry Skates.
Highest Award World's Fair.
Catalogue Free.
BARNEY & BERRY, Springfield, Mass.

BUT SHE DIDN'T.

Oh, Harry came along the lane,
And he was very late.
He hurried on to catch the train
And had no time to wait.
He must hasten, but against the pane
He caught a glimpse of Kate,
And he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

Oh, Katie had her doughnuts cut,
Her sponge was light as air;
Her pies were in the oven shut
And needed all her care.
She must give them every moment, but
She spied young Harry there,
And she didn't, she didn't, she didn't.

Oh, Harry stopped and spoke a word,
And spoke it very low,
And yet I think that Katie heard
And still believed it so,
Though all the while the youth averred
That he would have to go,
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

Oh, Katie said the fire was warm
And she was "like to drop;"
And Harry seemed to think his arm
Was needed as a prop;
And Katie was in such alarm
She said that he must stop,
But he didn't, he didn't, he didn't.

And as he held her to his breast
And thought of what he'd missed,
With Katie waiting in her nest,
Just longing to be kissed.
He bent his head; her face was hid;
I saw a flash and gleam
Of lovely eyes, and then—he did—
I thought the girl would scream,
But you bet she didn't.

—*Exchange.*

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

Miss Emma Libby, daughter of Captain Libby, of the Puget Sound Boat Company, recently caught 81 trout in 2 hours. The remarkable catch was made in Lake Crescent, South of Port Angeles, with a 7 ounce rod and flies tied by a local dresser. The trout were all of the steel-head variety, and none of them weighed less than a pound. The average weight was 3 pounds, which made a total of 243 pounds. The young lady is said to weigh less than 150, so that she caught nearly double her weight of fish during the short time she was at it.

You can't expect anything better of some men, than that they should act the hog whenever they get a chance; but it would seem that the finer sensibilities with which women are endowed should cause them to shudder at the mere thought of such ruthless slaughter as this.—EDITOR.

I have just got back from North Bay, Canada, where I tried the aluminum automatic reel you sent me, for 10 subscriptions to RECREATION. The reel is a dandy, and every angler should have one, especially when they are so easily gotten. I thank you for the promptness with which you sent it.

Geo. S. Weaver, Scrubgrass, Pa.

A League of American Sportsmen would be a good thing. Push it along.

Paul W. Gardner, Honesdale, Pa.

"Simply Phenomenal"

Lieut. F. C. WILSON
Company C, First Bat. Inf., Ga. Vol.
speaks thus of

King's Semi-Smokeless ...Powder...

Lieut. Wilson won the

WIMBLEDON CUP

30 Shots, 1,000 Yards

The only powder that gives highest velocity without stripping lead bullet.

A Perfect Rifle and Shot-Gun Powder

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Manufacturers also of KING'S SMOKELESS, QUICK-SHOT, and BLASTING POWDERS.

MARLIN DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVERS

All Parts of DROP FORGED STEEL

Perfect in Finish

Unsurpassed in Accuracy

MADE IN 32 AND 38 CALIBRES, WITH 3¼ INCH BARREL

Blued or Nickel Finish

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It is within the bounds of reason to say that the greatest of all Dog Remedies—the one with the most cures to its credit—the one which has been endorsed by the voluntary testimonials of the largest number of competent authorities—is

Sergeant's Condition Pills

an alterative and a tonic for the treatment of Distemper, Mange, Loss of Appetite, Fevers, and General Debility.

The pills are made from a formula by Mr. Polk Miller, known everywhere as a high authority. The combination of ingredients is such that no possible injury can result to any dog to which they are given, and there is almost no ailment from which the canine race suffers that will not be helped or cured by them. The pills can be secured at nearly all drug stores, and are supplied through the depots mentioned below. The price is $1 per box, and on receipt of price they will be mailed anywhere, prepaid.

The usual discount is allowed to keepers of large kennels when lots of a dozen boxes are ordered at a time.

SERGEANT'S SURE SHOT

destroys worms in dogs. It is used exclusively by many Kennel keepers who desire the best remedies they can buy.

Sergeant's Carbolic Soft Soap does the same with fleas and lice as Sure Shot does for worms—kills them.

Write for a free copy of Polk Miller's new book, "Dogs—Their Ailments—How to Treat Them."

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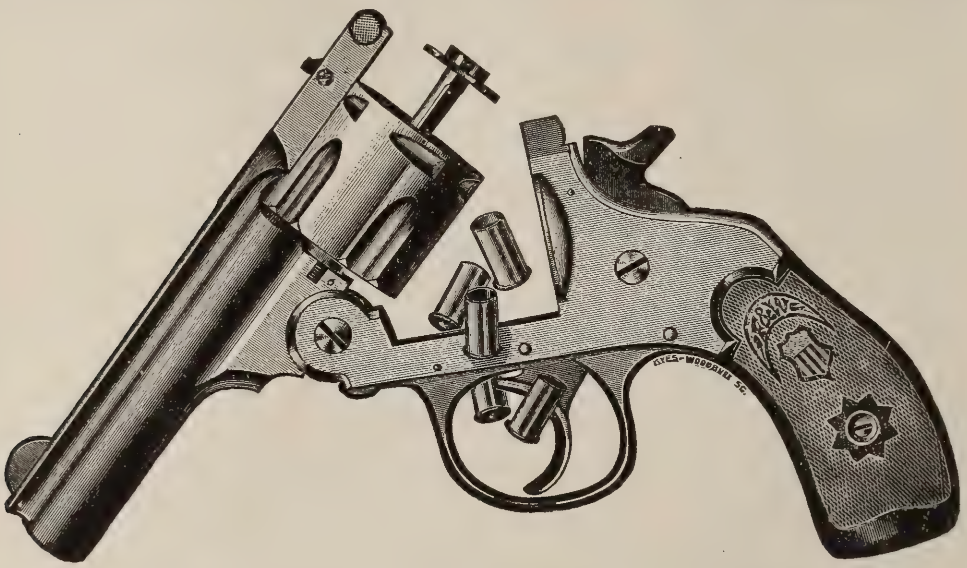

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FISHERY CONGRESS.

A National Fishery Congress will assemble at Tampa, Fla., January 19, 1898.

The National Fishery Commission of the United States will take a prominent part in the proceedings of this Assembly, and the Governors of the various States, and the Fishery Commissioners of same, are requested to send delegates.

This Congress is called in the interest of Earth's highest civilization, believing that every effort made to increase the food supply of mankind, and to suggest new fields for labor and new industries should be commended; hence the object and aim of this National Fishery Congress will be to discuss and formulate plans for the propagation and preservation of fish, and all water products of commercial value. It is also designed to have an exhibit of same. Parties thus interested are requested to make exhibits of dried and canned fish, turtles, crustaceans, sponges, oysters, oils, skins, and all appliances for catching and curing same; also nets, rods, hooks, etc. An Exposition Building will be provided for this, and no charge will be made for space. Address A. Fiche, Fishery Exhibition, Tampa, Fla., for information as to space, etc.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal printed. I have taken several others but Recreation is superior to them all.

People who have been here 50 years say they never have seen so many squirrels as this year. I have a hound pup, 4 months old, and want to run him on rabbits this winter. Will some reader of Recreation tell me how to train him?

R. J. Boynton, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

"Florinda has queer ideas."

"What is she thinking of now?"

"She has decorated her boudoir with photographs of some men she escaped marrying."

"No man with a family on his hands should talk of going to the Klondike."

"That's the very kind of man who should talk about it."

"Why?"

"So his family will pet him to death, to keep him from going."

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"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT"

The Fisherman's Automatic Reel

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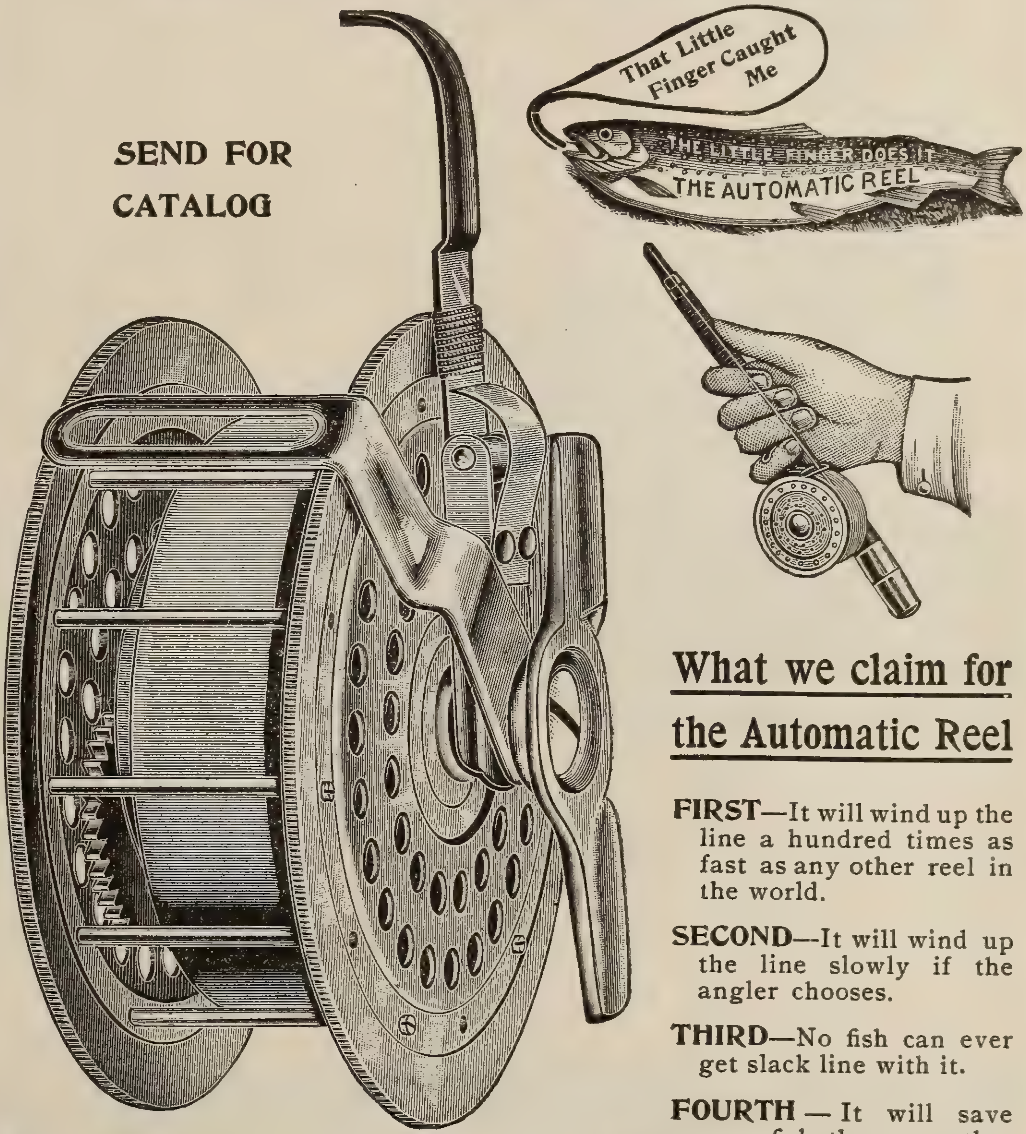
That Little Finger Caught Me
THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL

What we claim for the Automatic Reel

FIRST—It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world.

SECOND—It will wind up the line slowly if the angler chooses.

THIRD—No fish can ever get slack line with it.

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SIXTH — The reel is manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

SEVENTH—It enables the angler and makes it desirable to use lighter tips.

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Our 4-inch or 5-inch jack-knife is invaluable in emergencies when you need a strong knife quickly. Press button and blade is open for use.

Four-inch Blade, Stag Handle.	$1.00
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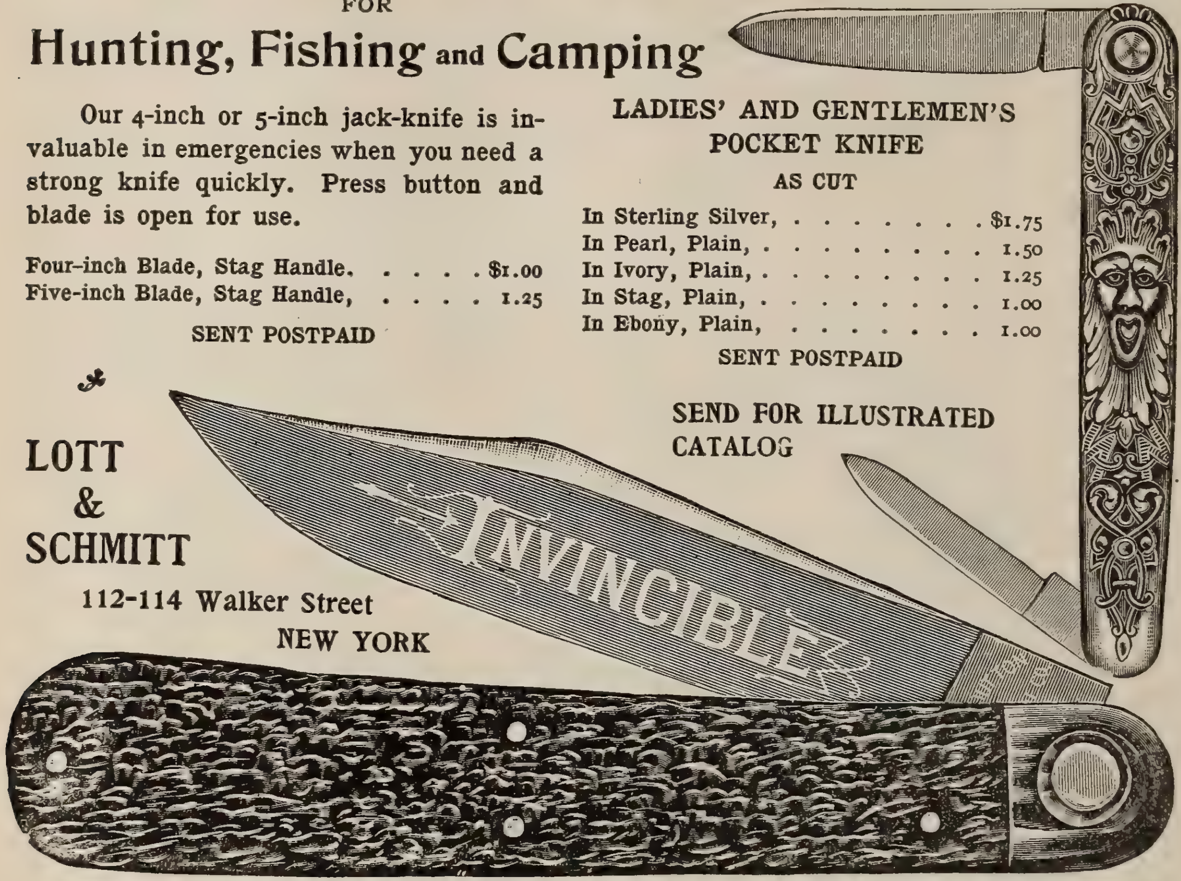

"Marriage," said the old bachelor, "is but a lottery after all."

"There's where you're off," replied Henry Peck. "If you draw a blank in a lottery you can tear it up, and that's the end of it."—Chicago Record.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

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"No, I think not; most of them are married men—used to lugging coal."

"What a fine lot of Indian curios Miss Flighty has collected."

"Yes; and they look as if she had made them herself."

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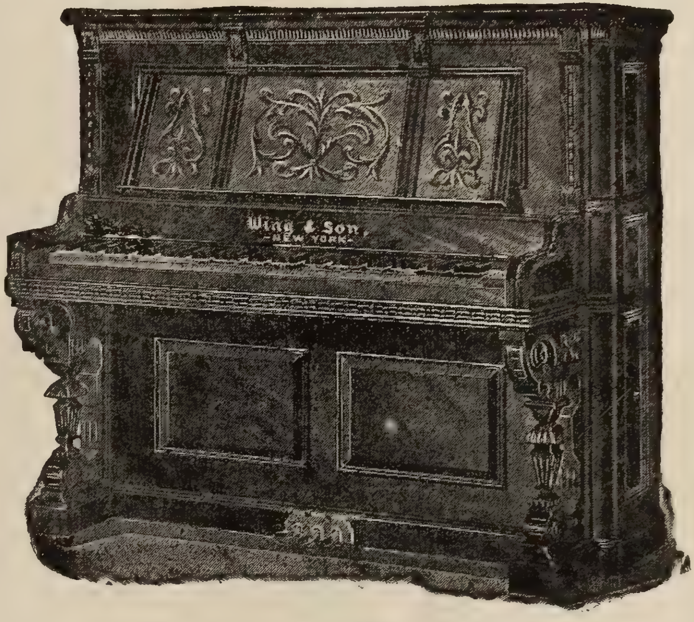

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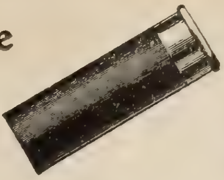

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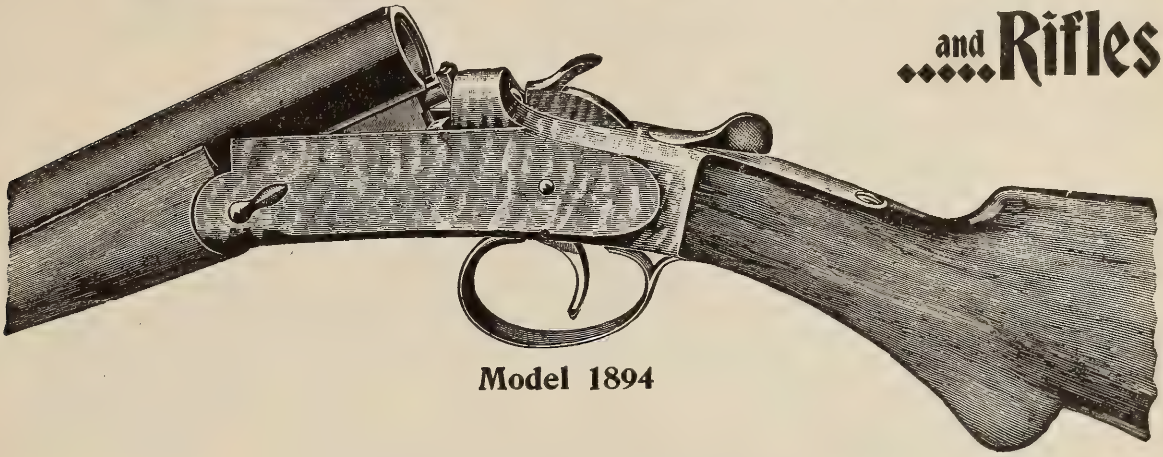

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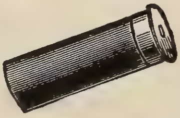

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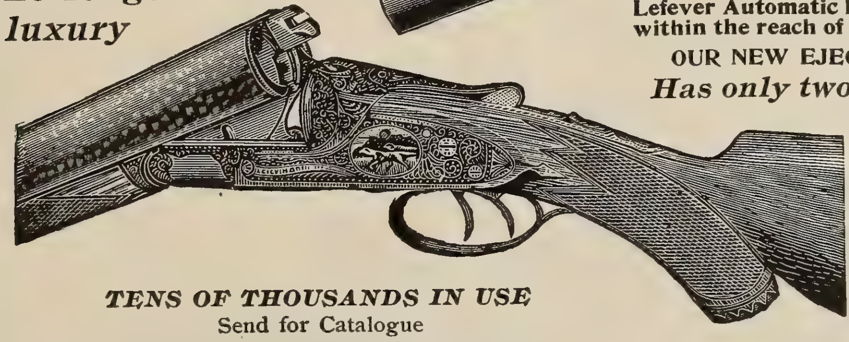

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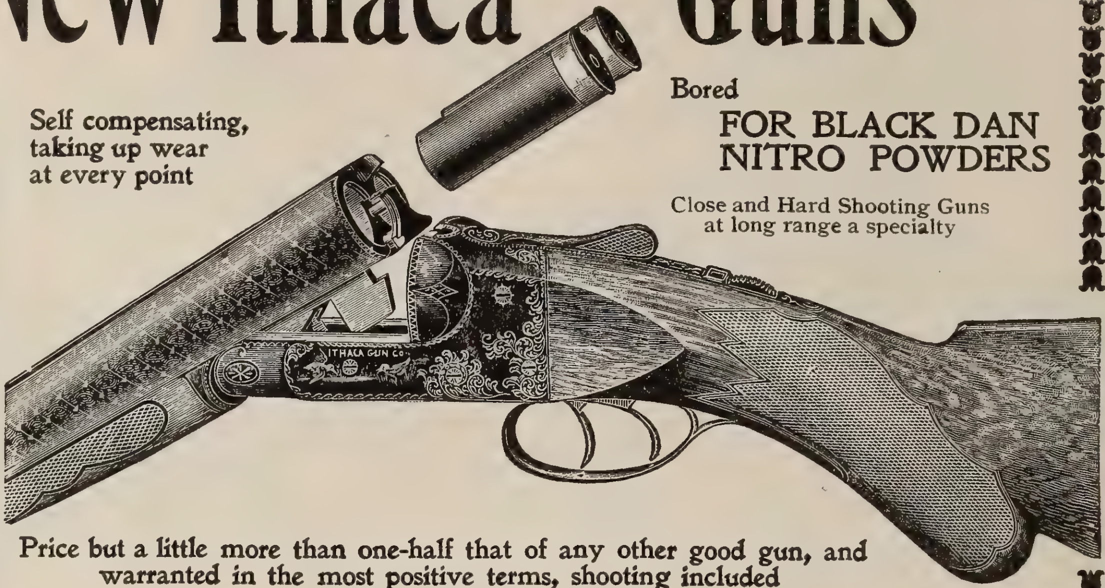
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We do not say that SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUNS

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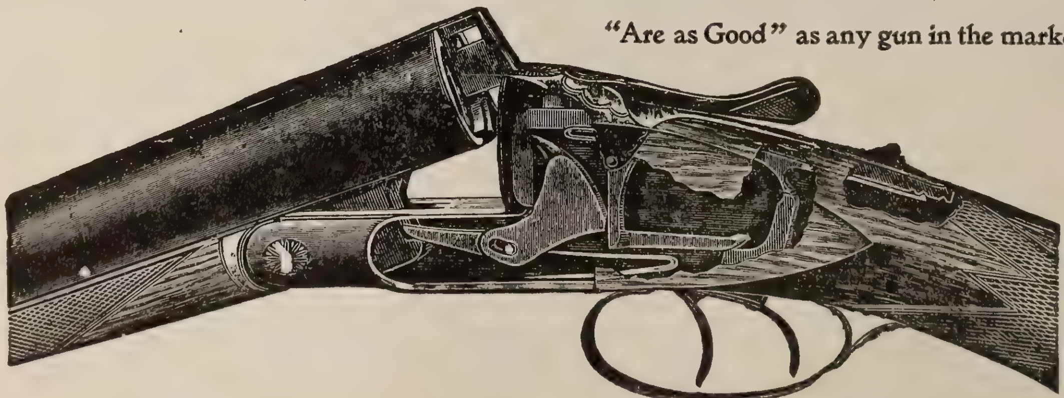

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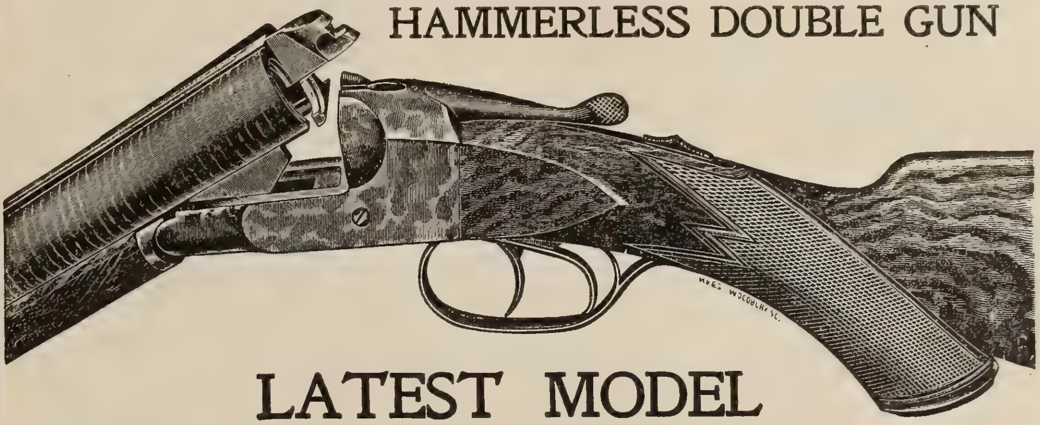

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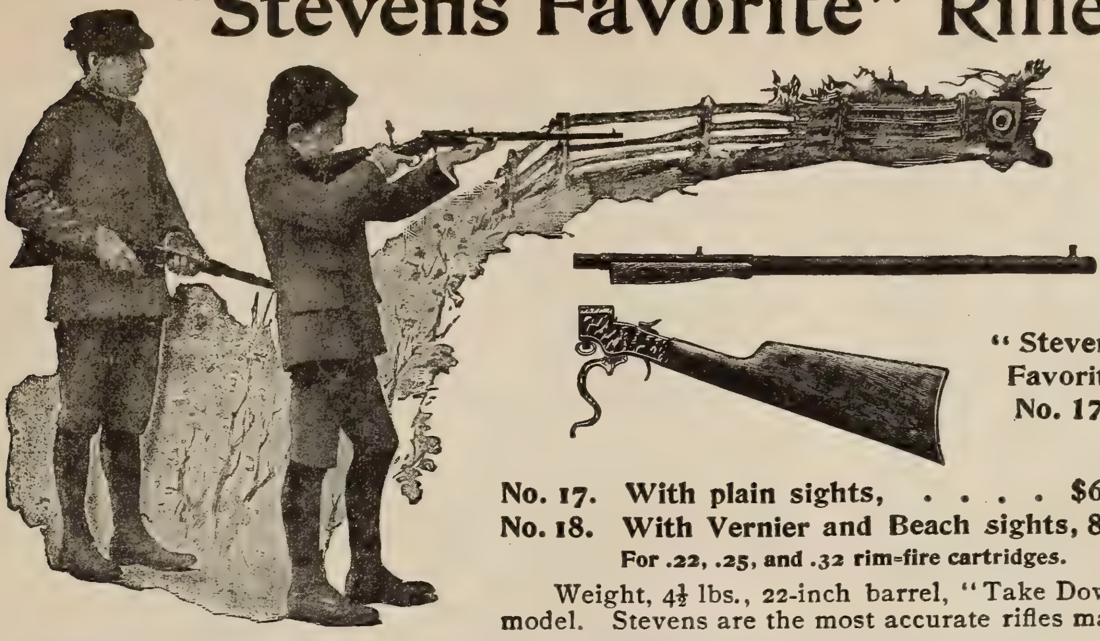

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48 out of 50

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E. I. DUPONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

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How?

By getting 75 subscriptions for

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I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

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I want to tell you where I saw my first copy of RECREATION. It was in the pump station of No. 1 shaft, in the famous Drum Lummond of this town, the largest gold quartz mine in the world. It was at the 1,600 foot level—farther in the bowels of the earth than you probably thought RECREATION would ever get.

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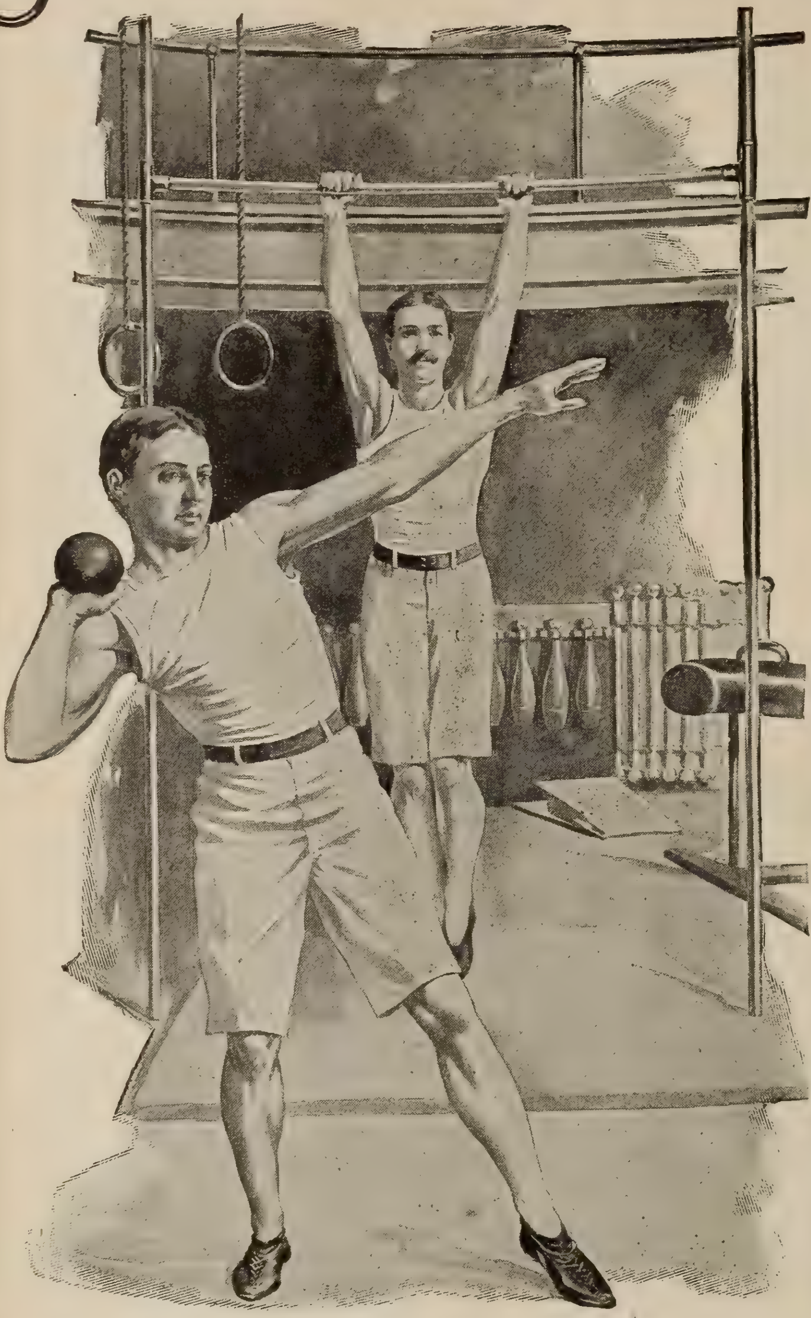

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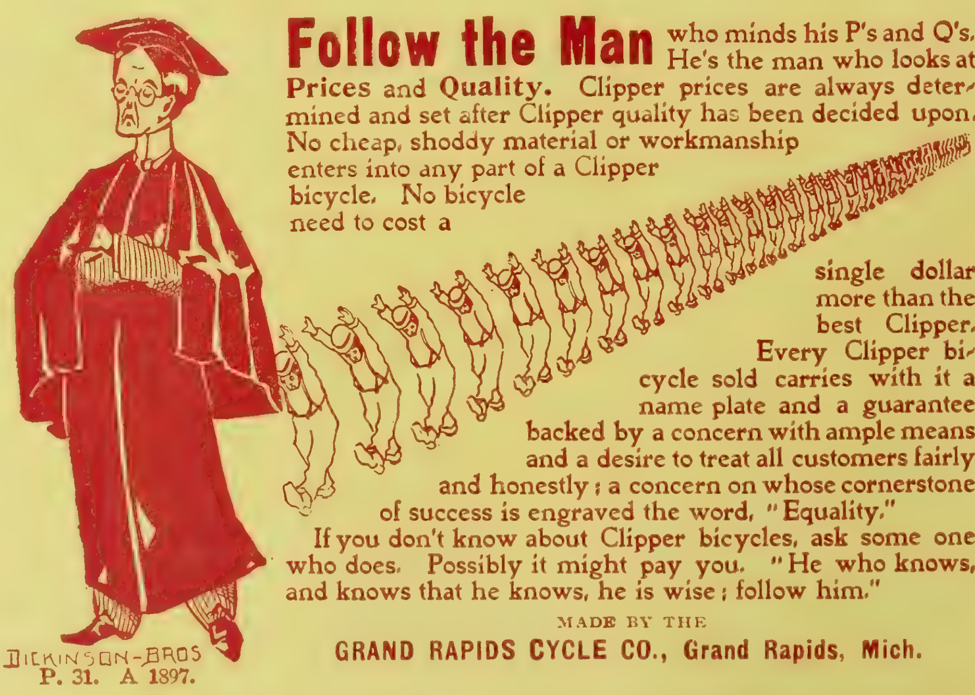

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NUMBER 2

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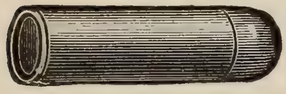

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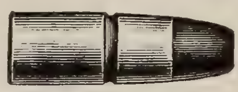

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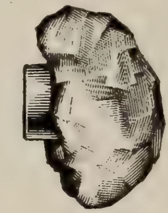

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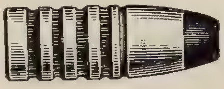

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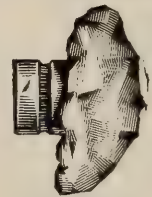
32-40-165 Marlin.



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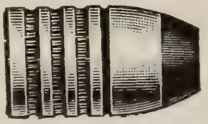

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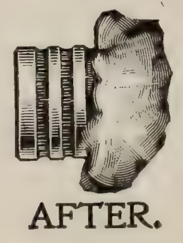

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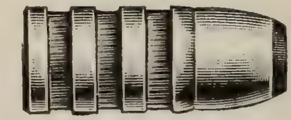

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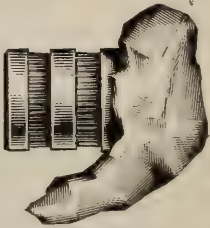

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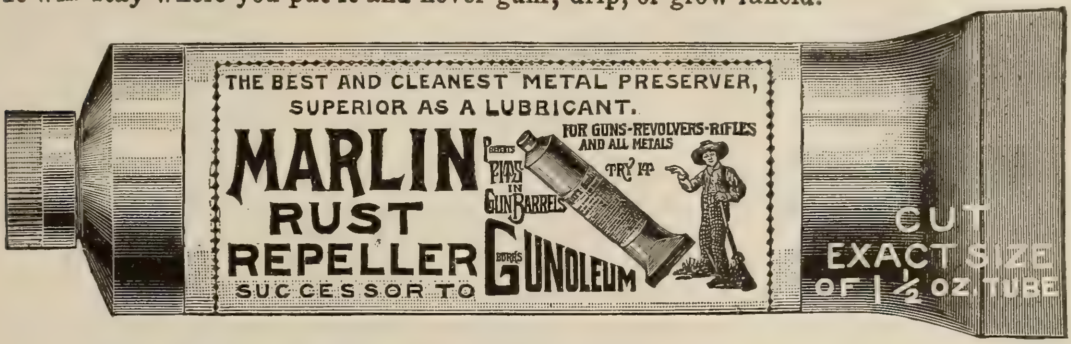
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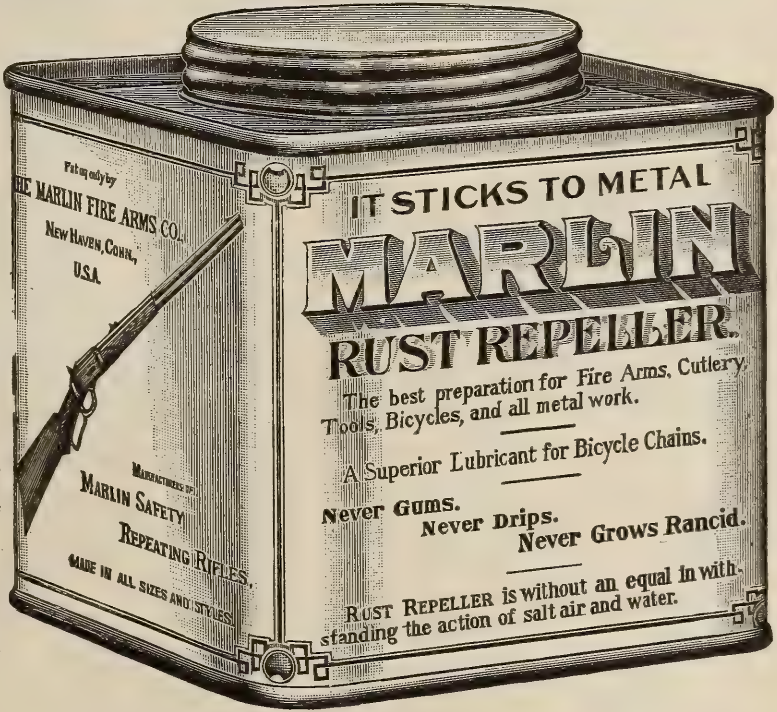
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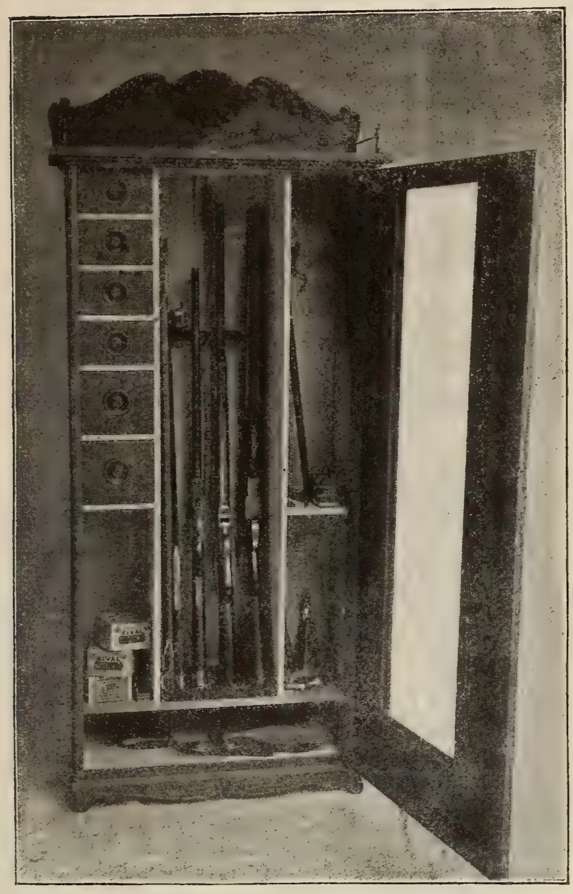

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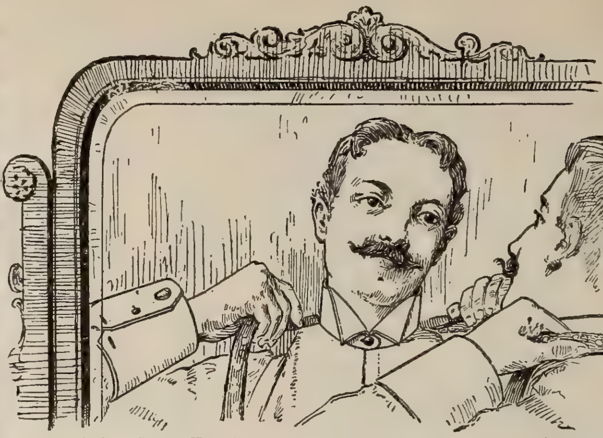

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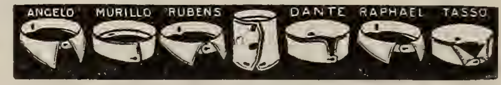
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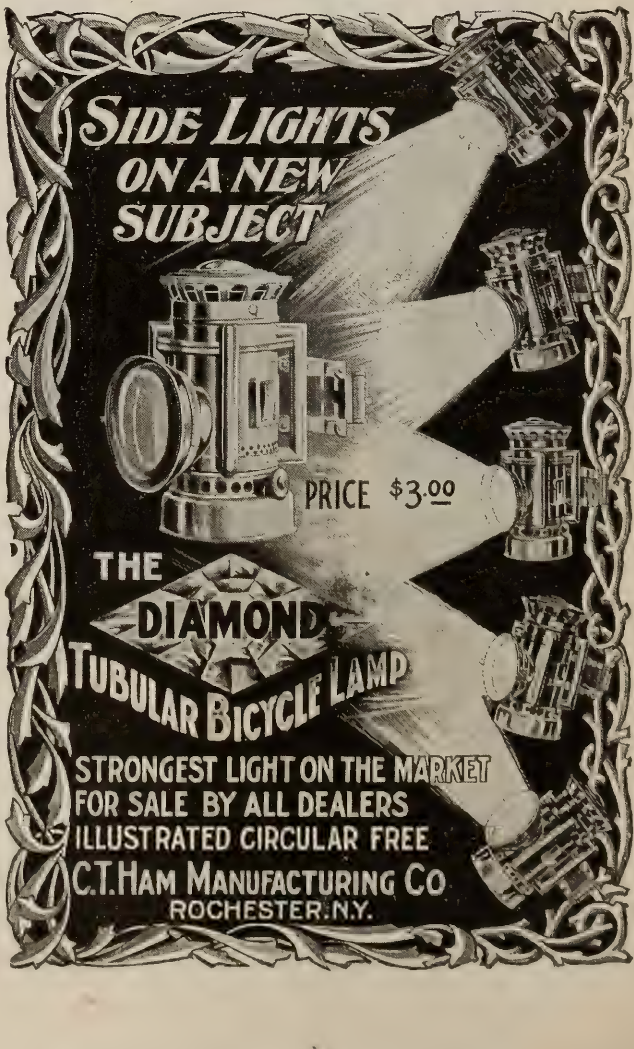
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Best of all, Scott's Emulsion prevents. Take it if you are weak and thin, with a tendency to cough and take cold easily. 50c and $1.00.

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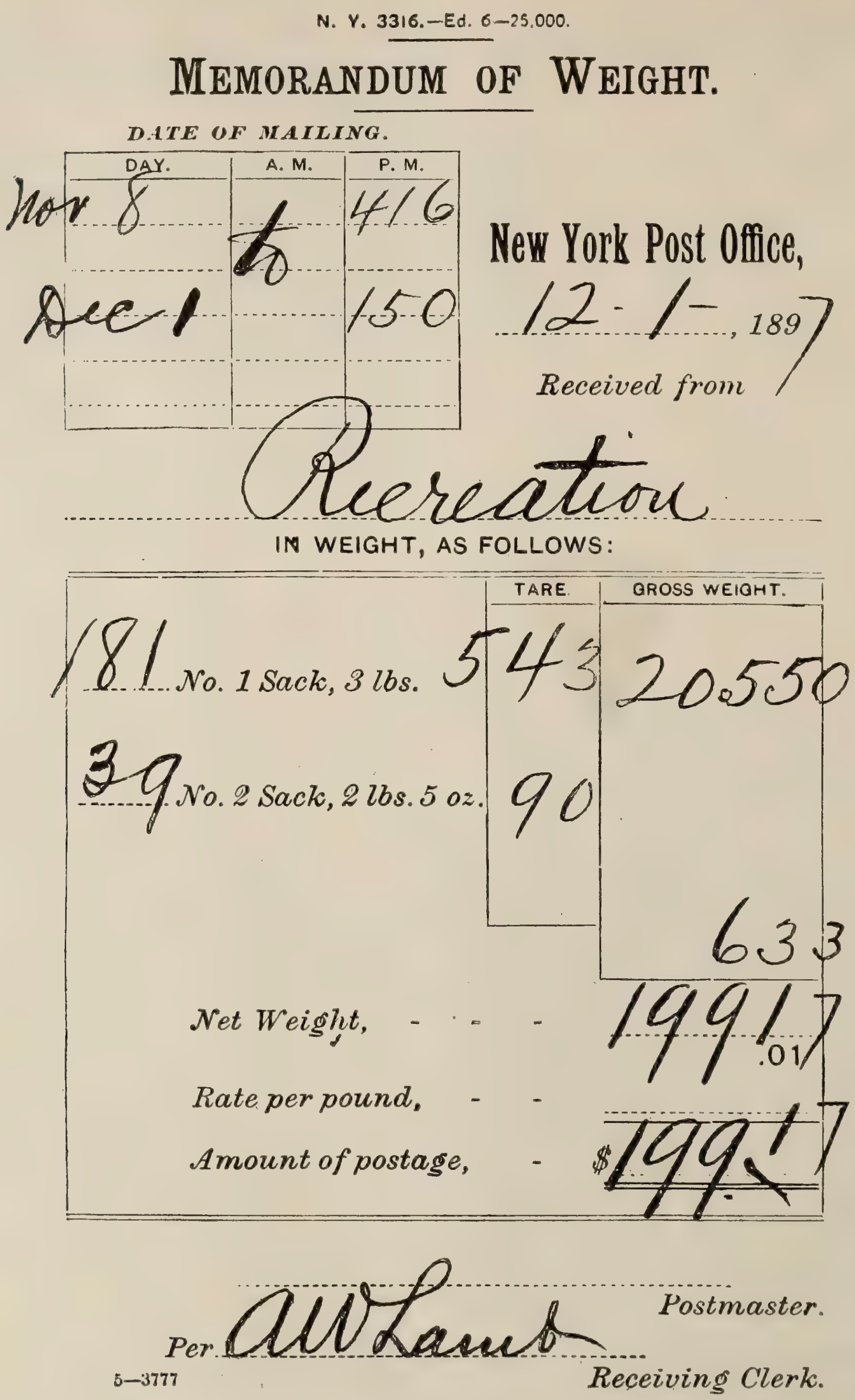

N. Y. 3316.—Ed. 6—25,000.

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Nov 8		416
	to	
Dec 1		150

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Received from

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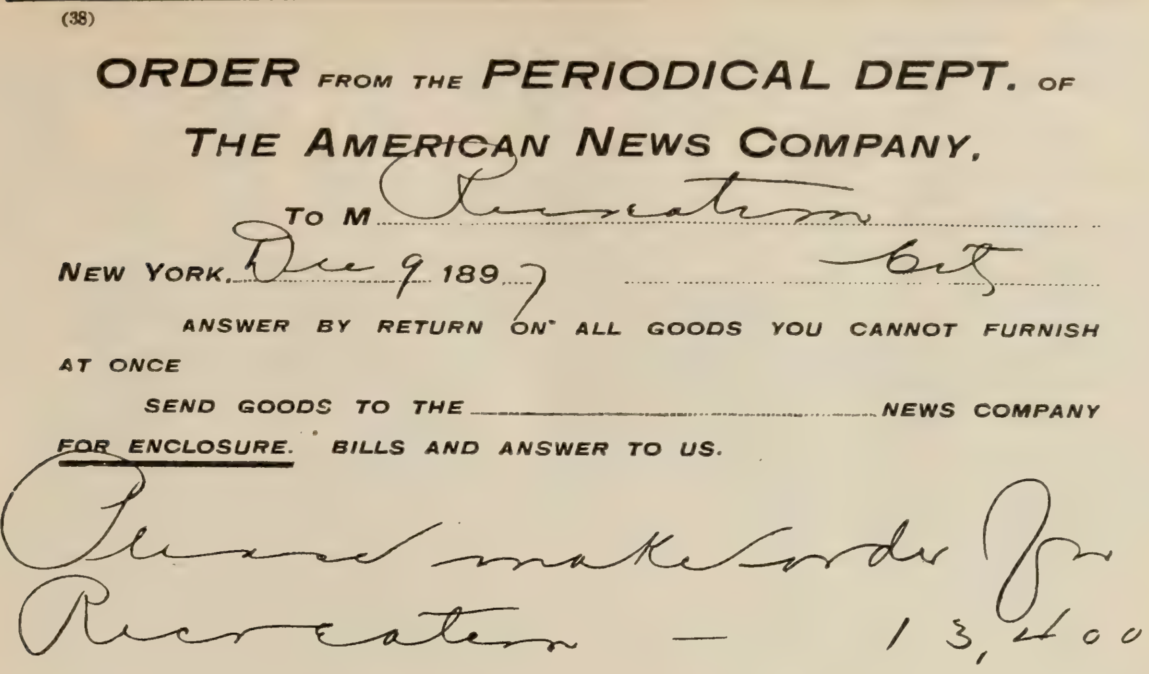
Here is my Post-office receipt for December RECREATION. It took 181 sacks to carry this issue. A copy of RECREATION weighs about 5 oz. Do a little figuring and you will find out about how many copies it will take to make a postage bill of $199.



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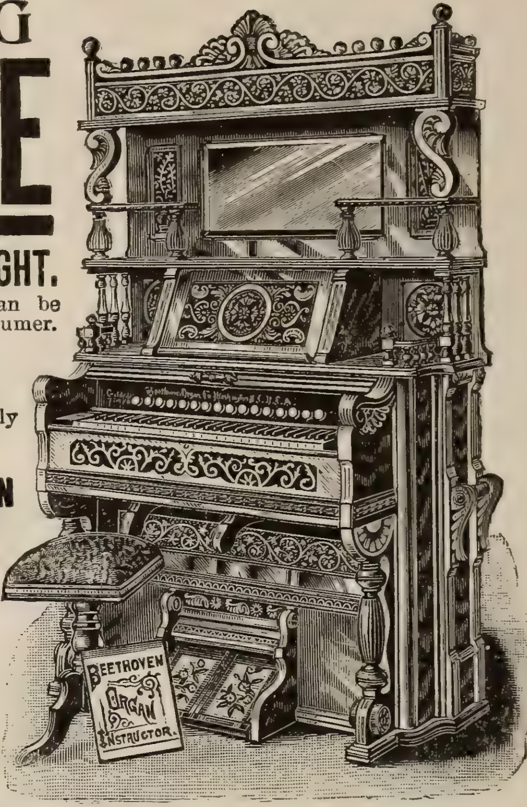

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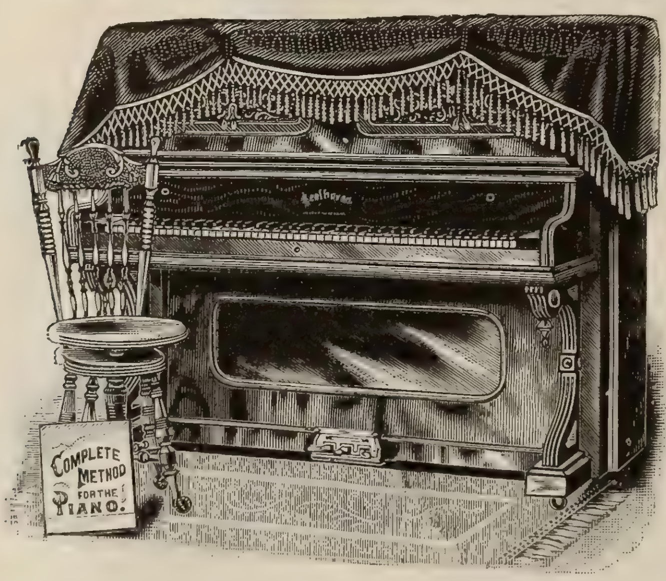

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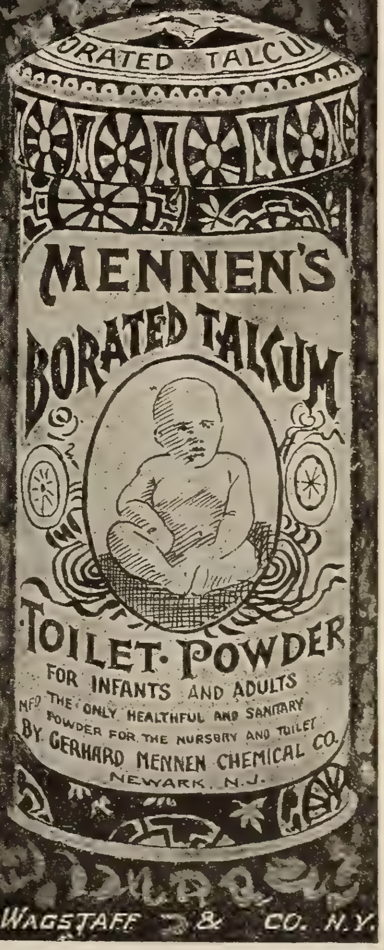
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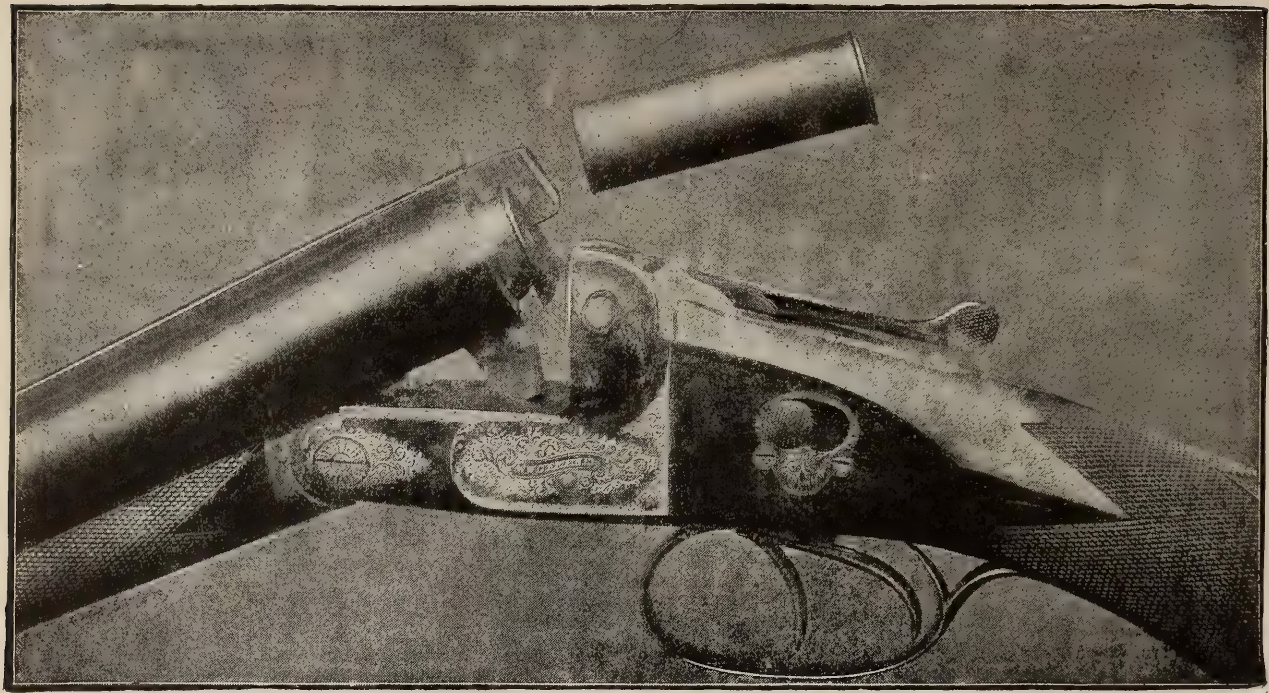

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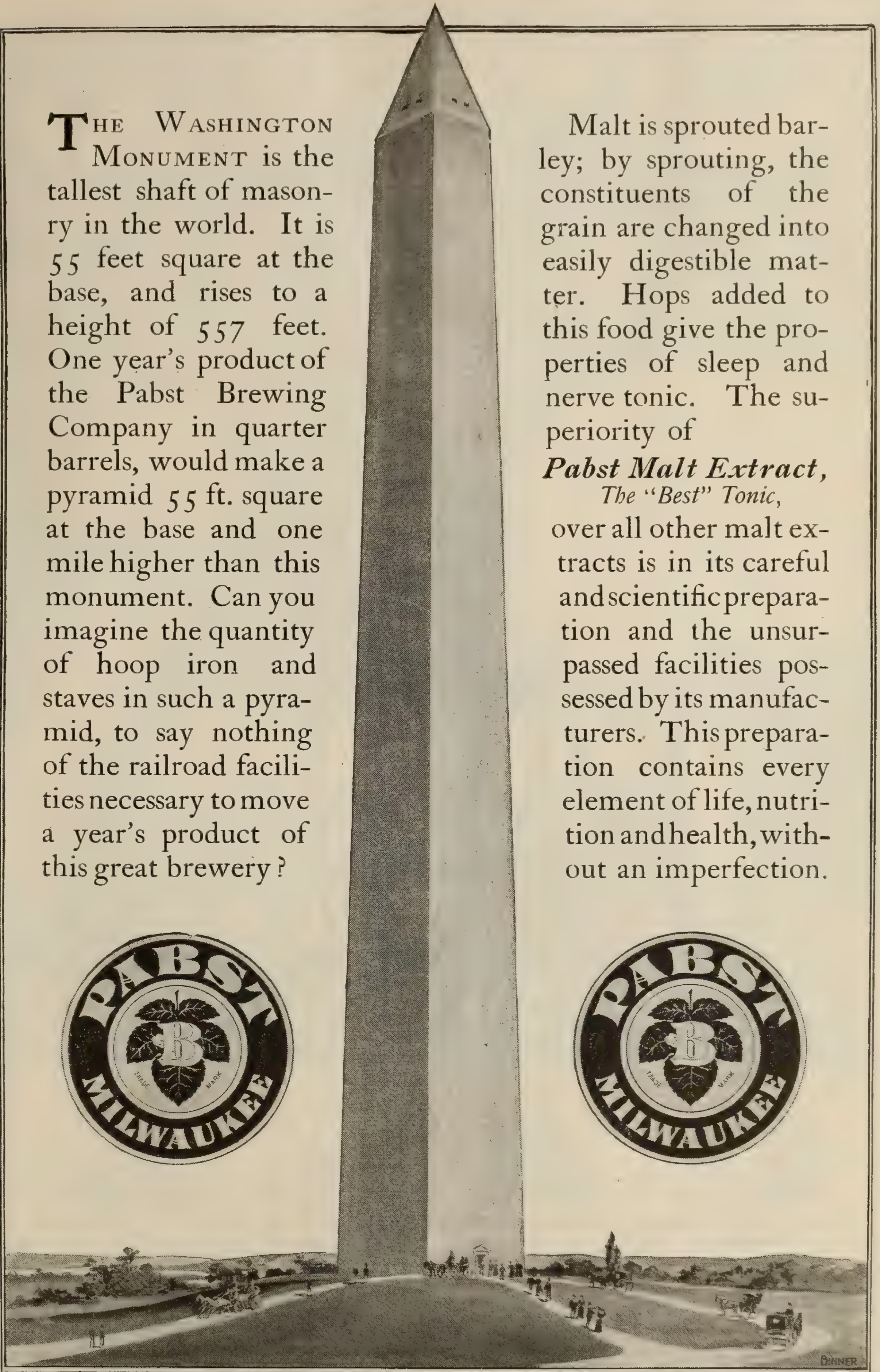

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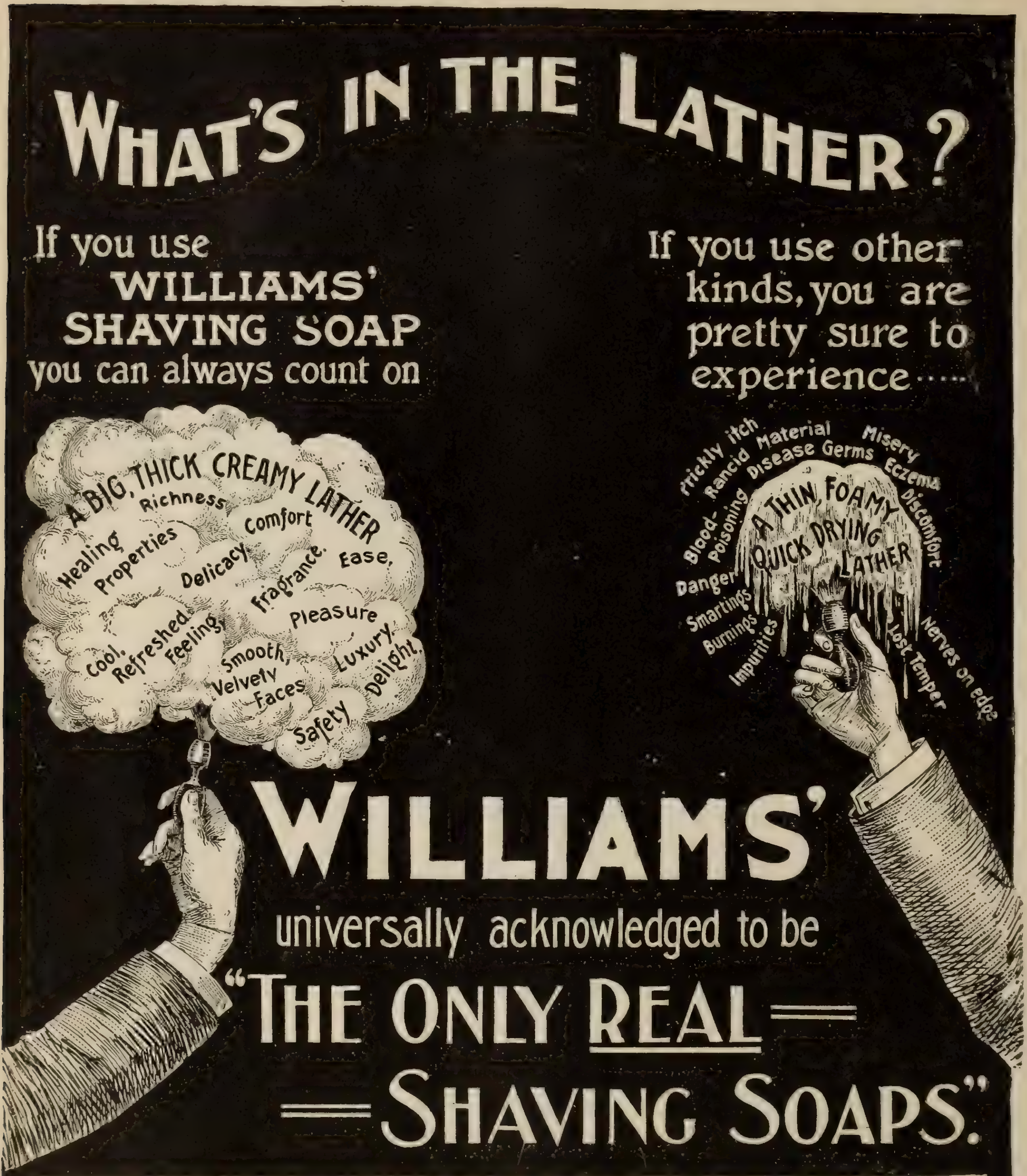
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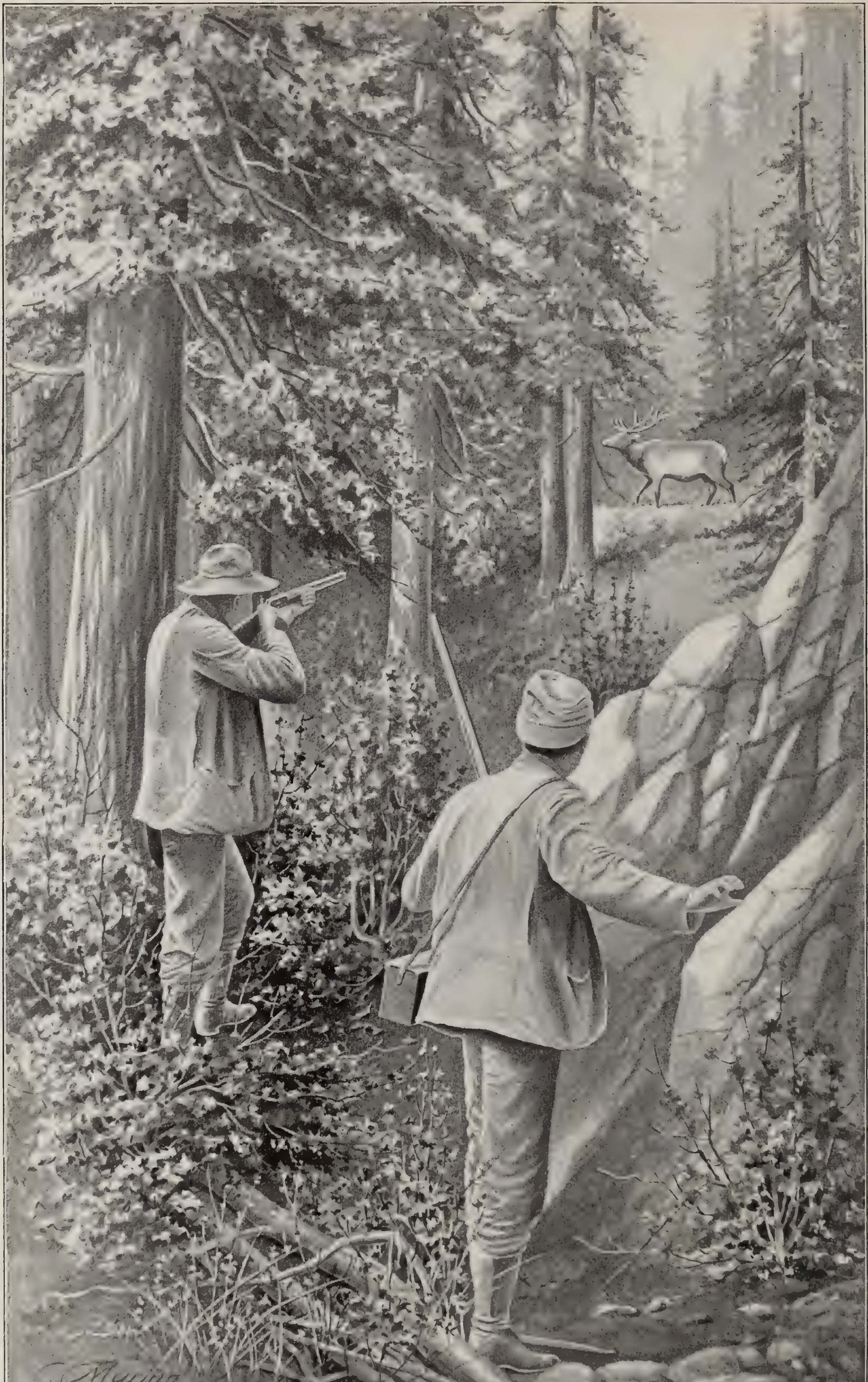

C. C. Muring 01

"AFTER THE REPORT THE ELK MADE A FEW JUMPS AND FELL DEAD."

RECREATION.

Volume VIII. FEBRUARY, 1898. Number 2.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

IN THE OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS.

C. C. MARING.

The Olympic peninsula, covering the Northwestern division of the State of Washington, embraces an area of which less is positively known than of any other section of equal magnitude in the United States. This vast territory is nearly covered by the Olympic mountains, It contains over 4,000 square miles, and is so wild and rough that few persons have ventured into its interior.

PHOTO BY C. C. MARING.

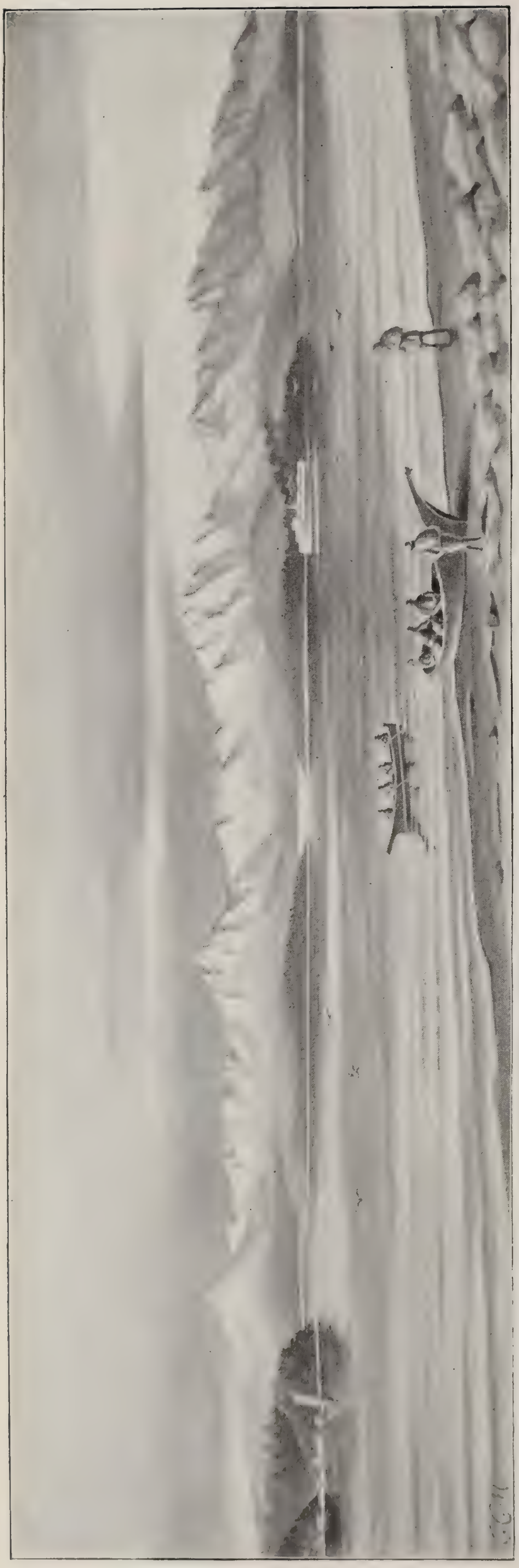
EIGHT POUND TROUT, LAKE CUSHMAN, WASH.

During the summer of 1895 I had the pleasure of climbing Copper mountain, one of the prominent peaks of the Olympics, near Lake Cushman, and as I stood near the summit, over 7,000 feet above the lake, I was so impressed with the view that I decided, should I have the opportunity, to go farther into this little-known territory.

The following spring I received an invitation, from my friend Russell Homan, to join a hunting and exploring party that was going into the Olympics.

I accepted the invitation, and one bright morning in July took passage from Seattle to Hoodsport, on the little steamer Delta. We traveled about 60 miles on Puget sound, then about 40 miles on Hood's canal, an arm of the sound, having the general appearance of a river. This canal borders the Eastern side of the Olympic peninsula, and the view of the mountains from it is one of continuous grandeur. I spent the night at Hoodsport, and early the next morning started for an 8-mile stage-ride to Lake Cushman.

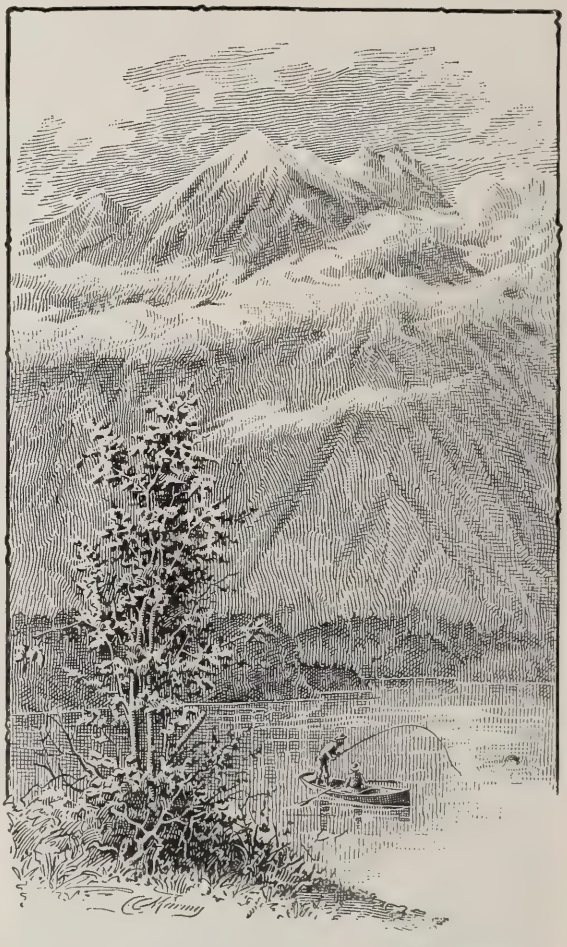
The road passed through such impenetrable forests that we wondered how a trail, not to mention a road, had ever been built through them. Many of the trees were over 200 feet high, and they grew so near together that the sunlight was excluded. It seemed more like twilight than a bright sunny morning. The occasional fording of mountain streams, the passing of picturesque lakes, and the tales of adventures along this road, told by our driver, added to the pleasure of the ride.



THE OLYMPIC RANGE FROM NEAR SEATTLE, WASH.

The road does not extend quite to Lake Cushman, so we were transferred bag and baggage to a boat and rowed about half a mile up the Skokomish river, to the lower end of the lake. Here we paused and gazed enraptured at the scene.

Before us lay the lake, and, reflected in its mirror-like surface the grand view beyond. Mt. Ellinor and Mt. Rose rising, with their sharp, snow-covered peaks, from the very water's edge, made a fitting background for the beautiful scene. To the left was the hotel, amid its grove of cotton-wood, and still farther to the left the picturesque cottages of Russell Homan, with their artistic grounds, brilliant with flowers. A row of three-quarters of a mile brought us to this delightful place, and for several days, while making preparations for the



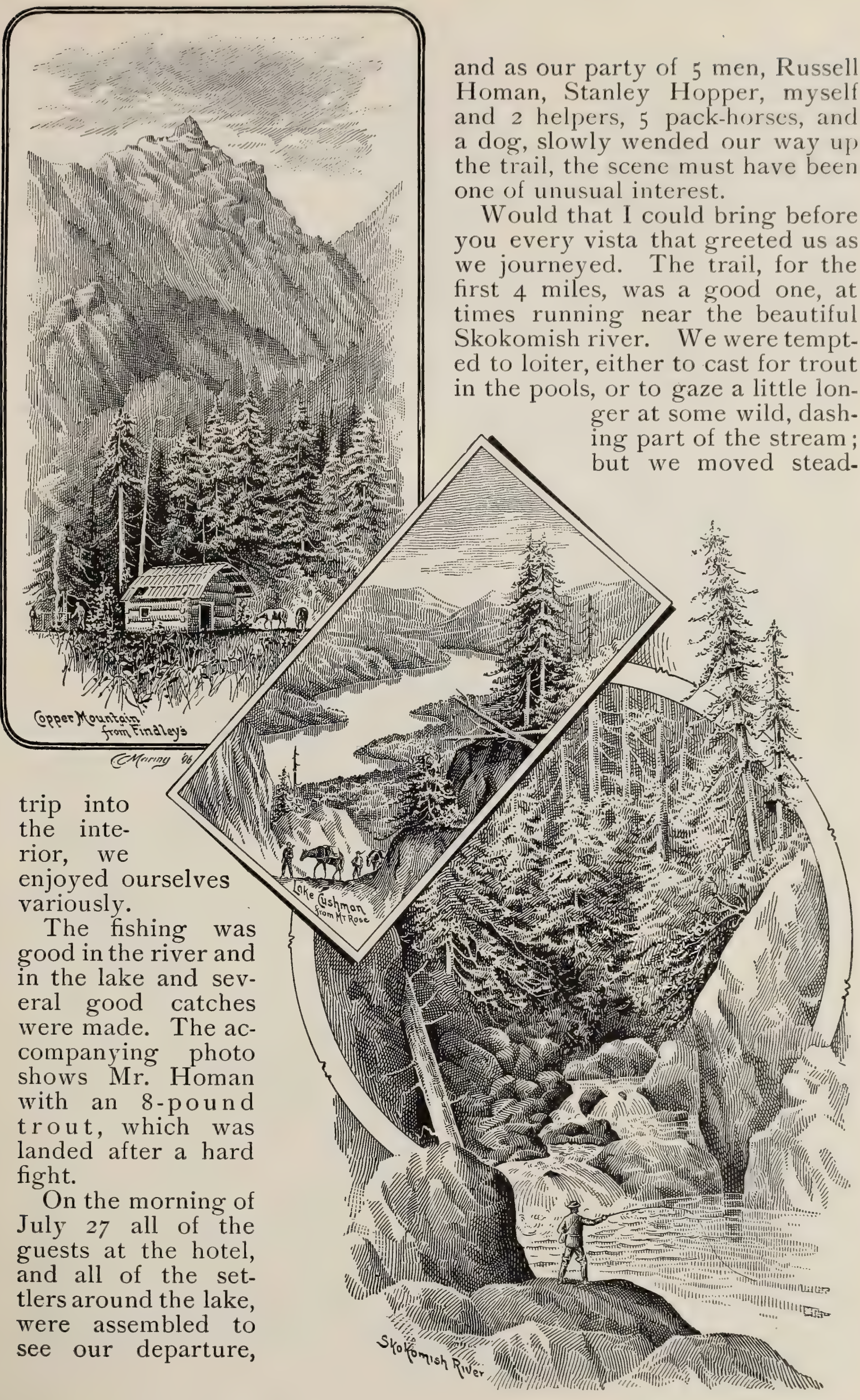
MT. ELLINOR FROM LAKE CUSHMAN.

trip into the interior, we enjoyed ourselves variously.

The fishing was good in the river and in the lake and several good catches were made. The accompanying photo shows Mr. Homan with an 8-pound trout, which was landed after a hard fight.

On the morning of July 27 all of the guests at the hotel, and all of the settlers around the lake, were assembled to see our departure, and as our party of 5 men, Russell Homan, Stanley Hopper, myself and 2 helpers, 5 pack-horses, and a dog, slowly wended our way up the trail, the scene must have been one of unusual interest.

Would that I could bring before you every vista that greeted us as we journeyed. The trail, for the first 4 miles, was a good one, at times running near the beautiful Skokomish river. We were tempted to loiter, either to cast for trout in the pools, or to gaze a little longer at some wild, dashing part of the stream; but we moved stead-

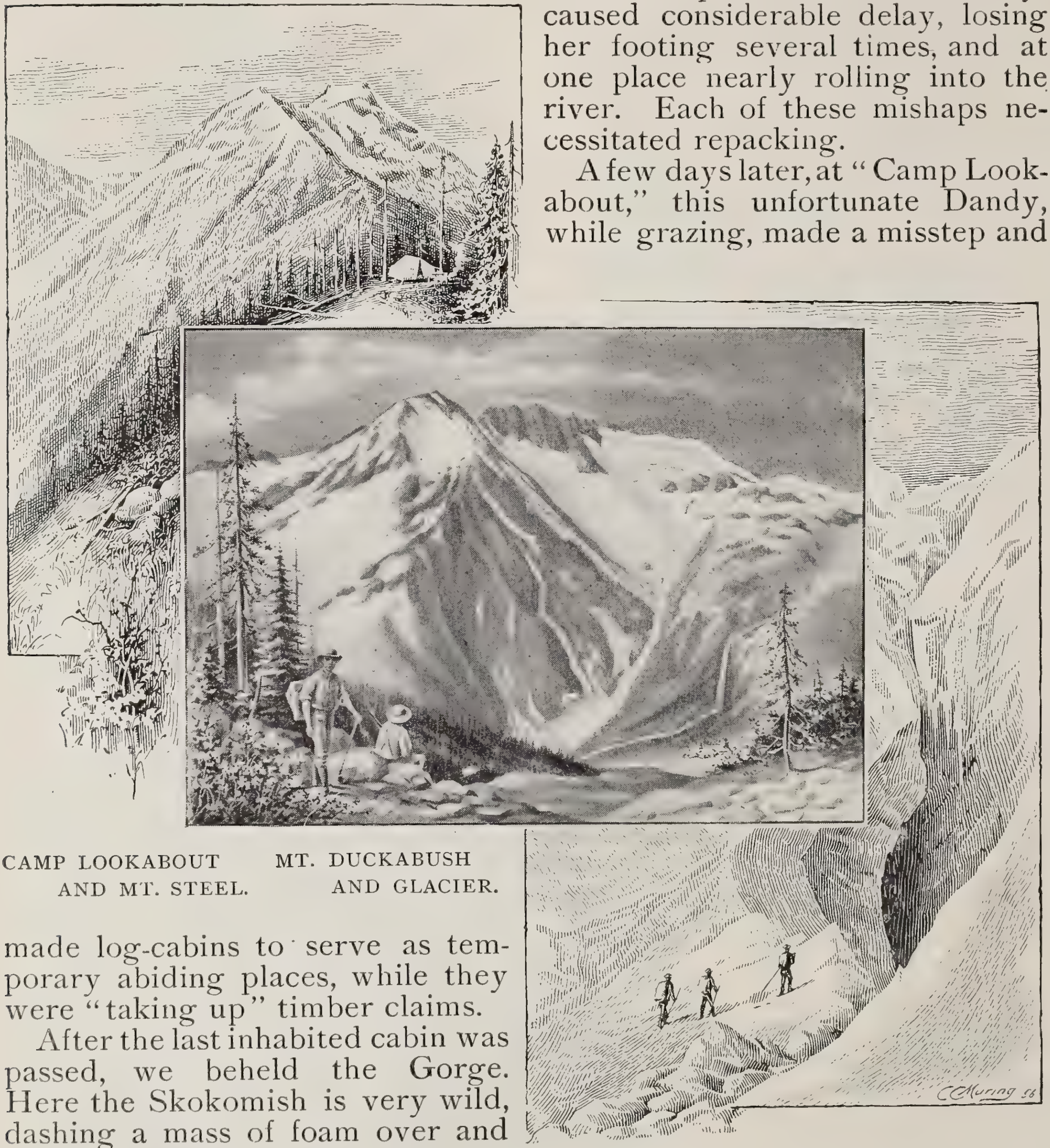

Copper Mountain from Findley's

Lake Cushman from Mt Rose

Skokomish River

ily on. From the turns of the river, our way lay through just such forests as we had driven through before.

At several places on the first 4 or 5 miles of the trail settlers had made log-cabins to serve as temporary abiding places, while they were "taking up" timber claims.



CAMP LOOKABOUT AND MT. STEEL.

MT. DUCKABUSH AND GLACIER.

CREVASSE IN DUCKABUSH GLACIER.

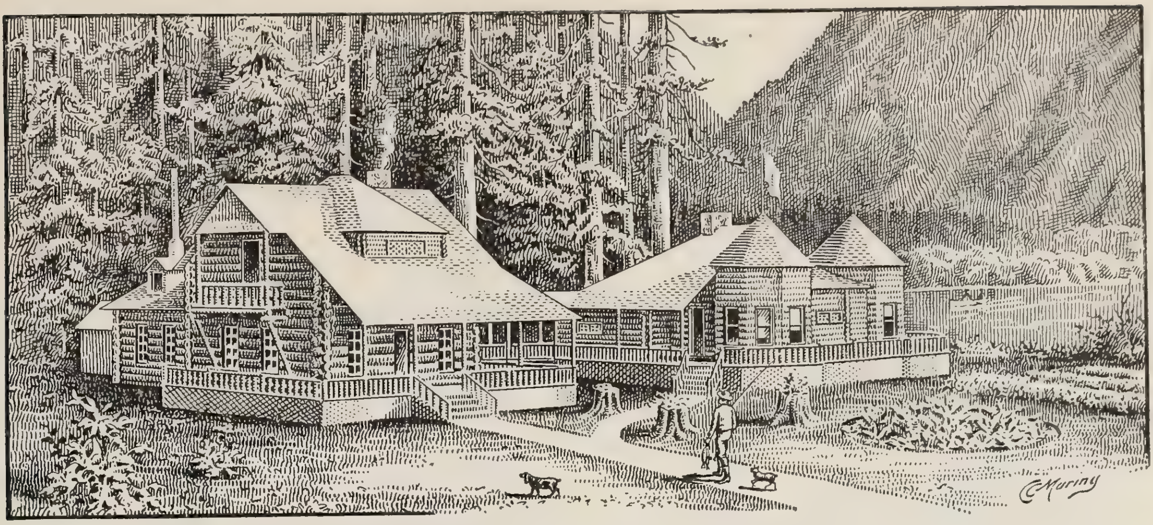
After the last inhabited cabin was passed, we beheld the Gorge. Here the Skokomish is very wild, dashing a mass of foam over and around a succession of bowlders, and then, as if to rest, passing quietly on between walls of rock.

The last cabin, known as Findley's, is 7 miles from the lake. This was the last indication of civilization we saw until our return.

We knew nothing of the condition of the trail beyond and, as the pasturage was good, we decided to make our first camp at that place.

The last few miles had been tedious, especially as an occasional fallen tree had to be chopped to make a passage for the horses, and as one inexperienced horse, Dandy, caused considerable delay, losing her footing several times, and at one place nearly rolling into the river. Each of these mishaps necessitated repacking.

A few days later, at "Camp Lookabout," this unfortunate Dandy, while grazing, made a misstep and rolled a long distance down a steep mountain-side. She was so badly bruised and cut by the loose rocks over which she had rolled that she was unable to stand. All of our efforts to make her comfortable seemed of no avail, and, to the re-



SUMMER HOME OF RUSSELL HOMAN.

gret of our entire party, it was necessary to have her shot. We were fortunate in having a very sagacious horse for the leader of our pack-train. The skill and tact she displayed in climbing over huge logs, carefully feeling her way down very steep places, through rapidly running streams, and through sink-holes, and at all times making allowance for the size of the pack she was carrying, showed her to be endowed with a great deal more than ordinary horse sense.

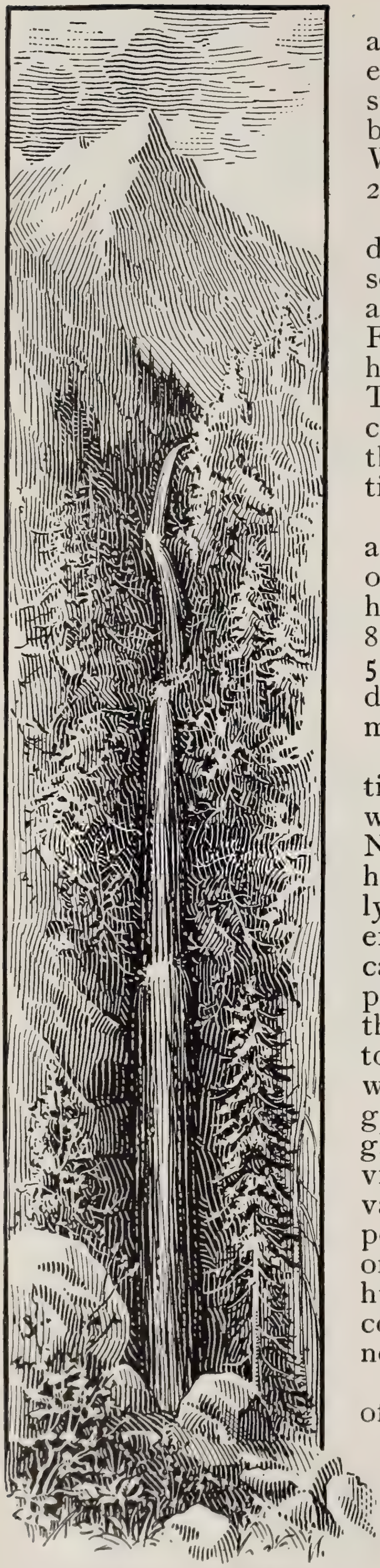
Early the following morning we left Findley's and tramped, up hill and down dale, 7 more miles to "Camp 7," one of the picturesque stopping-places of the O'Neill exploring party.

We had occasional glimpses of the Skokomish, hundreds of feet below but always easily located by its roar. It passed through narrow gorges, with precipitous sides, from 100 to over 200 feet in height. One can form some idea of how rapidly the water must run, as in those 7 miles the fall is over 600 feet.

During the day 2 mountain torrents, tributaries of the Skokomish, were crossed. At the first some trouble was experienced in getting the horses to ford the rapidly running stream, but the real difficulty was in getting ourselves across. This was accomplished at a specially wild place farther down the stream. Here a tree felled over the ravine served as a means of crossing. The sensation as one stands on this narrow bridge and gazes into the stream, 100 feet below, is not altogether one of pleasure. We all crossed in safety, but some of the more timorous resorted to other means than walking.

The next stream, known as "Camp 6" stream, was similarly crossed. Just below where the fording was made, is a series of falls measuring over 200 feet. In crossing this stream, on a former trip, Mr. Hopper lost a valued pack-horse. The water was high, the poor animal was unable to keep its footing and was carried over the falls.

As we proceeded from "Camp 7" toward the interior our trail grew less distinct. We passed through heavy timber, then for a long distance through what is well named "the jungle." This is a piece of low land covered with a heavy growth of all that is disagreeable. Nettles, devil's walking-sticks and salmon-berry bushes predominate. The latter were covered with fruit, and judging from indications this jungle must have been a popular feeding place for bear.



A MOUNTAIN WATERFALL.

Through occasional open places we were afforded beautiful views. An especially interesting one was of a mountain stream which started near the summit of the range and fell by a succession of falls almost to our feet. We estimated the entire visible fall to be about 2000 feet.

Indications of game were plentiful, and elk, deer, bear, and wolf tracks were frequently seen. At one place, the freshly made track of an immense cougar arrested our attention. Farther up, in the damp places, we found the home of the sewellel, or mountain beaver. These little animals are found only in the Pacific Northwest. They live in settlements, and their peculiar runways and excavations sometimes cover several acres.

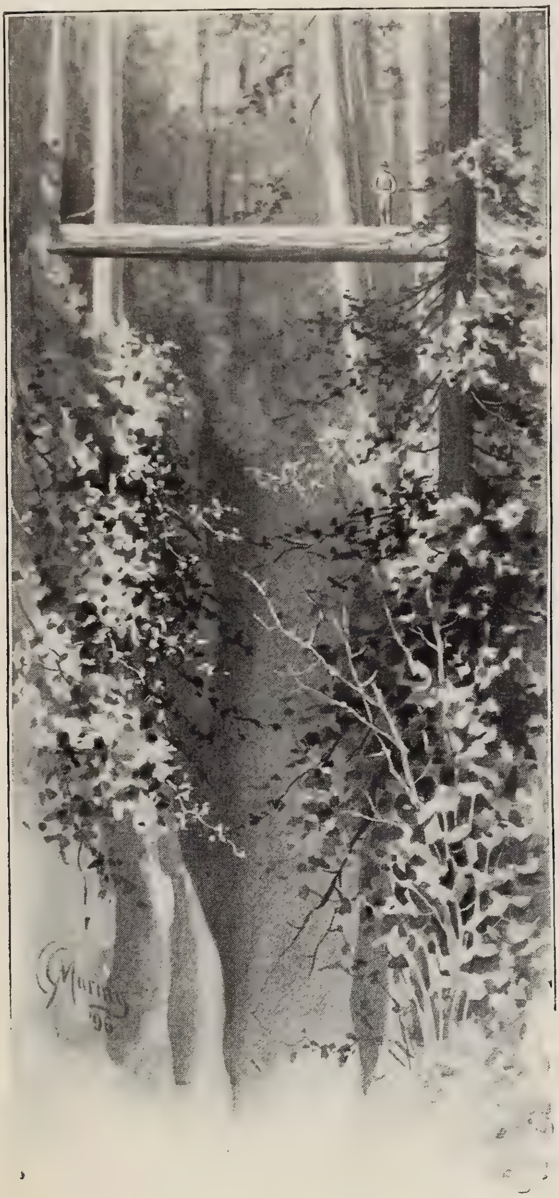
At one point the trail had been washed away, and we were obliged to make a new one. This delayed us, but before night we had made the ascent to the first divide, and at 8 P.M. found ourselves, weary and jaded, nearly 5,000 feet higher than Lake Cushman. This divide is the watershed between the Skokomish and Duckabush rivers.

From the magnificent view in every direction we decided that "Camp Lookabout" was a suitable name for our new resting place. Nearby were green meadows, where our horses were contented to remain, and seemingly everywhere were the most beautiful flowers. The various snow patches about our camp were surrounded by flowers, and, in places, we saw buds, about to bloom, pushing their way through the snow. Back of us and to the North was the mountain on which we were camped. To the East was a short, rugged mountain-range in which could be seen a glacier of considerable size. To the South the view of Mt. Skokomish, its glacier, and the valley through which we had passed, was especially grand. The glacier, though a small one, is very beautiful. It is broken by several huge crevasses, and the peculiar greenish-blue color of the ice showed distinctly from beneath its covering of snow.

To the West we had a view of Mt. Steele, one of the highest peaks in this part of the Olympics. It is over 8,000 feet high. Away to the South of this is a succession of towering unnamed peaks. To the North of Mt. Steele is another rugged range. So terribly grand and wild is the scenery in the

Olympics, that I was filled with awe at every turn of the way.

We remained at "Camp Lookabout" over a week, and took short exploring trips in every direction. On one of these trips I saw my first whistling marmot. This little animal, though some larger, reminded me very much of the ground-hog of the East. There are thousands of them in this region, and their sharp, shrill whistle is quite musical.



A NARROW BRIDGE.

Mr. Hopper, the hunter of our party, kept our table supplied with grouse, and they served as an agreeable change from bacon, ham, and corn-beef. While on our short trips from Camp Lookabout we saw no big game, but indications of their presence were plentiful.

The last few days spent at the first divide were rendered disagreeable by a drizzling rain. This served to dampen our spirits, and we decided to break camp and proceed to the main divide, the watershed between Puget sound and the Pacific ocean.

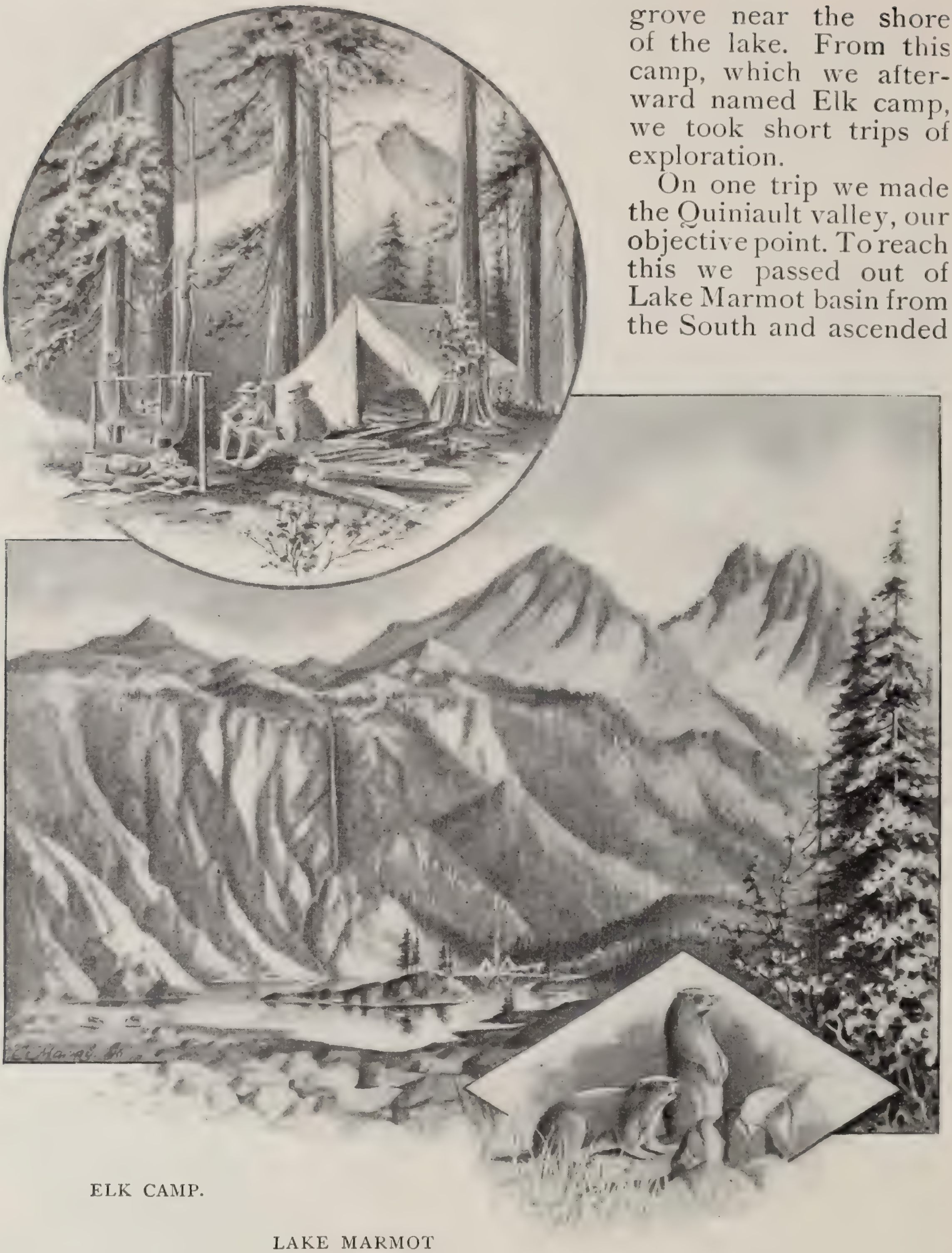
The loss of one pack-horse and the disabling of another, made it necessary for each member of the party to shoulder a pack of over 50 pounds.

Under the most favorable circumstances the 2 days' journey to Lake Marmot, on the main divide, is an arduous one, but to plod on, through the rain, loaded as we were, made us realize that there might be more agreeable pastimes than exploring the wilds of Washington.

As we traveled over park-like meadows, down small streams, across snow fields, and then made the actual descent, down a steep zigzag trail, into the Duckabush valley, we saw much to make us exclaim, despite our difficulties, "How grand!" To the right as we descended, stood, in bold relief, a towering perpendicular cliff. To the left were many beautiful waterfalls. In one stream 4 picturesque falls could be seen. Before us lay the Duckabush valley.

We had crossed and recrossed streams, tramped up and down, climbed over and under logs, crossed gulches, and walked cautiously over snowbridges, beneath which the stream had worn great tunnels.

We were very weary, but our fatigue did not prevent our enjoyment of the view, when for the first time we beheld the basin in which is located Lake Marmot. This little



ELK CAMP.

LAKE MARMOT

WHISTLING MARMOTS.

lake, with its small island in the centre, its green-sloping shore, its 2 tributaries, and its picturesque surroundings, is a sight of rare beauty.

We pitched our tent in a small grove near the shore of the lake. From this camp, which we afterward named Elk camp, we took short trips of exploration.

On one trip we made the Quiniault valley, our objective point. To reach this we passed out of Lake Marmot basin from the South and ascended about 1,000 feet. At that elevation we had an unobstructed view of the lofty peaks by which we were surrounded. Mt. Duckabush, to the South, is the one that attracted the most attention, for on it is the largest glacier in this part of the Olympics.

The glacier, which is broken by many crevasses, is accessible, and a near view is well worth the exertion to obtain it.

We continued our ascent and were soon rewarded by a view of the Quiniault valley and lake, and far away the expanse of the broad Pacific.

The descent into the valley was very precipitous. We enjoyed the slide down a long snowfield, but, going down a creek bottom, at an angle of 45 degrees, was less agreeable. The slippery rocks and sliding earth made our progress slow and hazardous.

AT THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER.

It was while descending this wild place that we saw our first elk. Far below, in a small opening, one could be seen feeding. A nearer view showed us 3 magnificent bulls, and we immediately determined that one of them should be ours. This was my first experience in stalking big game, and those who have been similarly situated will understand the intensity of my excitement as we skulked behind bowlders, bushes, and timbers.

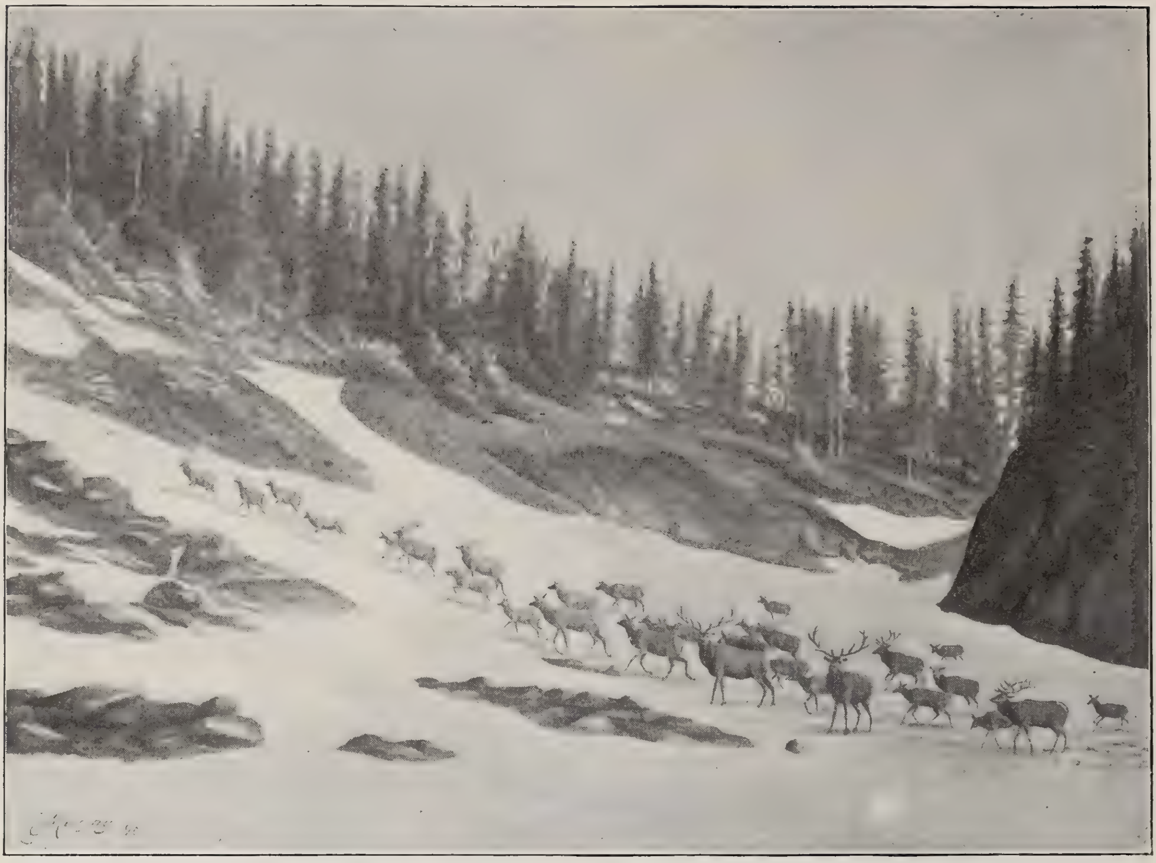
The elk, evidently tired of their grazing place, moved slowly toward the timber, and disappeared on one of their well-worn trails. This was our opportunity and, with Mr. Hopper in the lead, we hastened across the opening and followed the trail a few rods, when, on ascending a small hill, we saw one of the elk standing, with full left side exposed to view, not over 100 feet away.

Mr. Hopper quickly aimed, but the cartridge failed to explode. The click of the rifle startled the elk, and by the time the second aim was taken it had passed behind some timber. A small portion of his body could be seen. That was sufficient, and after the report the elk made a few jumps and fell dead. We rushed to the same level and could easily have shot one of the others, but, in one elk, weighing about 800 pounds, we realized that we had a great deal more meat than we could use.

To our surprise the 2 remaining elk seemed to be more curious than startled. They moved a short distance, stopped, looked at their fallen companion, and then passed on into the timber. We encountered numerous difficulties in getting the meat to camp. These were all surmounted, and we feasted on elk steak as long as we remained in the mountains. A snow drift near camp made a perfect refrigerator.

A few days later we decided to explore a portion of the Olympics never before visited, and if possible to locate a trail to the South fork of the Skokomish by which we might later return to civilization. We spent 3 days on this trip, but found we could not, in the time we had, make a feasible trail to the South fork, so abandoned that plan.

There is a network of elk trails through the accessible parts of the range, and these greatly facilitated our traveling. On one occasion we followed the same trail, for a long distance, up steep grades and over



MY FIRST NEAR VIEW OF A BUNCH OF ELK.

snow fields, until we reached the end, and found that it was impossible to proceed on account of the roughness of the country.

We did not regret having gone so far out of our way for, from this high elevation we had a fine view of the surrounding country, and, in a snow-covered basin, away below us, we could see a large band of elk.

This side of the valley is one rock ridge after another, and the only way to reach the elk, and the opening above them—where we had originally intended to go—was to descend to the bottom of the valley, over 1,000 feet below. The country was so rough that it took us 3 hours to go from the place where we first saw the elk, to the basin just below them. We disposed of our packs, rested a few minutes, then started in the direction of the elk, for the purpose of getting a photograph of the band. After going a short distance we found the elk had moved from the snow to a meadow just to the left. We made our way toward the meadow; by the time we had reached the ridge nearest the elk, they had all returned to the snow-covered basin.

We quickly passed over this ridge, and, from behind bushes and timber, I had my first near view of a band of elk. There were 32 in the band, 4 very large bulls, 3 smaller ones, and 25 cows and calves. To get my first snap-shot, I moved slowly from behind the bushes and stood in full view, still unobserved by the elk. The distance was a little too great for a satisfactory view, and Mr. Hopper, who had joined me, advised me to rush toward the band and to make an exposure at the proper distance. This I did, and I was more surprised than the elk. Instead of the stampede I had anticipated, the elk slowly arose. Some trotted away, others walked, and 2 of the largest bulls stood for a few moments, seemingly meditating whether to move on, or show fight.

PHOTOS BY C. C. MARING.

BAND OF 32 ELK.

I certainly felt, for a few seconds, that I had been rash in approaching in that manner a whole band of elk. At one time I wondered how far I would have to run to reach timber.

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

The elk all passed up the left side of the basin, and after reaching the perpendicular cliffs near the upper part stopped for several minutes and viewed us with evident curiosity. They then passed over the mountain and out of sight. In all probability this was their first sight of man.

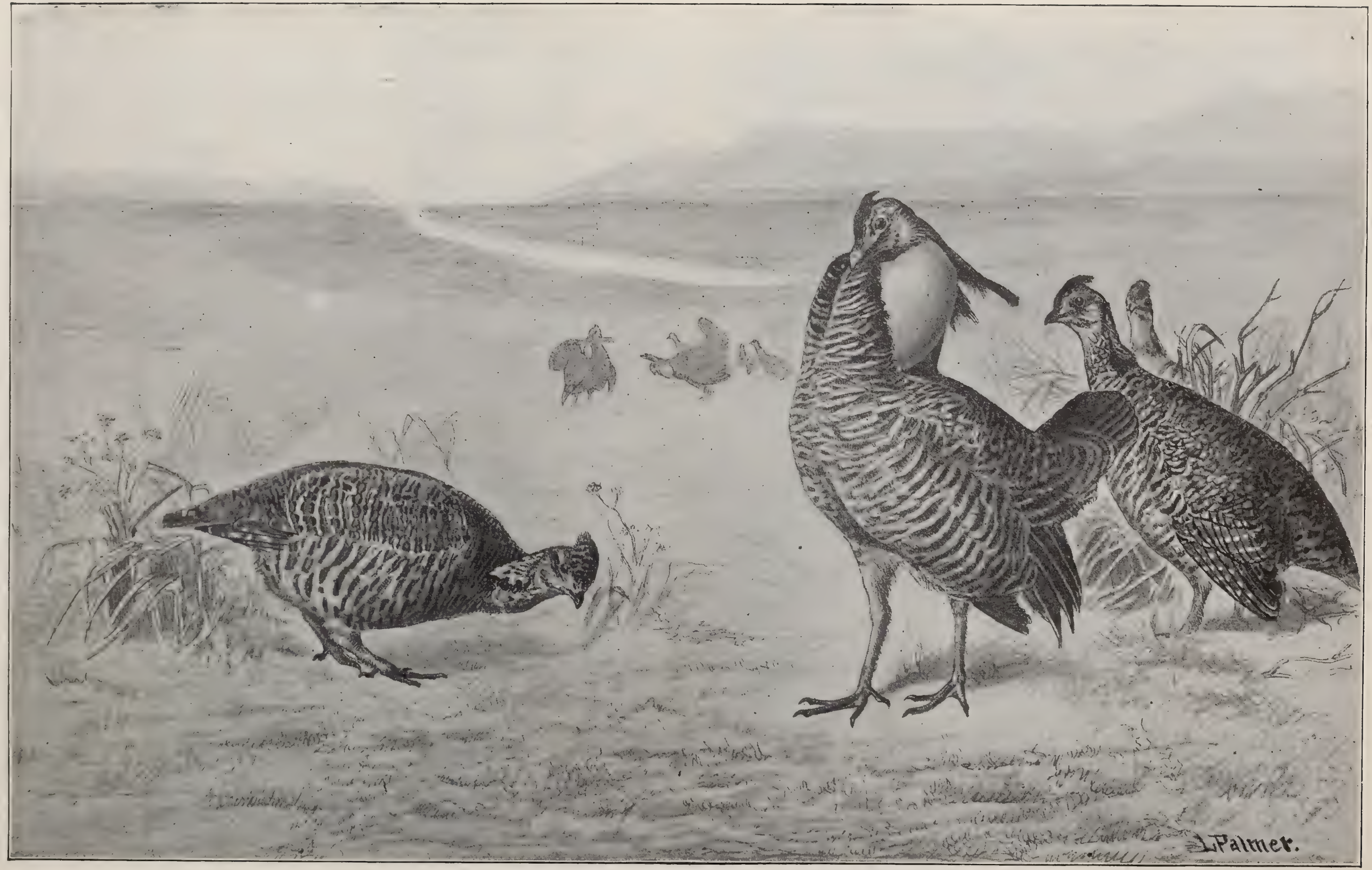
SNOW BRIDGE, OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS.

We returned to camp feeling that in the near view of such a large band of elk, we had been well repaid for the many hardships through which we had passed to reach them.

We made the return trip without mishap, and the reviews we had of the scenes served to fix them in our memories.

The Olympics are certainly a paradise for the artist, the hunter, the naturalist, and the explorer. They have only to become more generally known to be visited and appreciated.

This region is so full of nature's beauties that it well might rival the Yellowstone region as a national park.



A SPRING MORNING ON THE PRAIRIE. PINNATED GROUSE.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

III.

THE LITTLE CHIEF HARE.

W. E. CARLIN.

To my mind this is the most interesting of all the smaller animals we have photographed. Our experience with him is confined to the Bitter Root mountain, where he makes his home in the slide-rock, at various altitudes. We found him at elevations of 3,500 to 8,500 feet.

The pika is a miniature hare, but there is something quite ratlike in his general appearance, especially in his eyes. Here are dimensions of a full grown male specimen we measured:

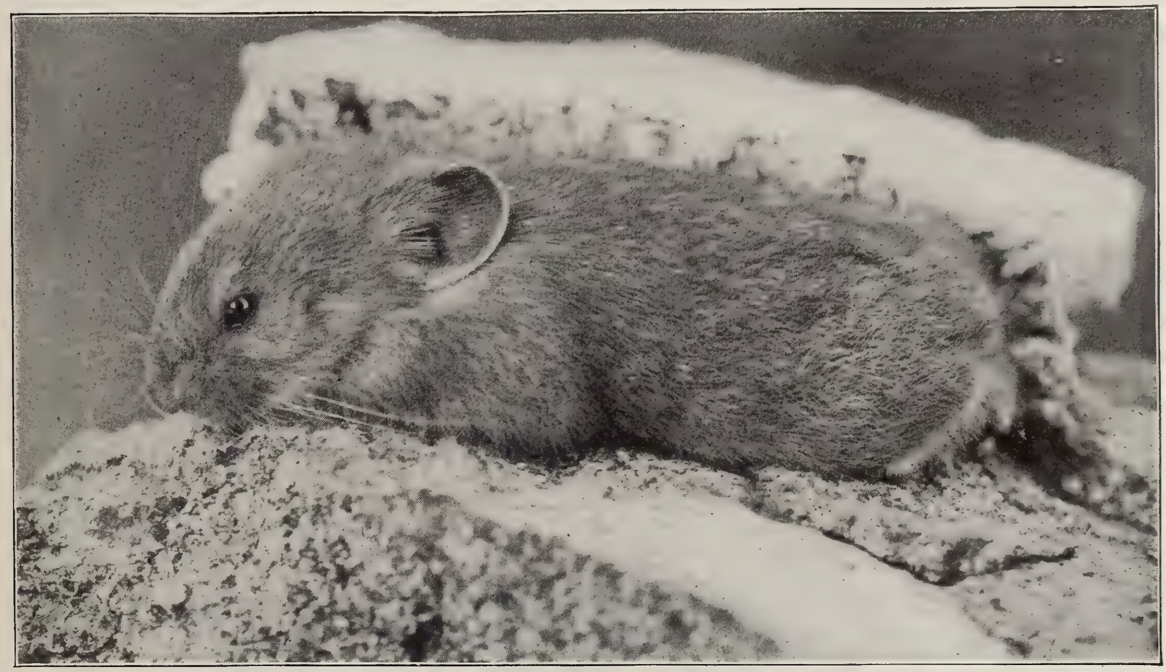
Total length	6½ inches.
Length of body	5 inches.
Length of tail	0.4 inch.
Height, at shoulder	2¾ inches.
Girth, back of shoulder	4½ inches.

They are, as a rule, jerky and erratic in their movements, and dodge in and out among the rocks with incredible swiftness. Their cry is unique, resembling the sharp note of a child's toy trumpet. The pika feeds on grass, weeds and berries, being especially fond of the leaves and fruit of the wild raspberry bush.

After their morning meal they lie and sun themselves on some rock, retiring as the sun gets high into the shade of their slide rock home and reappearing at short intervals during the day, until the sun gets low. Then they eat supper and sun themselves as before.

As fall approaches they are very busy, all day long, laying up their winter's supply of hay.

Frequently one of the little fellows will pop out and, looking quickly about to see if the coast is clear, will hurry off to gather some favorite grass. Then he will come scampering back with a bunch nearly as big as himself.



LITTLE CHIEF HARE, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN PIKA.

When disturbed or surprised he nearly always gives vent to his sharp cry, opening his mouth wide as he utters it. His worst enemy is the weasel, but he is also the prey of hawks and martens.

During winter, in the higher altitudes, the little chief must live for some time under the snows. In April, last, we went into the mountains, on snowshoes, for a month, and found their abodes covered with 6 to 10 feet of snow. In the mouths of the canyons, near the Bitter Root river, where the snow little more than covered the slide rock, I saw chief hares sitting on the snow, at different times during the winter, but higher up there was not a sign of one.

Early in the season they are easier to

approach and photograph than later, when they are constantly on the move.

We found pika the most difficult of all the animals to photograph, and followed him nearly a month before we succeeded. It was difficult to get near one and to make an exposure without disturbing it; for while he might appear sound asleep, a slight noise of any kind, and the little fellow was up and off like a shot.

SUNNING HIMSELF.

JUST LOAFING.

On one occasion I had gotten within 12 feet of a hare and, as he appeared thoroughly oblivious of my presence, I stopped down my Tele-photo lens, to a small opening, and started to expose for 4 seconds. I had finished counting 2 seconds when the hare disappeared like lightning; and on looking for the cause, I saw a weasel hunting in the rocks, about 10 feet away. Calling to Wright we chased the weasel until

THE WEASEL WHO SPOILED THE NEGATIVE.

he went into a hole in the rocks. Here we set up our camera and got an exposure on him when he peeked out to see if we had gone.

I will not recount all our efforts and failures, on the hares, but we finally had to adopt the tiresome method of focussing on one of their favorite sunning places, and waiting patiently, 40 or 50 feet away, until a hare appeared.

HIGH MINDED.

The exposures were made with a Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss lens, Series VIIA, working at full opening F. 6.3. The timing was $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{25}$ second. The shutter was sprung with a 50 foot tube, to which was fitted an unusually large bulb.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in his monograph of this interesting little creature, says:

"The Rocky mountain Pika is common in the rock slides of the Boreal Province, in Idaho. In the Salmon river Pahsimeroi, in the Saw Tooth mountains, we found it ranging from the Canadian zone to within a short distance of the summits of the highest peaks. It was encountered most abundantly in the neighborhood of timber line, between the altitudes of 3,050 and 3,350 meters (10,000 and 11,000 feet), perhaps because suitable rock slides are most frequent at this elevation. The lowest colony discovered, in the Salmon river mountains, inhabited a mass of volcanic slide rock surrounded by Douglas fir and Murray pine, on the East slope of the range, about 8,600 feet above the sea. In a narrow part of the valley of Big Wood river, near its headwaters, a few individuals were found in slides as low as 7,400 feet. It was observed also in the mountains between the headwaters of Big Lost river and Trail creek.

"Pikas are noisy little creatures and are not likely to let any one pass near by without making their presence known. Their cry has been described as a 'bleat'; resembling that of a lamb, but the simile is strained. Their ordinary note is eh-eh, spasmodically ejaculated and several times repeated. Sometimes it is shriller and more like ee-ee, uttered many times in rapid succession.

"They are active, nimble little bodies, springing lightly from rock to rock, and running swiftly to and from their feeding grounds, often several hundred feet away.

"Their chief food-plant is a pretty little Arctic-alpine species (*Genum rossii*) which forms mats of green among the rocks and bears conspicuous yellow flowers. This is their 'hay,' and they lay up large quantities of it for winter use, depositing it in little heaps in the spaces between the rocks. These storehouses average about the size of a bushel measure and contain, in addition to the leaves and flowers of *Genum rossii*, a few heads of purple Aster and golden Senecio.

"The Pikas are very industrious. In early autumn they are constantly engaged in carrying hay to their storehouses, except when interrupted by intruders, at whom they stare and scold before plunging out of sight among the rocks. Soon after silence is restored they reappear, and their cry may be heard from a hundred points. They crawl out upon the rocks and sit motionless for a while, and if undisturbed soon return to their task of laying up food for winter. I have watched them by the hour while thus engaged, running rapidly to the side of the slide, gathering a mouthful of leaves, and returning as swiftly to deposit it in the usual place. For such short-legged animals their speed is surprising, as well as the long leaps they make from rock to rock, never losing their footing. Their movements are not attended by any noise, which circumstance is due in part to the lightness of their bodies and in part to the dense pad of fur which covers the soles of their feet.

"One afternoon, about the 1st of September, Mr. Vernon Bailey and I carried our blankets up to a Lagomys above timber line, on the Salmon river mountains, and spent the night there. As darkness fell upon the mountains a storm set in. The wind blew a furious gale and rain began falling. Soon the rain changed to hail and sleet, and finally to snow. Much to our surprise we heard the unmistakable cry of the Pikas, at frequent intervals throughout the night. Whether they are usually nocturnal, as well as diurnal, or whether the storm set them at work to move their storehouses to safer places, we have no means of knowing."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY ROBT. WALSTROM.

ICE BOAT "IVERNE," ON LAKE PEPIN.

A BEAR AND SOME SCARED HUNTERS.

C. G. SHEPARD.

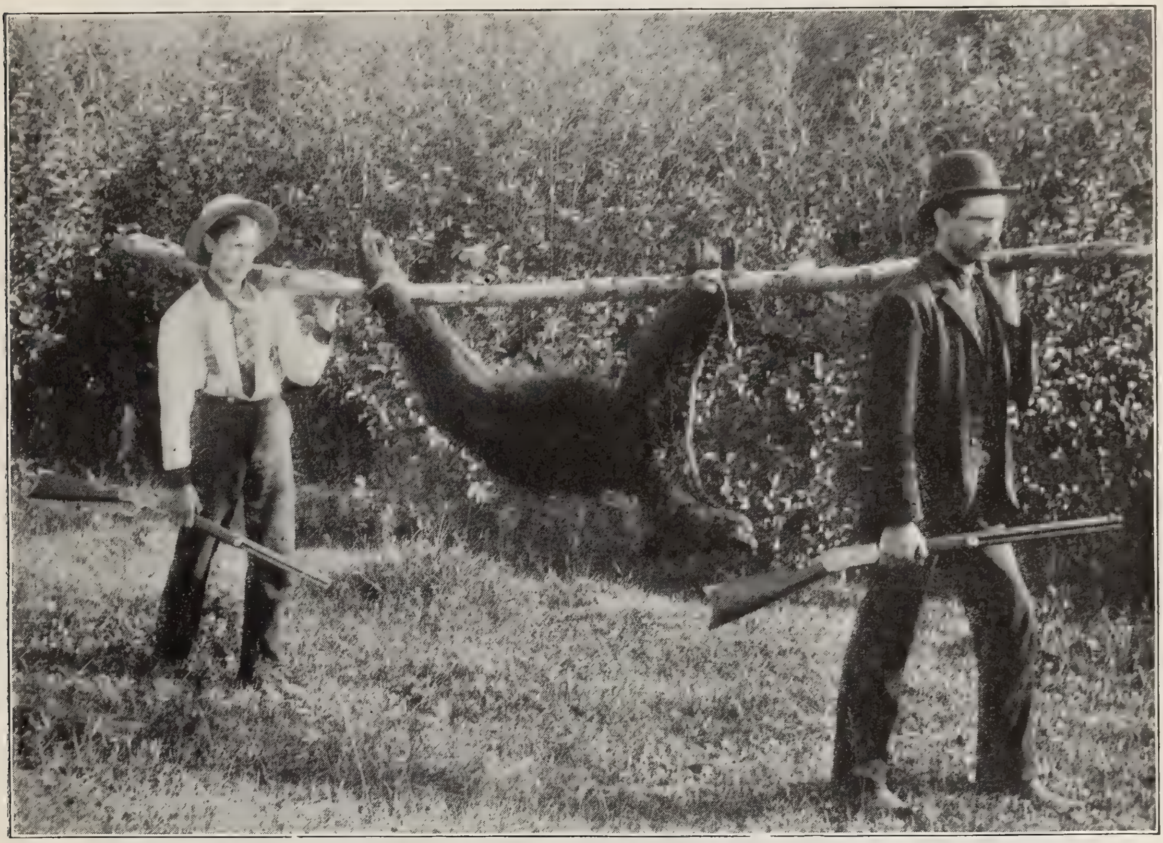
Late on the evening of August 1st, Mr. John Lenard was walking on the track, between Maple Ridge and Lathrop. He carried a dilapidated Winchester, that would not shoot twice in the same place, and with an action that usually balked at the first empty shell.

A slight noise attracting his attention, he stopped, and to his amazement, saw the head of a bear, in the brush, beside the track. Lenard had never met a bear before, and he remembered the condition of his gun, yet, mustering up his courage, took careful aim at the animal's breast, and fired. The bear sprang forward, and Lenard succeeded in pumping the old gun 3 times more, before a shell stuck.

The bear turned, and took to the woods, and Lenard hastened on to his destination, told his story, and then returned, in company with Jno. Stocklin, C. M. Shepherd and I.

It was after dark when we reached the place, and we followed the trail by the light of a lantern, through swamp, brush and weeds. We could see but a few feet in any direction, and were in constant expectation of a charge by the wounded bear.

Suddenly the man carrying the lantern, fell, putting out the light. At the same instant another of the party, stepped on a hazel switch that sprung up and struck Lenard in the face. We could not see how high he jumped, but we heard him come down. Such a rattling of gun-barrels, clicking of locks, and chorus of yells, as followed, was never before heard in that neck of woods.



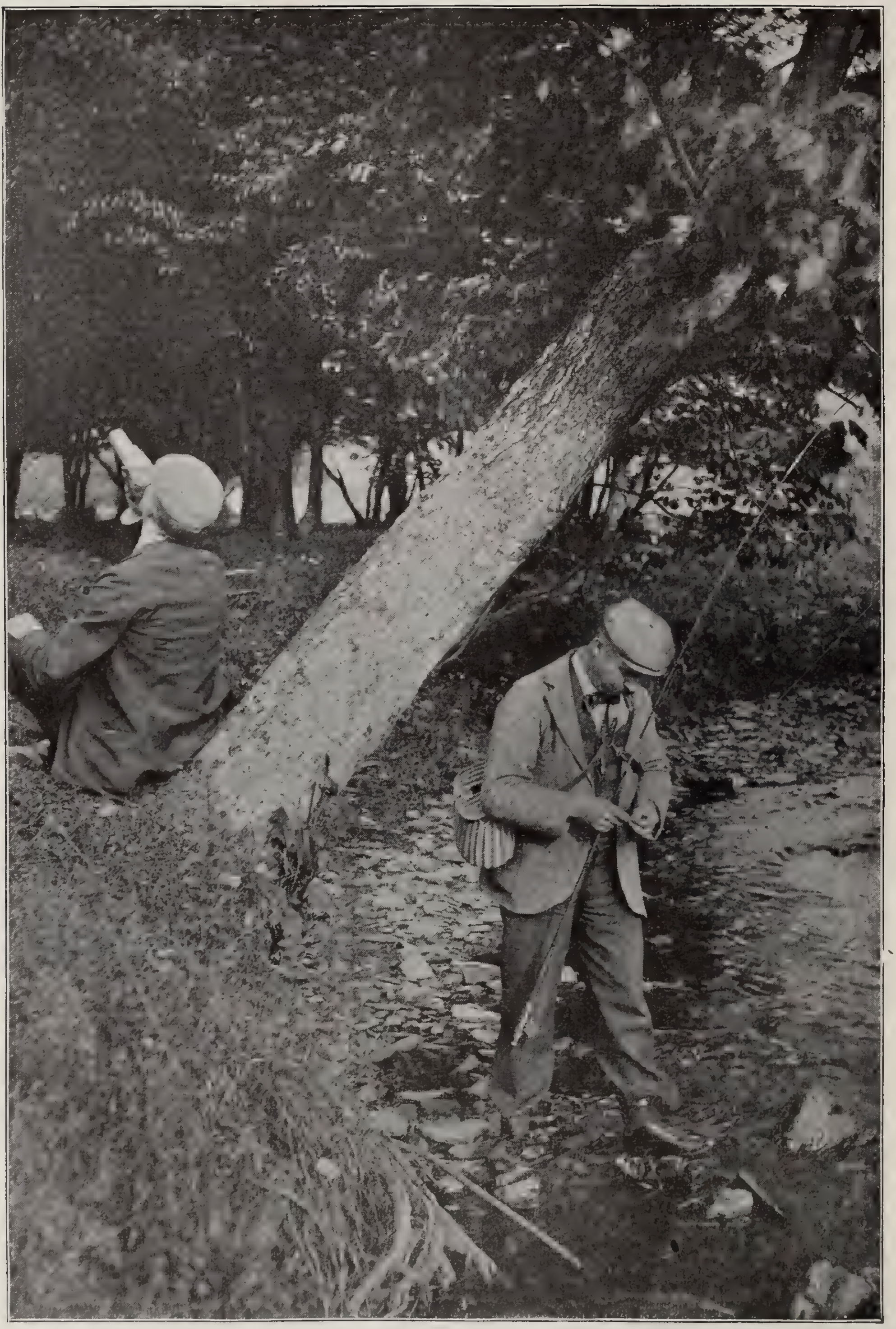
AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. G. SHEPHERD.

PACKING HIM OUT.

I had no weapon with me but a revolver, drawing which, I rushed to where the noise was loudest, and my pistol coming in contact with Lenard's bosom, brought another yell from the prostrate hero. By this time, the lantern had been relighted, and no bear could be seen, though pale faces were plenty.

Moving more cautiously, we pushed on through the thick brush, and came suddenly on the bear, lying in a pool of blood. Some more high jumping took place, until we discovered that the animal was dead.

It weighed about 200 pounds, and was possibly 2 years old, but no bear of its size ever caused more excitement. The members of our party are unanimous in the decision to trail our next bear by day-light.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY H. G. READING.

BAITING UP.

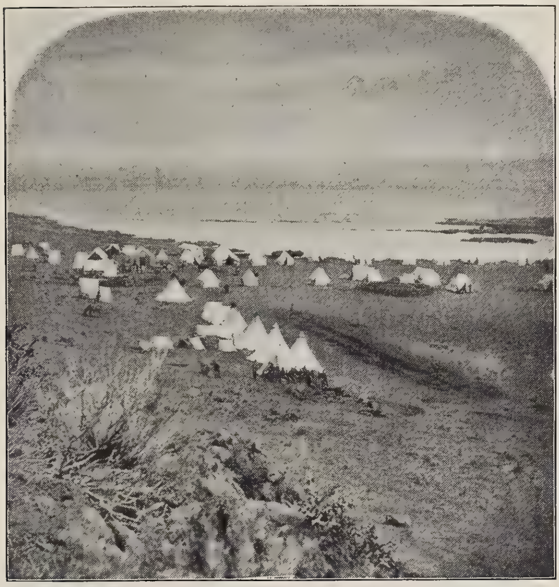
HUNTING INDIANS IN A FOG.

LIEUT. C. B. HARDIN, U. S. A.

During the Modoc war, in 1873, I was a member of Troop G, 1st Cavalry. With Troops B, F, and H, of the same regiment, 5 companies of infantry, and a few Klamath Indians, we were encamped at Land's ranche, 8 or 10 miles East of Captain Jack's stronghold. Gen. Wheaton, with more troops, was 4 miles West of the Modocs. At midnight of January 16th our little command moved out on foot, and in single file, over a rough trail. Until daylight we moved slowly on account of darkness, and then still more slowly because of a dense fog. We could not see 50 yards, and were in doubt as to our exact position. The greater part of the forenoon was spent in halts. It was a bad day to hunt Indians, but we had Gen. Wheaton's orders to move forward, and there was nothing else to be done. About noon we found a herd of Indian ponies and promptly gathered them in. The noise we made in so doing informed the Indians of our presence, and we fell back to avoid a premature engagement, followed by a few random shots from the redskins. We had retreated perhaps a mile, when a volley, accompanied with the usual yells, told that our retreat was cut off, and we must either fight or crawl.

Troop B was ordered to charge and did so in gallant style; meeting with such a warm reception, however, that Troop G was sent to their assistance. The Indians were chased from point to point until they ceased firing. The fog made good shooting impossible, and we had but 3 men wounded. The Modocs suffered but slight loss.

We picked up our wounded, and went into camp for the night. We were not a jolly party. The old hands knew that our work was yet before us, and the youngsters were nervous, having found that Indian fighting was by no means a lark. I thought myself fortunate in being assigned to picket duty with Private Lavelle—the jolliest fellow in the troop. But Lavelle had made up his mind he was to die, on the morrow, and talked of nothing else; so I had a bad night of it.



THE FIGHT WITH THE MODOCS IN THE LAVA BEDS.

Headquarters on Tule Lake, from bluff north of camp.

THE FIGHT WITH THE MODOCS IN THE LAVA BEDS.

Headquarters and bluff; from beyond picket line, looking N. W.

At daybreak we moved out to the attack, leaving a few men to care for the camp. One of these men, hearing of Lavelle's presentiment, begged to exchange positions with him; but like the good soldier he was, Lavelle refused to shirk his duty.

We started out as skirmishers, and kept that formation all day. The fog was, if possible, more dense than before, and the silence, unbroken save by the caution of our officers—"Steady, men, keep your intervals!" was positively awful. When we had advanced about half a mile, we found some ponies hobbled in front of a natural wall of rock. This wall was shaped like a horse-shoe, with the opening toward us.

The ponies were a bait for a beautifully planned ambuscade, and the Indians were massed behind the wall, ready to gobble up any small detachment sent to take their horses. We were not looking for ponies that day, we were after their masters.

THE STAKE INDICATES THE SPOT WHERE GEN. CANBY AND THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS WERE MURDERED, BY THE MODOCS.

The whole line swept forward, and I experienced no joy from the discovery that I was one of the few skirmishers who would have to enter the horse-shoe bend. The fog was at its worst as we entered the trap, and we advanced some distance into it, when we received a terrible volley. Our 2d Lieutenant was shot through the shoulder; he spun round like a top before falling, letting his carbine fly from his hand. The carbine struck my head and made me think I was blown to atoms. Several others went down, but poor Lavelle, who had predicted his own death, was the only man killed outright.

BATTERY OF HOWITZERS IN POSITION IN CAPT. JACK'S STRONGHOLD.

Troop B, on our right, poured volleys down our front, causing the enemy to fall back and cease firing for a brief period, and we drew off to better cover, taking our wounded with us. Here we awaited the action of Gen. Wheaton, who, on account of the fog, did not wish to attack. He could not signal to call us off, and hearing our guns was forced to advance and support us. Soon we heard his howitzers, but as

VIEW OF LAVA BEDS NEAR MASON'S CAMP, SHOWING A GROUP OF SOLDIERS AND WARM SPRING INDIANS.

VIEW OF LAVA BEDS LOOKING N.E.; SHOWING MODOC FORTIFICATIONS IN THE BACKGROUND.

GROUP OF WARM SPRING INDIANS,

the gunners could not see where they were sending their shells, they soon stopped firing. Then came volleys of musketry and the cheers of charging troops, and we had the pleasure of hearing a great fight without being in it. Nor could we get in it very well, for our friends were sending showers of lead over us, obliging us to keep down.

Finally the fog broke up Gen. Wheaton's attack. His men became scattered; many came through the stronghold, to our lines, and others fell back. Occasionally the fog would lift a little, and then pot-shots at short range were in order, with the disadvantage that we were in the pot, while the Modocs could keep under cover. So it went on until well toward evening, when Gen. Wheaton managed to signal to us to fall back. At dusk we returned to our camp of the preceding night, where wounds were dressed, and preparations made for the march to our permanent camp. About midnight we started. Those of our wounded who could ride were mounted on captured ponies. Others were carried in blankets, with a bearer at each corner. It was a night of horror. The worn-out bearers would frequently stumble over the rough rocks, letting their burdens fall, and the groans of the poor fellows, so roughly handled, were heart-rending. It was after sunrise when we staggered into camp at Land's ranche, tired, sleepy, hungry and footsore.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. C. DEWEY.

AMONG THE TREE TOPS, ON SNOWSHOES.

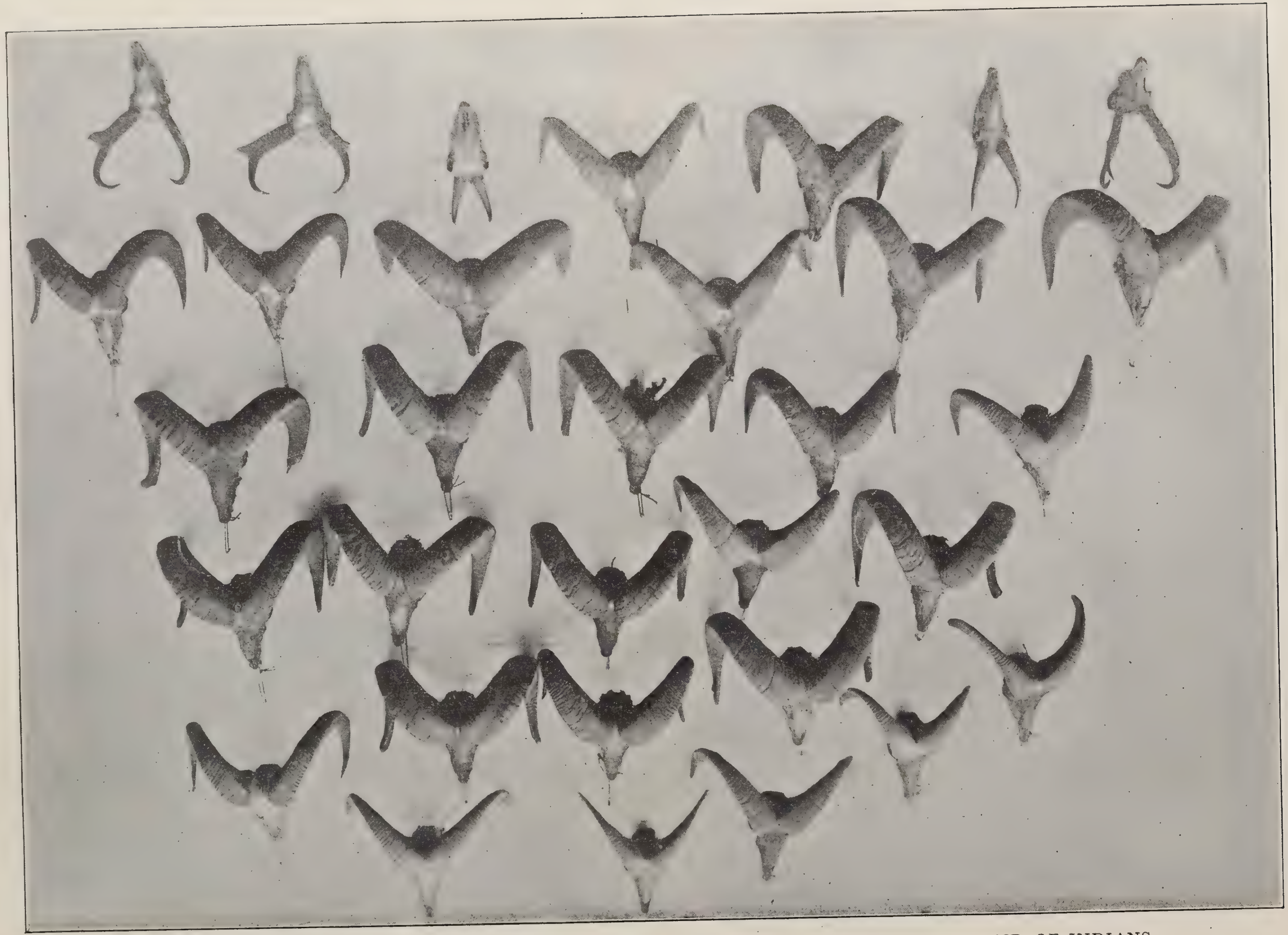
STAVE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER; SITE OF '98 MEET, A. C. A.
Proposed location for mess tent and headquarters; looking toward the river.

STAVE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.
North end of headquarters track.

STAVE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER; SQUAW POINT, FROM HEADQUARTERS.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. R. R. HALL.

BEFORE THE RUN.



TWENTY-SEVEN SHEEP, 3 ANTELOPE AND 2 GOAT HEADS. ALL KILLED BY ONE BAND OF INDIANS.

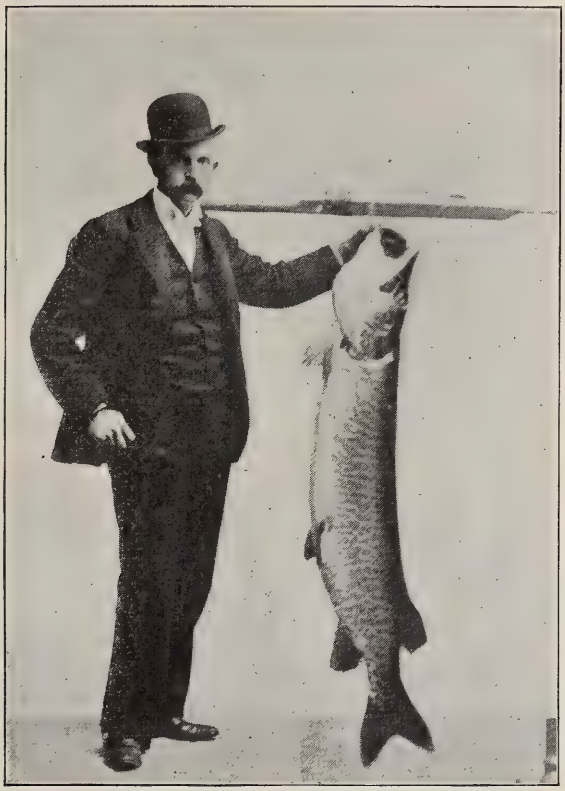
From a photo kindly loaned by W. F. Sheard, Tacoma, Wash.

TO SAVE THE MUSKALONGE.

BEN S. DEAN.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I hand you herewith a picture of one of the magnificent muskalonge which inhabit the waters of Chautauqua lake, and which the Chautauqua Fish and Game Association seeks to protect from the wanton destruction incident to ice fishing, with coops, spears and other contrivances.



A BIG MUSKALONGE.

Length, 50½ inches ; girth, 26¾ inches ; weight, 39¾ pounds.

This fish was taken with a hook and line, by one of our members, and weighed 39¾ pounds. It was 50½ inches long, and had a girth of 26¾ inches.

For the past few years the state has been engaged in artificial propagation, in the waters of Chautauqua lake, with special reference to the muskalonge; and there are now large numbers of these fish which take the hook readily, affording a liberal food supply for the summer hotels and cottages.

By the provisions of Chapter 705 of the laws of 1897, forced through the legislature at the demand of a few professional fishermen, these muskalonge may be taken with spears, during the first 20 days of February. Our association is seeking to have this law amended, and to bring Chautauqua lake under the operations of the general law of this state; believing that in this way only can the supply of muskalonge be kept up.

It is estimated by those who have watched the denuding of these waters, on former occasions, when spearing was permitted, that at least 3,000 fishing coops, each containing a man armed with a spear and decoys, would be found on the ice with the opening of February, on a body of water about 20 miles long and from 2 to 3 miles wide. If this should prove true, no doubt there would be literally tons of these fish taken; and certainly 2 or 3 years of this kind of fishing would leave the waters of Chautauqua lake as barren as the Sahara desert.

The position taken by this association is that Chautauqua lake is public water; that it belongs, in common, to the people of the state of New York, and that there is no possible justification for making it subject to a special statute, which enables the few, within a short distance, to wantonly butcher and exterminate the game fishes which have been developed in this lake at the expense of the people at large. The waters are now sufficiently stocked, if the fish are taken only in a legitimate manner, and during the open season, as fixed for the state, outside of Chautauqua county, to afford an ample supply of fish food, and ideal sport. The Chautauqua Fish and Game Association, with a petition bearing more than 4,000 names, will ask the legislature to disregard local selfish interests, to do its duty and to aid in the protection of these fish.

We believe this represents the real interest, not alone of the state, but the important property interests surrounding Chautauqua lake, as well as those of the professional fishermen, who now seek to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

We want every reader of RECREATION, by personal effort directed to the senator and assemblyman from his district, to aid us in this undertaking. We shall no doubt be opposed by the leader of the majority in the assembly, only one town of whose district borders on this lake, but whose concessions to politicians have prompted him to identify himself with this policy.

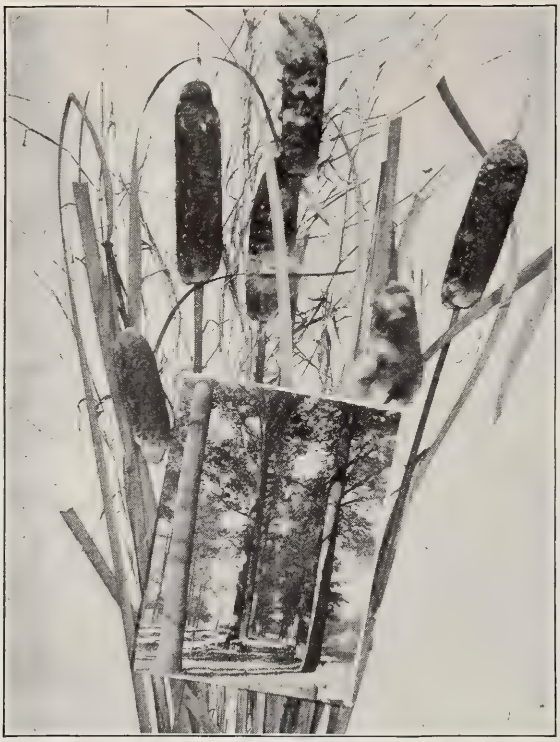


PHOTO BY G. A. CONRADI.

A NOVEL BACKGROUND.

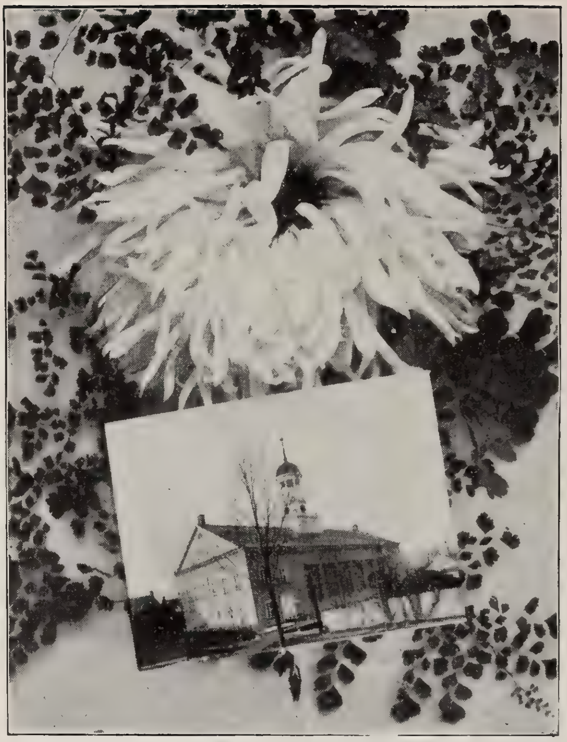


PHOTO BY G. A. CONRADI.

OLD MORAVIAN CHURCH.

A NEAT SOUVENIR.

Make a 4 x 5 negative, of a leaf of any kind, or a bunch of flowers with long stems, against a white background. A large card will answer.

When the negative is dry cover a part of it, about 1½ x 2 inches, with a piece of black paper, by pasting it on the negative. This will leave a pure white space, on which any small landscape or portrait may be printed by covering the first part printed with black paper, in which an opening has been cut the exact size of the piece which covered the first negative.

In this manner large prints may be reduced and by double printing any variety of designs may be obtained.

Care must be taken to print both the same depth; also to match the opening. The latter is important, for if not neatly done a white margin will show in the finished print. A. C.

Old Winter comes upon the scene
With rumble, rush and roar;
And just behind him comes the chap
Who never shuts the door.
—Truth.

" Several months ago Jones was kicking against hard times."

" What is he doing now? "

" He's kicking against prosperity."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. A. THOMPSON.

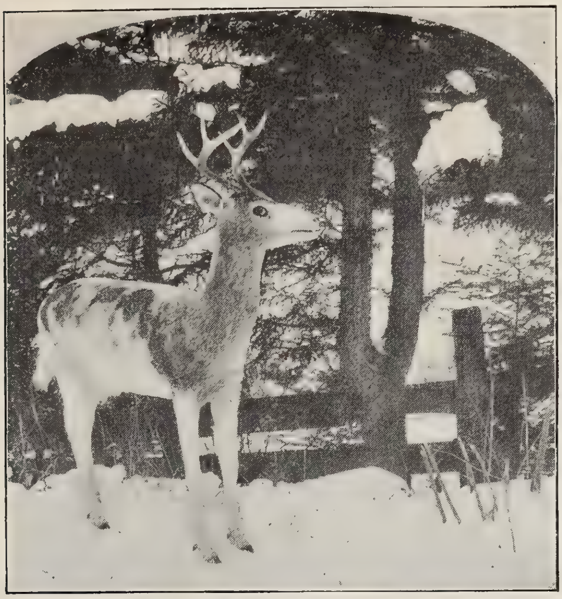
WHO WANTS IT ?

He—I have money to burn.
She—Let's strike a match.
—Jackson Patriot.

AN ALBINO DEER.

W. H. N.

On a bright, crisp morning in October, 1891, we were hunting deer in the Crawford Notch. We were in joyous mood. To climb the mountains, to view their mighty chasms, to touch them in their solitude and feel that for the moment they were ours, was an inspiration; and when in addition anticipation of the chase lightened our steps, sharpened our senses and magnified the surrounding glories of nature—what more could we wish?



ALBINO DEER.

Supposed to be in the transitory state. From mounted specimen. Photo kindly loaned by B. W. Kilburn.

In choosing our hunting ground little did we think we should see the majesty of the silent hills rivaled by the beauty of a living creature. Bing and Leader had that day as noble a quarry as ever dogs chased; and so quickly did the hunt begin that we could hardly accept their call as in earnest. Soon there could be no doubt. Clear rose the music of the baying hounds, a round of notes and echoes, bounding from side to side against the rocky walls of the notch. Away it sped into the distance, growing fainter and fainter until nearly lost to hearing; then swelled again, and we knew the chase had turned. The strain ebbed and flowed, but every moment came nearer. Then steady and strong, louder at every leap, confident and earnest—the music swept down the glen toward us. Was it instinct or strategy that shaped the course of the deer? With a sudden turn it broke away, for the river, and took to the water far below us.

Panting from our rush down the mountain side, we reached the bank and found the dogs working as for life, to untangle the thread so cunningly snarled, and to discover where the pursued had left the water. Silently and patiently they worked, circling and dashing here and there, until from a thicket, a snow-white deer flashed and sped away. Was it a living thing that took such bounds? Over bush and brake it went, and for a moment we were spellbound—pausing between scrutiny and wonder.

With such a flight, we could not wait for admiration and mercy to contend with us, and with a flash and a sharp report the deadly rifle destroyed God's handiwork. The albino deer—a masterpiece of animal creation—a moment since full of life and spirit of grace and gentleness, lay dead before us. Another graceful, gentle, harmless creature had fallen a victim to that primeval lust of slaughter which yet corrodes the hearts of men. O sportsman! where is your heart that you can do these things? Where is your love for Nature, that you can blot out the only life given to a beautiful and innocent creature?

CANADIAN FISHING.

JOHN BOYD.

One morning in July, '96, 2 men might have been seen hauling sundry packages of camp dunnage, provisions and other truck, to one of the railway stations in Toronto. This was one of the preliminaries to a much-talked-of outing to the famous Sparrow lake. Ed. C——, an all-round hunter and angler, was one; I the other.

One inexperienced in the ways of camping might have thought we were providing for an exploration to the Arctic circle, and that the population of a whole school-section was to go with us, but, we were taking our families; in all, a party of 8.

We traveled by rail to Severn station, where a snug little steamer was ready to take us down the beautiful Severn river, to Sparrow lake. Night found us comfortably ensconced under canvas.

The following morning we were out

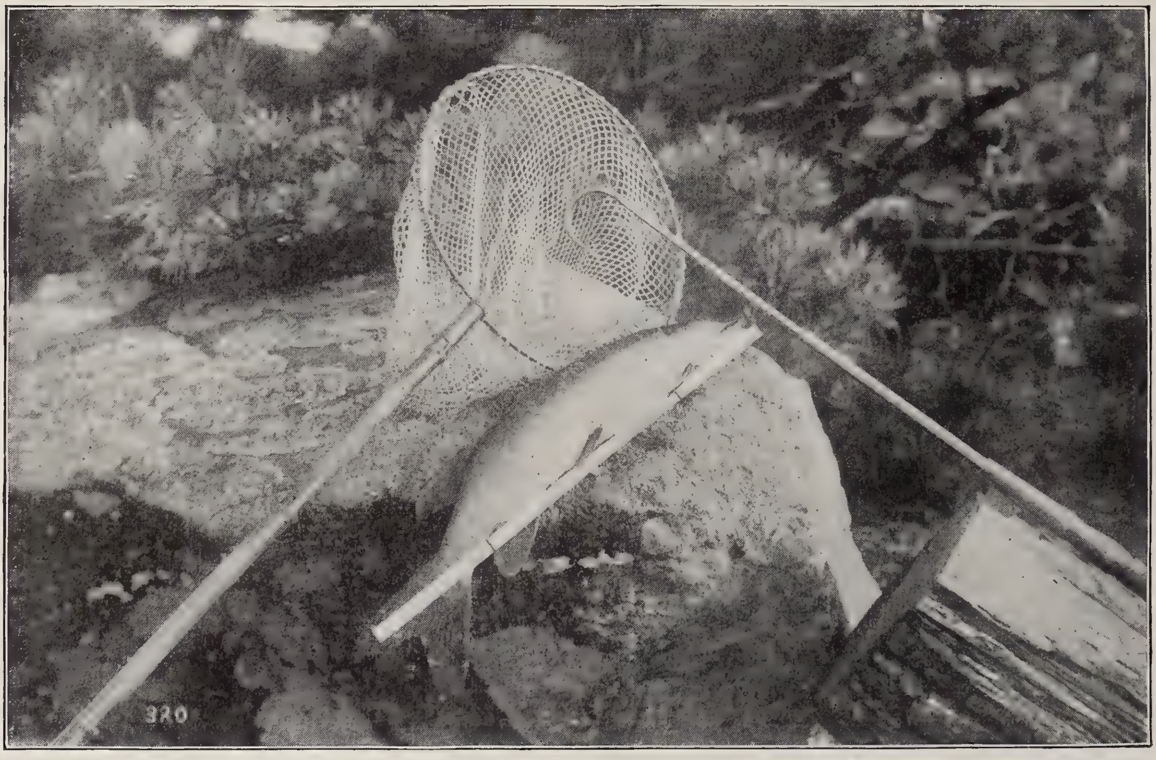
early, getting ready for the capture of muskalonge (*Esox nobilor*), giving no thought as to how its name should be spelled or even pronounced.

As the Hibernian put it, " Our first catch was a miss." Ed. soon had a strike, and commenced to play the fish, but *Esox* had no intention of being gaffed. After showing us his size, by sundry leaps out of the water, the fish parted the line.

Shortly after, a 4-pounder was hooked and safely landed, so we had at least a taste of fish for breakfast, even if we grumbled all day at the luck that lost us the big one.

A spurt with the paddle, a sudden "bucking" by the fish, and another yard of the line was brought in. This was repeated many times before I reached the edge of the weeds, where my quarry took a deep plunge, to free himself from the hook; but it was no use. With much anxiety and a greater pride, he was finally brought alongside, and the landing net placed under him; then into the canoe he was flopped.

Ed. had repeated my experience in all its details. As we compared yarns, with the 2 specimens before us, there was a decision of an inch or so in his favor. They were indeed rare fish, weighing 10 and 12 pounds, respectively.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY JOHN BOYD.

"MUSKALONGE AND THE IMPLEMENTS OF HIS TAKING OFF."

Toward evening we added 2 more to our count, and might have done better had we desired; but our intentions were to only keep the camp supplied, with perhaps an occasional one to a city friend.

The time between our fishing trips was interspersed with tramps through the woods, after huckleberries; in studying the ornithology of the vicinity; and in enjoying nature.

Coming back from one of these rambles, which was by water part of the way, I threw a line astern of the canoe, and held the end between my teeth, having little thought of what might take the spinning spoon. Soon a jerk that threatened the safety of my teeth, and a plunge, told of a hooked fish. The strain on the line, as I took it in my hands and worked in a few feet, made it manifest that he was a fair-sized one.

The pickerel (*Stizostedium vitreum*) is usually given a second place in piscatorial lore; but as a food fish he is placed by many next to the trout. They are numerous in these waters, and there was no difficulty in securing as many as we desired. They gave us good sport, and we often caught them long after dark, when we could not see the ends of our rods.

Sparrow lake is as much noted for its black bass as for its muskalonge. Almost every day we had for company some members of the Iron City Camping Club, of Pittsburgh, as well as several Indians from the Rama reservation.

In fishing we used live frogs, worms and spoon baits. It was always well to have a supply of each on hand, for the taste of the fish varied from day to day.

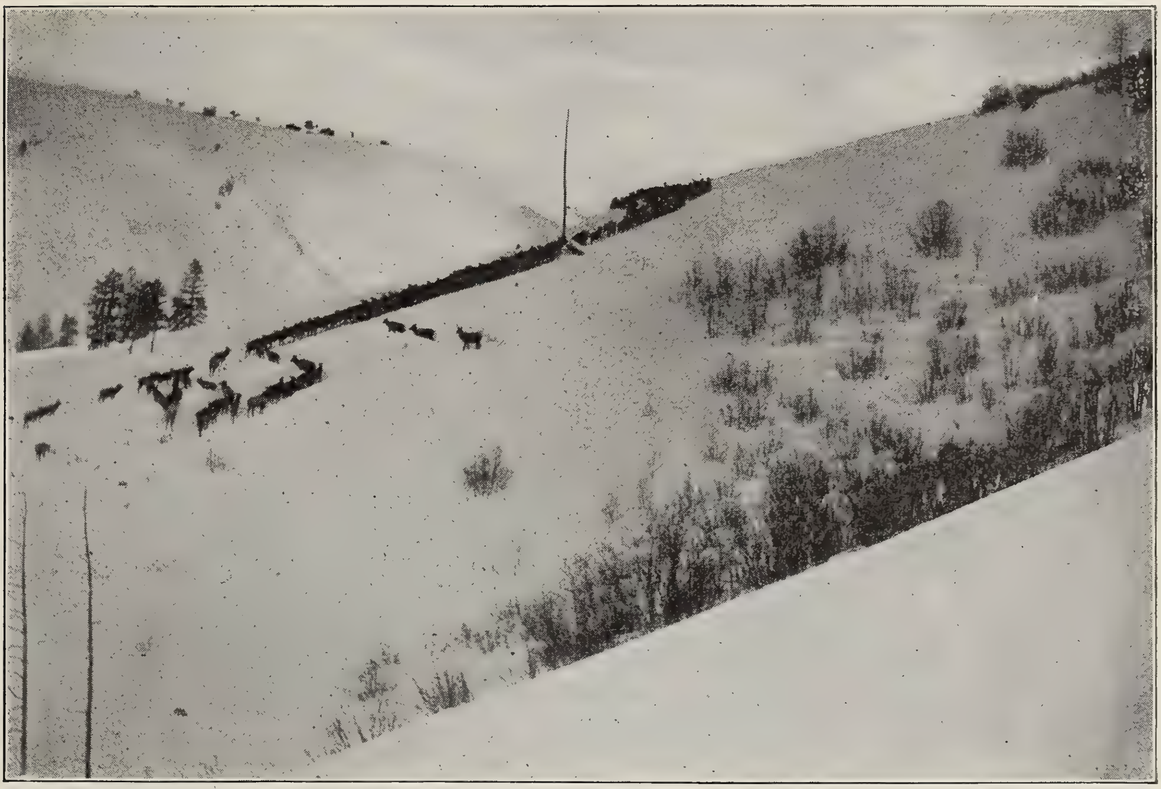
The water of the lake is so clear that under strong sunlight the fishes' movements can be seen away down a dozen feet. For this reason we did our fishing before 10 o'clock in the forenoon and after 3 in the afternoon. The early morning was the best time in which to catch the big ones.

We usually trolled over, or along the edges of the beds of " pickerel " weeds, but in a few places where the " lunge " grass was found, our luck was the best. Small fry of every kind infest these beds: perch, pickerel, bass, and sunfish hide in the dark recesses, but in reality they are there for the muskalonge to feed on. So swift is the latter's dart that not a fish escapes when it is singled out as a victim.

The settlers in the vicinity were kind, and we passed many pleasant hours in their company. One morning a good old German woman, a widow, came to camp, and inquired if we had any fish we could give her. As it happened, we were without a fin. On telling her so, she took on a mournful look, and gave free vent to her feelings. " Vell, vell! Doo bad! I haf von man hired to rakes mine grass. I haf lots of salt pork, but if he eats dot, he drinks und drinks und drinks so mooch, dot he not verk von haf his dime; but if I onlys haf some fish to gif him he nots gets dhirsty and verks mitout mooch drinks."

The ladies of the camp devoted some time to fishing, but the greater part of their holiday was, I think, given up to watching for the widow's red bull. This animal, if he was within a mile of camp, always thought it the proper thing to come over for a friendly call. As at these times the male population, including the dogs, was generally absent, his presence caused a furore that lasted until his next visit; and there is sometimes a shudder even now.

If the readers of RECREATION would have good black bass, pickerel and muskalonge fishing, where one can at the same time enjoy as fine scenery as Canada affords, they should visit Sparrow lake and its river, the Kaw-she-she-bog-a-mog.



ELK IN THE TETON FOOT HILLS.

From a photo kindly loaned by E. H. Maberly.

I send you herewith a photograph of a band of elk, numbering some 1,500, which may interest your readers. It was taken just after the elk had been dogged away from some hay stacks, over in the Teton country.

Your mind may revert to the time when such scenes were common in this Western country. We rarely see so large a band of elk now; yet there are enough left to stock a vast territory if properly protected, and judiciously hunted, by sportsmen.

Dr. E. H. Maberly, Boise City, Idaho.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. H. SHISLER.

OUT OF MEAT.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY REV. G. R. STONE.

EARLY SPRING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

ELKLAND.

VI.

DUELS.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

We were sitting in a Parisian Garden, in 1891 some student friends and I, when the conversation turned on Landseer's "stags," and more especially on those pictures representing stag fights. One of our number, an Englishman, with a turn for universal ridicule, was most unsparing in his humorous criticisms of these pictures. He characterized the incidents in them as picturesque but baseless fictions.

"I went," said he, "to Lord X's park, in the proper season, on purpose to see a stag-fight. I saw several; but they were simply ludicrous fiascos—as absurd as a French duel. After some 2 or 3 days' preliminary, bellowing, challenges and exchanges of polite notes, 2 stags would amicably agree to fight. Any does that might be about took not the slightest notice of the affair, knowing, I suppose, it was merely a matter of form.

"After making some magnificent demonstrations, at a safe distance apart, the 2 stags walked gently near each other, politely lowering their horns as they approached, and I heard the following conversation:

"'Are you ready?'

"'Yes. Are you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then come on.'

"'Come on yourself, I've come half way.'

"Then they gently closed, locked horns with much elaborate precision and, at another signal, commenced to push. After politely pushing for a few seconds, one would say:

"'Look out; you are hurting me.'

"'Oh, excuse me,' and they would separate again.

"After 10 minutes' rest, one would say: 'Are you ready?'

"'No, not quite.'

"Ten minutes later, both were ready. They advanced gently and locked horns; but one said:

"'A little lower on the left, please. Hold on there, that's not comfortable. Now, that's right; are you ready?'

"'Yes—no, hold on, till I get my left hind foot placed. There now—gently. Now push.'

"'Hold on! my foot slipped, and your left brow antler is scratching my ear.'

"'Let's change grips.'

"'There, now, that's much better. Push now.'

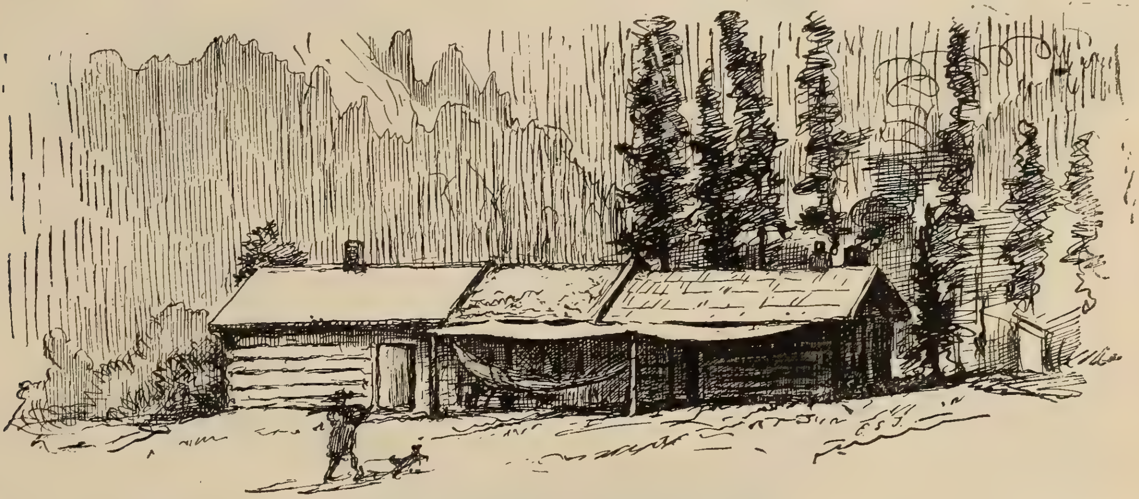
"'Oh, I say, you are too rough! I won't play any more; I'm going to join the ladies.'

"That," said our cynic, "is a typical stag fight—all there is of it—and Landseer's tragic battles were fought only in his mind."

No doubt my satirical friend saw pretty much what he described; but I do not doubt that Landseer did too. Collateral evidence for both may be derived from Elkland testimony.

I raised the subject at one of the camp fire meetings, in the park. The ring of a dozen quiet smokers who sat in front of our cabin, at Yancey's, was composed chiefly of hunters.

Yancey himself had an interesting contri-



OUR SHANTY AT YANCEY'S.

bution to offer. Last fall while riding on the upland, near Tower creek, he heard a great noise of conflict, rattling antlers, crashing branches, etc.; and on drawing near he saw 3 pairs of bull elk fighting. Two pairs were fencing in a harmless way, but the other pair were "right into it for blood;" *i.e.*, it was evidently a fight to a finish and no quarter.

They were so engrossed he could have touched them; but he left them to settle it among themselves.

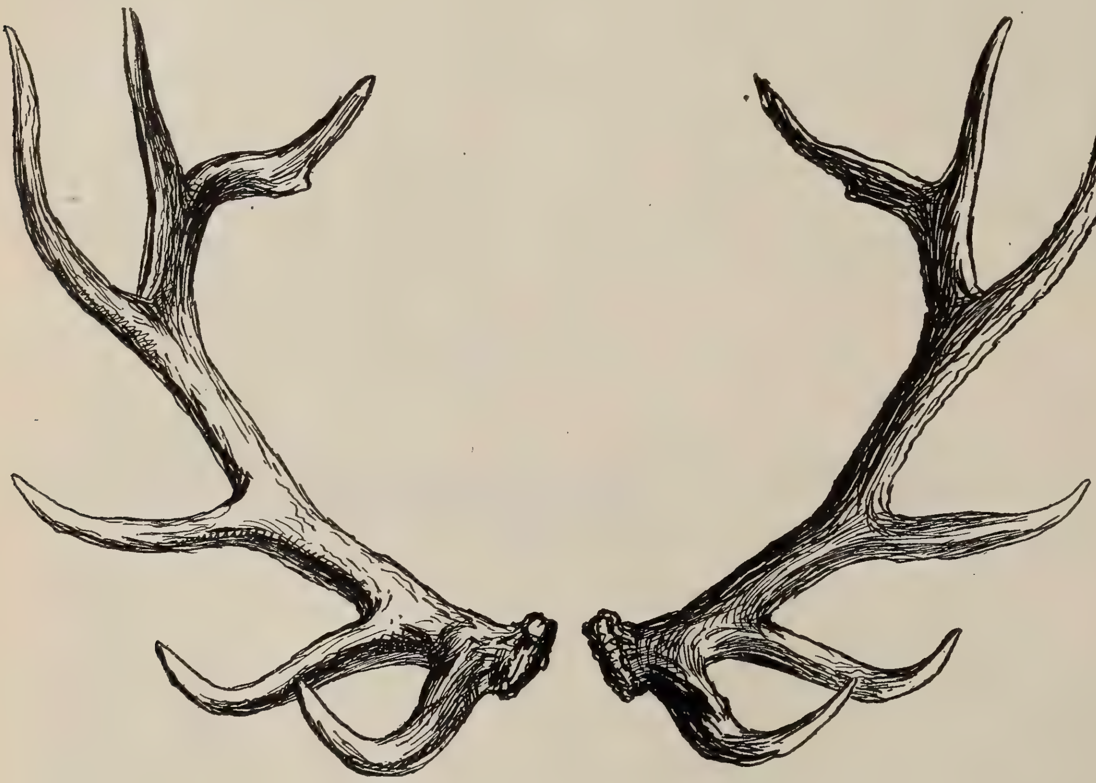
Woody told of another affair. Not long ago he came on a scrubby, open place, of about 5 acres, which was everywhere rooted up, trampled down and ploughed over by a pair of fighting elk. Small trees were broken off, huge logs and rocks displaced or broken and 2 Durham bulls could not have made more havoc. And there, lying prone in the middle of the battlefield was the vanquished one; his neck broken and his flank ripped open. Probably the latter was the result of the conqueror's final thrust.

The vanquished was a large bull, but apparently he had met a larger.

A. A. A. said that near his ranch he once found 2 large elk, with interlocked antlers. Both were dead, and there was abundant evidence of a prolonged and desperate fight. One bull's neck was broken, but the other, unable to free himself from his victim, had died of starvation. The indications of the unhappy victor's struggles to reach the lush grass, with which he was surrounded, told a sad tale of prolonged and dreadful suffering.

Other mountain men told tales that showed it is a common thing for stags to be killed in these duels; and it seems death usually results from one having his neck broken, or else from inadvertently exposing his flank to a single thrust from his adversary's antlers.

While exploring a little ravine, yesterday, I found a magnificent pair of antlers, hidden under a rock. I brought them to camp, and found them no light burden. They were the largest I have ever handled; though I think I have seen larger in museums.

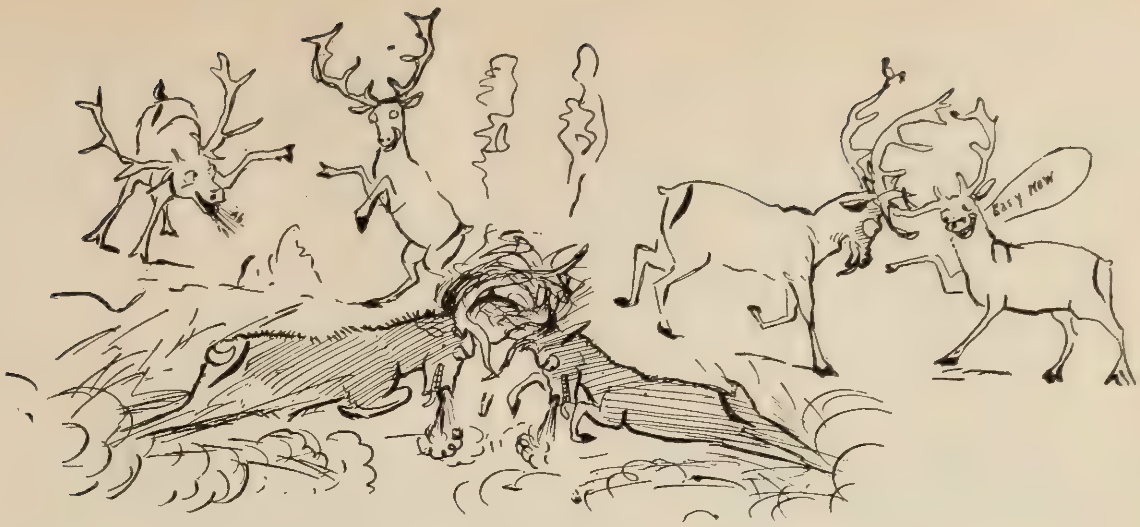


THE HORNS I FOUND.

Though very large these horns had but the ordinary number of points, and were without palmations or peculiar feature, excepting their absolute symmetry.

This last is considered of prime importance, among hunters, though I never could see any reason why it should be.

While we were examining these antlers Amos Hague, the guide, came up and said: "Hello! you've got my antlers. You found them at such a place" (describing the exact spot). "I can tell you their whole history. A year ago the elk that grew them wintered in this barnyard, with about 50 others. He was not by any means the largest bull in the bunch, but he had the finest antlers; and I says to myself if I can



spot them, when they drop, those antlers are mine.

"Well, he dropped them both together, in the spring, on the hill where you found them, and I cached them, in case some dude from the East should want to shoot an elk, with a record breaking pair of horns."

Let me revert to the student group, in the garden.

One asked, "What is the greatest thing in a picture?"

Another replied, "Drawing."

A third, "Expression."

A fourth, "The artist."

A fifth, "Sentiment," and explained sentiment as "the thing in the picture that impressed the beholder, as the original did the artist."

Now, with this truth in mind, I fearlessly reproduce a sketch, made by a member of the other circle mentioned, to illustrate the fight between 3 pairs of bull elk, and I do not hesitate to claim that it will be found possessed of more real sentiment, and illustrative power, than a dozen kodak shots could possibly offer.

AMONG THE REEDS.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

A keen wind is rustling the reeds about me. I can almost imagine I hear them whispering together in a dry, husky voice, as they tremble to the intermittent gusts that swirl about the marsh, in the gray of this November dawn.

It is cosey here in the punt as I lie at length looking up at the stars, that tell in crisp sparkles of the coming of an ideal day.

Insensibly they grow wan and pale; a tinge of color creeps along the horizon, a short half hour, and morning has come to the world again.

High in air a bunch of black ducks drift before the wind, their breasts all ruddy with the sunrise. I know by their flight they will drop in the marsh; for while I watch them they string out at intervals in a broken line, only to close up into a compact flock a moment later.

Now they vanish beyond the reed tops in an undulating line like a wisp of wind driven leaves. No decoys are needed here. I am located at the entrance of the marsh, a favorite spot for morning shooting, the fowl always taking this route when high winds are abroad on the lake. Just inside the last bend of the creek, where it turns to the open water, I sit in my punt, ready for developments.

A few hundred yards in front and beyond me the woods run down to the marsh, and although keyed up to high tension as I keep my eyes playing right and left in the direction of the bend, I cannot help feeling the beauty of my surroundings.

The wind has fallen with the rising sun, and as he mounts to higher levels behind me his glancing rays touch the woods. Like magic they kindle and glow with wondrous autumn colors.

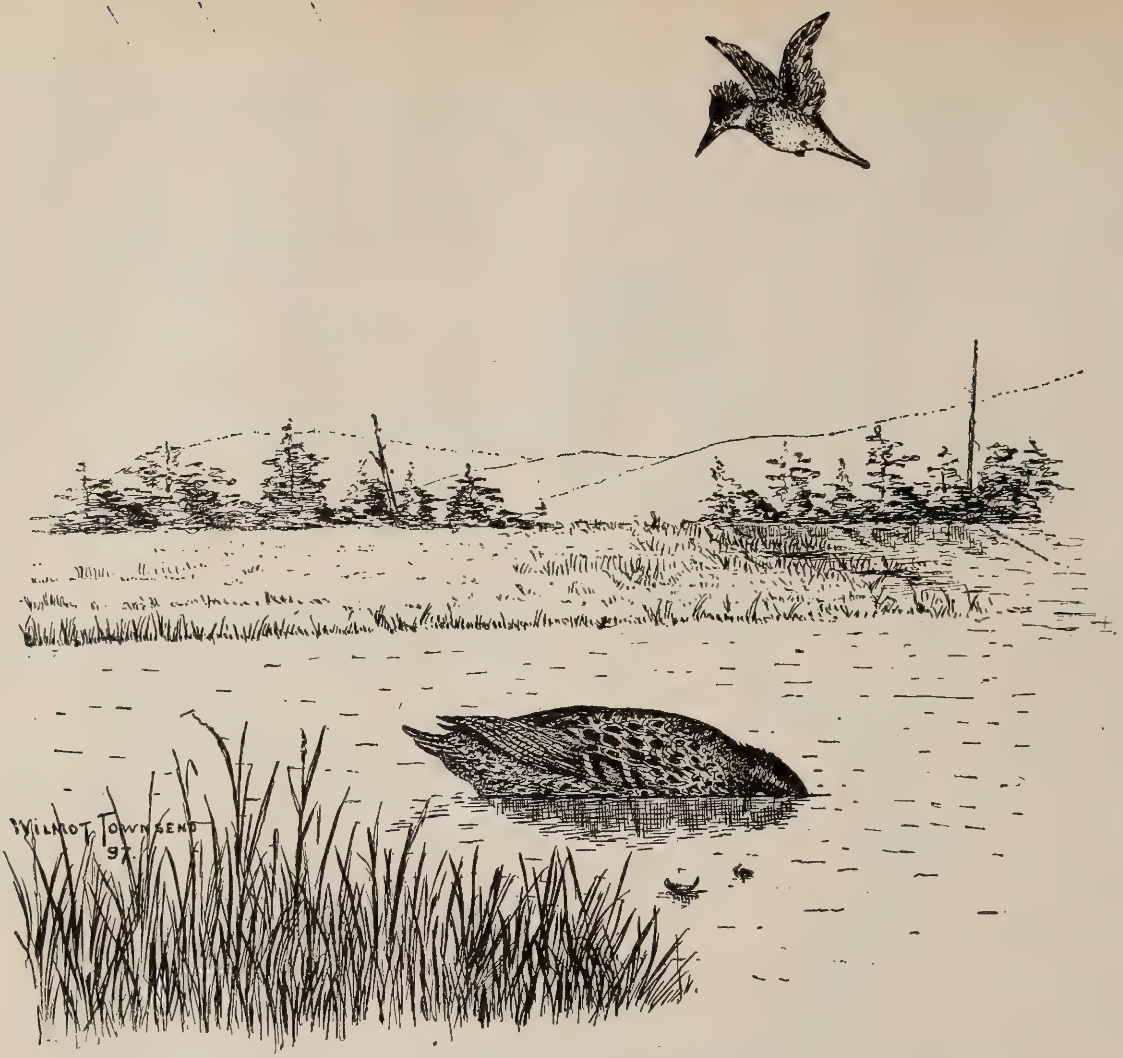
Hark! Mam-ph! There is a mallard somewhere about.

Mam-ph! Mam-ph! how distinctly I hear him in the stillness that holds the marsh.

There he comes swimming round the bend!

I'm bound to give him a chance, and will not pot him. Let him swim up, then I'll flush him, and take him as he rises.

Ah—he hesitates and silently sheers off toward the other side of the creek, then



"SUDDENLY ARRESTING HIS FLIGHT HE HOVERS IN MID-AIR."

back. Now he circles, but with all his manœuvring I notice he does not advance a foot in my direction.

What an exquisite life study he would make with the play of light and shade, as it shifts with every turn of his superb head; now a rich golden green as the sunlight glances from the feathers; now dark as he enters the shade of the reeds.

Whirr-r-rr! he is up and off, back to the lake again.

His actions said plainly that something was wrong with my cover, and inspection shows me he was right, for I find the stern of my punt is clear of the reeds.

When I felt my way here in the dark, I did not push in as far as I should, and so that mallard's life was saved at any rate—perhaps!

A single thrust with an oar suffices, and now, provided the crows will only keep away, I'll wager there is not a duck on Lake Champlain will suspect what is lurking here this lovely morning.

Burr-r-r! a kingfisher rattles by, and right on his heels a pair of black ducks swing round the bend, just skimming the water.

Bang!—Bang!—they keep on skimming, a trifle more rapidly to be sure, but still skimming all right. Of course I did not lead them properly. I knew that instantly, for the shot cut the water into foam 2 feet or more behind them.

Wild fowl glide along so smoothly that one is often deceived as to their speed and frequently an easy shot is missed by lack of proper appreciation of this fact. There! that's better. A hen mallard plumps into the creek breast down, and is feebly swimming in circles, her head under water the while. Presently she floats, still, lifeless, with head below the surface as though feeding. No need to gather her yet; there is no current to carry her down.

Here comes my kingfisher friend again. Suddenly arresting his flight he hovers in mid-air directly over the duck, with big, ungainly head and erected crest, seemingly lost in surprise at the strange inertness of the body. Astonishment apparently holds him mute for the time, till, his wonder passed, he clatters off down the creek.

No use waiting longer; the promise of the morning has failed and Indian summer still holds the lake and land enthralled.

No blustering gale to drive the fowl to the quiet marsh; so I pick up my floating breakfast, and am off down the lake, well content with the privilege of living if only to breathe this glorious air.

Fresh from Heaven it seems to come, bearing the fragrance of the woods just awakened to life by the sunshine.

'Tis life! pure exhilarating life, and as I breathe it I rejoice that, unlike the air of crowded cities, "it has never been used before."

OUR ALASKAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

A. J. STONE.

Editor RECREATION: I have just returned from a trip into the Chee-on-nees, where I secured a goodly number of sheep, and those too the ones I most wanted. Since my trip into these mountains last year the Indians seem to have taken special delight in hunting there and have driven the animals back and scattered them badly.

A Mr. Reed came out of these mountains, just before I started in, having failed to get even a single animal; but my arrangements having been all made I determined to try.

Two days of hard hunting, after main camp was reached, served to justify Mr. Reed's failure. Early on the third morning we were preparing for a move. A few pounds of rolled oats and a small strip of bacon were taken for food. Some salt, for skins; the camera and plates, one pair of blankets each, and our guns constituted our outfit. Everything else was left at our first or main camp.

We started directly back through the mountains, having planned for a trip of several days. Late in the afternoon of the first day, while crossing the level top of a high mountain ridge, we sighted a bunch of sheep.

Making a short detour we approached them, from behind a low butte, to within about 400 yards. They were quietly feeding, in a beautiful little meadow, and the surroundings were such that we could not get any nearer; so we devoted some time to watching them, through our glasses.

There were 7 lambs and the rest of the herd, numbering about 20 head, consisted of ewes and young rams. Two of the rams finally came near enough for a safe shot; but I declined the opportunity as ewes and lambs were more particularly wanted and we did not wish to alarm the band. Besides I was anxious to study the movements of these animals undisturbed. We retired some 2 miles, where we found a small brush thicket and camped for the night.

We followed the sheep, from morning until night, for 2 days before we turned our rifles loose; but the time was well spent.

Having now secured some good specimens we once more returned to our main camp, from which point we continued the hunt with good success.

The last day out, while returning to camp without hope of seeing anything, we discovered 2 sheep walking along the crest of a high ridge above us. With the aid of the glasses we saw they were a ewe and a lamb. I wanted one more such pair, and this was the chance. Though very tired and hungry, up that long climb we went, Harry Pidgeon and I, the third man going on to camp. We were so long reaching the top of the ridge I feared we might lose track of the sheep; but we ran on to them in 30 minutes after gaining the summit. The ewe and lamb were then in company with 2 young rams and they were all good healthy specimens, the ewe and lamb proving exceptionally good.

Harry gave me the lead, after we located the animals, and therefore failed to get in at the killing. I was carrying my 30-40 Winchester single shot rifle, and Harry was carrying my 30-40 Winchester repeater. The ewe was first to sight me and started to run. Then she stopped and turned around to satisfy her curiosity. At that moment she caught a bullet in the sticking place and went down instantly. Just then one of the young rams ran up on to a little ridge to locate the trouble and got a bullet in his shoulder. Next to come was the lamb, and it received a ball in the same place as did its mother.

The other young ram had fled without coming to see me, and when I again got sight of him he was working his way over a rough, steep, rocky ledge, about 400 yards away. I took a rest, adjusted the Lyman sights and fired, overshooting from one to 2 feet. The next shot went home however and I had the satisfaction of ending that last day's hunt in the Chee-on-nees with success. Next the camera, which I carry all the time when hunting. Then the measuring and skinning.

Two very tired and hungry men reached camp at midnight, with their heavy loads, not having tasted food since 5 in the morning—19 hours.

We ate our supper, if supper it might be called, went to the stream, washed our sheep skins, put them out of the reach of varmints and retired, happy and well satisfied with our day's work.

We had also secured a number of small mammal skins and we now set to work to prepare our stuff to be taken out of the mountains. When we reached Telegraph Creek my pack was found to weigh just 98 pounds, not including hunting coat or gun. Such is the pleasure of collecting natural history specimens in remote mountainous districts.

A few days will be spent here, among the Thaltans, collecting such history as I may, concerning the tribe; learning of their traditions; getting measurements of a number of them; photographing a few typical faces, and securing all possible information concerning fur bearing and game animals within their territory, etc.

We will then go to the head of Dease lake, 70 miles farther, and from there we go about 15 miles into the hills, for woodland caribou.

Leaving the lake October 1st we shall go down Dease river, through the country of the Kaskas, and from the mouth of Dease (its confluence with the Liard) we go down the Liard about 100 miles, where we expect to make headquarters for the winter. We shall then be about 600 miles from the coast.

Below this point, on the Liard, there is a series of very bad rapids, around which portages are made, in summer, by canoemen. One of these rapids is 7 miles long and means a great deal of labor, where there is much luggage. We expect to avoid all of this by using the frozen river, in winter, for a roadway, and will sleigh our baggage about 90 miles before the river breaks up. From the point thus reached we will have good canoeing all the way to the Mackenzie.

AT ROUND LAKE, IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

SEAVER A. MILLER.

Dr. J. C. Russell, Fred. F. Sorvell, Fred. J. Balch and A. Clark went to Round lake, in the autumn of '96, for a deer hunt. Our camp was at the foot of Ampersand mountain, about 10 miles from the village of Saranac. It was the time of the full moon, and the Doctor, being of a romantic turn of mind, suggested making the trip by moonlight.

Accordingly at 7 o'clock, on the evening of October 2d, we launched our skiffs. The night was perfect. We were all in excellent spirits, and almost before we were aware of it we found ourselves in the centre of Lower Saranac. After resting and refreshing ourselves we continued the journey, passing through Cluster bay, surrounded by its numerous green islands; past "the bluff," through "the narrows," where the projecting shores vainly endeavor to meet, and thence to the head of the lake and into the Saranac river, which is the outlet of Round or Middle Saranac lake—our destination.

The distance from middle to lower lakes, is about 3 miles, and is made by following up the winding river, in which are heavy falls. At one side of these falls is a passage way of planks, where passers to and fro may walk and tow their boats.

The Doctor and I had little difficulty in urging our craft through, and we soon passed the narrow outlet and were sailing on the calm, placid waters of Round lake. In 15 minutes more we were at our camp. The work of unloading our boats, preparing fuel, etc. was soon accomplished, and before 10 o'clock the camp was in order, the fire roaring and the kettle singing a merry song. Then each man hung his Winchester or Marlin, and his double barrel shot gun, in the rack, and revolvers and cartridge belts were arranged. After supper comfortable beds of balsam boughs were made, and with plenty of blankets, an abundance of provisions, and everything needful for perfect enjoyment, we sat around the blazing camp fire and arranged for the morrow's hunt.

It was decided that Balch should watch the South Creek territory, that the Doctor should be stationed on the sand beach, midway between Turtle point and the Ampersand trail, and that Sorvell and I were to keep our eyes open that no deer crossed the river. He chose to watch at the haystack, on the shore of the river, and I was to be stationed at a leaning cedar tree, a short distance below.

There is something remarkable about that haystack. It seems to have perpetual life. I have been there every fall, for years, and no matter how demolished it became, by our continual climbing on it, it always stood as erect and looked as fresh as ever, when I came to watch at it the following season. It also seems to have a special attraction for deer; for I have never hunted in its vicinity when at least one deer was not shot by the man stationed at the stack.

At 7 o'clock, we were all at our stations, and soon we heard the distant baying of the hounds, on the mountain side. The day was perfect. A slight breeze came from the mountain, bringing to our ears every note uttered by the dogs, from which the deer was fleeing for his life.

Every man was quietly but anxiously watching every foot of shore within his view, for the approach of the noble animal. The baying of the hounds, which at first seemed to grow louder, was beginning to be fainter. The deer had apparently headed for Loon or Pope bay, in the Lower Saranac. Soon all sounds of the dogs ceased, and nothing was heard but the dismal "caw!" "caw!" of a crow, or the occasional drumming of a grouse. At last the music of the hounds again reached our ears, and grew louder and louder until it seemed the dogs were within a stone's throw. I could hear the crackling of the underbrush in the woods, and momentarily expected to see the deer break cover. But no! The frightened animal plunged on, and a few minutes later came the dog, emitting a loud, sharp bark at every bound. My heart beat rapidly. The perspiration stood in heavy drops on my brow. The excitement was intense. Soon the report of a rifle woke the echoes, followed by 2 others in quick succession. I waited a half hour in silence, but hearing nothing more, rowed rapidly to the haystack. Here I found an old man, who, in trembling tones, told me a buck had shortly before come in, directly above the haystack—that a young man had shot him, and, loading him into his boat, had disappeared up the stream. Seeing the old man carried a gun, I asked him if he had fired at the deer.

"No," he said; "I tried to, but the gun wouldn't go." Examining his rifle, I found that, in his excitement, he had failed to bring the breech to place, and so was cheated out of his shot.

Rowing rapidly to camp, I found all the party there, save Clark, and a 4 prong buck hanging, head downward, from a tree. The mail agent sat modestly in the back ground, wiping his brow and trying to hide his excitement, but could not.

The second day 2 of our dogs drove deer to water not commanded by any of us, while the third drove in a spike horn buck, which was captured by Mr. Balch.

The third day was the banner day of the hunt. Three deer were driven into Round lake and captured. Two of these were does, and the third, a buck, was proudly towed ashore by the Doctor.

Our photographer took pictures of the camp, the deer, and the party, after which we held a jollification meeting. Everything was again packed securely, the boats loaded, and the homeward journey begun.

After all, I cannot conscientiously say I approve of this method of hunting deer. To set hounds on the track of the most noble animal that roams the forest, forcing him to seek refuge in the water, every avenue to which is guarded by armed men, who shoot down the game in cold blood, while it is desperately and helplessly struggling for liberty, seems to me nothing less than slaughter. It has nothing in it to commend it to true sportsmen.

Should all methods of hunting deer, save still-hunting, be abolished, I believe that in less than 5 years any novice could enter these woods, alone, unaided and kill his deer.

Let man place his superior knowledge against the instinct of the animal and each is on an equal footing. If the hunter, by his ingenuity, can steal upon and bag his game, without resorting to unfair methods, he will enjoy the sport and be entitled to the reward; but if the deer can cunningly outwit him, he has earned his liberty and should be allowed it.

A CUTE OLD FOX.

EUGENE C. DERBY.

"Speakin' about fox huntin'," began Lon, "I had a strange experience once, an' while it sounds a little like some of the stories we read, I ain't spinnin' no yarns 'thout a ghost of a foundation.

"One mornin' in October, a number of years ago, Sol and I took our hounds, Hunter and Tige, and struck through the burnt patch, toward the South ridges; where we felt certain of startin' a fox without much fuss.

"Sol took the dogs along the base of the Little mountain ridges, to skirt the edge of the Basin; while I hustled off toward Whittier hill. I was purty well blowed when at last I climbed the ridge an' gained my old stand, on the top of the June-grass knoll; an' I hadn't waited 5 minutes afore I heard Hunter open up, more 'n a mile away.

"The dogs circled once or twice; Hunter soundin', now and then, in a deep, mellow bass that was rich music, I can tell ye; while Tige jest kep' his nose to the trail and led off like a drum major. I could see 'em once in a while, as they figured around among the scrub trees in the old orchard under Felch hill.

"Well, by-'n-by Sol showed up on the

crest of the Basin ridge, an' then I heard Hunter's long-drawn 'bo-o-o,' as he suddenly gave voice; followed by Tige, which told that the game was started.

"The fox quit the orchard and headed straight for the Basin. I knew by the way he was off he was an old one, and so I kep' a purty sharp lookout; for I more'n half suspected there might be a litter round. I had waited some 5 minutes, when I saw a fox pop out of the thick spruce across a little holler, and stop and turn his head to hear the hounds. I was jest over the ridge and out of sight, but too far away to shoot. I soon discovered Hunter and Tige were pullin' straight for the big mountain, an' then it flashed on me this was not their game.

"As I couldn't kill him where he stood, I thought I would try callin' him. I crouched low an' then squeaked once or twice, like a mouse. At first he didn't hear me; but next time it was louder, and you oughter seen that fox prick up his ears and listen! I squeaked again, an' he started. Down the hill he came, like a cat after a bird. I pulled back the hammer of the old gun 'thout makin' a sound. I expected to see his nose come up over the grass any minute, an' I had my eye right along the bar'l, waitin'.

"He didn't show up, so by-'n-by I riz, easy like, and there he was, in the hardhacks, steppin' soft, an' cockin' his head this way an' that, lookin' an' listenin' for the mouse. I jest let out a little squeak, an' 't would done you good to seen him start.

"'Now he's my fox,' says I, an' I once more dropped to my knee and waited. I was beginnin' to think he had scented me and made off, when suddenly I spied his left ear, one eye and the tip of his nose, poked around the edge of a bowlder, not 12 feet from the muzzle of my gun. I could see his eye turn, as he peeked and looked under the edge of the rock, for the mouse. I brought the gun round, slow and careful, till I could see the white of his eye along the bar'l, an' let her go.

"I riz up quick, so's to see past the smoke. That fox jumped clear out from behind the rock an' started almost straight for me. Then he angled off through the grass; passin' less'n 5 feet from where I stood wonderin' if he was't goin' to drop at the next step. When he had gone about 15 feet and reached the top of the knoll he stopped, turned round and round, as you've seen a cat do afore she's goin' to lie down, an' I fairly held my breath as he cuddled beside an old log, and tucked his paws under him as slick as anythin' you ever seen. I couldn't make out that he was hurt. He didn't limp, an' there wa'n't no blood.

"I heerd Sol's gun go twice, sharp an' quick, on the other side of the Basin ridge. A minute later, the dogs stopped, an' I knew he'd got the other fox.

"I crep' over the ridge, an' got into a little run, twixt my fox an' the spruces, an' begun loadin'. I got the powder into the bar'l 'thout makin' a sound. Then I peeped over the ridge. The fox was there, an' 'peared sound asleep.

"I pushed a wad of paper into the muzzle and forced it down, an inch at a time, until it was home. I peeped over ag'in. The fox hadn't moved. Next come the shot, and I knew I 'd got to work shrewd on them, or he would hear me sure. I took the pouch under my jacket an' gently worked 20 BB's into my hand; then I dropped the muzzle 'most to the ground and let 'em run in slow, one at a time.

"Now I looked for my game. The old fellow lay there, purty as a picture. Then I knew well 'nough he was mine. I got the wad down on top of the shot 'thout makin' any noise, an' jest laid the ramrod on the grass and went into my vest for a cap.

"I softly raised the hammer of the old gun an' tucked the cap onto the nipple, pressed it home solid, cocked the gun full an' stepped to the top of the ridge, jest a second after Tige opened up in a thicket, less'n 20 rods below, hot on my fox's trail.

"I raised my gun, fully expectin' to see the old chap right in the air. Then I lowered ag'in and took a look around. That fox had disappeared as completely as though he had evaporated!

I jumped toward the top of the ridge, where I could see every rod of the open land for more'n a quarter of a mile. There was no fox in sight. Down the hill I went, thinkin' he had possibly reached a bunch of spruce in the pasture; but to git my eyes on him I couldn't.

"Tige sang half a dozen times an' came out into the clearin', right on the track. Before I reached the top of the hill again the dog was where the fox had made his nest. Then he gave one long-drawn 'Boo-oo,' an' he never went another foot on that trail!

"Sol came up an' I told him all about it. He only laughed at me. We circled the hill with both dogs for half an hour, but they never struck a track to show where the fox had left the top of the ridge. We looked everywhere for a hole or burrow, but there wa'n't a single break in the ground that we could discover. So we had to give it up an' leave the whole thing a mystery."

The old man paused and tilted back in his chair, while a jovial smile played over his sunburned face. Lon was a man whose word was unimpeachable, and his listeners looked at one another with various expressions pictured on their faces. There were ejaculations of surprise, but the veteran fox hunter calmly drew a match across his trousers, at a place already marked by a thousand brownish streaks, showing where he was in the habit of kindling his lucifers. Then he puffed a soothing whiff or 2, while the match slowly burned upward, until it scorched his fingers.

"Yes, the mystery was solved," he slowly began, "but it was not until a year later. The following autumn Sol and I were ag'in on our way to the ridges, at the base of the mountain. Before the sun was fairly up the dogs started a fox near the same spot where Tige and Hunter struck the trail that mornin' I was tellin' you about.

"I was in the openin' beyond where my fox had disappeared, when I got a shot and broke the fox's leg. The dogs were so close they run him in right away. We both pulled up to where they were soundin', an' found 'em within 3 feet of the spot where my fox laid down the year before.

"They were barkin' under the end of the old log, close to the spot where I had last seen the fox. Years previous the log had been burned, under the end, leavin' a sort of canopy stickin' out. Under this was a woodchuck hole, around which thick grass was growin'. We got some sharp stakes and soon dug out the wounded fox. In the hole, close beside where he lay, was the skeleton of a fox.

"My theory as to how the other one disappeared?

"Well, I prob'ly put a shot right through his eyes, when I let go at him at the corner of the rock. He was dazed an' laid down to sort of think it over. He didn't stir until he heard the dog close onto him, an' then he had just life enough to try to escape. The animal's instinct directed him to the woodchuck hole.

"Hunter and Tige knew he was dead, so they didn't make any more fuss about it."

Then Lon lit his pipe again, and his audience pondered thoughtfully over sly reynard's sagacity, even at the moment of death.

THE ASSOCIATED PIRATES.

I.

E. V. KEYSER.

"Jerusalem the Golden," ejaculated the skipper of the "Hippocampus," gazing with awe at the cup modestly put forward by Paresis Rafferty, for his share of the punch.

"Why didn't you bring a bath tub?" asked the Converted Cowboy, emptying about half the beverage into the yawning receptacle.

"Make some more, gentlemen, and don't kick," put in the peace-loving Microbe. "You have much for which to be thankful. It was only my strongest arguments, backed by the fact of my having the drop on him, that prevented Paresis from bringing our new 2-gallon kettle to the flowing bowl."

"Well, there's not much flow to it now," grumbled the Hoodoo. "That fine, imported thirst of his has made it dead low tide;" and he thoughtfully poured what remained of the liquid into his own pint growler. Those left out of this deal reflected that it was the Hoodoo's turn to wash the dishes on the morrow, so no shooting ensued.

The Associated Pirates were at it again, and the committee of analytical chemistry was passing judgment on the merits of a new variety of spiritual refreshment, the joint product of the Converted Cowboy and Hippocamponini. Another instalment of punch was brewed and carefully placed just beyond the reach of Paresis and the Hoodoo; and things were going smoothly—especially the punch—when the wind veered to the South, and the presence of the soap factory became evident.

"It makes me think of my dear old grandmother," said Grouty, wiping a tear from his eye and leaving a trace of smut on his classic nose.

"I don't see the necessity for weeping, at this date," observes Paresis. "She must have died some time ago, if she smells anything like that."

"To think of that infernal bit of pollution defacing the beauty of the Palisades!" wailed Hippocamponini.

"And dynamite so cheap!" added Paresis, endeavoring, unsuccessfully, to squeeze another cupful of liquid from the pail.

"You mentioned a new kettle," remarked Hippocamponini, as the amusement at Paresis' failure subsided; "have you been investing in a patent camp kit?"

The Microbe gazed at him reproachfully. "I know I'm young," he admitted, "but not so young as that."

"What's the matter with a patent camp kit," asked the Novice, waking up.

"Nothing whatever," answered the Converted Cowboy; "it's all right; most beautiful layout you ever saw; everything from tin kettles of assorted sizes to cups that nest into each other. After seeing the collection, in the store, for the first time, you will lunch at Dennett's until you've saved the $14.78 necessary to purchase one."

"And then?" queried the Novice eagerly.

"Then you discover that a wood fire will produce more or less soot, principally more, and while it does not particularly matter on the outside of the utensils, it raises the deuce when inside. The nesting process makes the transfer with accuracy and precision."

"Why not use an alcohol stove, instead of wood?" persisted the Novice. "No smoke from them."

"That's the way I figured it out, some years ago," said the Microbe, sadly, "and I made a 10-days' cruise in company with one. It cost me $5.63 for fuel, and the starboard half of my mustache, so I quit. Some people know when they are whipped, and I'm one of that variety."

Paresis hereupon discovering his "Waterbury" had run down, came to the logical conclusion that bedtime had arrived, and said so; adding, as extenuation, that he proposed to rise early.

An audible smile circulated, at this announcement. Paresis' intention to rise before dawn was a time-worn institution of the encampment. Time-worn, however, is scarcely a proper description, since it shone every night with the undimmed brightness of a lofty, if unconsummated, resolution. In the morning, however, it was always another story.

It was not the rising orb of day, nor the early songs of birds, that roused Paresis next morning, but the Converted Cowboy's announcement that the Hoodoo had expressed a desire to interview the flapjack reserved for the late riser.

* * * * * * *

"Where's Paresis?" inquired the Hoodoo, anxiously. Supper had disappeared some time before; also Paresis.

"Been in the cabin for the last half hour," said Grouty, ridding himself of an intrusive caterpillar, and sinking back on his cushion of rock.

"And the prescription department in there, too," moaned the Microbe. "Oh, Lord, just my luck, why didn't I take that drink at dinner?"

"What's that about a drink?" asked Paresis, emerging from the shanty. The Microbe started to answer, but the remark was strangled at its birth, and he gazed with a scared expression at the questioner.

The Converted Cowboy's glance was turned on Paresis, for an instant; then, having satisfied himself that his holster was hanging in the cabin, he subsided, in a heap.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WOLF QUESTION.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

For the first time this serious question has received, through Recreation, a thorough and public ventilation. Hundreds of reports have been sent in, only a few of which could be printed; and a summary of conclusions is now offered.

First, the whole of the region comprising Western North Dakota, Western South Dakota, Wyoming, Eastern Montana, parts of Colorado, Northern New Mexico and Northwestern Texas is infested with large wolves, which appear to be steadily increasing in numbers.

Second, each wolf does untold damage to stock, each year. Most experts place the amount at more than $100, and the consensus of opinion is that the wolf damage is the heaviest of all the losses the stock owner has to bear.

Third, all agree that wolves never attack man.

Fourth, coyotes are a nuisance; especially to sheep and other small stock.

After considering the case in the light of practical experience and reading the various letters, I offer the following:

(1.) The first step toward the extermination of wolves is an agreement of the states interested for concerted, uniform, simultaneous action. Isolated action has been tried too often already. It has invariably given 2 unfortunate results—the state or municipality in question was swamped with scalps taken elsewhere, and the wolves left the persecuting district to make things worse for the neighbors; but were not, by any means, extirpated.

This is not, in any sense, a matter for the Federal Government. To apply to Washington would be a waste of time. The states concerned must fight their own battle.

(2.) There is only one way to extirpate the wolves; that is, make wolfing a profitable business. Declare a good bounty and pay it at once. No delays, or slow notes, heavily discounted, should appear in the matter.

I would recommend a $10 bounty on old and young alike, male and female. If not paid on the young, the litter is usually hand reared, till old enough to bring the highest bounty. If the sexes could be distinguished at a distance, it would be sensible to offer more for a female; but they cannot. So make it even $10, all around. If there is absolute proof that this is more than the public treasury can stand, make it $5 for the first 2 or 3 years. Then when the wolves become scarcer, raise it, by steps, to $10. Of this, the state should pay half and the county half; and to make sure that it would be paid, I would make scalp certificates a legal tender for taxes.

I know this has been tried, in some parts, and has failed; but it was because the trial was local, and the municipality was swamped with foreign scalps. We may remember here that Wales was quickly cleared of wolves by this method, before the days of guns or poisons.

To guard against fraud, I would require that the entire skin of the animal be shown. This gives the wolfer more trouble, but the Government must be protected, and it would prevent coyotes from being passed as small wolves.

The officer in charge should cancel each scalp by splitting it from between the eyes to between the ears, not by destroying it, or by removing any part. This would be an absolute and irremediable cancellation, yet would not impair the market value of the skin. We should aim to make wolfing as profitable as possible and the skin, divested of the head, loses largely in value.

There should be a duly authorized person in each county to count and cancel scalps and issue certificates. The delays and expenses of going to the centre of government are discouraging. The county clerk would, perhaps, be the proper person.

(3.) As to methods of destruction.

Hounding is good sport and may be fairly successful in open country, but is costly. See Lieut. Edward L. Munson's letter in October RECREATION.

Poisoning is usually successful in new localities; but the wolves are now suspicious of it and soon learn to avoid the poisonous bait. A tale oft told is that they know a certain plant which is an antidote, and that they fly to this when they feel themselves poisoned. This widespread notion is not without an element of truth. When a wolf begins to feel "bad inside" he swallows some grass, his usual vomit, and is commonly saved. There are serious objections to poisoning. Not only valuable dogs, but range cattle, horses, and occasionally Indians have fallen victims to its power. Another objection that the professional wolfer will feel is, that one does not find half the wolves killed in this way. Mr. R. Howe's letter, in December number, is well worthy of study in this connection.

Digging out the young is all right if you can locate the den; but that is largely a matter of chance.

Trapping, with steel traps, is perhaps the surest way; and is not expensive. The Newhouse double spring trap, Nos. 4 and 4½, are undoubtedly the best, and the makers give, with the traps, a carefully prepared pamphlet that explains in detail the best methods of wolf trapping. (Write the Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y.)

But after all the professional wolfer is the man we must look to for a solution of the difficulty. All we need do is to make it worth his while to go seriously to work, and he will quickly find out, for himself, which methods give the best results.

A notion has gotten abroad that Australia has been rid of rabbits by the introduction of a disease, and that this plan may also be tried on our wolves. I am sorry to say this is not so. All plans to extirpate the rabbit have failed and the Australians have come to accept them just as we do the potato bug. The only way to raise a crop, in rabbity Australia, is by using the rabbit proof wire netting and by being careful to kill all rabbits within its bounds.

Science is continually surprising us; but I have no faith, whatever, in the disease solution of the wolf question.

(4.) Coyotes are voted a nuisance, but I think a bounty of 50 cents, or not more than $1 a head, is enough to offer for them. One half of this should be paid by the state and half by the county, on presentation of scalp only. The same methods of pursuit answer for coyotes and wolves.

There is always great danger in exterminating, as well as in introducing an animal. The balance of nature is disturbed, and results wholly unexpected and extremely disastrous, may follow.

I cannot foresee any ill results from the extermination of the large wolves, as their natural food, the large game, is gone; but am not so sure about the coyotes. In certain regions of the Northwest, the destruction of the coyote has been followed by a plague of jack-rabbits; in Manitoba, by a plague of gophers or ground squirrels.

Ranch owners should, therefore, take means to reduce the number of coyotes, rather than to wholly extirpate them. Stock can be saved from the remainder by increased care and vigilance.

Owners of all kinds of stock would do well to remember that wolves and coyotes rarely molest animals that carry bells, and are shy of approaching a bunch in which one or 2 cowbells are jingling.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

ALASKA NOTES.

Skaguay, Alaska.

Editor RECREATION: I am writing this letter in Alaska, on a winter day, yet am sitting in my cabin, without a coat or vest. The door is open and there is no fire in the stove. My partners, without coats, are finishing the last of our 3 houses for their families to occupy, in a few days. Such is life in Alaska. Only 10 miles up the trail, men are wading in snow to their knees; and 10 miles farther on, they can hardly find their way at all. The snow is always blowing so hard they cannot see 10 feet in front of them. This is the summit you hear so much about.

I have just returned from the shore, where the "City of Seattle" is anchored. She has brought up her largest cargo of freight, and 150 passengers; also 100 head of cattle for the Dalton trail. I am almost sure the party who owns them will bring them back to this trail; for that has been the experience of several others. To show you how near some of the Eastern papers come to getting correct news from this country, I will cite a clipping my mother sent me, saying a Mr. Thorp, of Seattle, had started from that city, 3 months ago, with a bunch of cattle; had reached Dawson City and that he had just returned with $180,000. The fact is Mr. Thorp left Seattle about 3 months ago, and after losing a large number of cattle, on the Dalton trail, brought what was left here. I saw him to-day, and he has never yet seen Dawson City.

Men are busy working on the tramway, and I have just seen the engineer who is making a wagon road to the lake. He says it will be pushed right through. When it is finished, this will be the most direct route to the Klondike. Building is still going on, at a most astonishing rate, and would even be greater if there was more lumber here. The Canadian mounted police have had almost all their outfit packed over to the lake. It cost them about 60 cents a pound.

We are arranging with a gentleman in Seattle to furnish guides to the lakes, and have a dozen other irons in the fire. I am unable to say now if I will go in, in the early spring, or not. At present I am tied up here, and could not get away without losing money. Am on the ground floor here, but am anxious to get into the gold district among the first, as everyone who comes out brings plenty of gold. They all tell the same story—plenty of gold and little grub.

There is a Mr. Acker here, who has been on the Yukon 8 years, hunting and trapping. His wife has been with him all this time. She dresses in men's clothes, and hunts as well as he does. She has gone East now, but may come out later on. Next spring he is going in for gold. Mr. Acker, like everyone else, sounds the praises of the 30-30 rifle. I have a 30-30 Marlin and some 6 grain cartridges, for small game and target practice.

I have not had a chance to hunt big game yet, though I have been out several times, for a day. There are plenty of goats, porcupines, and bears within a few miles. There are a number of bears feeding on the dead horses, all along the trail. Have seen several bear skins brought in. Have also seen plenty of goat skins, and we have all the fish we want, here. Trout and salmon can be shot or speared, in nearly all the streams. Moose, caribou and wolves are plentiful along the Yukon.

Our newsdealers sold 12 copies of November RECREATION in a few hours, at 2 bits a copy. I always have a copy on my counter, in my rifle gallery.

Harry L. Suydam.

CAN A STATE DISCRIMINATE AGAINST NON-RESIDENTS?

Indianapolis, Ind.

Editor RECREATION: As the Constitution of the United States guarantees to each and every one of its citizens equal rights in all the states, how can a state pass and enforce a law which discriminates against the citizens of other states? For instance, a state passes a law prohibiting citizens of other states from hunting or fishing therein. Or, a state passes a law licensing a resident to hunt, on paying a specified license fee, and for the same privilege non-residents are required to pay 50 times as much.

If you think proper to answer the foregoing, through the columns of the king of sportsmen's journals, RECREATION, I shall be pleased to have you do so.

C. H. Trotter.

I referred this question to the Hon. John S. Wise, 44 Broad st., New York, one of the best authorities in the United States on game and fish laws, who submits the following opinion:

No one has any property in game, until game is captured (2 Kent, 416 *et seq.*).

To hunt and kill game is a privilege granted by the state. The ownership, as well as the right to destroy game, is held by the sovereign authority of the state, in trust for all the people of the state. The question of individual enjoyment is one of public policy, and not of private right (Manger *v.* People, 97 Ill. 320).

The Constitution of the United States does not prohibit the enactment of game laws (Phelps *v.* Racey, 60 N. Y., 10; State *v.* Randolph, 1 Mo. Appeals, 15; Boonham *v.* Webster, 5 Mass., 266; Gentile *v.* State, 29 Ind., 409; State *v.* Norton, 45 Vermont, 258).

A state, having allowed game to be killed within its limits, cannot prohibit its transportation beyond (Bowman *v.* Chicago, etc., R.R. Co., 125 U. S., 465); but that does not prevent it from declaring what persons may have a right to take that which belongs to it. The state holds the ownership of game in trust for all the people of the state, but not in trust for all the people of the United States. This trust existed before the United States was formed, and there is nothing in the Constitution compelling one state to allow citizens of other states to enter its limits, kill its game, and transport it.

In Brown *v.* Maryland, 12 Wheaton, 419, it was held that while a state cannot prohibit the transportation of legitimate articles of commerce into or through its territory, it may, under its police power, regulate the sale of such commodities within its own limits. This being so a state surely has a right to confine the killing of game, in which nobody has a private right, within its own limits. While the enjoyment of certain rights, privileges and immunities, secured by the Constitution of the United States, is guaranteed by the Constitution to all citizens of the United States, in all the states, the comity between the states, so far as it concerns rights and privileges and immunities not so guaranteed, must yield to the laws and policy of the state in which it is sought to be invoked.

The Constitutional provision above referred to was held not to extend to the enjoyment, by a non-resident, of the right to share in the common property of citizens of a state. In McCready *v.* Virginia, 94 U. S., 391, the Supreme Court upheld Virginia's right to confine the right of fishing in the navigable waters of the state to her own citizens. The argument in that case, its reasoning, and its conclusions, are equally applicable to the question of power in a state to confine the right of pursuing game within her borders, to her own citizens.

John S. Wise.

MAINE GAME NOTES.

On December 1st, close time began on moose. The year's crop of moose has been small; not because moose were few, but because few were killed. This was due mainly to the change in the game laws, enacted by the last legislature. The open season did not begin until October 15th, 15 days later than ever before. By that time the calling season was nearly or quite past. Experienced guides remarked early in the season that all the moose killed this year would be secured by accident. The knowledge of that fact kept many hunters from coming to this region. Many who usually come to Maine for moose, went to the provinces, where hunting is reported good. This even affected the late summer visitors; who would have remained on the ground ready to take the first opportunity to hunt the moose, had the law remained as it was.

The game that escaped the hunter will probably go to feed the lumbermen scattered over the hunting region. I am told that it is a regular winter work to hunt for the camps, and that deer are sold at the established price of 4 cents a pound. Moose suffer to a certain extent also.

It is claimed that the change to October 15, was not intentional, but due to a clerical error. If such was the case, the law will probably be changed at the next session of the legislature, a year from now. Maine legislators have done fairly well in making laws to protect her citizens, but not so well when they legislate in behalf of her wild animals.

An article has gone the rounds of the papers, urging that each hunter be restricted to one instead of 2 deer a year. The plea is on the ground that the present law will permit the extermination of deer. It is estimated that there are now 150,000 deer in the woods of Maine. Suppose 50,000 of them are does, old enough to bear young. The destruction of young, by foxes and in other ways, will be something; but many of the does will bear twins. So we will let this figure remain.

Probably 3,000 deer have been brought out of the woods by the railroads and other public conveyances. Not over 1-3 of these were killed by men who had had more than one deer. So that the proposed law would not have saved more than 1,000 this year. It would also have saved some deer from being killed by those who live on the borders of the forest. Another estimate puts the number of deer killed each year at 10,000. If this is anywhere near the truth, the deer are increasing at the rate of 25,000 to 40,000 a year. And that is after making large deductions for a shrinkage of which we know nothing. So that the one deer limit does not seem to be called for, at present.

There may be a necessity of better means of enforcing the law now on the statute book.

Several visits to the woods lead me to think that the game laws are as well enforced now as could reasonably be expected. Several features of the game laws are unsatisfactory; and an effort will be made to change them when the next legislature meets.

I'll give it up! I mean the 30 calibre

question. I could not believe that so small a bullet could have immediate killing power. Finally, I ordered a box magazine Winchester, carrying the new army cartridge, with soft nosed bullet. The argument of the first shot with it was a knock down one. It knocked down the deer in the most approved fashion. Subsequent trials have fully confirmed the first impression. Now, I would not exchange it for a dozen of any other make or cartridge. The 30-40-220 cartridge is equal to any emergency. Its action is the simplest and surest I have yet tried.

Box Magazine, Dover, Me.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE SHOT.

Cheyenne, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: Reading of Governor Richards' "Remarkable Shot," reminds me of one I made about 15 years ago, in Colorado. Some years ago I told about taking a shot at a wild goose, in her nest in the top of a cottonwood tree, on the Big Horn river, to a party of friends, one of whom is an authority on birds. He said that goose must have been trying to keep up her reputation for being "as silly as a goose"; that she had stolen an owl's nest, etc. I never got to finish the story, but told the fellows if they would learn of the peculiar habits of the goose they must get out in the country and see for themselves. Since that I have been careful about the crowd when telling of remarkable happenings.

But about the shot. I had located on a cow ranch, on the plains Northeast of Denver, and had written home, to Pennsylvania, of the great antelope hunting to be had there. My brother, then a boy, paid me a visit, and the next day after his arrival said I must show him how I could shoot. So, in the morning we saddled up and rode, in a walk, for his sake, about a mile, when we sighted a buck antelope. He was out on a flat, about ¾ of a mile away. He saw us first and trotted off. He ran about half way to the top of a knoll and stopped, about 600 or 800 yards away. I knew the next time he would stop would be on another knoll perhaps a mile away, and that if I was going to shoot I must shoot at once. I put up the sights to what I judged would be the right elevation and blazed away. I took down the rifle and looked for the bullet to strike. My brother said,

"You missed him," and I saw a cloud of dust rise about 30 feet this side of the antelope. At the same instant the antelope dropped, and lay without a struggle.

I thought the bullet had ricocheted from the ground and had hit him in the head.

We went up and examined the carcass but could not find any mark of a bullet. Thinking it would show up when we skinned him we took him home, head, legs and all. There we stripped him, from hoofs to horns, but not a bullet hole could we find. Nor was there one, either in carcass or hide.

That was a most remarkable shot. I missed the antelope, entirely, but killed him all the same. How did it happen?

I may add that the most remarkable thing about this story is it is strictly true.

J. Frank Warner.

The antelope probably saw the bullet coming; caught it in his mouth, swallowed it and died of appendicitis.—EDITOR.

SHALL WE KILL GAME FOR OUR FRIENDS?

Cincinnati, O.

My dear Coquina: I send you by express, for your collection of curios, what I believe to be the largest and heaviest rifle in this country—possibly as large a one as was ever made for sporting purposes. It was made for the Prince of Wales, when he came here, and he used it for hunting buffalo, in the Southwest. He gave it to his guide, Cass Adams, who had been detailed for that purpose by the Secretary of War. Adams subsequently sold the rifle to Kit Carson, who owned it until his death. You may handle it with impunity, and without fear or danger; though I frankly confess that while reading RECREATION, last night, and the beautiful roasting you give me, in it, I felt much inclined to set my inventive wheels going and to attach some mechanical device to the gun whereby it would go off, with an awful roar, just about the time it reached you; thereby causing those few remaining hairs on your much abused scalp to stand on end even straighter than on the well remembered occasion when you fell over the sleeping grizzly.

What's that? you're not bald headed? Come off old man! 'Fess up! I am; and let's see, it's—gee! it's almost 2 decades since we used to throw bouquets at each other, through one of your contemporaries; you from the icy peaks and frozen fields of the farthest North, and I as "M. I. Grant" from the sunny slopes and alkali plains of Mexico. We may have been envious of each other, but we were supremely happy in youth and good health.

Do you know that when memory carries me back to those halcyon days, bringing with them fond recollections of our mutual friends, all the anger and soreness, because of your undeserved lambasting, leaves me; and I feel more like ordering up 'nother cold one, as in those good old days which can never come again, than like replying to you. Through the clouds of smoke that are pleasuring me and filling my bachelor quarters I can again see your familiar face, presiding as of old at the festal feast which followed the annual shoot, and surrounding the groaning table so many clever fellows who, when old Father Time called them to the happy hunting ground, gamely as ever, bracing themselves as of old, sang out, in the cheery well remembered tones, "Ready—Pull."

No Pard! not to-night. Can't do it. Pass me up. Am not in the mood, now, to get back at you in our old style. However I do claim the right to wiggle out of the stinking sty into which you so unceremoniously jabbed me; and when out will wager a big red apple you will be the first man to furnish soap and towel to clean off the excrement.

The time was, and not so long ago, when 6 guns, handled by such experts as Judge Ellis B. Gregg, Cass Hoppel, Geo. Given and Harry Rowe (who are generally known by their trap names of Murphy and Dick), Pop Schatzman and I might have bagged a full 300 ducks in more than a week, after having travelled more than 600 miles for that purpose, without exposing ourselves to such skinning as you gave me.

Let me 'fess up. Whenever the time comes when I can't get at least 50 ducks in a week (certainly none too many for a dinner, with a few left for superannuated sportsmen, a brace or 2 for the old, gray headed mother, and, not to forget the fair friend who can serve them so daintily, then I'll pack up the little hammerless and ship it on to you, to be placed alongside of the big rifle now sent for your curiosity shop. Indeed to be honest I have been in the seventh heaven all the past week, preparing for my annual quail shoot; deriving nearly as much pleasure from the anticipation, as I probably shall from the realization. If I fail to kill a full hundred between Wednesday a.m. and Saturday night, it will be because the old Gordon, or my fast stiffening joints don't hold out. So you can prepare another roast for me. But of that more anon.

Chas. L. Lundy.

ANSWER.

My dear Mr. Lundy: I thoroughly appreciate your kindness in sending me the big rifle. It is a veritable curiosity and adds greatly to the interest of my collection. This seems a little like heaping coals of fire on my bald head. However, if you will again read my reply to your letter, on page 385 of November RECREATION, you will agree with me that I did not roast you, in any sense of the word. I discussed, in as mild and dignified a manner as I am capable of, the question you raised regarding the propriety of killing game to give away to friends. Of course, I realize this is an almost universal custom, among big hearted sportsmen (and all sportsmen have big hearts); yet all the same it is wrong. Primarily we all like the fun of killing the game, and when we get it, we experience another pleasure in giving it to our friends who are less fortunate than we. Still, as I have said, we must quit this, or in 10 years none of us will be able to kill game enough to make a meal for ourselves, at the campfire.

You agree with me in this, in spirit, and I want you to be one of the charter members of the L. A. S., which is to be organized here in January, and which is to take up vigorously, the work of game protection all over the land.—EDITOR.

A GRIZZLY BY MOONLIGHT.

Glen Ellen, Cal.

In 1860, on my way from Arizona, where I had been prospecting, I arrived at Los Angeles. The stage "Old Senator," had just left for San Francisco. Rather than remain there for 2 weeks, for her next trip, I sold my worn-out horse, and purchased another, to finish my journey to San Francisco.

On arrival at Fort Tejon, I laid over for a few days, to go hunting. In those days the grizzlies were numerous in that locality, and as there was much bear talk about the Station I concluded to try to kill one. I had a splendid gun for that purpose—a Sharps, using ½-ounce round balls, slugs of one ounce, and others of 1½ ounce. (Sometimes I think some of the latter are going yet, it shot so far and strong.)

While out hunting, the day after my arrival at the station, I saw a large bear track on the trail, and decided to go out that night. I selected a tree to climb, if necessary. This was about 30 yards from the trail.

It was a clear, moonlight night. About 9 o'clock I reached my tree and patiently waited till one o'clock. I was beginning to feel tired and sleepy, and had about decided to give it up, when his majesty appeared, quietly walking along the trail.

I thought: "Suppose I don't hit to kill; and he kills me! In what will I be the gainer?" I am an old hunter, commencing in Texas over 50 years ago, and prefer the chances in my favor. I had never hunted grizzlies, because all my former rifles were of the "old Kentucky" kind; good for deer and "Injuns" but poor for bear.

The bear moved along quietly till about 80 yards from me, and then turned broadside and looked directly toward me. I took deliberate aim and pulled, quickly reloading. The bear sprang forward, then turned around short and bit at his side, and then ran down the hill. I could hear the Manzanita bushes break as he rushed through them. After waiting a short time I made tracks for the station. The next day I told the boys I had shot a bear, so they decided to take the dogs and trail him. I took them to the spot, and the dogs trailed down the mountain for nearly half a mile, where the bear lay, dead. We skinned him, and an examination showed the bullet had gone through his heart.

I have known of other cases where bear have lived long enough to do great damage after having been shot through the heart. Wm. H. Hilton.

WINTER DAYS IN FLORIDA.

After considerable correspondence with sportsmen in the best game sections of the United States, we concluded the West coast of Florida must be an ideal spot, so decided to go below the frost line. With that end in view we wrote to J. L. Sandlin, of Punta Gorda, on Charlotte Harbor. Mr. Sandlin, a whole-souled sportsman, wrote us we could have good sport with quails, snipe, plover, turkeys, and deer, with no danger in winter from snakes. My wife, whom we called "The Princess," decided to accompany me. Saturday, January 30, found us at the Punta Gorda hotel, the front veranda of which looks out over Charlotte Harbor.

The waters of the bay teem with fish. You can stand on the pier and catch them to your heart's content, while down the bay there is the finest of tarpon fishing.

We left the hotel early Saturday afternoon. The Princess and I went in a one-horse buggy, minus top and dash-board; Mr. Sandlin and the guide following in a wagon loaded with 2 tents, provisions, etc. We crossed Alligator creek and took an Easterly direction toward Fish-eating creek, about 20 miles West of Lake Okeechobee. We had made 20 miles by 7 p.m., and the guide pointed out a clump of cabbage palmetto trees, where we were to pitch our tent for the night. Business cares and the world were left far behind. We soon had a large camp fire blazing and the tents up.

The Princess was to have her first experience in camp life, and well did she acquit herself. She did not utter a protest or a complaint, no difference how hard it rained or how long our journey.

Nine o'clock in the morning saw us on our way again. All day we travelled over a beautiful prairie, such as is found in the West, only this country is covered with palmetto, with large groves of pine-trees scattered about (they are called "pine islands").

It grew dark, but still the solitary tree that had been pointed out as near where we would camp seemed as far away as it had an hour before. There was no trail or road now, and the guide seemed a little confused. We followed blindly in the darkness, frightening the many strange birds that abound near the creeks. As they flew away, with their discordant cries, a queer sensation came over me, for I could but realize we were in a wilderness, 60 miles from the nearest town.

We reached the tree at last, and pitched our tent in a small grove of live oaks, hung with festoons of Spanish moss. Next morning we were eager for sport. Clate saddled a horse for The Princess, but there was no side-saddle, and her face was a study as she looked at the cowboy's saddle. On this she rode 3 days after deer, travelling about 15 miles each day, over the beautiful, flower decked prairies.

We were not more than a mile from camp, on the first day, when the dog struck a fresh trail. We at once began a slow, crooked walk, the dog with his nose to the ground, picking out the trail from among the tracks of probably 20 others that crossed and recrossed it. After a walk of perhaps a mile, the trail led to a palmetto thicket. When within 20 steps, a beautiful doe jumped from the brush and started across the prairie. I had the best position and got 2 shots with my Winchester shotgun. The last took effect, and blood was found on the palmetto leaves.

The doe ran nearly a mile, stopped, looked at us for a minute, turned and walked off. Clate, following, found her dead, some distance away.

Every day was a repetition of the first. In the afternoon we killed 6 wild turkeys within a mile or so of camp. We could easily find 10 to 12 coveys of quails in a day, and could kill from 40 to 60 birds to the gun. The shores of the small lakes and ponds were covered with plover and jacksnipe. Every pond had from 2 to 50 white-plumed birds, egrets and cranes. The Princess shot a 5¾ pound Francotte gun, and could kill her birds as clean as we with our heavier guns.

Of course you can get more and better deer shooting in Routt county, Colorado, than in Florida; but for all-around sport, at a time when Ohio weather is at its worst, the Southern part of Florida excels. We expect to make the trip again.

The great trouble with many sportsmen is, they start to Florida without any particular objective point, then travel around looking here and there for good shooting. Not finding it, they become disgusted, or their vacation expires, and they return home without the sport. My advice to all is to visit Punta Gorda, and then with tent and guide to leave the town, as quickly as possible, for camp. Nimrod.

HOW TO OUTFIT FOR THE KLONDYKE.

Skaguay, Alaska.

Editor RECREATION: I went into a newsstand to buy something with which to while away the long winter nights (we now see the sun only one hour a day) and the first thing that met my eye was a copy of RECREATION. Being an old and enthusiastic sportsman I of course bought it, and found great pleasure in reading it. In this number (October) you say you are having many inquiries as to the best way to go to the mines, and the articles necessary for a year's outfit, for one man.

I am an old California miner, and have also mined in Alaska. Am now wintering here, on my way back to the mines. Perhaps I can give your readers a few points that will be useful and interesting. In the first place a man should take nothing that is not absolutely necessary; for interior Alaska is utterly destitute of transportation facilities. When you leave the water, everything must be packed on your back, and there are no trails nor roads. The flats and bottoms are generally very brushy and are covered with moss, from 6 inches to a foot deep. Articles of necessity for a year's supply are: 400 pounds flour; 100 pounds beans; 100 pounds bacon; 100 pounds sugar; 50 pounds rice; 100 pounds dried fruits; 25 pounds coffee; 5 pounds tea; one pound pepper; 10 pounds salt; one dozen cans yeast powder; all wool blankets 30 pounds; one good mackinaw suit; 2 extra heavy undershirts; 2 extra heavy overshirts, and drawers to match; one suit ordinary woollen goods, for summer; 2 suits medium weight underwear; one cap; 2 pairs good Yukon shoes, with nails; 2 pairs good rubber boots; 1 pair felt boots and overshoes; ½ dozen heavy socks; ½ dozen medium socks; one tent; one Yukon stove; one hatchet; one axe; 10 pounds nails; one whip saw, oakum and pitch, for making boat.

I have seen hundreds of men coming to Alaska, loaded down with things that were absolutely useless, and that had to be thrown away; but of all the useless things lugged into Alaska, a 6 shooter and a big belt, filled with cartridges, are the most common and the most useless. The Indians are perfectly harmless, and there are no dangerous wild animals. A wolf is an arrant coward and a bear will never fight unless badly wounded, or unless she has very young cubs and you come on her suddenly. But of all the cowardly wild animals that roam the forests the cougar (or California lion), whose unearthly scream sends the cold chills down the back of the tenderfoot, stands at the head; and I do not even except the deer.

In the country bordering on Juneau and Sitka there are thousands of deer and grouse. Last year I was 400 miles Northwest of Circle City; but found no deer, and nothing in the way of game except moose, mountain sheep and a few grouse and ptarmigan. On all the tributaries of the Copper, Kenai, Shushitna and Yukon may be found moose and sheep; but no deer. Along the coast of Alaska there are thousands of arms and inlets and all of them are swarming with salmon, cod, halibut and, in fact, with all kinds of salt water fishes. In the interior of Alaska are thousands of rivers, creeks and lakes, and all are literally alive with trout, from the beautiful Dolly Varden, 2 feet long, down to the common brook trout, 6 inches long.

From San Francisco to Dawson, via St. Michaels, is nearly 5,000 miles; and the journey consumes the best part of the season. Over the Dalton trail the distance is 600 miles, and a rough mountain trail. Over the Stickeen river route but few have travelled. The distance, over the pass, to head of water navigation, is 320 miles and the trail very boggy and hard to travel. Over the Skaguay and Dyea trails the distance is 30 and 40 miles respectively, to head of the Yukon. Over the Dyea a tramway is being built, and over the Skaguay, or White trail, both a tramway and a good wagon road are being rapidly pushed to completion. They will be open for the spring travel and are only 4 miles apart. These are really the only routes worth speaking of, into the Yukon. I shall go over in March, as I consider that the best time to start. On the lakes the thermometer is now (November 25th) about 30 below zero.

J. W. Reese.

WING SHOOTING.

Editor RECREATION: From time to time we see methods of wing shooting discussed. Charles Lancaster, in his new book, goes into the most minute details, with explanatory cuts and diagrams, and theoretically explains the whole business.

They who have tried know how hard it is to reduce theory to practice. No 2 persons aim or shoot alike. Intuition is the main factor. A few are born shooters. For those who are not, there is no royal road to proficiency. With a natural love for hunting, persistent practice will bring reasonable success. I do not mean to discourage the beginner, when I say that I, who have grown gray in the shooting business, and used more ammunition than most men see in a lifetime—am well satisfied if, in a day of upland shooting, I average 60 per cent. I have many times hunted with the "never miss 'em" kind of gunners, and invariably these invincibles "never had such beastly luck," and were continually forgetting the safety, etc., etc. No set rules can be given. In a day's real shooting, so many different conditions arise, and with so little time for anything but a snap shot, that "book larnin'" is useless. Keep shooting! Keep shooting! Don't let a bad miss, nor a dozen of them, discourage you a bit. Keep your temper.

When you make a difficult kill, call it a "scratch" shot; and never try to explain to a companion how you missed that "straight away." Any one who is constantly grieved, because he don't kill everything in sight, is a game hog, whether he wears English corduroy or overalls. If you find no real pleasure afield, unless a big bag is secured, no amount of practice will make you a real sportsman, or an agreeable companion for one. In conclusion, I propose to give away the entire secret of successful shooting; of course, you must not tell anyone. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Let trap shooting alone, as a help for field work. Quail shooting, I think, is the most difficult of all upland shooting; and I advise beginners to tackle Bob White, and keep banging away at the hard as well as at the easy rises. Use a light "open" gun, and a good stiff load. A woodcock load won't do for quail. When I say "open" I mean cylinder; don't be persuaded to buy a choke bored gun, nor a cheap one. If you can master a straight stock, all the better. Too long a stock is an error; a short one can be handled more quickly. The drop, hang or balance of a gun, is not so important as many think. Bear in mind that practice only will bring proficiency.

"Pull," Marion, Ind.

SHOOTING AT MOVING OBJECTS.

How to shoot game on the run, is what Homer Raleigh, of East Oakland, Cal., wishes to know.

Having lived in the Rockies a good many years, at a time (28 years ago) when a gun was a man's best friend, and constant companion, I will venture to give Mr. H. R. a pointer or two.

The first, and most essential thing in shooting at moving objects, is to be able to keep the sights and eye in perfect alignment, while the muzzle of the gun is being moved in every direction necessary. That can be learned in a short time, at home, by practice. Hold the gun hard and solidly against the shoulder, with the left hand well extended. Catch the sights, then don't change the relative position of the head, shoulder and gun, in following the game, but swing the whole upper part of the body. After practising this for a while, you will find that you can roll your eyes to locate the game, and when the gun catches up with the object, and you look for the sights, they will be in line.

The right hand should be depended on only to steady the gun, and press the trigger. Then it will be free to operate the lever in repeating guns, which will give you shot after shot without taking the gun from the shoulder. After you can do this well, get someone to roll a barrel head, down a gentle slope. Its motion will be much like that of a running deer. Try at first at 50 yards, and as you improve increase the distance. You will soon learn how far ahead of a moving object it is necessary to hold.

This combination, with a level head, and steady nerve, will be hard for game to beat.

N. E. R., Scranton, Pa.

In answer to Homer Raleigh, E. Oakland, Cal., will say: First learn to use your rifle, as you would a shot gun; that is, to shoot it with both eyes open. Learn to see the sights, and the object, with your right eye, if you are right handed; and with your left eye, if you are left handed. Be sure and see the object with the opposite eye. When you can do this, take a piece of cardboard about 2 inches square. Make a hole in it to fit the muzzle of your gun tightly, and to come ½ inch above the front sight. Shove this up against the front sight. Then using a stationary target, look at sights with one eye and target with the other. You will find the result as good as if no paper was on your gun.

Then get a friend to throw a tomato can, 12 to 15 feet high, and 8 or 10 feet from muzzle of gun. Pull a coarse sight, just as the can starts down, and you will hit it 99 times out of 100. When able to do this fairly well, get the round top of a lard bucket, or something similar, and have some one roll it past you, about 20 feet from you. Sight just ahead, and you will find results good.

By such practice, you can do as good work with rifle as with a shotgun.

F. M. H.

Wormleysburg, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: Seeing a request from Homer Raleigh, in November RECREATION, for some one to give pointers on how to shoot with rifle, on the run, I will offer a few suggestions. While I don't claim to be an expert, I find no trouble in knocking over a rabbit or a fox, on the run, and can often kill small birds, such as snipe, kingfishers, etc., on the wing. Have broken 5 out of 6 one ounce vials, swung on a 10 foot string, like the pendulum of a clock, distance 10 steps, with a revolver.

The best method I know, for a beginner, is to take a small cheese box, paint a 2 inch centre, with some bright color, and get a friend to roll it down a hill. Stand away about 20 or 30 paces, at right angles, for side or cross shots, and see how many bullets you can put through the box before it reaches the foot of the hill. The first lesson should be in a smooth sod field. After you can hit the box nearly every time go to a corn field, or tobacco patch, where there are rows or hills thrown up, and you will get on to the jumping act of deer, by the box bouncing up over the rows or hills. For a driving shot walk through a corn field where there are field pumpkins. When you get to a hilltop kick a good sized pumpkin down the hill. Get your repeater ready and try to plug the pumpkin. Don't be in too much of a hurry, and you will be surprised at your success.

E. J. D.

For a number of years I have been a close reader and hearty advocate of Recreation; and have gained many useful hints, and read many pleasant articles in its columns.

It was in it I first saw the advertisement of the Forehand Arms Co., and through it I was enabled to secure one of the best trap and field guns in America. It certainly surpasses any gun I have used, for close and hard shooting at long range.

In October Recreation I noticed an article by Donnel, Springfield, Ill., on "How to Learn." This article gives what I consider the best method of learning wing-shooting. For 2 years I have been using that method, with a few slight variations. I have added to Donnel's method, the practice of shooting at light, loosely wrapped paper balls, thrown in the air; and have found it of great service in teaching one to cover flying objects quickly.

In this vicinity there is little field sport; the game having been almost exterminated by hogs and pot hunters. However, South Carolina, especially Beaufort county, offers a vast field of sport to the true sportsman. The hogs and pot hunters have no show in that country. The land owners are careful as to whom they give permits. The Georgia legislature 2 years ago passed laws restricting the shooting of game; and the increase of quail here is already noticeable. In a few years more Chatham county will have regained her former prestige as a sportsman's paradise.

James S. Estill, Savannah, Ga.

TRAPPING BEARS.

Albion, Mich.

Editor Recreation: In April, 1895, my old time friend Baker, and I, packed our traps and camp equipage and started for the wilds of Northern Wisconsin, after bear. We located between the East and West branches of the Sturgeon river.

We soon got our traps out and caught our first bear on the second day of May. The next one was a yearling. We caught it near camp, and the old she bear made such a noise, that night, the boys stayed close to the fire. The next morning I found a large bear in a trap about 3 miles below; and the way he had eaten off trees and logs, and torn up the ground, would have surprised you. He had taken the trap and clog and had climbed up some trees nearly to the top; had broken and torn off the limbs until the trees looked as if some one had started a clearing there.

When I came in sight he was hung up under a big log. I raised my gun to shoot him, when he flew for a big tree. When he got up about 40 feet he stopped, and at the crack of my repeater he dropped.

He was caught by the hind foot, and had a hard maple clog, about 12 feet long, attached to the trap. He had made a desperate effort but could not get away.

One night when Mr. Baker came to camp I asked what luck? He said,

"I have a barrel of bear, and a cinnamon at that. He is about like the silver tip you got the other day" (referring to a badger I had caught). "But this is a bear. She was caught by 3 feet, and I found a barrel, at a camp; took the trap off her and fastened her in the barrel."

We went after her and brought her 4 miles, to camp. She was a yearling bear and had no trap on then. To get a chain on her was the next thing. After trying several experiments I finally caught her by the ears and held her until Mr. Baker fastened the chain on her and fastened her to a pole close to our camp. It needed a third man, with a kodak, to show the scene properly.

We caught 7 bears and one wolf that spring, and hope to do better next time. If any reader of Recreation knows of a location where bear are plenty we would like to correspond with him. Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal published.

Wm. Dicer.

GAME IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Eastern part of North Carolina is being more favored than formerly by devotees of the gun. This country is the tide water section of the state. A level territory, from 2 to 10 feet above tide water, and intersected by numerous sounds, rivers and creeks. Around these bays and rivers are miles of waste land; in some places open, in others, covered with a dense growth of gum, cypress, juniper, etc. Possibly 10 per cent. of the land is under cultivation. On the waterways thousands of swans, geese, brant, and wild fowl, of every variety, are to be found feeding on the shallow, grassy bottoms. The nearer the coast the greater the numbers. On the narrow strip of beach between sound and ocean, good shooting, at shore birds, can always be had. Coming inland, snipe and woodcock are found; but there is so much territory suitable for them, that good bags are not often obtained. Deer, bears, coons, foxes and squirrels, are here. Deer are yet quite plentiful, but not increasing, owing to loose game laws. There are bears in the heavy swamp, but it is extremely difficult to hunt them. Those who come to this section for them, will be disappointed. Of the smaller fur bearing game there is an abundance. Quails and turkeys are found. Their territory extends into the low swampy regions. Of quails there are plenty; they furnish great sport. From 5 to 15 coveys can easily be started in a day. In some localities turkeys can yet be hunted, with a hope of fair success.

F. P. Latham, Haslin, N. C.

BUTCHERS, NOT SPORTSMEN.

Here is an account of another party of men who have been making a public exhibition of their swinishness, and I hope you will assist in making it still more public. Such men are a disgrace to our American civilization, and hardly deserve better treatment than they accord their victims. The readers of RECREATION will, I am sure, heartily concur in the sentiments of the concluding paragraph of the article.

C. A. H.

> Over in Platt county, a few days ago, 40 to 50 men, who know how to handle shot guns, divided themselves into 2 parties and started out for a day's slaughter of game, the losing side having to meet the expense of a supper.
>
> The men swept through the timber and over the prairies, slaughtering everything that looked like game; and when night came had killed more than could be hauled on the largest dray in Champaign.
>
> There is nothing sportsmanlike in the wholesale killing off of game and there should be a law prohibiting it. Such coarse tests were common years ago, when the country was flooded with game; but now what little game remains should be protected from foolish men whose delight it is to get out like an army and sweep the country before them.—Champaign (Ill.) Gazette.

I hope some of the readers of RECREATION, in Illinois, will give me the names of all these hogs in order that I may put them where they belong.—EDITOR.

Antelope are again reported to be leaving the Yellowstone Park, for the lower country adjacent, where they are being slaughtered by hunters. The residents of the upper Yellowstone are desirous of affording these animals every protection provided by the Montana game laws; and to that end have petitioned the board of county commissioners for the appointment of Wallace Blaine, of Horr, as a special game warden for that section.

Livingston (Mont.) Enterprise.

Herein please find slip from "Nebraska State Journal." The game hog is here, as in many other places. We have just had a heavy snow, and now the market is flooded with game. Quails are selling for 30 cents a dozen. I saw 350 cottontails and 2 bushel baskets full of quails come in, the other day, for the market.

Ring hunts are continually going on, around here. At one near Tecumseh, 1,300 rabbits and 300 quails were killed. There seems to be no game law here, at all, in effect. All kinds of game are numerous, more so than in years; but if hunting keeps on in this way there will be nothing left for seed.

I do enjoy the roasts you give the game hogs.

Jas. P. Campbell, Lincoln, Neb.

Here is the clipping:

> Large numbers of quails and prairie chickens are being shipped from Lincoln to the New York market. A dealer said he thought there had not been so many quails in the country for 10 years. He could not account for it unless it was due to McKinley prosperity. They come into this commission house in lots of 200 to 300.

I wish you would find some other term than "hog" to apply to men who wantonly destroy game. You are unjust to the 4 legged animal who has borne that cognomen, honorably, for ages.

S. W. Everett.

NOTES.

Your list of Florida guides has lengthened somewhat lately, but I seldom see a report from a Florida sportsman. Your readers might think our animals extinct, save a few guides, but this is not the case. However, our game has been mercilessly slaughtered since the new game law was passed, allowing 4 months in which to hunt. The law reminded men who never before thought of hunting, that this was their only chance till the next winter; and they turned out, an army of them. I believe more game was killed in 2 seasons than had been killed before in 5 years. Two months is long enough in which to kill, while a heavy fine should be imposed on any one who offers game for sale.

We have a good many black bear here, but few are killed, because few people have dogs that will stick to the chase long enough to tree one.

Deer hunting will be good in some parts of our country this winter, and if the black-jack and scrub-acorn mast is plentiful a good many deer will come to the hills, during the winter months. If they are on the hills, we track them, but if they are on the prairies, it is best to "kick them out of a palmetto patch and shoot them on the fly."

Owing to an unusually favorable spring, turkey hunting is good this winter. Quails are numerous. Parties coming here would do well to bring well-trained setters, for such dogs are scarce here. Deer-hounds would be unprofitable unless trained here.

My favorite game is the turkey. I shot 40 last season. You may call me a hog, but I sold only one, and that to a fellow who could not kill one—unless it was penned up.

M. B. Carson, Frostproof, Fla.

In November Recreation I saw mention of Jim Beckwith, an old guide and trapper. None of the old timers seem to know where he died. Some say in California, some, near Denver, Col. I have it from good authority that during the winter of 1866-67, he was at Fort C. F. Smith, on the Big Horn river. The Sioux Indians at that time harassed the troops to such an extent that every team that went out for wood had a strong escort. John W. Smith is better acquainted with the Sioux, and the origin of all Indian outbreaks in the West, for the last 40 years, than any other man living to-day. He was at Fort C. F. Smith, that winter, with goods to trade to Indians. The Sioux were hostile at the time, and the Crows were not in the vicinity. He induced the commandant to allow him to send for the Crows. They would be a protection to the fort, and at the same time bring him trade. He sent Jim Beckwith and one soldier to the Yellowstone to bring the Crows. They found the Crows, and were returning with them when Beckwith took sick, and died, and was buried on a tributary of Clark's Fork, below Red Lodge; now in Carbon county, Mont.

Thos. H. Irvine, Hamilton, Mont.

I have just returned from a short trip to the mountains to investigate a reported strike of rich gold ore. I and another man took a pack horse and landed near Deer Point. It was 20 miles to the new discovery and we followed the summit between Lake Chelan and the Methow. Looking at the rugged mountains from the water's edge, one would hardly expect to find a nice open country, fairly level, and full of beautiful little parks up there, but such is the case. The importance of the strike was exaggerated, as usual; one promising prospect and some poor ones were located. We made our way through the mountains, to Meadow creek, 20 miles farther up the lake. Big game seemed very scarce, although the surroundings appeared perfect for deer. We took our time and saw blue grouse in great numbers; but only 7 goats and 3 deer. These last were seen when near our journey's end. Only one bear sign was seen. We shot what grouse we needed, with my 32-40 Lyman sighted, single Winchester; but did not try for the deer, as we had unlimited down timber to contend with. From one point both Mt. Tacoma and Mt. Baker could be seen, as well as part of the Methow valley and the Okanogan hills. The effect of winter hunting, in past years, is now painfully apparent. Deer go down the lake to winter on the open hillsides, and can be seen from the steamer's deck, at times. In February and March the snow crusts occasionally, and then, until the last 2 years, slaughtering has gone on apace. The winter of '92-'93 was the worst on record.

C. Greenwood, Lake Chelan, Wash.

Last fall when I took my annual hunting and fishing trip, up North, I carried with me several copies of Recreation; and there was not a moment when some of the boys were not perusing its pages.

We had lots of sport, and a fine time in "Camp Comfort;" but seemingly the boys were "hoodooed," in regard to killing deer. They had quite a number of fine chances, but missed them all. The excuse given was, they did not want to kill any.

I go North, week after next again, to join a party of friends, on our annual outing. I shall take my camera, and possibly can furnish you with some good views, and an account of our trip, later. Quails are numerous hereabouts, and after the 10th of November, we will have good shooting. I take several sportsmen's papers, but I consider Recreation the best of them all.

Hope to get the next issue before going into camp.

I congratulate you on the stand you take, regarding game hogs, and hope success will crown your effort to make every man, who owns a gun or rod, a true sportsman.

A. L. G., Winchester, Ind.

Have just returned from a fishing and hunting trip in Aroostook county, Me. I take pleasure in recommending Henry and George Gautier, of Benedicta, Me., as reliable and competent guides and gentlemen.

We hunt in the country known as the Aroostook and Dead river sections of Maine. I have been there for the last 10 years, and never saw game so plenty as it is this fall.

Ted, W. Somerville, Mass.

It was thought that the recent killing of some Utes, by the game warden on Bear river, might make trouble; but the whole thing has quieted down. The Indians on White river took the trail for the reservation as soon as they heard of the killing. We had trouble here in '87, with the Indians, on account of the game, and they kept closer to their reservation for some time afterward. Then they began, coming up the river; getting a little further up each year, and killing all the deer they wanted for meat, and hides. I suppose there will be an investigation by the Government, and the question whether the Utes have, or have not, a right to hunt here, in violation of the state laws, will be settled once for all.

Bears have not holed up yet, but are high up on the mountains, ready to do so at the first big storm.

Elk are more numerous than for several years, and the calf crop has been good.

J. M. Campbell, Buford, Col.

As sportsmen are generally in doubt as to the best locality for moose, it may interest your numerous readers to know that Northern New Brunswick probably contains as good moose grounds as can be found. Several parties visited the Restigouche this season, and all seemed satisfied with their sport. Among the number, and one of the most successful, was Maj.-Gen. Eustace Hill, of the British Army. The General was at Stillwater, on the Restigouche river, and shot 3 bull moose. The antlers of 2 were greatly admired by all who saw them. The largest measured 4 feet 7 inches across, and had 15 prongs. The heads are being mounted at Yarmouth, N. S., and when done the owner will send them to the Sportsmen's Exhibition, in New York.

General Hill is a veteran sportsman, having hunted in India for many years, and is familiar with all kinds of game from the wild boar to the elephant.

William Murray.

Mr. F. W. Woodward, of Eau Claire, Wis., came to Warren for a goose hunt. He is the owner of a wheat farm near here, and comes each year, in October, to shoot. This year he invited a party of local hunters to join him. He took 2 teams, a tent and everything necessary for comfort. It required 2 days to locate the geese. We pitched the tent near their feeding grounds, so the ladies of our party could see us shoot. Mr. Woodward got a shot at one flock and dropped 8, with No. 3 shot. We excused him that time, but told him not to do so again. We were not all in one field, but near enough to see the geese fall. We all got some shooting, and we killed 26 geese. Mr. Woodward and the ladies rode into town with the finest lot of Canada geese ever brought to Warren.

E. Slee, Warren, Minn.

Last fall I went North from Mt. Home, in Idaho, to the Sawtooth range, not far from the headwaters of the Salmon and Payette rivers. There are bands of sheep over nearly all that country. They have driven out most of the deer and elk. Only by using considerable tact could I find elk. There have never been many large bear in that country, but there are quite a number of small black, brown and cinnamon bears. The country is rough. I found fine fishing in the streams, and all the game I wanted, except bear. It is not a good country for the Eastern man to visit, for game.

B. M. Webster, Omaha, Neb.

I hear that 6 imported pheasants were liberated in Northampton, near Akron, O. This is a step in the right direction.

Those who have hunted the deep gulleys and steep hillsides of Northampton, know how hard it is to kill ruffed grouse there. If the pheasants once get a foothold we ought to have good shooting in a few years. These birds are protected in Ohio until 1900; and anyone bothering them, will get in trouble.

If some birds were liberated in Copley swamp, it would be a good thing too; but no better place could be found than that chosen, in the gullies along the Cuyahoga river, North of town. We hope the birds will thrive and be added to the list of game birds of Ohio.

16 Gauge, Akron, O.

I do not know what I would do without Recreation. I can hardly wait for it from one month to another. There is little to hunt here. A few squirrels, rabbits, grouse and quails; all so wild that you cannot get within gunshot of them. The trouble here, is the same as in many other places; the game has no protection. Our game wardens are not of the right kind.

Two of them were looking for game law violators, and found them, to their own sorrow. They saw 2 men running rabbits, with hounds, before the season opened. The hunters resisted arrest, pointing their guns at the wardens until the latter backed out of range. The hunters then made their escape.

J. A. Richardson, Pittston, Pa.

I have been watching for news from this vicinity in your excellent magazine. Quails are more plentiful this season than for 5 or 6 years past. If we have a mild winter, there will be plenty next year. Am sorry to say, we have hunters here with bristles on their necks. A party of 3 were out last week for a 2 or 3 days' hunt, and returned with 300 quails, 15 grouse and a number of rabbits. I think ½ that amount of game, should be enough for any 3 hogs. The law should limit the amount of small as well as of large game, to be taken by one person. News in our home paper, proves that our fish commissioner and his deputy are not asleep. We have very good men in those positions.

S. H. G., Goshen, Ind.

Southeast Texas was once a hunter's paradise; but the game hogs have gotten in their work, and not much big game is left.

Small game, such as rabbits, squirrels, quails and doves, are still quite plentiful. Quails are here by thousands, and seem to be increasing. This is because few gunners hunt them.

For small game shooting I use a 22 Marlin repeater; and recommend it to anyone looking for a rifle for this purpose.

If M. A. Lewis intends to shoot nothing larger than ducks, I advise him to buy the 22 calibre rifle.

The short cartridge is the thing to use on such game as grouse and quails; while for ducks, etc., the long rifle cartridges are all right.

For game as large as geese, the 25 or 32 calibre would be better.

E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

The Klondike boom has helped Seattle, but there is nothing permanent about it.

Hundreds of men have left this country for Alaska. They are still at Skaguay or back here again. This boom is one of the silliest things imaginable. Old men, feeble men, inexperienced men and all kinds of men, are going there; and when they get there they will wonder, why they went.

A young, robust, single man, out of employment, experienced and with some means, may do well enough; but for others to go, is folly.

Men in search of adventure, with means to gratify their desire, may find what they are looking for; but if they want hunting, they will get left. There is no game after leaving Skaguay, or getting into the snow and ice. They laugh at a man who packs a rifle over the trail, or through the pass.

Alaska proper, below the timber line is another thing entirely. But the settling up of that country will destroy the goose that laid the golden egg. Our geese and ducks will not be killed by the market hunter, the game hog or the spring shooter. They will be destroyed on their breeding grounds; and we will have to depend for our supply on such as straggle down from the extreme frozen North.

But thus it goes. Civilization advances: the game retreats and disappears. Man reclaims the land but obliterates every living wild creature.

J. C. Nattrass, New Whatcom, Wash.

I notice in October RECREATION, an article by D. L. C. on deer in Vermont. I spent 7 weeks in Washington and Windsor counties, and can corroborate the statements made in the article mentioned.

While there, I saw fawns feeding unconcernedly in the fields. One came within 20 rods of my father's house at midday; and after feeding for a while, crossed the road and disappeared in the woods. Deer is not the only game in Vermont, for ruffed grouse are plenty. Woodchucks and coons are to be found in good numbers. My father set a trap in his cornfield, for coons, and caught 2 in it at once. Each coon had 2 legs in the jaws of the trap.

C. H. R., Leominster, Mass.

I am located in Southern Idaho, at Weiser, where the river of that name empties in the great Snake river. There are no quails in this section. In the spring and fall we have fair duck shooting on the rivers. Often, 4 or 5 persons will kill 10 to 15 ducks in a day, on the Weiser. The finest duck and goose shooting, in this part of Idaho, is found on the Payette river, 16 miles from here. Grouse, both ruffed and pinnated, are numerous. Deer and a few black bears can be found within 20 or 30 miles. On the headwaters of Salmon river, 150 miles from Weiser, deer, elk and bears are plentiful.

I am not a guide, but would take pleasure in giving any brother hunter information about this country.

John W. Ayers, Weiser, Idaho.

A few weeks ago a hunter, named Powers, was gathering huckleberries in the woods about 10 miles from Tacoma, and in the neighborhood of Gig Harbor. While engaged in filling his baskets he suddenly came upon a pack of 7 bears which were feeding on the same luscious berries, and for which they have an especial fondness. Fortunately Mr. Powers had taken his rifle along and he quickly brought down one of the bears. The others took to their heels. He put a second bullet into the wounded bear to finish him. The big black fellow's carcass, weighing about 300 pounds, was on exhibition in front of a C. street market the next day.

M. S. H., Tacoma, Wash.

Sheriff W. S. Tuttle, of Keene, who is one of the best bird shots in New Hampshire, made a new record for himself, hunting woodcock. Four birds were bagged in succession, with the first barrel, and the fifth was missed with the first barrel and shot with the second. A sixth was missed, but was replaced by a plump grouse. The setter used on this occasion was a Llewellyn, procured by the sheriff some months since, in Washington, Pa.

Edward W. Wild, Keene, N. H.

Last week I camped, for 2 days, with 2 friends at Island pond, in Hampstead, N. H. The weather was beautiful, and we enjoyed camping exceedingly. I shot 12 ruffed grouse, 4 rabbits and a woodcock. The other boys had equally good success. Game appears to be plentiful this season.

RECREATION is having a great sale at our news-stands. I hope it will attain a still larger circulation, as it is the best sportsman's journal in existence.

Waumbek, Lawrence, Mass.

I do not think you are right in calling the man a hog who caught 260 perch; as they are a nuisance in this locality. They are altogether too plenty.

I see no need of buying goods that are not advertised in RECREATION, so long as the best of guns, fishing tackle and other sportsmen's goods are advertised in it. I do not see why the Colts revolvers are not represented in RECREATION.

Do you limit the term sportsmen to shooters and anglers; or do you include horse racers, prize fighters and such? Which do you consider best—as a bird dog—a pointer or setter.

R. J. B., Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

No; horse racers, prize fighters and such like are not sportsmen. They are sporting men. The term "sportsman" is generally held to include shooters, anglers, yachtsmen, canoemen, etc.

As to the superiority of the setter or pointer, that is purely a matter of taste. Both are good. Many shooters prefer the pointer, while as many others prefer the setter.

If a maker of sportsmen's goods does not advertise in RECREATION that would seem to mean that he does not wish the readers of RECREATION to buy or to use his goods. The Marlin revolver is as good as any made in this country, and is advertised in this magazine.—EDITOR.

Were it not for the heavy sage brush and grease wood, the bottom lands of the Snake river in Owyhee and Washington counties, Idaho, would be the finest place in the West for coursing contests. It is possible to jump 7 to 10 jack rabbits to the acre. Never in all my travels have I seen anything to compare with it.

Prof. O. D. Carper, of La Grande, Ore., recently captured a beautiful snowy owl, while hunting on the Grand Ronde river, Oregon. Also a young bald eagle, which had a spread of 4 feet. A yellow lynx was taken alive, too, which, he says, Mr. Carlin's picture exactly portrays.

It is reported by all local sportsmen and ranchers that this season grouse, sage hens, wild ducks in Canyon, Ada and Owyhee counties are unusually plentiful. A big bag of ducks can be secured at any time, by only a short walk from this place. All along the line of the Oregon Short Line Railroad, between Mountain Home and Payette, there can be found splendid wild fowl shooting. In the Boise and Payette valleys,* quails are particularly numerous; but I believe are protected for some years yet. Between Shoshone and Glenn's Ferry antelope can be seen from the car windows, and sportsmen could easily find plenty of sport there without taking long journeys from the railroad, inland. M. W. Miner, Caldwell, Idaho.

Game is plentiful this season, particularly deer.

It is amusing to think of clipping a buffalo head to show the horns; for if it is in good condition the horns barely show.

In the spring of 1865, I was on the divide South of the Republican river, West of Fort Kearny. As far as I could see, to the South and West, the buffalo were moving. And now they are all gone!

Jack Hickman, Lebanon, Ore.

Mr. Warner and I were out 21 days in the mountains, with Frank Peterson, of Jackson, Wyo., as guide. We killed elk, sheep, antelope and deer. Mr. Peterson proved a competent guide and packer. He knows the country thoroughly; also the habits and haunts of the game. We had a very enjoyable time.

J. B. Castle, Sandwich, Ill.

Game in this locality is rapidly diminishing. This is due to lack of sufficient protection, or to the wolves.

This year our law provides for a license for every hunter; $30 for non-residents, and $1 for those fortunate enough to live in the state. This license applies to deer hunters only.

F. B., Gordon, Wis.

The squirrel season opened September 1st. I succeeded in bagging 11, the first 2 days. Could have had more, but have no desire to herd with the swine.

James S. McCain, Washington, N. J.

Game and fish are not abundant in this vicinity, owing to too much illegal hunting and fishing.

K. G. F., Columbiana, O.

Wanted: A means of exterminating an animal found all over the United States, but more common in New England villages, and known as the French-Canadian Hare Lifter and Partridge Fence Builder.

Kindly state if I could use the same means on the animal that keeps company with a hound and small long bodied rodent, carried with them in a sack.

I have a family and a gun. Both of these I respect; but the latter will not be of much use unless someone who knows will help me. Tim, Hartford, Conn.

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* Quails are not natives of Idaho. They were "planted" in this valley some years ago, the stock being brought from Nebraska.—EDITOR.

IS THE OUANANICHE A FRAUD?

The September number of RECREATION, containing an article under the above title, over the name of J. C. French, M.D., of Quebec, is before me. I feel it a duty to give my opinion of the game qualities of this fish, which has called forth the condemnation of the doctor in such unstinted terms against the railway, hotel, people, and in fact the entire environment of the fish. He evidently expects his letter will not go without protest, for, in closing, he says: "It is a matter of opinion, and I claim a right to mine," a point which I do not think would have been questioned by anyone.

I have devoted considerable study to the ouananiche, and purpose, in as few words as possible, to give my opinion of him, without any wandering off into discussions of the amount of water controlled by the Roberval Hotel Co.; the railway connections; the expense of fishing, or into statements of how much fishing some of my friends have done in different parts of the globe, as a means of qualifying them to be judges of the game qualities of the ouananiche.

I agree with Dr. French that, in taking the fly, this fish does not execute a double summersault, as does the brook trout, sometimes; but most emphatically I do say he does rise to the fly, and takes it at the surface of the water. Will a fly sink, when cast upon swift, turbulent water, such as this fish lives in? If this fish took the fly in still water, I have no doubt we should see considerable commotion at the spot, but I have never seen one yet take the fly in still water.

The picture drawn of this fish, lying in swift rapids, and endeavoring to "suck down" an artificial fly, as it is dancing about in the rough water, makes me smile.

I have observed that a good portion of his food consists of insect life, and a favorite haunt of his is in eddies, below falls, where the water is covered with foam. In such places I have seen, at one time, fins of a dozen ouananiche, darting about, in the search of food.

Out of 30 or 40 ouananiche I have caught, and a great many others hooked and lost, not one failed to jump from the water his entire length—most of them twice—on being hooked. I have even seen them double up at the same time, in the effort to strike the line and dislodge the hook.

I have never trolled for this fish, with flies sunk in the water, as described in the article in question. I prefer to take him on the cast, as heretofore.

As to size—4 pounds is a good-sized ouananiche. My opinion, gained from experience, is that after an angler has hooked and landed one of this weight, he will feel he has met a foe well worth his best skill as a fisherman. I have the picture before me now as I experienced it: "The quick rise, sharp strike; then as the prick of the hook is felt, the beautiful shining, symmetrical form of the fish, leaping into the air at the sting; every inch of his silvery, glistening sides aquiver with muscular energy; the splash and again another leap, and as he settles once more to the water, a magnificent rush down stream and the fight has fairly begun."

After having enjoyed some of the finest sport of my life in pursuit of the ouananiche I cannot allow an article, which seems to me to present the matter in such an unfair light, to go unnoticed; and I know of others who will feel as I do, if they see Dr. French's letter.

G. H. Hale, Malone, N. Y.

A PUNCH AT FISH HOGS—AND OTHERS.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: Just home from 2 weeks of loafing around Lake Mills, Wis., and feel inclined to give poachers and hogs a punch. May I?

Lake Mills—or more properly, Rock lake—is a pretty sheet of water, with no visible inlet, and varying in depth from 3 or 4 to 70 feet. In shallow sections, of considerable extent, large mouth bass are taken. A considerable stream flows from the lake, and furnishes power for a flouring mill. Rock lake is about 3½ miles in length, with an average width of 1½ miles.

As in many of these little bodies of water, when under no restriction, the piscatory hog had shot, speared and netted the fish, until few remained. The local sportsmen, decided that something must be done to preserve what were left. Mr. Wm. Howe, the owner of the boat livery, on the lake, obtained the support of those interested in keeping up the reputation of the place as a summer resort, and he was made fish and game warden.

The doom of the poacher and hog was sealed. This was 2 years ago; and to-day the lake is full of 2 year old pickerel, pike and bass. Several arrests and convictions were necessary to secure this result.

Now, as a contrast to this: A chain of lakes in Northern Illinois has not been guarded, and unsportsmanlike methods of taking fish have been freely used. In Channel lake, for instance, a few years ago, one could take a big string of bass and pickerel. Now there are days when one can hardly capture enough, in a long day, for a small family's dinner. Yet, a friend who deplores the passing of the good days on these lakes, wrote me in May of the fine fishing he had in March. He captured pickerel weighing 10 to 14 pounds, in the slough!

Those who chase fish into shallow water and shoot or spear them, forget they are killing the goose that lays the golden egg; and that every female fish killed, in early spring, is full of eggs which die with her.

Plenty of so-called sportsmen in Chicago sneak out to Delavan, or some other lake, a few days before the open season, to get ahead of the genuine sportsmen. A year ago some of these men were surprised by the warden, who secured a pretty sum out of the fines they paid. One well-known fisherman only escaped by wrapping his ill gotten spoils in his overcoat, and sneaking to the train, across lots.

There is a humorous side to the theory of fish planting. Among the varieties which have been placed in many of the lakes hereabout, are the white bass of the lakes, and the whitefish. Now, I never caught a white bass except during a limited season, in the spring, when they run in schools, and will bite at a naked hook in their then excited condition. I have seen the water in Lake Erie, fairly foam with their antics. On one occasion, a party of 3 of us took a washtub full of white bass, at the mouth of the Raisin river, in less than 2½ hours, and did not have bait half the time.*

The whitefish rarely takes bait. I have never seen but one on a hook. In a lake where angling is the only permitted method of capturing fish, the result of whitefish planting will either call for an amended law, or a 16 pound fish will be no rarity in such waters.

C. C. Haskins.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

In November Recreation, a request is made for instruction in fishing through the ice. I have had some experience in winter fishing, having lived 16 years on Big Stone lake, at Ortonville, Minn. There the game hogs abound in summer, and catch fish by the hundreds.

For fishing through the ice, you need a good ice chisel and ax, to chop the holes.

Go to some rocky point about 400 feet from the shore, and where the water is from 10 to 12 feet deep.

Cut a hole 15 or 18 inches wide, and trim off the sharp edge at the bottom, so it will not cut the line when a fish is caught. Then cut from trees, some branches 3 feet long and one inch thick at the larger end and tapering to ½ inch at the other.

About 2 feet from the large hole, cut a small one, 4 or 5 inches deep, and in it put a stick, so that the other end will be about 2 feet above the large hole. Fill the hole, around the stick, with snow or ice chips and water, and let it freeze. When the sticks are frozen in solidly, tie on your lines. Have them about 15 feet long, but do not let all of the line down; coil some of it near the stick, in such a way that when the fish pulls, it will uncoil and let him run. Attach your hook to the line with 6 inches or so of wire, that the fish may not bite off the line.

The bait is the next thing, and is hard to get in winter. If the creeks are not yet frozen, you can get minnows with a net. Put them in a perforated box, and sink it where you are fishing. Another way to keep minnows is to salt them, but they are not so good as live bait.

If you cannot catch minnows, find a place where perch will bite and secure some of them for bait. Use a small piece of meat on a small hook, and in a short time you will have perch enough to bait your lines.

When baited, you can leave them until night, and then reset them. In the morning look after your lines, as soon after daylight as possible. If you wait too long, some of the fish will get off.

C. G. Lindquist, Corona, S. Dak.

DO EEL-TRAPS CATCH FISH?

While travelling through Pennsylvania, and particularly along the main branches of the Susquehanna river, my attention was called to a device, known as an "eel-trap." It struck me as being well qualified to gather in much besides eels. The water being very low, the conditions seemed particularly favorable for this contrivance, and they were seen at frequent intervals. They are remarkably efficient for their purpose, as I was informed.

Now is there any reason why this device —the long V-shaped dam pointing down stream, with a basket at the apex and only outlet—will not catch fish also?

I was told, at Lock Haven, of one trap just below that city, yielding 300 eels in one morning. I think any fish that found itself in such a place would be in a dangerous position.

I am not a fisherman, but am a lover of true sport and fair play. These traps may be the most harmless affairs imaginable, for everything except eels; but I should like some reliable information as to whether they injuriously affect the fish.

"Cervus," Scranton, Pa.

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* A washtub full for 3 men? How much does a washtub full of fish weigh? Some 150 to 200 pounds, eh? You are giving the fish hogs a punch; what do you call these 3 men?—Editor.

TYPES FOR ICE FISHING.

Hartford, Ct.

Editor RECREATION: I send you drawings of what I call a good type for fishing through the ice. I have used over 100 of these, for 5 years, and never found any trouble with them. If this is not plain enough let any reader of RECREATION send me his address and I will send him a model to work by. They are easily made and very compact.

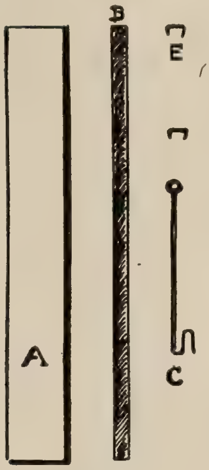

FIG. 1

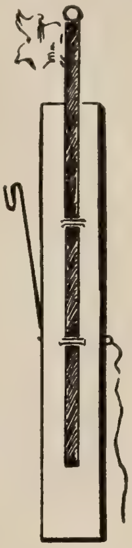

FIG. 2

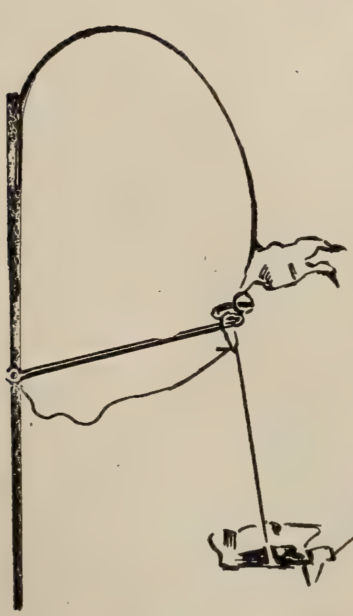

FIG. 3

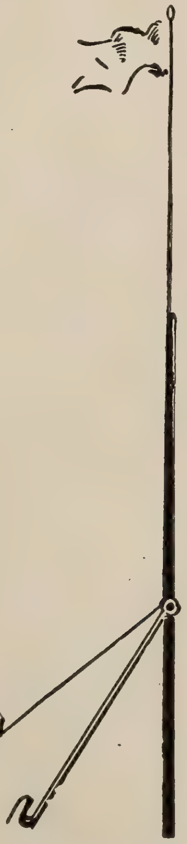

FIG. 4

TYPES FOR ICE FISHING.

One piece of any wood, hard or soft, 16, 18 or 20 inches long by ¼ inch thick, 1½ wide. Two pieces of hard brass wire, for staples to hold the spring still. One piece of flat spring steel ¼ or ⅜ wide by 1-32 thick, 16, 18 or 20 inches according to length of wood. This should be heated and bent over so as to hold brass ring and flag. One piece of soft brass wire stapled to wood, about 10 inches from bottom, to hold the line and spring steel piece with flag. The ring slides over the bent end of the brass piece. Geo. E. Lucas.

FISH NOTES.

A mistake I have seen a dozen times, in sportsmen's papers, is in giving the size of trolling spoons by merely saying: "I use a No. 2 or a No. 4 spoon."

Unfortunately, different manufacturers do not all number the same way.

I have just made an improvement on the ordinary form, which eliminates several points that have been annoying in the ordinary trolling spoons. I refer to fouling, caused by the triple hooks swinging around and catching into the line, when casting. In fact, the hooks do not stay where they belong; they have too much motion. I have more than once lost a fish by his shaking open the spring that holds the swivel or the one that holds the back hooks. I have got around these troubles by 2 simple devices. The hooks are held straight back and can be changed easily, if necessary, but the fish cannot do the shifting. I think anglers will appreciate these advantages. I expect to get a patent shortly. Wm. T. Morrison.

I am a regular reader of your valuable magazine, and would not be without it for 5 times its price.

About the first of September, I spent a week on the Big Fork river, one of the best trout streams in this part of Montana. It is about 30 miles Southeast of Kalispell, and flows Northeast into Flat Head lake. We had the best of luck, catching all we wanted to eat. The game hog is here as well as elsewhere. There was another partv on the river, and they caught 300 to 600 trout a day to the man.

We caught 4 trout that measured 26 inches long.

Small game is quite plentiful here this fall, and I think there will be a good many deer this winter.

J. W., Kalispell, Mont.

Five Ishpeming sportsmen (!!), Messrs. Claus Adolph, John Sodergren, John Anderson, Alex Swanson and J. Kilstrom, made the largest catch of bass and pickerel ever secured in this county. They brought home over 400 pounds of bass and pickerel, besides many perch, as the result of 3 days' fishing, on Lake Independence, 15 miles North of the city, and not far from Lake Superior.

Ishpeming, Mich., paper.

One would scarce expect the genus fish hog to thrive so far North. But then, nature is full of surprises.—EDITOR.

I am just in from Eagle creek, B. C. Last Thursday I stood on the rocky shore of that little stream and saw millions of salmon swimming down the creek. They were all of nearly one size, weighing about 2 pounds each. They were on their way from spawning beds.

A day or so later, I was on the banks of the Fraser river. There the upward run of salmon was even greater. I could have stood on the shore, at a point where the land projected into the stream, and with a pitchfork could have taken out a ton of fish in an hour. These salmon ranged from 4½ to 15 pounds. C. E. L., Portland, Ore.

In reply to the inquiry in recent issue of RECREATION, for a successful sturgeon bait, I will say the fishermen along the Snake and Columbia rivers use eels for bait, and they seldom fail to get fish. The eels are cut into lengths of 6 or 8 inches. One of these parts is slipped on the hook, entirely back of the barb, leaving the point exposed; a heavy sinker keeps line and bait on the bottom. Trot-lines are generally used for sturgeon fishing, in the Snake river. Fish weighing 100 to 600 pounds are not uncommon. Some measuring 12 feet in length have been caught this way, with eel bait.

M. W. Miner, Caldwell, Idaho.

Since I last wrote, we have inaugurated a new enterprise in this county, which, I think, will be a great boon to all lovers of "the gentle art" on this coast. Mendocino is the best watered county in the state, having some 3,000 miles of current trout waters.

Since the advent of the San Francisco & North Pacific Railroad to this place, the increase of fishermen induced the Railway company to build an extensive hatchery here. Thus taking time by the forelock, instead of waiting until the streams were depleted. Alfred V. La Motte,
Ukiah, Mendocino Co., Cal.

RECREATION came to hand punctually, as usual, and was perused with much pleasure. Your magazine is all right, and has many enthusiastic readers here.

There are a few trout in one stream here, and there might be more, for we have many nice lakes and streams. Our town is on the Kalamazoo river, which abounds in carp (they are the most worthless fish I ever saw) and perch, pike and black bass.

I use a 6 ounce lance-wood rod, for all kinds of fishing. I do not catch many fish, but those I do get, afford much sport.

Ed. Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

I arrived in this little mountain town one day, and an event to which I had looked forward to with joyful anticipation began the next morning, terminating with evening in a fine catch of bass, taken from the Youghiogheny.

The river is in good condition for fishing, and a number of persons from Pittsburg, McKeesport and Altoona were there enjoying the sport.

L. L. Litman, Fredericksville, Md.

At last we have our black bass hatchery started, and we of the rod and gun, are pleased. The ponds run East and West, and the railroad is West of them, about 100 feet. The water is cold spring water; very clear, and plenty of it. So I think we are certain to have our lakes and rivers well stocked in the near future. The buildings will be put up next spring.

S. Harting, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Pheasant and grouse are more numerous this season than last. Snipe and plover are here, while teal and "sprigs" are arriving.

Some time ago a local sportsman caught a 5 pound trout in the Quilicene river about 30 miles from here. On opening it, to see what the trout were feeding on, he found a small kitten.

F. D. J., Port Townsend, Wash.

I fished 2 days at Tomahawk lake and caught a nice lot of bass and muskalonge.

S. M. Eaton, Watertown, Wis.

Will you please inform me, through RECREATION, what kinds of bait to use, and the seasons of catching the wall eyed pike. Also lake trout? We have both here, but no one knows how to fish for them. I am greatly pleased with RECREATION and like the way you give it to the hogs.

H. S. Estabrook, Hartford, Pa.

Will some of the brethren please enlighten Mr. Estabrook?—EDITOR.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

MERITS AND DEMERITS OF THE 30-40.

Editor RECREATION: Have just returned from a long trip and want to express myself on the gun and ammunition question.

I will lay J. J. Adams' letter before me, and take it line by line.

He says Mr. Van Dyke advocates the 50 calibre and M. P. Dunham a 25-35; and remarks "How doctors disagree." Both these men are perhaps correct. One man can handle a cannon, and not be troubled by the noise and recoil. Dunham possibly is "not built that way," and uses what is best adapted to his peculiar organization. I know him personally and he is one of the great army of small bore men.

J. J. A. does not think a 25 or 30 will stop a bear or elk, as quickly as a 45 or 50. To this I must say I know better. I have shot 7 elk with the 30-40, and with one exception, they dropped the second they were struck; while I have shot deer, and seen them shot, with 45 and 50 calibres that went long distances before falling.

The statement that it requires a heavy ball to stop a bear, is in one sense correct. I have killed several, and would prefer Mr. Dunham's 25 through the neck of a big bear, rather than Mr. Van Dyke's 50 through its abdomen. In a case like that one 25 would be worth 6 or 8 50s.

Now as to the 44-40-200: The most of my bear killing was done with that calibre; but after a little experience with a large black bear, in which he was shot through the heart twice, heart grazed deeply once, and 8 other holes through different parts of his anatomy, I concluded that a larger gun would be in order.

Having used all makes and calibres for some years past, on large game, I must say the killing power of the 30-40 soft point suits me the best of any I have yet used. Where there is no snow, it is the gun *par excellence*, as the beast drops and you don't have to hunt wounded game by a scanty blood track. One of my elk was gut shot, and was found about 50 yards off, dead.

So far I have said nothing about the sighting, or lock work of the 30-40. Its killing power is superb, but the sighting is too high by about 200 yards. The trigger action is a miserable fake, on account of the crawl it has. The box magazine is so placed as to make it awkward to carry the gun, either in the hand or on the shoulder. It is slow and clumsy to load, and from the way the lever splits and works over the box or pocket, the lock gets full of dust or water very easily. Another point that has been overlooked, about the small bore, is the nuisance they are to clean. No stick can stand the pressure. My advice to any person who wants a gun with great killing power, and very low trajectory, equal or superior in these respects to the best makes of English express rifles, is to get a 30-40 single shot; but leave the repeater alone.

E. T. Conyngham, M.D.,
Philipsburg, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: After using rifles for 25 years, and of 12 to 15 different makes and calibres, I think I may venture to express my opinion of the new fad—the smokeless rifles. The commendatory letters about the 30-30, smokeless and soft nose bullets does not, in the opinion of every rifleman, make that arm the ne plus ultra of the hunter. The killing of men, is the province of such a dangerous arm, and it was primarily invented for that purpose.

Smokeless powder no doubt has come to stay. For shot and shot guns it is an improvement over black powder, but not for rifles.

The yearning of the rising generation, for a rifle that will weigh but a few ounces and will kill up to 300 yards, without changing sights, is painful indeed. They want no recoil; no smoke; no noise; no weight; handsome enough to be framed, and hung in the parlor.

Seventy to 100 grains of black powder, in a 38, 40 or 45 calibre rifle, has range and killing power for any animal on this continent. Then why this cry for a rifle still more deadly?

Game is not killed at a greater distance than 300 yards, except in rare instances, and 90 per cent. of it, at 100 yards; what does a man want of a gun to kill up to 800 yards. And why does he want to endanger the life of a fellow man?

Hank Hunkamunk, Evanston, Ill.

AS TO LYMAN SIGHTS.

A rifle fitted with the Lyman combination rear sight, leaf sight and ivory hunting, or ivory bead, front sight, will do nearly twice as good work as one with open sights.

It is more difficult to see the front sight, when using open sights, than with a tang sight; because with the former, you see only the tip of the front sight, while with a Lyman tang sight, you see it all.

I use no middle sight except when shooting in the evening. Then, by turning up the ivory triangle on the leaf sight, I can shoot when I would not otherwise know just where the front sight is. If one thinks his sights are not in line, he can turn up the crotch of the leaf sight, and find out by aiming at some object, if the 3 are in line.

One of the advantages, is that the view is not obstructed. A man has all he can do to look after front and hind sights, and the game, without a third sight to confuse him.

Both eyes should be open when using this sight. Pay more attention to the front sight and the game, than to the rear sight. After a little practice, the sights seem to come in line naturally; the light in the centre of the aperture being stronger than around the edges.

Use the large aperture, if it looks too dark through the small one.

The ivory hunting front sight is larger than the ivory bead, and better for quick shooting. It is stronger, also. For a large rifle I would take the ivory bead, because at a long distance, a coarse sight will cover up an object, where a small one would not. Care should be taken with these sights, as the ivory will stand no rough usage.

I tried these sights on a Marlin 22 calibre '97 model, and could not have had better success than with them.

I am now fitting my 40-82, with them.

Will some reader of RECREATION, who uses them, give his opinion on Lyman shot gun sights?

C. W. Perry, Helena, Mont.

In answer to R. B. B. of St. Louis, Mo., in November RECREATION, I will give my experience with the Lyman sights, which I have used for 12 years. I bought an ivory hunting front sight and combination rear sight, and put them on a '73 model, 32 Winchester repeater; but left the original rear sight on the rifle. I had the Lyman sights set to 75 yards point blank range, and could do fair shooting. I then removed the rear open sight, and was surprised at the result. I was considered a good shot with open sights, but the Lyman sights improved my shooting more than 50 per cent. My advice, Brother R. B. B., is to take the rear open sight off your rifle to obtain the best results.

With the Lyman sights, the light and shadows in the woods, so deceiving to one who uses open sights, have no terrors. In making running or flying shots, you will score more hits than with open sights. I own two rifles, equipped with Lyman sights; a Winchester '73 model, 32-20, and a Marlin '92 model, 22. My next is to be a Stevens Ideal 25-21. We have little game here which can be hunted with a rifle. I have only killed 3 fox squirrels with the little Marlin, and they dropped as though struck by a thunder bolt. I have lots of sport with crows and hawks, using the 22 long rifle cartridge. With the Winchester, I have killed everything in the shape of game, from deer down, and have made killing shots at distances that could not be made with open sights.

W. R. C., Joliet, Ill.

WIRE CARTRIDGES.

Where can I obtain wire cartridges? I have asked several ammunition dealers in New York. Some had never heard of such a thing, and others declared they went out of use with the muzzle loader. The latter statement is not correct, for they are still manufactured by Eley Bros. and Joyce, of England; and are much used for wild fowl shooting in the British Islands, where cover is scarce and the birds wild.

Of course wire cartridges cannot be used in a heavily choked barrel; but in a cylinder barrel they sometimes give excellent results, and at surprisingly long range. If not to be had here, could I get them by mail from England, and would they be dutiable?

Mr. Cashmore, is correct as to the Schrapnel Shell Co. Freelock Bros. of Parliament Street, Dublin, used to be agents for those goods. I once wrote them about the shells; and they replied that they did not sell the schrapnels except when loaded into cartridges. I believe they are made in 12 gauge as well as in the larger sizes.

By the way, if all sportsmen could have guns like the one spoken of by Mr. Richardson, in the November RECREATION, concentrating devices would not be needed. At 190 yards, using a 14 gauge gun, this gentleman filled a jacksnipe so full of No. 9 shot that the bird sank to the bottom of the lake before it could be retrieved. Well! Well! Well! Greenheart.

NOTES.

Homer Raleigh, in November RECREATION, asks "How to learn to shoot with a rifle at running game."

First get Lyman sights, then send to Wm. Lyman—whose address is in RECREATION'S advertising pages—for catalogue, and follow directions given therein. With practice, you will find you can kill game on the run, and often birds flying.

I lately returned from a fishing and hunting trip to the White river country. I used a 30-40, model '95, Winchester, fitted with Lyman sights, and am well pleased with cartridge, rifle and sights. I used large opening on the sight, and killed running deer and birds flying. The last bird I shot, was a pigeon hawk, flying just above the ground, 146 paces from where I was sitting on my horse. I held the ivory bead about 2 inches in front of the shoulder joint; did not think of or see rear sight. The bullet went through the shoulders.

R. B. B. asks if the open rear sight on barrel, does not obstruct view of rear Lyman sight. It does, and should be taken off.

RECREATION is the best and cleanest sportsmen's magazine published.

A. H. Ketcham, D.D.S.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Canton, O.

Replying to E. R. Wilson's request, in December RECREATION, will say:

About 7 years ago I bought an Ithaca hammer gun, $35 list. It was built like a race horse, and a friend of mine, to whom I loaned it, said, "That gun shoots like a cannon."

My continued boasting of my gun caused several others to buy Ithacas. At that time I think there were but 3 in town. Now there are 34. Later I sold the hammer gun, bought a $50 hammerless and was not disappointed. I made some great shots with it. One was at a rabbit, sitting in the road. At the crack of the gun he collapsed. I stepped the distance and it was 105 steps—about 85 or 90 yards. The load was 3½ drams black powder and 1⅛ ounce No. 6 shot. When cleaning him I found 3 shot.

Last fall 2 of my friends were talking of buying new guns. I recommended the Ithaca; they got Ithacas and all well pleased. They are E. H. Rud and Gus. Schraishahn. I sold my gun at a profit and now am going to get an ejector, of same make. Mr. Wilson will not be sorry for buying an Ithaca. Coonskin.

As a reader of your valuable magazine I greatly enjoy its articles, especially those relating to the rifle. A busy life preventing me from hunting big game, I content myself with the festive woodchuck. Shots at such game are never at known distances, nor twice alike; keeping the rifleman on the alert at all times.

I have used a little known repeater, 32-20-112, and a Winchester 25-20. Now, I am using a Winchester single shot, 32-40-165, fitted with Lyman sights front and rear, with a spirit level in rear sight slot. This, for 150 yards and upward, is quite useful, as with the Lyman sight, the rifle can readily be brought to a level, giving a good vertical line shot. My experience with the Lyman sight, for over 12 years, puts it much ahead of any device I have seen, for all around shooting. For quick work, the large aperture is best, and with it I often shoot hawks and crows on the wing; although I am not an expert shooter, just an everyday marksman, who used the old Springfield in the war.

Would like to hear from some brother woodchuck fiend, through your columns.

M. B. Aldrich, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Winchester is the best rifle made, for all around use. I own 2, a 44 and a 30-30. The latter, I have not tried on game, but its work, at short target range, is satisfactory. For easy target practice, from 100 yards down to 35, I prefer a 44 or 38, and have tried them against all others. I load all my shells, and with any kind of good black powder, get better results than from factory loads. I send you 2 targets, 5 straight shots at each, that I made at 35 yards on September 6.* I am not a long range shooter. I think it wise to learn to shoot well at short range, and then increase the distance according to your progress. I would like to hear from some short-range shooters of the 30-30 or 25-36.

J. E. H., Renwood, Pa.

I read RECREATION, and am much pleased with it. It is by far the best magazine of the kind I ever saw. I am something of a rifle shot, and have made some fair targets, shooting at 200 yards, with muzzle rest. Targets range from 6¾ to 8½ inches string measure, 10 shots each. These were not shot in a match, but I have witnesses to all of them. Of course there are a great many crack shots, who are far better than I; but with my one year's experience I think my shooting quite good. My gun was made by William Lewis, of this place, and my telescope sight, by D. H. Darling, of Guilford, N. Y. My gun is a 46 calibre muzzle loader, using patch and cast ball.

Lee Armstrong, New Berlin, N. Y.

Mr. J. J. Adams has no faith in the 30 calibre rifle, and does not believe any man would willingly face a grizzly, with one. If he would read Mr. W. E. Carlin's article in January, '97, RECREATION, he would learn what can be done with one of these "pop-guns." Mr. Adams thinks a 30 calibre all right for deer. There again he is mistaken—that is, if he wishes to eat the venison. If he would try a 45-90, and a 30-40, with soft nosed bullets, he would be convinced that the latter is the more powerful gun.

G. E. Lucas, Hartford, Conn.

We have recently organized a gun club, in our town. In honor of your highly interesting and instructive magazine, we have named it Recreation Gun Club.

We would like to hear, through the columns of RECREATION, of the comparative shooting power and range, of the 10 and the 12 bore.

R. H. Tewksbury, Sec., Winthrop, Mass.

I thank you and your friends, most cordially for this honor and have ordered a flag sent you, with proper inscription.—EDITOR.

In reading the September number of your magazine, I saw an article concerning the Marlin rifle. I own one, and like it very much. It is a 45-70, with a 24 inch barrel. What advantage is gained by using a 28 inch barrel, instead of a 26 inch? That is, does it shoot any stronger than the 26 inch barrel?

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* The targets are excellent.—EDITOR.

I take RECREATION and find but one fault—that it comes only once a month.

K. H. Shaw, Kansas City, Kan.

I will give R. B. B., St. Louis, Mo., my experience with a Lyman rear sight. About 10 years ago I began using the Lyman sights. At first, I used the open rear sight, with the Lyman rear sight; but found I could not do as good work as I wished. I then removed the open sight, and have not used one since. Most of my guns are made to order, without any slot for a middle sight. I would advise shooters to take out the middle sight, for a time at least; then they will leave it out for all time.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

Is the 30-40 cartridge worth the difference in cost over the 30-30, or is the latter powerful enough for large game?

I would also like to hear which is the best finish for a revolver; blued or nickeled. I carried a cheap one out in the woods to practice with, one day, and when I returned that evening, much of the blueing was gone, and there were even signs of rust. This, however, can hardly be taken as evidence against a high grade revolver with that finish.

J. A. Close, Stamford, Conn.

Mr. David I. Shafer of Covington, O., asks, in October issue, if the Remington shot gun will stand common charges of nitro powder.

Having used one of these guns, with all kinds of charges, I can recommend them to shoot nitro powder as well as any gun on the market. I am now shooting one of their semi-hammerless guns and it makes the best target of any gun in this vicinity. The Remington is all right, Mr. Shafer, and will please you if you get one.

Dan Wogaman, Quincy, O.

In shooting a rifle, most sportsmen use the index finger to pull the trigger. If your readers would try using the second finger, and squeezing the hand together, instead of a direct pull, they would find a great difference in the pull of the trigger. This method is of great advantage when one has a standing shot at deer, as one is less liable to pull off.

C. S. Handcock, Pearmond, Mont.

I would like information regarding the loading of paper shot shells. For a small load in common paper shells, such as the Winchester Rival, shall I put in enough wads to fill the shell to where it is crimped, or use only 2 wads over powder, and one over shot?

Will nitro powder give satisfactory results in New Rival, Blue Rival or Rival shells, using Winchester No. 2 primers?

W. B. Cuckler, Athens, O.

I see in September RECREATION, that Mr. Latham does not believe a gun will kill game at 127 yards with No. 1 shot. Last fall I brought a goose down at 165 yards, but used triple O shot. Geese are plentiful here, but I cannot get a load that will kill them regularly. I hit them hard, yet they jump up and go on. I have tried all sizes of shot. Would like some one to give a good load for killing geese.

C. G. Lindquist, Corona, S. D.

Answering J. V.'s inquiry as to the best rifle for shooting the 22 calibre cartridge: I am strongly in favor of the Stevens' rifles. I know, from several years' use of their different styles, they will do wonderful work with these tiny cartridges. I am waiting for some manufacturer to bring out a take-down 22 repeater, to pack in a case, the shape of which shall not suggest its contents.

Moody.

I think the Savage is the finest rifle I ever saw, especially so as to the magazine. I do not agree with Mr. G. L. Lehle about the penetration of the 30 calibre. My experience is that a tree that will stop the 45-70 bullet will stop the 30.

I do not think any one class of rifles has been so sadly misrepresented as the 30 calibre.

P. J. Bowker, Wakefield, Mass.

I would like to hear from some one regarding the 30-30 Winchester with black powder and lead bullet. What is thought of the 30-30 with smokeless powder and steel ball, as compared with the 40-82 with black powder, as to killing power and penetration? Does the soft nose bullet bleed an animal as well as the 40-82? Will some one who has tried this please answer.

P. K. Dugan, Redlands, Cal.

I have just bought a Marlin 32-40 smokeless. I think it the neatest and most accurate rifle I ever shot, and have used most kinds. I would like to ask readers of RECREATION if they ever shot smokeless in a Marlin 40-60 and with what result? RECREATION is just what we sportsmen want.

A. J. Stover, Majors, Neb.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

FREDERICK H. BELCHER.

Quite recently I have been furnished with a key to a mystery regarding the flying squirrel, which has puzzled me for more than 40 years.

When I was a boy, I once brought home a nest of flying squirrels, and having no cage convenient, I put them temporarily in an unoccupied room. For some time they thrived, and became very tame; but one day upon visiting the room I missed my pets altogether. At last, however, I found them in a bag of herbs that was hanging against the wall on one side of the room.

The bag was higher than any other point to which the squirrels could climb and descend to it, and knowing well their mode of sailing from one place to another, I was puzzled to understand how they managed to get to it. Now, after the lapse of so many years, I have found an explanation of the mystery.

Along the sidewalk in front of my house, in Irvington, N. Y., and about 40 feet away, there are 3 large elm trees, under which there is an incandescent light. Frequently, while seated on the porch, during the warm summer evenings, I have noticed what I supposed were sparrows flitting from one tree to another, attracted, as I thought, by the light. Presently, however, I thought they resembled flying squirrels, from the way they would sometimes alight on the trunk of a tree and then run up to the branches. Yet I had never seen a flying squirrel even attempt to fly by flapping its (so-called) wings, like a bird. As a rule, they sail from the top of one tree to the base of another, perhaps 50 yards away, using the membrane between their fore and hind legs as a parachute. Now, however, I know they can and do fly up, a short distance, in the same manner as a bird.

I tried to get near enough to see distinctly, but the little creatures would alight in the shadow; and I could not tell, positively, what they were until finally I brought my shot gun, and a friend killed one, at the first shot. They were flying squirrels! There must have been a dozen of them flying among the trees. They would sail down from some distant tree, under the low-hanging branches of the elms, and then, by quickly flapping their wings, would raise and alight quite high on the trunk or larger branches. Owing to their nocturnal habits they are seldom seen in their natural state by ordinary observers, although as pets they are quite common.

A SNAKE AND A RAT.

W. H. GADDISS.

During a temporary residence in Florida, last summer, I saw a most grewsome illustration of the principle that in order that life may exist life must be taken. One evening as I sat in a cabin, on Cape Canaveral, I heard a sudden rap beneath the floor, and, almost simultaneously the squealing of a rat, in distress. I wondered what calamity had overtaken the rat and peeped under the house, which stood on blocks some 2 feet above the ground.

Within 3 feet of me was a coach whip snake, *Flagelli formis*, about 3½ feet long, with a large rat in his coils. He had coiled twice around his victim, just in front of its hind legs, and was holding it on its back in a most helpless position. In throwing its loops around the rat it left its head and some 16 inches of its body free, which he kept swaying about in graceful curves, now and then bringing his head near that of the rat, in a most affectionate way, as much as to say, "I know it hurts old fellow, but don't cry."

The snake seemed in no hurry for his victim to die. His movements were deliberate, and he paid no attention to me, though I stood in plain sight. I could see the cruel coils slowly tighten. Gradually the poor rat changed his pitiful cry to more pitiful sobs. These lasted but a few seconds when his muscles relaxed, his head dropped back and he was dead.

The snake grasped the rat by the throat, and I could see the muscles of his neck swell from the exertion of his grip. He held on so long I thought he had cut the jugular and was drawing out the blood; but later discovered he was only making sure that life was extinct.

Knowing that snakes insist on swallowing the whole carcass or none I was curious to know what he would do with his present victim. It seemed impossible for him to swallow this rat, which was 3 times as big as he was. The snake was of considerable length but was very slim. His neck was not more than ⅝ of an inch thick and his head was not over ¾ of an inch in width, at the base.

However, I soon found I had underestimated the snake's power of gulping. When he began to stretch his little narrow head over the rat's nose I thought it one of the greatest undertakings I had ever seen, and made up my mind that if he succeeded I would hereafter believe all the snake stories I might hear. I took out my watch. It wanted 10 minutes of 5. I brought out a stool and the book I was reading, preparatory to watching the tragical gormandizing feat to the end.

The head of the rat soon disappeared, and the snake still had plenty of mouth room, for he opened his jaws wide enough to reach over the forelegs, that stood out from the body, and to crush them down with ease. The snake's neck and body became greatly inflated, for several inches, and when he advanced with his mouth as far as possible he would close it, firmly, and the muscles of the back would stiffen in a sinuous line, to push the throat that now seemed stretched to almost a bursting tension, ahead so he could again advance with his mouth.

When he reached the coils, which he still retained around his victim, he moved them back across the rat's hips, and used them to hold the body steady as long as he had room. When he had to relinquish their use altogether his task became preceptibly more difficult, and he had to stop, occasionly, to rest. At last the rump disappeared and the hind feet soon followed from view. I again consulted my watch and found he had been just one hour and 17 minutes.

He now showed his first annoyance at my presence, and began to sneak away, tail first, into the darkness. To see that snake squirming backward, dragging his helpless, distorted neck, with his shiny head closed over a rat's tail, was the most repulsive sight I ever witnessed. Possibly the reader may ask why I watched him? Well, I was betting with myself that the snake could not swallow the rat; but I lost the bet.

ANOTHER DOSE OF DOPE.

Crevasse, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: Mr. Thompson's article on the doping habit, in wolves and dogs, recalls the following incidents:

At a house party on the Hudson, many years ago, a lady from the city had with her a diminutive terrier; blue-blooded, becurled and be-ribboned, and, I might add, be-d——d by several of the men, who fain would have engaged the attention, if not the affections of the mistress, for she was passing fair. But she doted on the purp and would none of us.

Sauntering one day through the wooded lanes of Cornwall the odor of some animal, in an advanced stage of decomposition, held us speechless, if not breathless. The terrier, however, as soon as he winded the cause of our discomfort, went for it; and ere his mistress could stay him, rolled heartily in the reeking filth.

How do you account for it? Was it heredity? Surely no stronger odors than those of his perfumed bath had ever before reached his delicate nostrils.

In the early 70's the break-up of the great migratory buffalo herd, and the hundreds of thousands of carcasses left by the hide hunters brought together, between the Arkansas and Platte rivers, countless numbers of coyotes and gray wolves, many of whom were poisoned by Mexican and other trappers. Sitting one day on top of a butte, West of the Purgatoire river, I saw a coyote rolling around at the bottom of a small arroyo. He would roll on one spot, then go to another a few feet distant. This he did several times, and in such manner as led me to believe he had been doped. On my return to camp I passed the spot, expecting to find him dead, and was astonished to see that he had been rolling on a buffalo carcass, and then on a small patch of buffalo grass. A closer examination, the following day, showed that others of his kind had also been there.

During the past summer I killed, at my cabin door, a skunk, and buried it some distance away. About 2 weeks later there came a strong odor, from that direction, and on investigation I found the flattened carcass some 20 feet from where it had been interred. A day or 2 later a young Llewellyn of mine came to the house, strongly impregnated with the mephitic odor. She had been with me before, when I had killed and buried these animals, but had never disturbed them. This one had, no doubt, been resurrected by a coyote, a fox, or a porcupine. J. W. H.

CANADA JAY (*PERISOREUS CANADENSIS*).

This tame "hanger on" to a hunter's or lumberman's camp, is found throughout the Northern parts of Canada, in Maine and Minnesota, and up to the Arctic circle in the intervening territory.

Naturalists sometimes divide it into 2 sub-species. The Western variety, rather less in size and of slightly different coloration, is put under the name of *Perisoreus canadensis* var. *Capitalis* (rocky mountain jay), while the Labrador, from being somewhat darker than the others, is called *Perisoreus canadensis* var. *Obscurus* (gray jay—dusky Canada jay).

His local assortment of names is varied. Among them I mention whiskey jack (a slang corruption of his Indian name "wis-ka-jhan") moose bird, caribou bird, meat bird, camp bird, and camp robber.

To all of these his habits will cause him to lay claim, but his principal failing is an acquired habit of helping himself to whatever you have in the eating line, and it will not be long after you have your tent up or camp built, before these birds will find you.

Your first acquaintance with them, perhaps, will be in seeing a pair perched on a convenient branch silently watching your operations. Leave the place a minute, or even turn your back, and you will find them at your camp luggage, seeking what they may devour. Scare them off and they resume their former station, with a scornful "Ca-ca-ca."

As the days pass on, they become more familiar, until I have had them light on the table, snatch the handiest piece from my plate, and fly away. It is then you are apt to say "cuss words," pick up the handiest shooting iron and let drive.

They hoard whatever is not eaten at the time, hiding it between layers of bark, and in other convenient places.

There is nothing seemingly that they will not steal or eat—soap, raw meat, candles, salt pork; even a pair of my old trousers that had become greasey, they pecked holes in. They are industrious but thievish, and in the latter connection exhibit the jay nature continually; even extending the crime to robbing nests of other birds of their eggs and young. When the snow covers the ground the gray jay must suffer extreme want.

The nesting commences very early, and the young are hatched before many other birds begin their mating. The nest is large, a roughly made exterior, but lined with fine mosses, and sometimes feathers.

John Boyd, Toronto, Can.

HOW MUCH DOES THE LARGEST MOOSE WEIGH?

Can you tell me the weight of the largest moose of which there is an authentic record. Also the spread of the largest antlers; and state where the moose was killed.

I asked this question of another sportsmen's paper but as yet have never seen it answered.

F. R. Whitcher, Amesbury, Mass.

It is difficult to give any reliable data as to the actual weight of moose. As a rule they are killed in the wilderness, at long distances from towns or settlements, and where it is practically impossible to get them out, whole. Few hunters ever carry with them large scales, with which to weigh such game, even by cutting it up. I have but one record as to the actual gross weight of a bull moose. This was killed by Mr. M. L. Miller, of Bangor, Me., in the fall of '93, and the story of the killing and getting the moose out of the woods, was published in March, '95, RECREATION. Mr. Miller states, in his article, the moose actually weighed 1,123 pounds.

In the March, '97, number of RECREATION, a moose head, then owned by Mr. W. W. Hart, taxidermist of this city, was described, the spread of horns being 5 feet 10¼ inches.

Without a doubt the horns of the moose found in the vicinity of Cook's Inlet, Alaska, grow larger than those found elsewhere on this continent.

If any reader of RECREATION knows of a large moose having been actually weighed, and the weight verified and recorded in the presence of witnesses, I should like to have a report from him. It is useless to use up space in telling of big moose, the weight of which was "estimated" to be so and so. This is not competent testimony. We want only facts, not guesses.

A BIG MOOSE HEAD.

I send you herewith photograph and dimensions of a moose I killed in Alaska, in September last.*

From edge of upper lip down over the back, to toe of hind foot	16 ft. 4 in.
Height at withers	7 ft. 8 in.
Girth, from brisket over withers	8 ft. 9 in.
Girth around neck, at shoulders	6 ft. 7 in.
Tip to tip of ears	33½ in.
Width of ears	7 in.
Around muzzle	28 in.
ANTLERS.	
Length of each beam, inside measurement	48 in.
Around burr	14½ in.
Around beams, at smallest place	10 in.
Width of palmations	15 in.
Extreme spread	69 in.
Number of points	32

The above are exact measurements. All points considered I believe this to be a record head.

I killed a grizzly bear, the same day, that measured 10 feet 7 inches, stretched. The head was 22 inches long and 46 inches in circumference; foot 8 x 12 inches; claws 4 inches long. I brought both specimens home and am having them mounted, at Colorado Springs, where they can be seen and measured. Who can beat them?

Dall De Weese, Canyon City, Col.

NOTES.

Like Mr. Pleas, I noticed in the June number of RECREATION the mistake of Mr. Gaines, regarding the color of the egg of the brown thrush. Mr. Gaines has confused the wood thrush (*Turdus mustelinus*) with the brown thrush (*Harporhynchus rufus*). From the description he gave I think the egg he found was that of the wood thrush, a bird which is bright tawny above, shading into olive on rump and tail, beneath white except on throat and belly, marked with large, distinct spots of dusky. The eggs of this species are of a deep greenish blue color, and are 3 or 4 in number.

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* See cut on front cover.

The eggs of the brown thrush are 4 or 5 in number, with a ground color varying from white to light blue, thickly and uniformly speckled with reddish brown.

It is a very easy matter to mistake the wood thrush for the brown thrush. When seen in flight, the easiest way to distinguish between them is by noting the length of the tail, which in the brown thrush is much greater than in the other.

C. S. Scribner, Canton, O.

Seeing in November Recreation that you have called attention to the eyes of animals, I should like to ask if you have ever seen an instance of a snake apparently charming, or otherwise exerting any mysterious influence over a bird, or other animal.

Frank G. Speck, Jr., Hackensack, N. J.

Answer.—There is scarcely room to question the well-established fact that in the presence of serpents about to attack, birds are subject to the same paralysis of fear to which many animals, and even man himself, are subject. Indeed, no wild species is any more subject to the benumbing influence of terror than is the lord of creation. It is probable that quite as many human beings have lost their lives through excess of fear as have birds through the so-called "fascination" of serpents. It would be an easy matter to elicit numberless instances of fear paralysis in animals; but they would be only so much additional evidence in support of facts already well established.

Dr. H. L. Ross states, in November Recreation, that he raised 41 young pheasants out of 45 hatched. This breaks the record, and I would be glad to know how it was done. I have been raising pheasants for many years, and with fair success. If I raise 75 per cent., I think I am doing more than well, and if ½ the birds hatched, reach maturity, I am satisfied.

Recreation is delightful, and constantly improves. We are not much troubled by the game hog. The shooting is mostly done by sportsmen who know when they have enough. The quail crop in Western Ontario, this season, is better than for some years past. This, I think, is owing to the mild winter of last year. Early broods were much hurt by the wet weather in May and June. Even now, many of the coveys are not fully matured. Ruffed grouse are scarce.

J. S. Niven, London, Ont.

The article in December Recreation as to what has become of the passenger pigeon (E. Migratorius) has appealed to me as a subject of unusual interest; and on turning to notes and records of my cabinet I find that on May 20, 1893, a fine male specimen of the wood pigeon was killed inside of our city limits. I procured it and have it in my collection.

Again, in October, '96, I met a boy who had shot a bird he did not know. It proved to be a fine male specimen of pigeon. During the same month a bunch of about 30 birds was near my home, and although I did not see them, I am satisfied the men who did were not mistaken.

E. F. Steinhauer, Vandalia, Ill.

I read Mr. Waterloo's article on the wild pigeon, in December Recreation, and will give you a bit of news as to this bird. In July last a small flock of passenger pigeons made their appearance in this town, and lit on a pine tree close to one of the stores; but only stopped a few minutes—not long enough to be shot at. One man who saw them light went for his gun, but they were gone when he came back.

This is the first flock of pigeons I ever saw in the mountains. There were about a dozen of them and they were the first I have seen since the 70s.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

In the last number of Recreation, I saw an article, from Mr. MacCurdy, of Fresno, Cal., about jack rabbits swimming. While out hunting in the Santa Anna wash, a short time ago, I saw 2 rabbits swim across a place about 40 feet wide. One was in a very swift place and the jack was taken under 4 times, and carried down about 25 yards, in crossing. He seemed to be about played out, but on landing gave himself a shake, and ran off into the brush.

P. K. Dugan, Redlands, Cal.

I have read, with deep interest, the accounts given in Recreation relating to record coons, and many of us derived a good deal of amusement from these statements. It would now be interesting to do the same as to the woodchuck. Personally I have not had the pleasure of shooting any record breakers; but will start the ball rolling at 12¾ pounds.

P. K. Rossiter, Ithaca, N. Y.

I should be glad to have you put me on the list for membership in the L. A. S. and will endeavor to attend the proposed convention, to be held in January.

Walter D. Griscom,
433 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1897.
January	$379	$723	**$2,146**
February	256	693	**2,127**
March	300	1,049	**2,215**
April	342	645	**1,921**
May	292	902	**1,596**
June	307	770	**1,402**
July	345	563	**1,101**
August	306	601	**1,906**
September	498	951	**2,223**
October	438	969	**2,586**
November	586	1,054	**2,440**
December	652	1,853	**4,760**
	$4,671	$10,773	**$26,423**

Do you realize what these figures mean? They mean that RECREATION has achieved a greater success than has ever been realized by any other sportsmen's journal in the world.

Do you see the footing of that right hand column? Do you realize that RECREATION has taken more subscriptions in the past year, alone, than any other journal of its class ever had on its books, at one time? Are you aware that I took more subscriptions in December, alone, than any other sportsmen's paper has on its books to-day? Well, these are facts, and if any man doubts any one of them let him say so and I will produce the letters in which all these 26,423 subscriptions came.

What is the reason of this phenomenal growth? Read RECREATION and you will soon find out.

Beginning with the March number I shall institute a fourth parallel column. Watch it, all through the year '98, and see if it does not show a gain of at least 100 per cent., each month, over the corresponding month of '97.

By December 31, '98, I will show you a total paid circulation of at least 100,000! Watch the returns and see.

Read Mr. Carlin's article, in this issue, on "Hunting with a Camera," and the next opportunity you get, go and do likewise. How much greater pleasure a true sportsman can have in studying and photographing the beautiful creatures of the woods and the mountains, than in killing them, as is the custom of so many thoughtless and reckless hunters.

I do not mean to condemn the killing of game, entirely; but to caution my readers against the insatiate desire for wholesale slaughter that is so grievously common. Many men and boys think they must shoot at every living thing they see in the woods, no matter what it may be. This is a crime against nature. If you have no valid use for an animal, or a bird, why kill it?

I hope to see the time when no man will think of killing anything not actually needed for camp use, or for his family, even though he may be in a region that is full of game. Moderation is commendable, in all things, and in nothing more than in hunting and fishing.

A great many of my friends, in renewing their subscriptions, send also one or more new subscriptions, with theirs. It is impossible to write personal letters to all such; but I want to say here that I thoroughly appreciate this generous action on your part. It is not my fault that RECREATION has made the phenomenal success it has, by any means. It is due largely to the cordial co-operation and assistance of my friends; and if they will kindly aid me in the future, as in the past, I shall in time be able to double the size of the magazine, and to double its circulation several times. That means, of course, a proportionate increase in its power for good.

A friend sent me, as a Christmas present, a bronze paper weight in the form of a mouse, bearing this unique inscription:

The Lord of Creation you see in this brass.
No? Man, you maintain, is the head.
Yet who rules o'er man? It is woman I guess,
And a mouse fills a woman with dread.
So it thus becomes clear, as the mud in the street,
And it's granted in each advanced nation;
The mouse, being the boss of the boss of the boss,
Must be easily the head of Creation.

A large number of clubs have been named in honor of RECREATION. These are gun clubs, rifle clubs, canoe clubs, bicycle clubs, etc. They are scattered over the various states and territories, so that RECREATION's flag is kissing the breezes from Maine to California and from Florida to Alaska.

It is safe to say no other sportsmen's journal has ever been so widely and so generally honored, in this way. The reason is that no other periodical of this class has ever been so widely read and so truly loved, by sportsmen, as RECREATION is.

The March number of RECREATION will be as good as any of the others that have preceded it. Among the evidences of this fact, I may cite the following titles of articles to appear in that issue: "Our Visitor's Bear Story," E. L. Kellogg; "An Elk Hunt," J. B. Jennett (Old Silver Tip); "A Night's Bassing," F. L. Davis; "Turkey Shooting," J. W. Prather, and other stories of equal interest.

The departments will be as large and as rich in information as usual.

Two of the game hogs whom I have roasted, in recent issues of RECREATION, have threatened me with libel suits. I hope these critters will go ahead and bring their suits. It would be interesting to know whether or not a hog has any rights under the laws of New York, or of other states. If so, it would be a novelty to see a biped swine in court. However this may be, there are plenty of lawyers who are looking for business and who would, no doubt, be glad to take the cases of the aforesaid grunters.

The index to Vol. VII. is now complete and ready for mailing. If you have not received a copy, let me know and I will send you one.

The constant drop of water wears away the
hardest stone;
The constant gnaw of Towser masticates
the toughest bone;
The constant wooing lover carries off the
blushing maid;
The constant advertiser is the one who
gets the trade.

Professor D. Lange, of the Central High School, St. Paul, writes, "Let us have more hunting with the camera and less with the rifle."

This is a noble sentiment and one which I am glad to see growing, daily, throughout the country.

Will some lover of dogs tell me how to teach a collie dog, 6 months old, some tricks? I believe there are many tricks, and methods of teaching same, which are not found in any books, and which can be had in no other way. I would be greatly obliged to any one who would communicate with me, direct.

Paul J. Lee, Huntington, W. Va.

"You are still wearing bird-wings in your hat, Nancy."

"Yes; I didn't want to be the first woman to act superior to the rest of the sex."

With hauteur my neighbor now speeds—
My lawn mower's high on the shelf;
For if a snow shovel he needs,
He knows he can make one himself.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

I am heartily in favor of a League of American Sportsmen, and the idea meets the approval of every sportsman I have spoken to on the subject. All true sportsmen are in favor of anything looking toward the protection of the remnant of our game. Now that RECREATION has taken hold of the matter, the League is an assured fact. My confidence in that magazine is unbounded, and I want to see these two planks nailed fast, right in the centre of the platform: "Stop the sale of game," and "Penitentiary the game and fish hogs."

I have confidence in the good common sense of the American people, when they can be made to think. They are beginning to think now. The market shooter and the swine must go. I have some respect for the market hunter, but none whatever for the hog. I know men (swine) who call themselves sportsmen, and who would be, or would pretend to be, insulted if asked to sell some of their unreasonable bag or catch. Yet these same sportsmen (?) both steal and rob. They shoot and fish, in season and out of season, regardless of the rights of others and of the state at large. They openly rob during the open season, and stealthily rob in the closed season.

Yet in Northwest Missouri, and probably in most other sections, it is the market shooters that kill most of the game. I know 3 market hunters, living in a neighboring town, who, according to their own statements, killed, in one year, nearly 3,000 ducks, 500 quails, 100 prairie chickens, 1,000 plover, 300 squirrels and about 100 head of miscellaneous game—5,000 head in all. Of the genuine sportsmen living in the same town, of whom there are about a dozen, the combined bags, for the same year, would not exceed 300 head of game.

What is a reasonable bag? Well, for this locality 10 to 12 ducks, 6 to 8 quails, 5 to 7 squirrels, 3 to 5 prairie chickens, 15 to 20 plover, 5 to 8 black bass, or 25 crappies.

But to return to the L. A. S.; RECREATION shall be its official organ. Who can doubt the influence of the League for the protection of game, with such a journal read by all its members? I suggest an appropriate emblem or pin to be worn by its members, not because it will be a secret society, but because it will not be a secret society.

Success to the L. A. S. and, above all, success to RECREATION.

U. W. Gallaher, Rock Port, Mo.

I have read, with deep interest, the letters published in RECREATION, in favor of a League of American Sportsmen. Am glad the proposition has met with so much approval and that a convention of sportsmen, to perfect an organization, is soon to be held.

A special effort should be made to obtain country membership, as one man in the country can do more for the protection of game than 6 men who live in town. The men who live near the game are the ones who will most likely know when it is being intruded on. Here where I live, within 6 miles of Louisville, there was a better prospect for good shooting, last summer, than for many years past. I could sit at my door and hear the familiar "Bob White" from at least 6 different coveys of birds. About 2 weeks before the close season expired some game hogs, from the city, began coming here, and by the time the legal season opened only a few fragments of coveys remained.

What could any number of city men have done to protect these birds? Yet a few good men, living in the neighborhood, could have driven these hogs from the field. They were evidently from the city. They were unknown to those who saw them, were careful not to give their names, and as no one in the neighborhood felt it his especial duty to follow them into the city and find out who they were, they escaped unpunished. I am heartily in favor of organizing those who believe in the protection of our game, under any name that will best serve the purpose, and let special efforts be made to interest and enroll the farmers. Once get them aroused to the necessity of preserving our game from the game hogs and the problem will be nearly solved. Organize under such name, and with such a constitution and laws as will interest the greatest number of country people, is my advice.

J. W. Durham, Lockland, Ky.

And mighty good advice it is, too.—Editor.

I am greatly in favor of a L. A. S., and will do all in my power to help its growth. I will gladly join it and follow its rules.

A few weeks ago a nitro-glycerine factory emptied a lot of ammonia, and other acids, in a small creek that empties into the Blanchard river, above this city, and it killed a great many fine fish. The river, which flows through the centre of this city, was covered with dead and dying bass, weighing ½ pound to 2½ and 3 pounds. A great many people went in the water and caught buckets full of fine bass, but they were not fit to eat.

Such destruction of fish should be looked into by the State officers and should not be permitted. Several years ago the brewery here emptied some of its waste into the river and killed hundreds of fish; but the city authorities stopped them and there has been no cause to complain until the instance mentioned.

I read Recreation every month and there is not another sportsmen's journal that approaches it in interest and value. Am only sorry it don't come every week.

H. A. Barnd, Findlay, Ohio.

By all means put me down as a member of the L. A. S. I can't go to New York, in response to your call, but I want to be in it, right from the start. I want to be one of the charter members. I am a full blooded white American, a voter, a rooter for Recreation and the L. A. S. and, of course, that means a full blooded, double-geared sportsman, who will do everything in his power to protect American game from slaughter by hogs, pot hunters and butchers. When the time comes draw on me, through the First Nat. Bank, of this city, for my entrance fee. Keep up the good work. Give the hogs h——.

F. G. Flower, Box 1218, Butte, Mont.

I am in favor of a L. A. S., as suggested by Mr. Lydecker. The time is ripe for just such a movement and I feel confident it will succeed. Last evening while reading Recreation my brother called to see me, and when I told him about it he became deeply interested. I have secured his subscription for Recreation in order that he may keep in touch with the League. I shall certainly attend the first meeting, and bring as many brother sportsmen with me as possible.

William H. Picken,
61 W. 113th st., N. Y.

Am thoroughly in sympathy with the movement for a L. A. S. and hope to attend the convention.

Frank L. Wilcox, Asbury Park, N. J.

I am heartily in favor of the L. A. S. Count me in.

G. H. Gregg, Moravia, N. Y.

A large number of other letters on this subject, equally important and interesting, are crowded out for want of space.—Editor.

I have just finished reading "Hunting in the Great West," and, like all other books of yours which I have read, it is exceedingly interesting and instructive. It seems as if you are talking to me, and sometimes I almost think I am out in the "Big Horns," or along the gulf coast of Florida.

Recreation is my choice among sportsmen's periodicals, and I will do all I can for its welfare.

P. K. Rossiter, Ithaca, N. Y.

ALICE AWHEEL.

ISAAC M'LELLAN.

Dear, lovely woman! I rejoice to view
The roseate beauties of thy lovely face,
Thy peerless action, thy consummate skill,
Thy bird-like swiftness, thy enchanting grace!
This healthful exercise of shapely limb
Adds a fresh charm to cheeks of perfect bloom;
Kindles fresh brightness in thy beaming eyes,
Which like stars the heavenly realms illume.

I wonder as I view the matchless speed,
Of the sweet damsel skimming thro' the air;
As without effort, fairy-like she moves,
A pure, seraphic phantom, 'passing fair!
I see thee flitting on thy airy course,
While vain the lover seeks his vows to pay;
Thy agile fleetness oft defies his skill,
And only thy light laughter soothes his way!
And yet I view thee on the tandem wheel
Skimming beside the chosen of thy soul;
But then his whispers of adoring love,
Charm the fond couple as the swift wheels roll.

What wondrous charms of Nature ye behold,
'Mid shimmering scenes that flit along the ways!
Ye cast swift glances o'er the bowery woods
And pierce their shady depths with glancing gaze.
Your glances sweep the wide-extended bay;
The fair Peconic, beauteous as a dream.
Ye view the dashing yachts, the steamers gay,
The rippling circles of the azure stream;
Ye see the verdurous shores of Shelter Isle,
Fring'd with palatial Manhanset domes,
The spires of Prospect, and the shining roofs
Where city denizens find such pleasant homes.

Ye skim the sandy borders of the deep
By bay and sound, where frothy billows flow,
While high above the clouds in glory sweep,
Their shadows imaged in the waves below.
All the rare scenes of earth and wave and air,
The fertile fields, the orchards rich with fruit,
The shaded lanes, the valley realms serene,
Gladden your eyes in your supreme pursuit.
With speechless ecstasy, with rapturous zeal
Ye view fair scenes from your revolving wheel;
By country roads, and by the woodland side
All Nature opes her treasures to your gaze,
And welcomes all who bicycles may ride.
The horse is swift, the carriage fair to see,
But nothing swift or gorgeous may compare,
With the bicycle, by beauty ridden,
By graceful matron or by maiden fair!

"We've got up a new wheel club."
"What do you call it?"
"The Gump club."
"Who belong?"
"People who couldn't learn to ride."

PNEUMATIC HUBS.

H. R. Collins, South Bethlehem, Pa., has been granted a patent for a new kind of bicycle. The device does away with pneumatic tires and substitutes the solid tires which were in use before the pneumatic tubes were invented.

A pneumatic tube is used in the construction of the new wheel, and plays an important part therein. This tube is fitted around the hub of the wheel, and is encased in a nickel frame, in such a manner as to prevent any wear and tear on the rubber.

This pneumatic tube is blown up, the same as pneumatic tires, and the frame bearing on these inflated tubes does away with all jarring and jolting.

The pneumatic tube in the hub is so well protected by the nickel casing that there is absolutely no wear on it; hence it cannot get out of order.

The wheel tires, as stated above, are solid, and are not cemented to the rim, but are sliced on the inside so that they fit snugly in the grooves cut in the wooden rim; and once on will stay on until worn out. The wooden rim is made of 3 kinds of wood, in 3 sections.

No repair kit is necessary with this wheel and punctures can never occur.

The spokes are attached to the steel rim, around the pneumatic tube, and are made of a material that can be bent and twisted. They are so strung to the rim as to throw the whole weight of the wheel and rider on 4 of them, which is an innovation in itself.

Mr. Collins has had a machine of this pattern built and recently gave it a thorough test in the presence of a number of spectators. The wheel was ridden over ditches, logs, rocks, glass and in other ways given a complete test, with the result that it proved in every way satisfactory. It is said the idea was presented to Mr. Collins as the result of a puncture. He was on a run and a puncture occurred when many miles from home. He was forced to walk, as his puncture kit had been left behind. While trudging along this new idea came to him and he began work on it the next day, with the result above related.

It is said Gen. Nelson A. Miles, of the United States army, has recommended that 10 of the wheels be ordered for the use of the soldiers, as an experiment.

"I was never in the bicycle business," remarked the sheriff as he fixed the drop for the condemned bomb-thrower; "but I think I make a pretty good crank-hanger."

IMPROVEMENT OF THE ROADS.

Road improvement work, of the L. A. W., is being pushed with vigor along several distinct lines and will have the active attention of the committees having charge of that branch of league work, in the various state legislatures and in Congress. A new and hopeful impetus has been given the movement by the proposed establishment of postal savings banks, by the general Government. The urgent recommendation of Postmaster General Gary, in his official report, that these banks be put in operation in the rural counties, has led to the introduction of no less than 9 Congressional bills for that purpose. The main objection thus far urged against the scheme is the lack of opportunity for good investment of surplus deposits; and this difficulty has suggested a provision by which, under proper direction and restrictions imposed by the Government, the money may be invested in county bonds issued to advance the work of road building, in the several states.

In this way the investments, while yielding a safe and fair income to the depositors, will be employed to develop and improve the rural neighborhoods, increasing the value of surrounding property, and, of course, adding to the quality of the county bonds, which are at all times secure. Such a proposition will soon be put into one of the pending bills before Congress and the L. A. W. will give it active support.

Meanwhile the attempt to pass good roads bills will be renewed in several states, and conspicuous among these are New York and Connecticut. The wheelmen will work again for the passage of the Higbie-Armstrong bill, in New York, as well as for other important road measures.

The opposition of several members of Assembly, to this bill, during the last session, was resented by the wheelmen at the late election, with the result that not a few of the old members were left at home. It is not hard to imagine that a repetition of last year's experience may, at the next election, change the entire political complexion of the legislature; but the officers of the L. A. W. appear to be generally confident that this winter will witness the passage of this much desired legislation.

In Connecticut the chief aim of the sturdy worker, Chief Consul Westlake, seems to be the passage of a law providing for the raising of money for road building purposes by a special issue of state bonds. Mr. Westlake has taken up the subject most earnestly and is promised the active support and co-operation of President Potter, and the machinery of the national body of the L. A. W., in his effort to get the Connecticut farmers out of the mire.—N. Y. "Press."

"I make my husband sleep with Johnny."

"What's that for?"

"Well—he rides his wheel so much he kicks all night in his sleep. Johnny kicks too, and so they get along together beautifully."

The new bicycle ordinances in Washington prescribe a bell "sufficiently distinctive from the bells provided for the fire department and ambulance service," and require all cycles in motion to display a light from one hour after sunset until one hour before sunrise. A vehicle turning around to the right has the right of way; if turning around to the left, the person in charge must see that the way is clear. A vehicle turning into a street on the left must leave sufficient space between it and the left-hand curb for the passage of another vehicle. In turning into a street on the right, it must keep to the right of the centre of the street. No vehicle shall be so directed as to crowd a wheelman against another vehicle, or against a curb or other obstruction.

Motor carriages and other vehicles in motion must carry lights, visible from the front and from both sides, during the same hours as cycles, except that persons bringing produce to market are exempted. Cyclists must not cross car tracks at intersecting streets at over 6 miles an hour; nor cross other intersecting streets nor ride at over 12 miles an hour, nor ride on public highways outside the city at over 15 miles an hour. Handle bars must not have the grips "on a lower plane than 4 inches below the top of the saddle at its centre, and the rider shall, at all times, keep his head in such position as to command a view ahead of not less than 200 feet."

Pulverized, pure graphite, mixed with benzine to the consistency of a very thin paste, and applied to the chain with a tooth brush, is recommended by a correspondent of the L. A. W. Bulletin. He says "such a coating will successfully resist mud and rain, and so far as simple dust is concerned, a chain so treated should require no further attention for at last 150 to 200 miles."

"What's on the menu to-day?" asked the cannibal chief of the royal commissary.

"Haven't anything but that young woman, from Boston, your royal chops."

"Well I suppose we can worry along on cold shoulder, for a while," sadly observed the chief.

Novice cyclists who try to keep their wheels in order are given some timely advice by an Englishman. "When making your weekly inspection," says he, "do not overlook testing all nuts, bolts and screws. This should also be done before each long ride; for the loss of a single nut may cause a walk of many miles, or a return trip by train. Use a good wrench, with square jaws, and as soon as the jaws become worn or mutilated throw the wrench away and get a new one. Otherwise you will destroy the corners of the nuts and they cannot be securely tightened. Lock all bolts and nuts firmly, and with gradual pressure, but do not use your full strength or you will surely twist them apart. Keep the enamel free from mud and dirt and the nickeled parts from rust, and your bicycle will look fresh and new until it wears out.

"Lack of cleaning will make a machine dingy and old-looking in a short time.

"Ordinary furniture polish will keep a lustre on the enamel, and will also brighten up an old finish, dull from neglect. For the nickeled parts use putz-pomade, powdered pumice and water, whiting, or any of the standard polishes. The best way to remove rust is with cold water, cotton waste and plenty of muscle. Always wipe a machine dry, and polish the parts after riding in rain or fog. Unless you thoroughly understand taking your wheel apart and restoring the parts properly, let a repair man do the job the first time and watch the operation, so that you can do it in the future.

"The bearings should be removed and cleaned after each 500 miles, or, say, once a month. Soak the cones and balls in benzine, and then wipe dry. Do not use kerosene for cleaning purposes, under any circumstances. It does not evaporate, it causes rust, and once in the bearings will cut them out like fine emery. When the balls are placed back in the races, apply several drops of oil before tightening each cone. If you find any worn or broken cones, balls or races, have them replaced at once."

The use of long cranks for tall riders is advocated by a correspondent of the L. A. W. Bulletin, who uses 8¾-inch throw with 116 gear, and finds this combination easier up-hill than 6½ inch cranks and 72 gear used last year. His idea of suitable combinations is:

Rider	standing	5 ft.	10 in.,	80 gear,	7½ in.	cranks
"	"	5 "	11 "	90 "	7¾ "	"
"	"	6 "	0 "	100 "	8 "	"
"	"	6 "	1 "	110 "	8¼ "	"
"	"	6 "	2 "	120 "	8½ "	"
"	"	6 "	3 "	130 "	8¾ "	"

Miss Passe: "I have decided to appear at the fancy dress ball in a costume of the Middle Ages."

Miss Cayenne: "Oh! how appropriate for you, to be sure."

The effect which the use of the wheel, for business purposes, has on street railway traffic is marked in cities where pavements invite its use. In Harrisburg a count was recently made of all persons using cars or wheels, who passed a given point on Third Street, in 2 days, and it was found that but 1,962 rode by in the cars, as against 4,116 who passed on bicycles.

"Kitty has left the golf club."

"What's the trouble?"

"She says she won't countenance any sport to which she can not take dear Poodle."

An English alderman is responsible for the exclamation: "Gentlemen, I consider it our bounden duty to degrade and pave these streets. By putting our heads together we can, at least, construct a wooden pavement, and by so doing our posteriors will forever bless us."

The Indian's opinion of his pale face brother and his wheel is, "white man heap dam lazy. Him sit on a chair to walk."

"Wonderful—these chainless wheels."

"Pooh; I've worn a chainless watch for years."

Please send in all the notes and items you can get for this department of RECREATION.

"So you consider football educational?"

"Highly so; if it wasn't for football lots of men would never think of going to college."

Thomas O'Reilly has been elected president, Robert E. Shaw captain, and C. Widmer, Jr., secretary of the Harlem Wheelmen.

Worry causes indigestion—cycling cures it.

CANOEING.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION 1897–98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.

Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newtown, Mass.

Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

WINNERS OF LAWRENCE CANOE CLUB PADDLING TROPHY.

Walter B. Perkins, the winner of the Trophy in 1891 and 1893 is well remembered among the canoeists during 1888 to 1894. He was especially fast with either single or double paddle, always in condition, and ready for a contest. He was several times a winner in the New England Amateur Rowing Assn. regattas, and Manhattan Marine and Field Races. He is a member of the Vesper Boat Club of Lowell, Mass. Time, 1891, 8¾ minutes; 1893, 9 minutes.

William O. Russell, the winner in 1892, is a well known member of the Lawrence Canoe Club, Lawrence, Mass. Time 10 minutes 30 seconds.

Marcus Butler, the winner in 1894, is a member of the Lawrence Canoe Club, Lawrence, Mass. Time 10 minutes 15 seconds.

Fred'k H. Harrison, winner in 1895 and 1896, is a member of the Agawam Boat Club, Lawrence, Mass. In 1895 he had as competitor L. A. Taylor, but easily won in 10 minutes; in 1896 no contestant appeared, and the Trophy was awarded to Harrison.

Louis S. Drake, the winner in 1897, is the well known Captain of the Wawbewawa Canoe Club, Newton, Mass., and Vice-Commodore of the Eastern Division, A. C. A. Four contestants entered—F. H. Harrison, Robert Bowie, Mose Colon and L. S. Drake, and until the turning stake was reached it was anybody's race. Drake then pulled out, winning easily in 9 minutes.

This Trophy, according to the terms under which it is offered by the L. C. C., is competed for under the auspices of that Club on its race course on the Merrimac river at Lawrence. The start is about 200 yards above the big 35 foot dam in the Merrimac, and opposite the L. C. C. house. The course is up stream straight-away one half mile to turning stake, and return. The river at this point is over a quarter of a mile wide, and the race course is one of the finest in New England.

WAWBEWAWA "SMOKER."

The Wawbewawa Canoe Club house on the Charles river, Auburndale, Mass., was the scene of a jolly gathering of Eastern canoeists on Saturday evening, December 11, the occasion being the club's second "Smoker" of the winter season.

Chairman of the house committee Hoffman, with the assistance of Messrs. Wiggin and Hines, furnished good music with piano, harmonica, mandolin and banjo, and Clarence B. Ashenden rendered several songs in his usual pleasing manner.

Many members of the A. C. A. were on hand to talk over affairs of the Association and to participate in the entertainment.

Among those present were Vice-Commodore Louis S. Drake, Raymond Apollonio, Chas. F. Dodge, Louis A. Hall, L. G. F. Hoffman, Purser Francis J. Burrage, Clarence B. Ashenden, Parry C. Wiggin, H. Carleton Wiggin, A. W. Ashenden, F. S. Ashenden, Henry W. Langley, E. T. Brigham, John B. May, W. W. Crosby, Wellington Wells, Chas. W. Knapp, W. V. Forsaith, A. T. S. Clay, H. Stewart Bosson, A. W. McAdams, Roger D. Smith, W. L. Plimpton, David Foster, Stedman Smith, Julius B. Waterbury, and Geo. B. Smith.

About all the active clubs in Eastern Massachusetts were represented, including the Shuh-Shuh-Gahs, of Winchester, the Vesper Boat Club, of Lowell, Fish-Brook Association, and Lawrence Canoe Club, of Lawrence, Innitous, of Woburn, Bradford B. C., of Cambridge, Dedham B. C., Puritan Canoe Club, and Boston Athletic Association.

The committee in charge of the winter's

entertainment consists of Louis S. Drake, Francis J. Burrage, W. V. Forsaith, L. A. Hall, L. G. F. Hoffman, and C. W. Knapp.

WHAT THE BUFFALOES ARE DOING.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: The phenomenal growth of the Buffalo Canoe Club is a matter of general comment. In October, after the close of our summer club house, which is located in Canada, on Abino bay, 12 miles from here, the limit of membership was raised from 100 to 150, and up to the present time we have had 40 applications for membership. Our new limit has already been reached.

We are now planning our fifteenth annual dinner, which will probably be held February 19th, and we are looking forward with pleasure to a visit, at that time, from Commodore Dunnell, and a delegation of Brooklyn and New York canoeists. "Stave Island, August, '98" is our war cry, and I expect to corral a herd of at least 20 "Buffaloes" for that event.

The past year has been the banner year of our existence, from a boating standpoint, our sailing races being especially well contested and the paddling races were interesting. We are planning to get at least 12 new paddling canoes next season, and there is some talk of buying 2 or 3 additional decked racing canoes.

Eleven of our boys enjoyed their visit to the A. C. A. Camp, at Grindstone island, so much that the enthusiasm they brought back with them, and the glowing accounts of the royal good times they had, has done much toward increasing interest in the club.

The club not having a suitable winter club house, meets each Saturday night, during the winter, at the home of the Vice-Commodore, where old times are talked over, and plans for next season discussed.

C. H. E.

THE A. C. A. SKATING CLUB.

The A. C. A. Skating Club has been organized, with a membership of 50, representing the Yonkers, Brooklyn, New York and Ianthe canoe clubs, with headquarters at the Ice Palace Rink, 107th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City. Through the courtesy of Mr. E. H. Barney, of the Springfield C. C., the privileges of the rink, including admission, use of skates and a private room for meetings, has been accorded to the members. The club meets every Monday evening, at the rink, and those who so desire are served with dinner, from 6.30 to 8, at a moderate cost. The club fills a long-felt want in providing a convenient meeting place for canoeists, and every Monday night a goodly number may be found at the rink, rehearsing the scenes of the '97 meet and forming plans for '98 and "Old Stave."

All members of the A. C. A. are eligible for membership, and any member who will communicate with Louis Simpson, President, Yonkers C. C., or W. N. Stanley, 554 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, Secretary-Treasurer, will receive all particulars.

In reply to Mr. L. B. Palmer's remark, in January RECREATION, to the effect that there is no paddler on the Regatta Committee, the R. C. beg to say that one of their number is willing to race him, from 10 feet to 10 miles, for a bottle of Seagrim, and he can arrange the conditions to suit himself. The Regatta Committee.

In the proposed schedule of races, to be run at the A. C. A. meet in August, 1898, which was recently published, the limitation of crews of war canoes, to a maximum of 9 men, was an error. There is no limit to crews of war canoes.

Percy F. Hogan,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

Vice-Commodore D'Arcy Scott, champion paddler '93 and '97, won the international paddling trophy at Toronto, defeating the representative paddlers of the Detroit Boat and Canoe Club, and of the Toronto Canoe Club.

The Toronto Canoe Club hold informal monthly hops, at the club house, during the winter, which are very popular.

Judge Dartnell, of Whitby, Ont., A. C. A. 492, has been dangerously ill with apoplexy.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Addison Wilmurt, 54 E. 13th St., N. Y.
Wm. D. Cram, Box 608, Haverill, Mass.
Jno. Robson, Fells, Mass.
Edward Denham, Union St., New Bedford, Mass.
Stedman Smith, 87 Milk St.. Boston, Mass.
David Foster, West Roxbury, Mass.
Jno. B. May, 272 Center St., Newton, Mass.

LOVERS ONCE, BUT MARRIED NOW.

The sky was blue
And full of sun.
Rang wedding bells
And two were one.

A stress of storm
Kept all things blue.
Divorce courts yawned—
And one was two.

—Judge.

He—Would you be mad if anybody should see me kiss you?

She—Is anybody looking?

—Lincoln Union.

BOOK NOTICES.

MRS. WRIGHT'S OTHER BIRD BOOK.

The new edition of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright's "BIRDCRAFT" comes to me enlarged, improved, and fairly beaming with the joy of assured success. As one turns through this fine specimen of book-making, it is quickly apparent that in its production the author, the artist, and the publishers have all done their "level best." I am glad The Macmillan Company is entering, with so much spirit, into the production of first-class books on popular natural history, and that the pace they are setting for their rivals is so decidedly hot. Lucky indeed are the nature lovers of today that they are furnished, at merely trifling prices, such charming bird books as this, and others recently noticed in RECREATION.

"Citizen Bird" was distinctly a book for young people; but this is for grown folks and children to share, between them. In this volume Mr. Fuertes' illustrations are about twice as large as in the other, and at least 4 times as good. Unquestionably, they are fine. The rendering (in black and white) of the various colors of birds, sometimes to the extent of 4 or 5 on a single subject, yet without losing the contours of the specimens, is really wonderful. Considering the excellence of the figures generally, I am led to wonder why the Yellow-Billed Cuckoo should be so hopelessly flat; but when we turn 2 leaves, and are greeted by our saucy old friend, the Belted Kingfisher, who actually looks blue and white, we quickly forget the other. What a queer plate is that of the Crossbill! At first we see a double-headed bird, with the 2 halves perfectly, and even artistically joined together amidships; but on close inspection we see that 2 complete birds are intended.

As a test of Mrs. Wright's descriptions, I took a warbler, which I could not name at sight, and attempted to identify it by means of the key. I did not get on so successfully as I expected. The result proved that, for my use, the descriptions provided to facilitate the identification of unknown species are rather brief, and are too general in their terms. It is a serious task to provide a key to birds that will really unlock unknown species. But in justice to the author it should be said that for all save a comparatively few of our birds, her key and descriptions will be found quite sufficient.

I notice that our old friend, the robin, is classed with the "Birds Conspicuously Red or Orange;" and his nearest neighbors are the Redstart and the Scarlet Tanager! This will never do. The breast of the Robin is as pure a brown as Van Dyck himself ever mixed.

Why do I mention so small a slip of the eye and the pen, combined? Simply because womankind is so prone to flout the color-judgment of men; and this chance is too good to be lost. Nevertheless, I heartily welcome the new edition of *Birdcraft*, and commend it to my readers; both for its beauty and its worth.

Birdcraft: A Field-Book of Two Hundred Song, Game and Water Birds, By Mabel Osgood Wright; with 80 full page plates by Louis Agassiz Fuertes. New York. The Macmillan Company, 1897, 8vo., pp. xvi.—317. $2.50.

Paul Kester's new book, "Tales of the Real Gypsy," was scarcely dry from the press when the first edition was sold out.

The gypsies go about the country so quietly and independently that we do not realize how little we know of them until some one reminds us. Mr. Kester is their friend, and as such he writes of them, with a charm that sinks deep into the heart. The noise and turmoil and distress of a busy, grinding, heartless world are shut out and forgotten in the joy of sunlight, of freedom, of the sound of the night wind, the call of the whip-poor-will, the voice of Nature talking with her children. The gypsy foregoes houses and lands, wealth and position, luxury and fame, to feel the dust of the road beneath his feet, to sleep near the brown earth, to lie in the sun, to breathe the air of boundless freedom, and to call no man master. He pities and despises the poor Gorgios, who shut themselves within walls and barter all the joys of life for gold.

Of these traits and more, Mr. Kester tells delightfully.

There is one black night when murder fastens its fangs in a woman's throat, and we are glad to escape from the recital of that tale into the sunlight again; but the murder is of, not by, a Romany, for the gypsy is not criminal. He knows more about a horse than a Gorgio knows, and is deft at lifting a chicken from its roost on a dark night. What would you? A man with a family to support must be clever at something. Beyond these trifling lapses from our narrow code, the Romany rye is moral. We are glad to be assured of this, remembering Quasimodo and Esmeralda; glad to follow the gay vans down the road; to learn bits of the quaint Romany language, and to touch hands, in this end of an unromantic century, with the most romantic people the world has ever known.

Published by Doubleday & McClure. Price $1.

Doubleday and McClure Co. will give the paper-covered books a hard blow, and will endear themselves to all lovers of literature by one of their latest ideas. They are publishing some of the best things ever written in dainty, cloth-covered little volumes, beautiful enough to adorn the library of a millionaire, and cheap enough to be within the reach of an editor.

"Little Masterpieces" is an attractive set. One volume contains characteristic short stories of Washington Irving; another, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the third, of Edgar Allan Poe. Each has a fine photo-gravure portrait of the author, and the selections are admirable.

This set is edited by Bliss Perry, is beautifully printed, has gilt tops, and is put up in a novel little half case. Price, cloth, 90 cents; full leather, $1.80.

Another set is "Tales from McClure's." The general title defines these, and the volumes are "Tales of the West," "Tales of Adventure," "Tales of Humor," and "Romance."

Everyone knows McClure's magazine is a phenomenal success, because it publishes what people want to read; and this collection will delight every lover of short stories. If you want to endear yourself to a reading friend, make him a Christmas present of one of these sets. Doubleday and McClure Co. will send you their catalogue. Mention RECREATION.

The Badminton Magazine, for November, contains an article on, "The Stickeen river, as the route to the Klondyke," by Clive Phillips-Wolley, which will be read with deep interest by every one who is looking toward Alaska; and that means the multitude. The article was written in '95, and strangely enough predicts the great stampede to the Klondyke gold fields, which has since set in. The story is illustrated with a lot of interesting views of the Stickeen river country, from photographs made by Mr. Phillips-Wolley, when he went over the route, which add materially to the interest thereof.

The Badminton Magazine is published by Longmans, Green & Co., 91 5th Ave., New York, and every number contains a great deal of interesting matter, for American as well as for English sportsmen. It deserves a large circulation in this country, and will doubtless have it, in time, if it has not obtained it already. The price is 30 cents a copy and it would be well for every one contemplating a trip to Alaska, to send for the November issue.

Vol. 5 of "The Philistine" is out, in a form to delight the book lover. The copies are simply slid, covers and all, between attractive boards. This unique idea in binding commends itself strongly in these days when publishers make the covers of magazines so interesting.

Not to subscribe to "The Philistine" is to show lack of taste and love for good literature, and to miss half the joy of living.

Published by Elbert Hubbard, East Aurora, N. Y., at $1 a year.

HOW WALTHAM WATCHES ARE SOLD.

The American Waltham Watch Company has just commenced to make the watch movement numbered 10,000,000. It will be nearly a year before No. 10,000,000 comes on the market, for the making of a Waltham watch means a good deal more than material and jewels. The brains of the watch-making industry are employed at Waltham. Few persons realize how high a form of mechanical skill is required in the making and putting together and adjusting of the parts of a Waltham watch. It is this same skill and ingenuity that has made these watches pre-eminent in the markets of the world, and that has given the American Waltham Watch Company an outlet for its enormous product in the past 50 years. It is a fact that, ticking away all over the globe, there are more Waltham watches than of all other American watches combined. There is no finer or more distinctive American industry than watchmaking. It should be a source of pride to every good American citizen that in the farthest corners of the globe one is sure to find Waltham watches.

I have organized a club at Preston, Idaho, and have christened it the Recreation Rifle Club.

B. Garrett, Oxford, Idaho.

I thank you for this honor and send you a flag herewith, properly inscribed. When it shall reach you, kindly present it to the Club, with my compliments.—EDITOR.

ROUGHING IT.

"Isabel cured her husband of the Klondike fever."

"How? Did she let him go there?"

"No; she made him wear coarse woollen socks and sleep in a tent, in their backyard."

Kindly make your remittances by New York draft, or by P. O. or express money order. Checks on banks outside of New York cost me 5 cents to 25 cents each to collect.

William Bunce, son of Gottlieb Bunce, has returned home with 85 pounds of gray squirrels as a result of a 2 days' hunt in Dutchess County.—Kingston, Md., paper.

And now William should be consigned to a place in the pen, with the other swine.
—EDITOR.

Some recent trophies made by this firm....

The Sanford Cup

The Lenox Cup
(*Golf*)

The Ardsley Cup
(*Intercollegiate Golf*)

The Stirrup Cup
(*For Gentleman Riders, Coney Island, 1897*)

⁂

Theodore B. Starr

Club Committees and individuals having in view the purchase of prize pieces, are invited to inspect the many suitable articles of silverware (solid only) offered by this house. The opportunity to submit special designs for important prizes is solicited.

206 Fifth Avenue
Madison Square
New York

RECREATION'S THIRD ANNUAL COMPETITION.

Recreation has conducted 2 amateur photographic competitions, both of which have been eminently successful. A third will be held, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one will open January 1, '98, and close April 30, '98.

Following is the list of prizes as thus far arranged. Others may be added later:

First Prize—A Folding Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $75.

Second Prize—$25 in cash.

Third Prize—A Cycle Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $22.50.

Fourth Prize—An Adlake Camera, made by the Adams and Westlake Co., Chicago, and valued at $12.

Fifth Prize—An Amateur Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and valued at $10.

Sixth Prize—A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., of Boston, and valued at $6.

Seventh Prize—1 Gross Blue Label photo print paper.

Eighth Prize—1 Gross Aristo Jr. photo print paper.

Ninth Prize—1 Gross Aristo Platino photo print paper, made by American Aristotype Company, Jamestown, N. Y.

The makers of the 15 next best pictures will each be awarded a yearly subscription to Recreation.

The contest will close April 30, '98.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions:—Contestants must submit 2 mounted silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon prints, of each subject, which shall become the property of Recreation. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture, to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in Recreation, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

ABOUT THAT FIRST PRIZE.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Myra Wiggins, of Eugene, Ore., was awarded first prize, in Recreation's Second Annual Photo Competition; that after the prize was shipped her, and after her pictures were published in Recreation, it was discovered they had already been published, elsewhere, before being submitted in this competition. I stated these facts in November Recreation, and meantime wrote Mrs. Wiggins, personally, requesting her to return the camera which she had thus unfairly obtained. This, she has, up to this time, refused to do. Mr. Wiggins wrote Mr. Hornaday, Mr. Daniels and Mr. Thompson, who acted as judges in the Photo competition, appealing to them for a decision as to whether or not his wife had acted unfairly in submitting pictures, in a prize competition, that had already been published in other magazines.

Following is Mr. Hornaday's reply to Mr. Wiggins. Mr. Daniels and Mr. Thompson advise me they have replied to him substantially on similar lines. It is hoped this review of the case, by the judges, will be satisfactory to Mrs. Wiggins and that she will now return the prize which was awarded her under a misapprehension of facts.

Mr. Hornaday's letter is as follows:

New York, December 12, 1897.

Mr. F. A. Wiggins,
Salem, Oregon.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of December 3d, and enclosures, all of which I have gone over twice. Since you ask my unprejudiced judgment on the matter of the photographic competition, and its results, I will offer it. In doing so, however, I must ask you to believe that in taking up the subject, I have tried to consider it as dispassionately as if Mrs. Wiggins and Mr. Shields were both entire strangers to me. There is but one person in the world whom I stand by, "right or wrong," and that is my wife. This is what, in my opinion, every husband should do. My friendship for Mr. Shields is quite offset by my natural inclination to take the side of the woman, in every disagreement with a man. In this case, I have tried to put myself into the place of each party, in turn; and this is how it all looks to me:

I believe it to be universally understood that whenever a publisher or a patron of the arts, in any branch, puts up a list of prizes to be competed for, the objects entered, whether stories, poems, paintings, sculptures or photographs, must not only be original, but also never before publicly exhibited or published. I think I am within bounds in saying that amongst literary people and artists the understanding on these 2 points is world-wide. The value sought, as a *quid pro quo* for the prizes given, is the honor and prestige attaching to presentation to the public, for the first time, of the prize-winning objects. To a publisher who uses only original matter (and there are many such) a story, poem or picture which has been published, is "dead," and not to be used by them except when paid for at advertising rates. No sane publisher would ever (I imagine) offer prizes (knowingly) for either literary or artistic work which had already been published!

Had the question arisen before the competition I would, without hesitation, have taken the ground that these conditions are so well understood by all intelligent persons that not one competitor in 1,000 would ever make a mistake about it. In certain other competitions which I have closely observed, I remember the conditions did specify that things offered must be "original"; but I never saw it stipulated that "nothing must be offered which has already been published." A publisher cannot possibly obtain exclusive ownership of a thing that has been published before it reaches him, except by securing proprietorship from the first publisher.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Wiggins is unquestionably a lady of intelligence and possessed of a general knowledge of matters pertaining to art, it was, in my opinion, a great oversight, on her part, that she did not inform Mr. Shields her pictures had been published before. I am sure any judge, on the bench, would hold she was to blame for ignoring a point which is of such vital importance to a publisher, and doubly so when the matter is in competition for prizes. Certainly every editor and publisher in the world would so regard it. If all the 700 competitors had felt at liberty to send the best pictures they had ever taken, we would have probably had 5,000 to examine instead of 1,200 or so.

I consider that Mr. Shields had cause for indignation; for at the very least he should —and the judges should—have been given the option of deciding whether the highest honor and the highest prize should be awarded to a stale picture. Had the judges known the facts, Mrs. Wiggins's pictures would not have been considered, even for one moment.

The only way in which Mrs. Wiggins can make the *amende honorable* is to return the camera.

W. T. Hornaday.

The following extract from a letter written by F. A. Munsey to a contributor who had sold him material that had been published years ago by a contemporary is strikingly applicable to this case.

> You may possibly fail to realize, fully, the contemptibly dishonest nature of your action. It is impossible for any editor, or corps of editors, to be familiar with the whole range of printed literature. Our only safeguard against fraud of this sort is to exclude, in toto, the work of persons unknown to us. Such a rule would be a great hardship to young and unknown writers, but frauds such as this will compel us to adopt it. It is probably a waste of time to write further to a man who would be guilty of such an action; but we must add our regret that it would be still greater waste of time to prosecute you criminally.

HOW TO INDEX NEGATIVES.

How many of Recreation's readers have a perfect system of registering their negatives? I mean without spending hours in looking through their entire stock in search of a certain negative, from which they desire to make a print? You have the negative. Of that there is no doubt; but where is it?

First of all obtain a plain ruled book. It need not be a large one. Rule 3 columns on the right of the page, and then index it, allowing several pages for each letter.

Number each negative, regardless of size, from No. 1 up; either with white ink or by pasting a small piece of gummed paper on the glass side, on which the number may be written in ink.

Each negative is certainly known to the person who made it, by a title, as "Public Building," or "Old Mill," etc. Write the title under the proper letter in the first column. Put the date in the next; the number next, and in the last column the number of the box in which the negative is stored. Use the boxes in which the plates were originally packed.

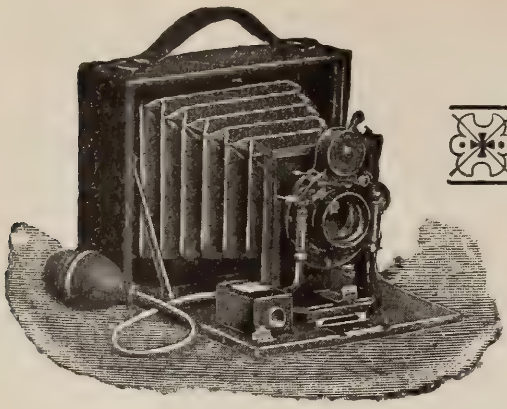
Then, when you want a certain negative, no matter how long since it was made, all you have to do is to look it up in the register, find the box number and there it is. How much easier than looking through several hundred negatives, even if they are enclosed in separate envelopes. There is a chance of one being taken out of the centre of a stack, and after use not being replaced.

A double register (the one I use) is made by ruling 2 columns, divided by a double line, on several of the last pages and in the first column writing the numbers, beginning with 1, and opposite the box number in which the negative is. Thus you can find a negative, either by its title or number, in a much shorter time than by any other method.

G. A. C.

A good hydrochinon developer, in one solution, is made thus: Sulphite soda crystals, 500 gr.; phosphate soda, granular, 240 gr.; carbonate soda crystals, 500 gr.; and water to make 16 ounces. Dissolve, filter, and add hydrochinon, 100 grains.

A. S. R.



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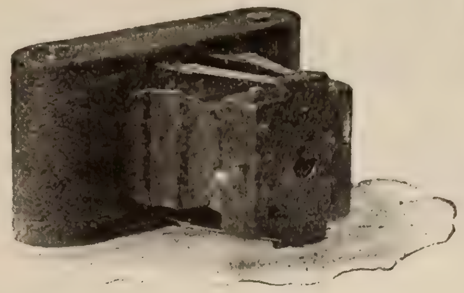

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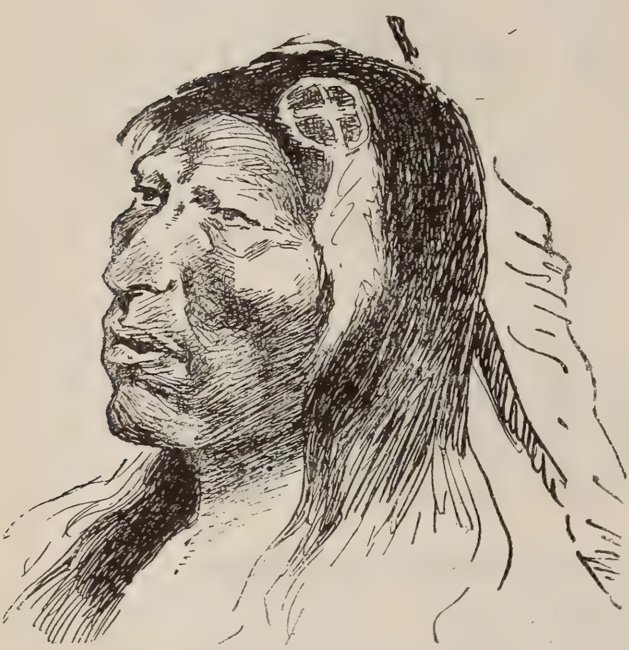

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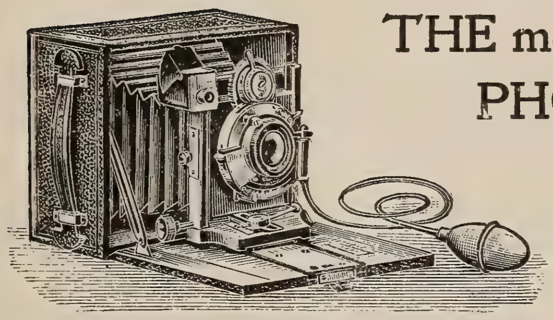

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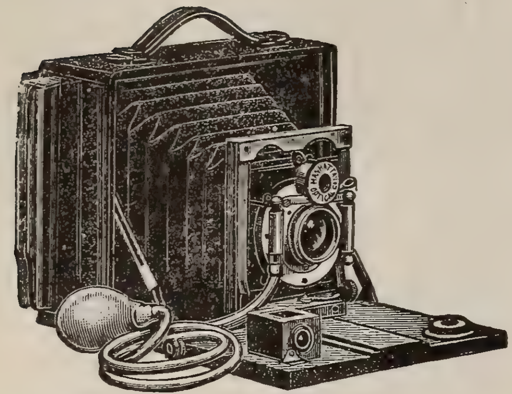

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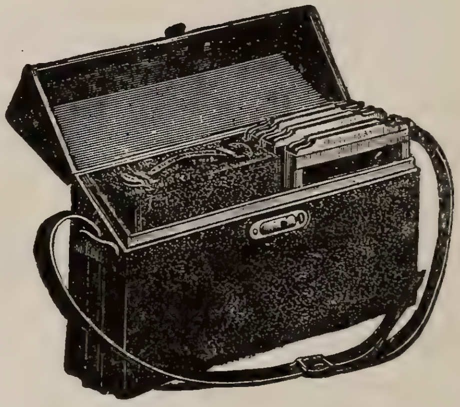

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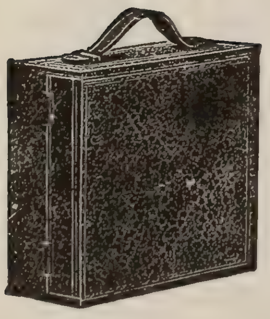

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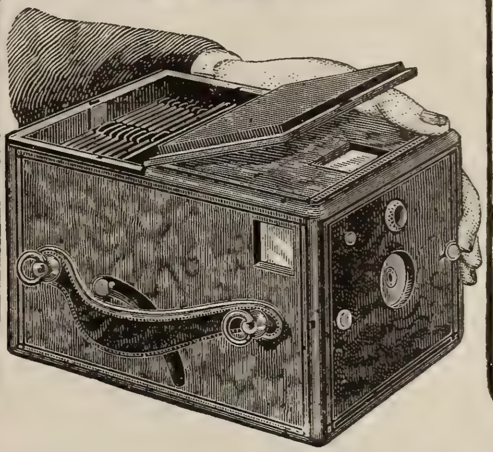

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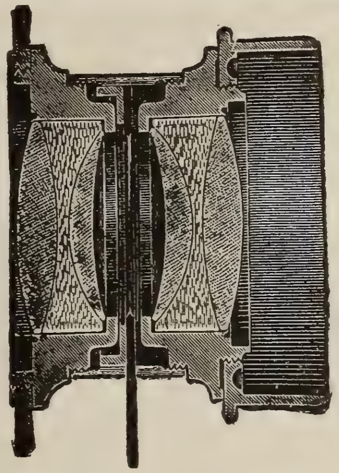

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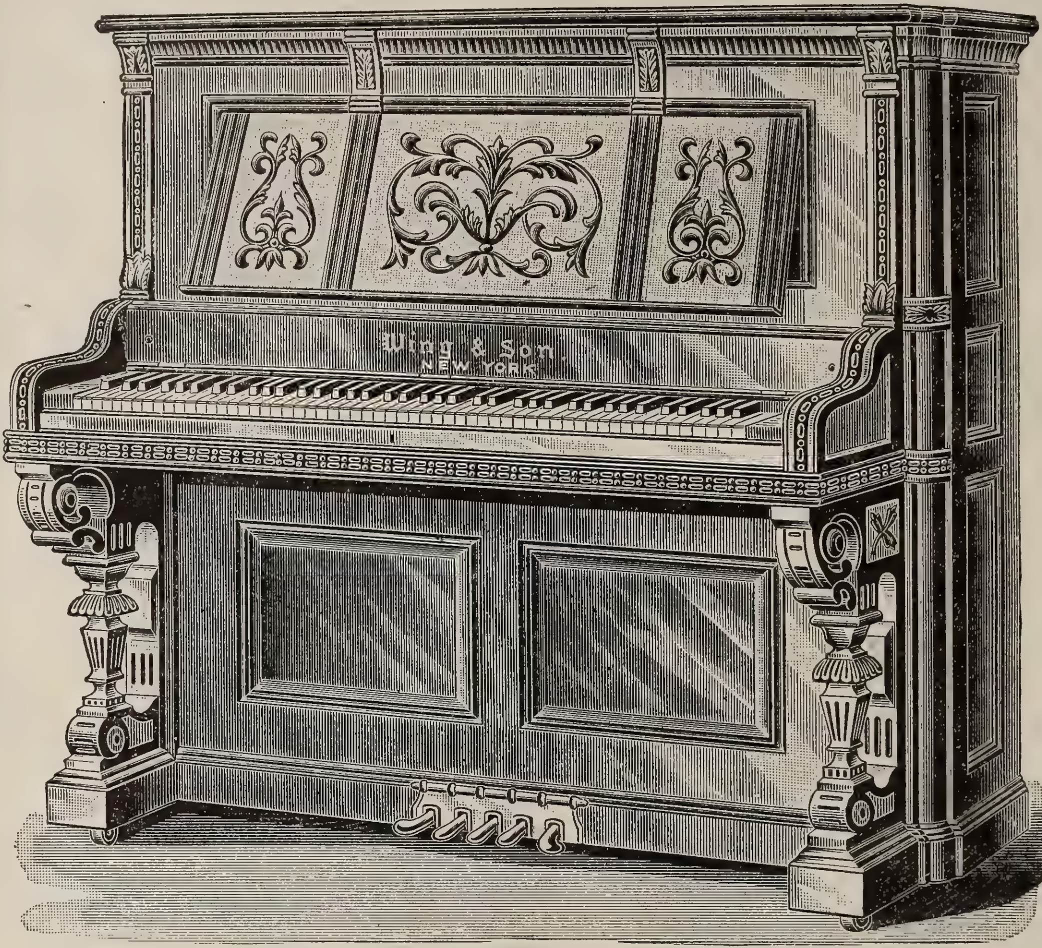

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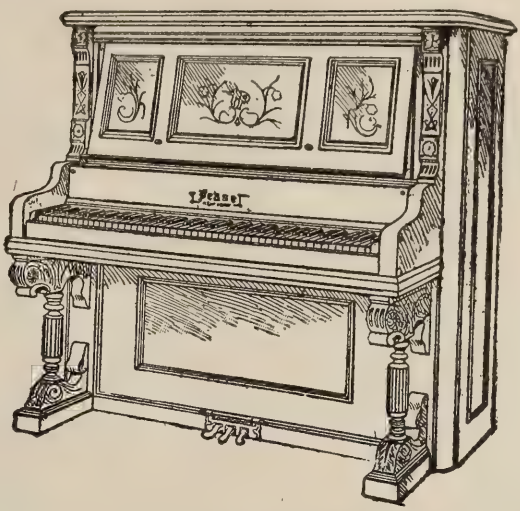

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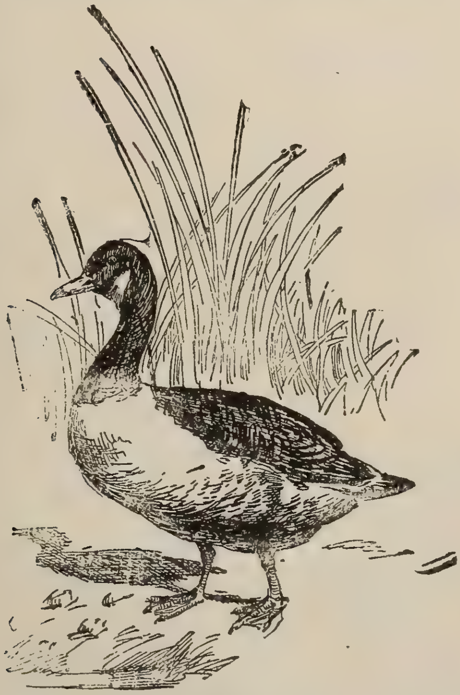

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It also shows some beautiful steel engravings of scenery along the Lehigh line, including Mauch Chunk, the Wyoming Valley and Niagara Falls. We seldom see a piece of steel engraving nowadays, and it is really refreshing to look upon so fine an example of this lost art as is given in this calendar.

You can get a copy of it by writing Chas. S. Lee, G. P. A., Philadelphia, mentioning RECREATION.

The Marlin Arms Co. has issued a neat little pocket calendar containing a good picture of moose hunting. The leaflets, showing the dates, are neatly printed and arranged and the whole thing takes up but little room. Write for a copy and mention RECREATION.

"Do you ever go fox hunting?"

"No; it keeps me busy chasing off the wolf."

Notice: I will pay to the publisher of RECREATION 25 cents each for the first 50 new yearly subscriptions received, after February 1st, in which this offer may be mentioned. That is, these 50 people may send the publisher of RECREATION 75 cents each; he will send them the magazine one year and I will pay him the remaining 25 cents on each subscription. The object of this is that these subscriptions may be counted on my club, for which a merchandise premium is to be sent me.

U. W. Gallaher, Rock Port, Mo.

I agree to the above proposition and will comply with my part of it.

G. O. Shields, Editor and Manager.

For Sale: Stevens Ideal rifle; No. 46, 25-25; 28 inch half-octagon barrel; 9½ pounds, mid-range; Vernier rear and wind-gauge front sight with spirit-level; Lyman ivory front sight, fancy walnut stock, Swiss and hunting butt-plates; almost new, perfectly accurate. Cost $33, sell for $15; 25-86 gr. Ideal mould; No. 3, 25-25 Ideal tool, adjustable chambers, muzzle resizer, wad-cutter, Ideal ball seater, 75 shells, 1,000 primers, rifle case with strap, $6; Ideal powder flask, $1. All perfect, used but little.

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What other seaside city can boast a "season" lasting all the year 'round?

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Manager.

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Wanted: Congenial hunting companion, for 6 weeks' trip in Florida. Good fishing, boating and shooting. Expenses light. Address C., care RECREATION.

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"Why?"
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Payne Ave. cor. Handy, Cleveland, O.

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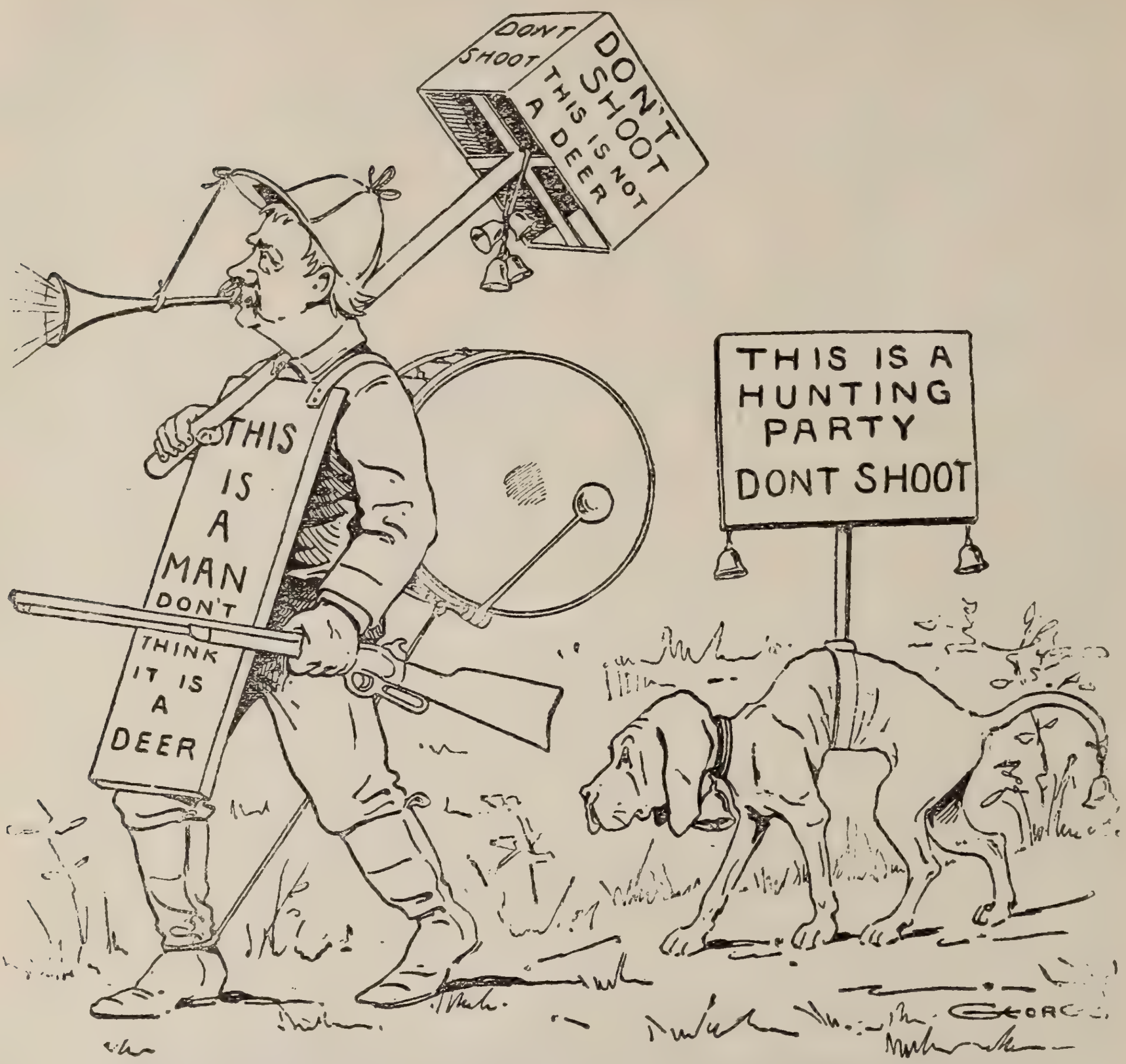
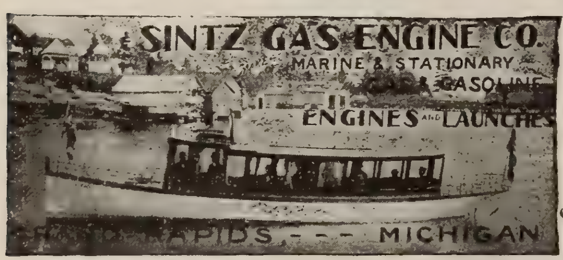

DON'T SHOOT
DON'T SHOOT THIS IS NOT A DEER
THIS IS A MAN DON'T THINK IT IS A DEER
THIS IS A HUNTING PARTY DONT SHOOT
GEORGE

THE DEER HUNTER OF THE FUTURE WILL HAVE TO BE THUS EQUIPPED.
From the St. Paul "Dispatch."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Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal published in the U. S. and I ought to know, as I have taken them all.
C. L. Sperry, Sparta, Tenn.

I have tried nearly all other magazines and I think Recreation is better than all the rest put together.
Jas. S. Lamont, Matteawan, N. Y.

Enclosed find money order for $1 for which please renew my subscription, as I cannot keep house without Recreation.
F. A. Foss, Reedsburg, Wis.

I look forward to the coming of Recreation with longing. It is far and away the best magazine extant.
W. H. Judd, Ypsilanti, Mich.

DON'T let Whisky get the best of you. Get the BEST of Whisky, which is the GENUINE DISTILLERY BOTTLING of

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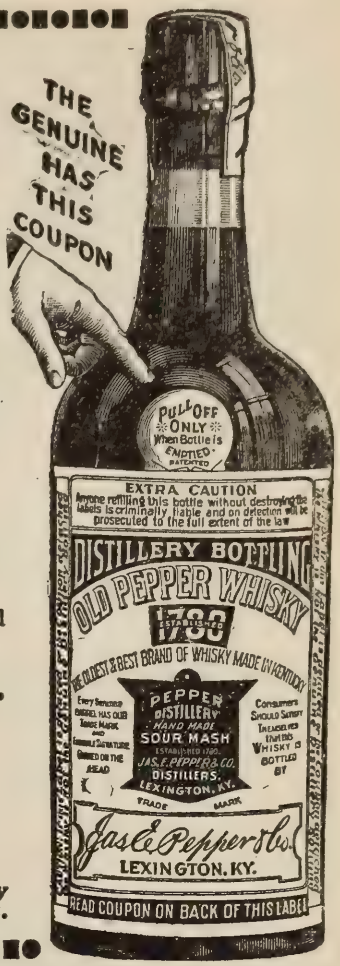
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1 " " Sweet Catawba
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1 " " Sweet Isabella
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This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy**, without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

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Small Game is very abundant, and has been shot at very little. **Deer** and **Turkeys** are plentiful, and the fishing, for black bass and other game fishes, of the very best. **This Line** also reaches, direct from **St. Louis** or **Memphis,** by double daily through car service, the famous hunting and fishing grounds on the Gulf.

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An Automatic Reel, or
A Kenwood Sleeping Bag
For 10 subscriptions.

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About which all know, more or less;
It runs from New York to Buffalo,
Every day in the week, but Sunday, you know;
At a speed so great,
Through the Empire State,
As to earn for its line
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"The New York Central leads the world"
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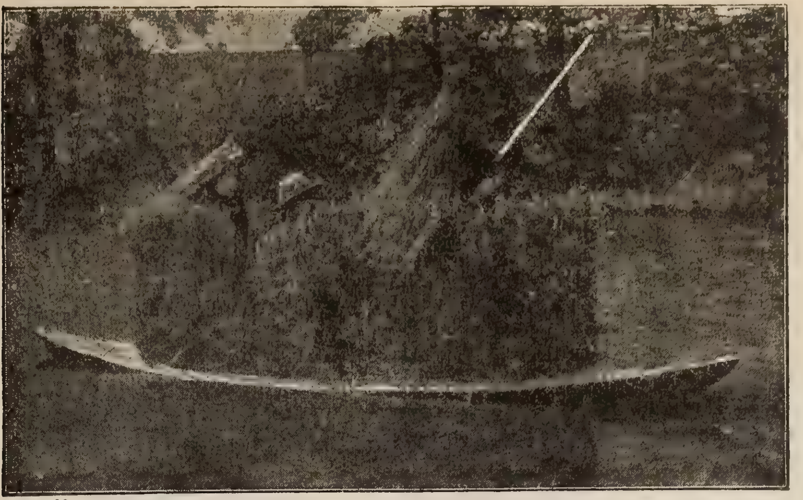

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Price, all complete, $6.00. Records, 50c. each

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For Sale: Two large genuine Buffalo Robes, with heads and legs complete to hoofs. Sioux Indian tanned, and painted; one with sun and the other with animals, Indian signs and emblems, in colors. Were property of Chief in Sitting Bull's Village. Fur and pelts in perfect condition, scarcely used. Will sell separate. Price satisfactory.

I. N. Haley, care RECREATION.

Wanted: 10 gauge shot gun, in exchange for fine old violin. Good field glass in exchange for camera.

H. W. Kimball,
13 Main Street, Haverhill, Mass.

I went to see my German friend, and observed that while writing, in quest of firearms, to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., he had addressed his letter as follows: "Vintskesstah Amms off der Rebeeding Fire Koombany."

Geo. W. Bailey, Scientist and Artist,
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"Yes, they may iron, but they don't steel."

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You want the

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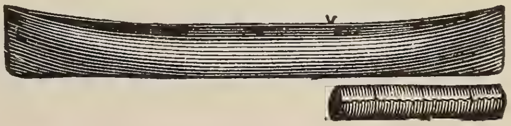

The Comptroller of N. W. M. Police, the Hon. Fred White, writes from Ottawa: "Those who have tested the Acme strongly recommend it. We have adopted the Acme for our requirements."

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E. W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

I read Recreation regularly and have found it the best of its kind ever published.
F. T. Fransioli, Memphis, Tenn.

I never want to miss another copy of Recreation while I am above ground.
A. A. Beckwith, St. Francis, Minn.

I consider Recreation the finest magazine in the world and its manager the sportsmen's best friend and truest companion.
G. Van Nostrand, Flushing, N. Y.

It is a regular snap to get subscribers for Recreation. They all say it is "out of sight."
Harry Wagner, Gladstone, Ill.

Each number of Recreation is better than the preceding one and I don't see how any sportsman can do without it.
Burness Moyer, Hartford, Conn.

Here is my $1 for Recreation. Might as well try to get along without "sox."
J. W. Moxley, Barkerville, B. C.

Enclosed please find P. O. Order for $1 for renewal to Recreation. I can not do without it.
E. N. Hudson, Reedsburg, Wis.

Could not get along without Recreation. If I could not get anything else like it would not stop it for the world.
Geo. T. Norris, Torrington, Ct.

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Chas. H. Lynott, St. George, N. B.

Recreation fills a yearning void in the heart of a lover of nature that no other magazine now published fills.
Kenneth Fowler, Jersey City, N. J.

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Dr. Daniel B. Freeman, Chicago, Ill.

Recreation grows better with every number. Am always waiting impatiently for it to come.
F. Bonnet, Opelousas, La.

I have taken Recreation a year and I think there is no other magazine so good. Everybody should read it.
B. F. Reeves, Worcester, Mass.

I have not received latest copy of Recreation and can not possibly get along without it. Kindly send me same.
J. F. Vallery, Chicago, Ill.

The copy of Recreation in the college Library here is worn out in 2 days. They can't let Recreation pass without reading it.
F. Zimmerman, Manhattan, Kan.

Recreation grows better all the time. After a while it will be lined with gold, if you keep on.
Dwight Beaty, Waterville, Minn.

It is no trouble to get subscribers for Recreation. I got 61 in less than a week.
F. L. Sanford, Omaha, Neb.

Recreation is my favorite magazine.
J. J. Schell, Mason City, Ia.

Recreation is a beauty. I wish you every success with a magazine which meets the need of all sportsmen.
S. M. Macdonald, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba.

We think Recreation just right. The sporting news is always welcome and the pictures are perfect.
Mrs. James Hanks, Earlham, Ia.

All who have received Recreation are much pleased with it and I think it the finest sportsmen's magazine that ever happened.
P. B. Sprague, Denver, Col.

Recreation improves with every issue. I am doing what I can to increase its circulation.
Wm. W. Coleman, Carson City, Neb.

Am much pleased with Recreation and think it the best journal published in the interest of outdoor sports and kindred topics.
Frank Hudson, Springfield, Ill.

Enclosed find $1, for which please send me Recreation another year. Can not get along without it now.
Geo. W. Spaulding, Carritunk, Me.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's periodical published. Its only fault is that it is too long between drinks.
A. F. Crossman, No. Clarendon, Pa.

I have been a reader of Recreation the past nine months and consider it the best periodical for sportsmen I have ever read.
C. T. Stevenson, Dallas, Tex.

Recreation is splendid and in many ways greatly superior to numerous higher priced magazines.
Chas. G. Meekins, Baltimore, Md.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal published. Am much interested in the guns and ammunition department.
E. A. Cross, Derry, N. H.

Recreation is the best magazine of its kind I ever read and I sincerely hope it will reach the hands of every sportsman.
F. M. Kever, Saegertown, Pa.

I greatly enjoy reading Recreation, and don't stop until I have read it from cover to cover, advertisements and all.
Mrs. V. J. Elliott, Jackson, Mich.

My father takes Recreation and likes it very much. We children like to read it also. We call it the bear book.
Willie J. Hawkins, Coal Creek, Col.

I like Recreation better than any other publication of its kind I have ever read.
R. C. Sutton, Union City, Ind.

I have read Recreation from the first number to date and think it the best sportsmen's journal published.
S. E. Wright, Ft. Crook, Neb.

Here is a money order for $3.00. I picked up these 3 subscriptions in as many minutes.
C. L. Flower, Greeley, Col.

Recreation beats 'em all for giving the true inwardness of hunting in all its details.
E. E. Pinkham, Freeport, Me.

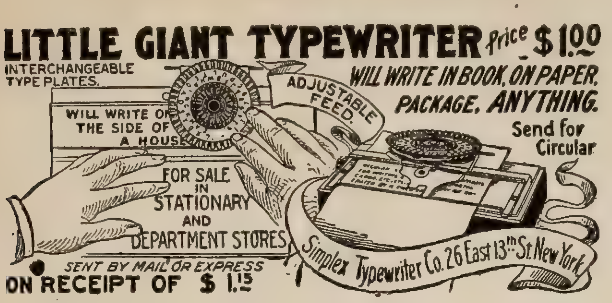
Recreation is one of the brightest and best magazines for sportsmen that I have ever seen.
G. P. Kimberly, Belding, Mich.

Recreation is a splendid publication, the best of its kind.
J. L. Von Blon, Marion, O.

Don't think there is a better magazine out than Recreation.
P. E. Paulsen, St. Paul, Minn.

I got 17 subscribers to-day, in 2 hours. Can easily get as many more.
Rev. G. D. Bayne, Pembroke, Ont.

No true sportsman can be without Recreation.
M. L. Effinger, Calumet, Mich.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L. L. Bates, General Delivery, Seattle, Wash., offers his services as guide for hunting, exploring, and prospecting parties in Alaska. He has lived in that Territory 8 years, has travelled many thousands of miles through the interior, and is prepared to give accurate and reliable information concerning it.

References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Naval Dept., Washington, D. C.; Will D. Jenkins, Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash., and the editor of RECREATION.

Correspondence promptly answered.
Will return to Alaska in March, '98.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Soully, to the cannibal chief, shortly after his arrival, "can you tell me the number of my brethren who have preceded me, and what became of them?"

"Certainly," replied the chief, "they were just ate."

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American and European Plan

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Breakfast, - - - -	75 cents
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FOR SALE: Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.

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A full series of views of Juneau, Dyea, Skaguay, Chilkat Pass, Miners and outfits, along the route, etc.
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Send for Catalogue of Alaska Curios.
GEO. G. CANTWELL, Taxidermist, Juneau, Alaska.

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Great English Remedy for
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SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.
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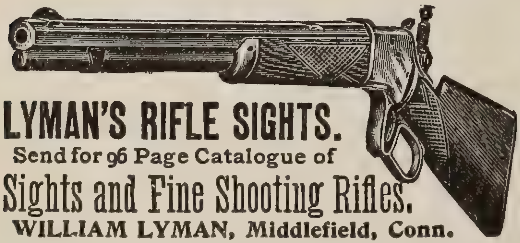

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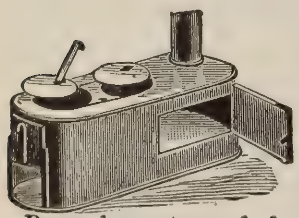

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Office Boy—Dunno; committed suicide last night.

Impatient Old Party—Heavens! Is it possible? What for?

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of RIFLES, PISTOLS or SHOT GUNS

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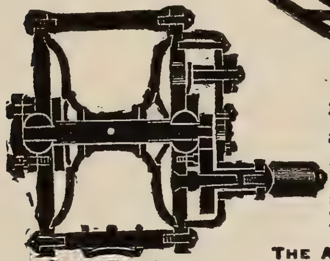

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Don't believe imitators of "**HENDRYX**" standard goods when they say their Fishing Reels "are **NOW** as good as **HENDRYX".** The fact that they imitate proves the "**HENDRYX**" is the recognized standard line of Fishing Reels. Ask your dealer for them.

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This is a picture of Sewell Newhouse, inventor of the celebrated

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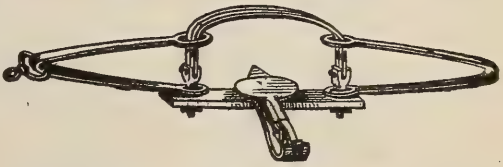
known the world over as the best traps made for catching fur-bearing animals. Send to



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Web Snow Shoes: Made of best raw caribou skin, and the best hickory that grows.

Thongs thoroughly twisted and carefully woven. I make the best snow-shoe in the market. They look well, wear well, hang well and will not bag, in wet snow.

A. M. Dunham, Norway, Me.

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

The Manhattan hand camera, which I received from you as premium, arrived in due season and I hereby tender my sincere thanks for your gift. The camera is much admired by all my friends and I am quite envied its possession.

Mrs. H. D. Warner, Hackensack, N. J.

The Ithaca hammerless gun you sent, for 35 subscriptions, received O. K. Am highly pleased with it, as are all who have seen it. Please accept my thanks.

W. H. Smith, Detroit, Mich.

I received the Hawk-Eye camera promptly and thank you for it. It is a valuable instrument and fully pays me for my work.

A. E. Trask, Little Falls, N. Y.

I received the 30-30 Marlin rifle as premium for 28 subscriptions and thank you sincerely. It is the finest finished and best balanced rifle I ever had in my hands, and every one who has seen it thinks the same. Several of my friends think of getting one like it.

W. P. Springer, Northfield, Vt.

I have used my new Shattuck premium gun 3 times and have one fault to find with it. It kills squirrels so dead they drop down and lodge in a crotch of the tree, and don't have life enough to kick out. I waited 5 minutes for the wind to blow hard enough to blow one out. I was about 7 rods distant.

F. C. Barnes, Plymouth, Conn.

Received the Korona camera for 25 subscriptions. Am well pleased with it and heartily thank you for it. Shall always be a friend to RECREATION and shall be pleased to do whatever I can to advance your interests in this section.

F. S. Cobb, Attleboro, Mass.

I had a chance to use my Bristol rod in Livingston lake, in the Adirondacks, and landed 2 large fish. If a man can't land a fish with a Bristol rod he must look out or the fish will land him. It is a beauty.

F. D. Levens, Ft. Edward, N. Y.

Allow me to thank you for your kindness and promptness in sending my premium, a Davenport shot gun. I have given it a good test, with shells loaded by the U. M. C Co., and it shoots splendidly, at 80 yards. I was agreeably surprised.

Dr. H. A. Jones, Howard, R. I.

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Established 1828 Bicycles made continuously since 1881

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offer as good a........

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Ladies' Bicycles 28-inch wheels, single tube, drop frame
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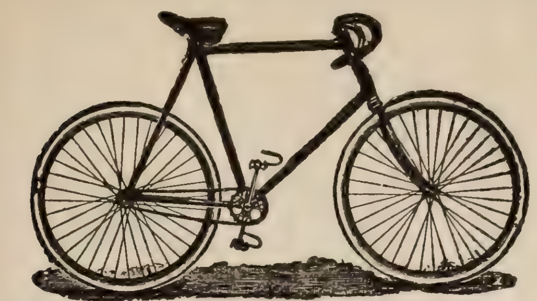
ALL material of the very best. Tubing all cold drawn seamless. All connections, Cranks, Sprockets, made of drop steel forgings. Frames have three coats baking enamel. Nickel parts are first coppered. Removable sprockets. Dust-proof bearings. Front fork sides seamless. There is not a stamping, a casting of any kind, or a piece of brazed tubing in any of our bicycles. We guarantee the material and the workmanship to be first-class. Have a few 1897 bicycles which we will close out at special low prices.

Send for our 1897 Bicycle Catalogue



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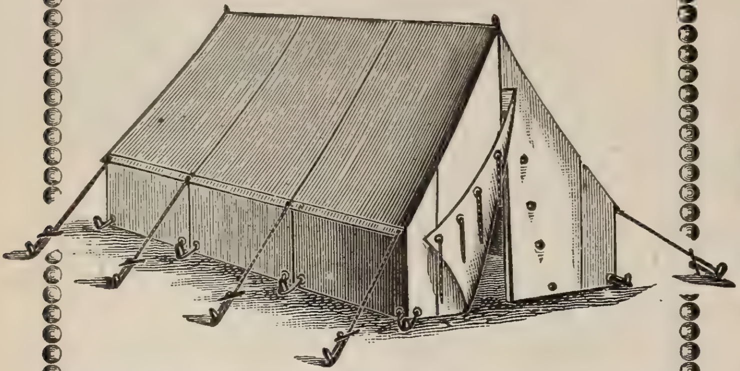

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CANVAS BUCKETS, AMMUNITION, PROVISION, CLOTHING AND SADDLE BAGS, POUCHES, PACKS, BICYCLE COVERS, FLOOR CLOTHS,

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KENWOOD SLEEPING BAGS

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The Kenwood Storm-Hood used with the bags or without them, will be found a great comfort and a perfect protection against cold and wind.

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A MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG
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Edited by G. O. SHIELDS ("COQUINA")

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12mo. 200 Pages. 30 Illustrations. Cloth, $1.25.

THIS book contains practical points on how to dress for Hunting, Fishing, or other Camping Trips; what to carry in the way of extra Clothing, Bedding, Provisions, Cooking Utensils, and all classes of Camp Equipage; how to select Camp Sites; how to make Camp Fires; how to build Temporary Shelters; what to do in case of Getting Lost, etc. It contains check lists of articles constituting Complete Camping Outfits; a list of the names and addresses of Guides, in various hunting and fishing countries, and much other information of value to Campers, and which has never before been given to the public.

The instructions given are based on an experience of twenty-five years in Camping, and in the study of Camp Lore, Woodcraft, etc., and it is believed that the work will prove of great value to thousands of men and boys, who have not had such favorable opportunities for study.

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FRANK F. FRISBIE on THE DIAMOND HITCH, or HOW TO LOAD A PACK HORSE

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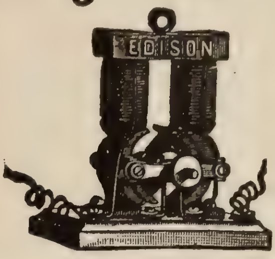

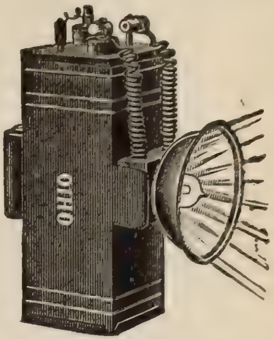

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$2.75 complete.

Necktie Light.

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SOME GOOD GUIDES.

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C. L. Farnham, Avon Park, bear, deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, black bass, etc.
Oliver Tinny, Ozona, Hillsboro Co., deer, bear, turkeys, quails, ducks and salt-water fishing.
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E. T. Robinson, Keuka, “
Carson Bros., Frostproof, “
J. L. Sandlin, Punta Gorda, “
Oliver Archer, Clearwater, “
L. W. Scroggins, Homeland, “
Capt. Jas. Argo, Oviedo, “
F. J. Adams, Sanford, “
C. B. Bailey, Winter Haven, “
W. H. Steacy, Pt. Tampa City, “
Wm. J. Lyon, Interlacken, “
L. L. Sutton, Sutherland, “
M. B. Carson, Frostproof, Polk Co., “
W. D. Isler, Eagle Lake, “
George W. Hawthorn, Hawthorn, “
C. H. Hill, Maitland, “
J. E. Bowen, Laughman, “
Margan Bass, Kissimmee, “
B. C. Lanier, Leesburg, “
John Hunter, Winter Park, “
H. Shipman, Haskell, deer, bear, turkeys, quails, ducks and salt-water fishing.
Robert James, Emporia, ditto
Alex. Brown, Martin, “
W. J. McCullough, Boardman, “
Frank Smith, St. James City “
Jinks McCreary, Higly, “
Baldwin Cassady, Lisbon, “
W. H. Howell, Centre Hill, “
Ed. Brown, Dunedin, “
G. B. Lawson, Lake Maitland, “
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Will Montgomery, Arcadia, “
T. E. Fielder, Calvinia, “
W. F. Hays, Webster, “
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NORTH CAROLINA.

Fenner S. Jarvis, Haslin P. O., deer, bear, turkeys and quails.
Robert Waterfield, Knotts Island, ditto
Jas. Tooly, Belleport, “
W. C. Halsted, Currituck C. H., deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
Fred. Latham, Haslin, ditto

VIRGINIA.

M. Corbel, Virginia Beach, geese, brant, ducks, shore birds, quails, salt-water fishing.
Captain R. E. Miles, Machipongo, ditto
C. A. Spencer, Buckingham, “
M. A. Barner, Clarksville, “

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

The Davenport single shot gun you sent me as premium for 15 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION arrived safe. Few words are best. It is a little beauty, and a close, hard shooting gun. I patterned it to-day at 35, 40 and 45 yards, and could have killed a red squirrel 9 times out of 10. Shall continue to work for RECREATION, the best sportsmen's magazine on earth, and shall get up another club.

W. S. Mead, Woodstock, N. Y.

The Bo-Peep B. camera, for 15 subscriptions, arrived O. K. To say I am pleased with the camera and with your courteous treatment of me is putting it mildly. The camera does perfect work and speaks well for the manufacturers and for your way of doing business. I had no trouble whatever in getting the 15 subscriptions.

Edw. G. Weber, Millville, N. J.

My premium automatic reel is a star and I couldn't do without it. At first it was a little awkward but now it beats the earth. Wouldn't take $50 for it and do without it. I send you a thousand thanks for furnishing so fine a premium. Shall corral some more subscribers for the cheapest and best magazine I know of.

H. H. Garr, Columbia Falls, Mont.

The premium gold watch came to hand promptly and the recipient is delighted with it. I do not see how you can afford such prizes. It is not work to take subscriptions to RECREATION but pleasure, for who are more talkative than sportsmen over their favorite, be it dog, gun or paper.

Jno. Boyd, Toronto, Ont.

Have just been to Grand Lake on my annual fishing trip. Had a good time, caught our legal number of fish and returned well pleased with our trip. I used the steel rod altogether and caught some big fish with it. Take pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

J. M. Kerr, Milltown, N. B.

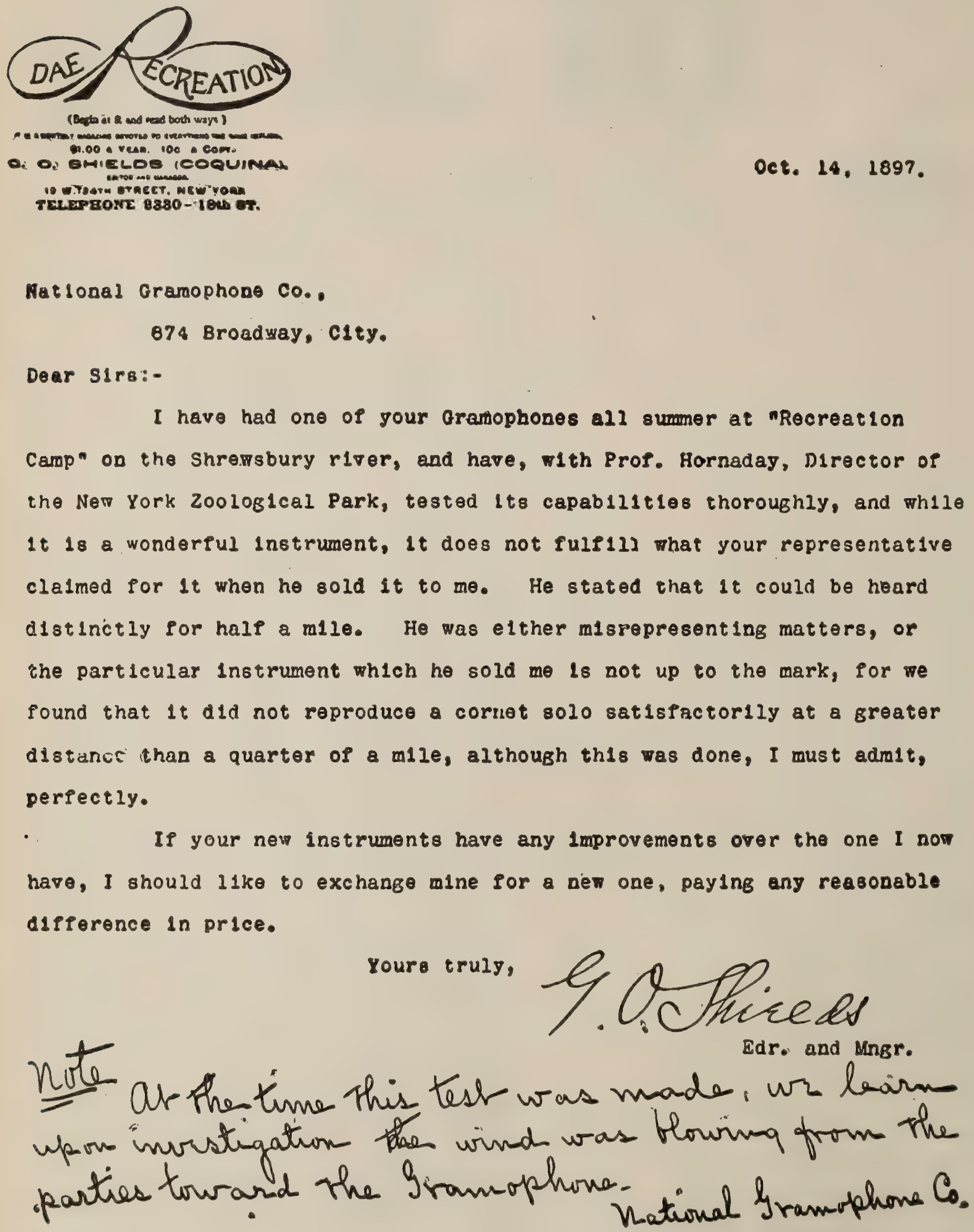
I feel grateful to you for sending me such a beautiful little gun. It is not only a beauty in looks but in shooting qualities, as it has already bagged 11 squirrels, 7 partridges and 2 rabbits. The Syracuse people took great pains to have it please me. Mrs. H. L. Darling, Guilford, N. Y.

The Manhattan camera which you sent me for 12 subscriptions to RECREATION was received in due time and I thank you heartily for it. It is a fine instrument and worth much more than the time spent in getting the subscriptions.

Claude Middaugh, Harrisburg, Pa.

Received the Bristol steel rod O. K. and am well pleased with it. Everyone thinks it beautiful. Everyone here who is a subscriber to RECREATION thinks it the best sportsmen's magazine published. K. G. Ferrall, Columbiana, O.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.



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TELEPHONE 8330 - 18th ST.

Oct. 14, 1897.

National Gramophone Co.,
874 Broadway, City.

Dear Sirs:-

I have had one of your Gramophones all summer at "Recreation Camp" on the Shrewsbury river, and have, with Prof. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, tested its capabilities thoroughly, and while it is a wonderful instrument, it does not fulfill what your representative claimed for it when he sold it to me. He stated that it could be heard distinctly for half a mile. He was either misrepresenting matters, or the particular instrument which he sold me is not up to the mark, for we found that it did not reproduce a cornet solo satisfactorily at a greater distance than a quarter of a mile, although this was done, I must admit, perfectly.

If your new instruments have any improvements over the one I now have, I should like to exchange mine for a new one, paying any reasonable difference in price.

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields
Edr. and Mngr.

Note At the time this test was made, we learn upon investigation the wind was blowing from the parties toward the Gramophone.
National Gramophone Co.

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

I received the Davenport rifle, and am delighted with it. All of my subscribers are much pleased with Recreation. I shot at a target as big as a dollar, 100 feet away, and hit it 2 out of 3 times. Am only 13 years old but love outdoor sport, especially hunting. I have a shot gun and two rifles. Am going to try for a Marlin repeater.
E. P. Smith, Richmond, Ky.

Am well satisfied with the Forehand gun you sent me. Have done some remarkable shooting with it on wild geese and partridges. My gun not only looks well but is a hard shooter. All the subscribers are highly pleased with Recreation, and several have told me they will subscribe next year also. A. T. Baker, 67 Frank st., Lowell, Mass.

The 40 subscribers I got you are delighted with Recreation and greatly admire the premium you so kindly gave me for so little trouble. The 30-30 Marlin with Lyman sights is a fine, all-around gun, and Recreation is a great, all-around slugger against the game hogs.
Geo. E. Kezer, Newburyport, Mass.

The gun ordered by you of the Ithaca Gun Co., as a premium for my daughter, came to hand in good condition. I am puzzled to see how you can give such valuable premiums, but I see you do. It is a beautiful little firearm and I am sure a good one. Accept thanks.
F. Cauthorn, Portland, Or.

Accept my thanks for the Premo B. camera which you sent me as premium. Out of 5 pictures I have taken I have 4 good ones and one fair. This camera is well worth 20 subscriptions to any one wanting a first-class instrument.
Ben Lichty, Waterloo, Ia.

I found the steel rod satisfactory and endorse it for all-around use. It is good for bass, trout and frogs, with bait or flies; and while it may not be just the thing to pole a boat with, it is good for everything else. My compliments to the makers. A. F. Rice, Passaic, N. J.

I received the Davenport rifle for 10 subscriptions and am much obliged. To say it pleases me is putting it mildly. I don't see how you can possibly give such premiums in return for subscriptions.
H. Brackinridge, Philadelphia, Pa.

I received my Syracuse gun O. K. and it is just what I ordered. Am greatly pleased with it. I tried it yesterday and find it the best gun I ever put to my shoulder. It shoots strong and makes a good pattern.
Wm. J. West, Haverhill, Mass.

The Davenport rifle you sent me as premium for 10 subscriptions to your bright and interesting book has arrived safe and is duly appreciated. I think it a beauty and shall try for other premiums. H. C. Hill, Haverhill, Mass.

Accept my thanks for the Syracuse gun which you sent me for 35 subscriptions to Recreation. It is a beautiful little gun, surely more than I looked for, and I am much pleased with it. Geo. J. Kebil, Gettysburg, Pa.

Accept my thanks for the Marlin rifle. It seems more like a present than a premium, for I did so little work to obtain it. It is an elegant rifle and a great credit to the makers.
L. A. Lander, Newburyport, Mass.

I received my Bristol steel rod in good shape and am much pleased with it. I consider it a lucky rod, as my first catch was a 3-lb pike, and the rod worked it to perfection.
J. A. Norris, Carbondale, Pa.

I used the Bristol rods lately and cannot say too much in praise of them. Thank you sincerely for putting me in the way of securing such useful and valuable premiums.
S. B. Kauffman, Lima, O.

I received the Hawk-Eye camera O. K. and thank you sincerely for it. It is an object of admiration among my friends and gives perfect satisfaction.
Wm. H. Beaumont, Little Falls, N. Y.

I see no better way of obtaining a good gun than to leave it to your judgment to select one as premium for a list of subscribers; as everyone obtaining a gun in that way says it is better than he could buy for the same money.
Dr. B. Garret, Oxford, Idaho.

A few days ago I received a Kenwood sleeping bag as premium for subscriptions I sent you. It is elegant and I am sure every sportsman who has the pleasure of using one will say as much. S. E. Overfield, Ft. Scott, Kans.

I received my Baby Wizard camera last Friday and to say I am pleased is mild. I thank you sincerely for your kindness. I expect to continue working for Recreation. It speaks for itself. Wm. W. Weeks, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

The 30-30 Marlin rifle you so kindly sent me for 28 subscriptions was received promptly and I am well pleased with it. Accept my thanks. The Marlin people make a handsome rifle. W. W. Worthen, Mandan, N. Dak.

The Bristol steel rod sent by you for 11 subscriptions is a beauty and I hope to soon get out and catch a trout. Recreation improves every month.
Norman A. Wood, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Received the No. 4 Bull's-Eye camera from the Eastman people last week, and when I think how easy it was to get the subscriptions, I realize the value of the fine premium.
A. P. Simmons, Troy, N. Y.

I received my Premo A. camera Monday morning. Am much pleased with it and so is everyone to whom I have shown it. It was an easy way to get such a fine camera.
W. D. Bowers, Hartford, Conn.

The 30-30 Marlin rifle, which you sent me as premium, arrived safe and to say I am pleased with it but mildly expresses my admiration. Thank you for it and for your prompt attention. Roy O. Yates, Oakland, Calif.

The Hollenbeck gun you sent me for 35 subscriptions is a beauty. It shoots as hard as a gun that costs twice as much, and I thank you sincerely for it.
J. B. Wyman, Chadron, Nebr.

The Yawman and Erbe Automatic reel came yesterday and is a star for looks. Will try it in a day or two and write you of results. Many thanks for your promptness.
H. H. Garr, Columbia Falls, Mont.

Received the Pony Premo Sr. camera as premium for 40 subscriptions to Recreation. It is a beauty and is admired by all to whom I have shown it. Please accept my sincere thanks for it. F. L. Wilcox, Asbury Park, N. J.

I received the Cyclone camera and feel well paid for the subscriptions. Recreation is the best magazine of its kind in America. My subscribers all like it.
George Foulkes, Mansfield, Mass.

I received the No. 4 Bristol steel rod which you sent me for 10 subscribers to Recreation, gave it a fair trial on a few black bass and pickerel, and find it all right. I recommend it highly. J. S. Leonard, Lockport, N. Y.

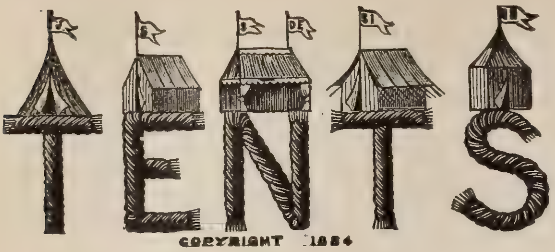
The Bristol steel rod reached me this A.M. and I am much pleased with it. It could not be better; just suits me. Accept my thanks. W. H. Dooley, Indianapolis, Ind.

I received the Premo B. camera all right and have given it a good trial. Am much pleased with it, as I am with Recreation. L. K. Paine, Cumberland Mills, Me.

I tried the Syracuse gun received as premium and it is beautiful. It shoots strong and I am much obliged for it.
H. E. Beutner, Winona, Minn.

Recreation gave me a new Adlake camera and I am much pleased with it; also with the magazine.
H. S. Vogler, Young America, Minn.

I received the Bristol rod for subscriptions recently mailed you. It is a beauty and will no doubt be serviceable.
W. R. Coleman, Massillon, O.



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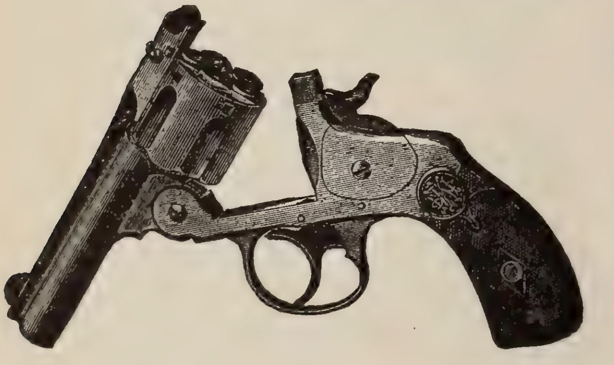

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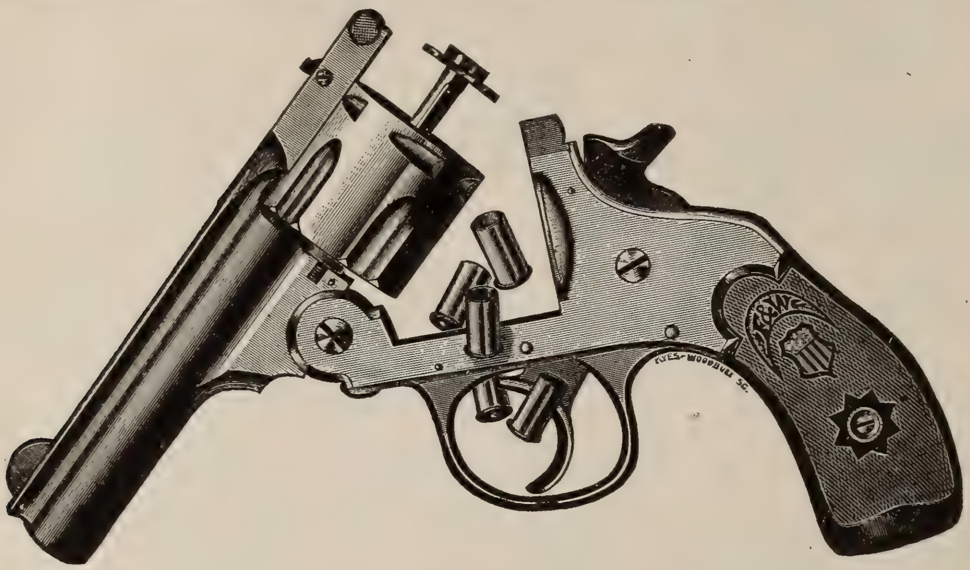

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I was camping on Portage lake, and one afternoon was fishing about a quarter of a mile out, in front of the carry. Having little success, I finally turned around, when I saw, on the surface of the water, a few rods away, what I took to be a muskrat. Thinking of having a little sport, I picked up my paddle to give chase when I discovered that my rat was a fox-squirrel.

I soon got alongside of him. He was pretty tired and was puffing like a little engine. With some assistance from the paddle he was soon on board, and I continued to paddle toward shore. He took the stern of the boat, and as we neared shore he began to crawl along the edge of the boat; I could easily have touched him. As the boat was about to touch the bank, the little fellow jumped ashore.

The lake here is fully ¾ of a mile across, but from the direction he was swimming when I saw him he had probably swam much farther.

I have seen 2 other fox squirrels swimming across lakes, in this way, but this is the first one I have ever been able to assist.

C. W. Hill, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Your action in taking the little fellow aboard and then allowing him to continue on his journey is highly commendable. The average man, or boy, would have murdered him.—EDITOR.

I would like you to state, in your next issue, which is the best revolver to be carried on hunting trips. We are going to North Canada, and then to South America. Our idea is a 44—with blued barrels.

The rifles we are taking are Winchesters 32-40 and 50-100. If you can recommend anything superior to these, shall be glad to get your views; as you are a thorough judge.

F. H. Best, Milwaukee, Wis.

If you take any revolver try a 32 Marlin. It is just as good as the one you mention, and much lighter, yet will do any work you are likely ever to have for a revolver. Besides, the people who make it have sense enough to advertise in RECREATION, which is more than can be said of the other concern.—EDITOR.

I send you herewith P. O. order for $1, for which please send the "best on earth" to J. B. Monroe, Kipp, Mont. If any readers of RECREATION require a guide none better can be found in the state than Jack Monroe. He is courteous, and a gentleman; understands the habits of all the game found in this part of the country, and is the best hunter and killer of mountain lions I know of.

H. H. Garr, Columbia Falls, Mont.

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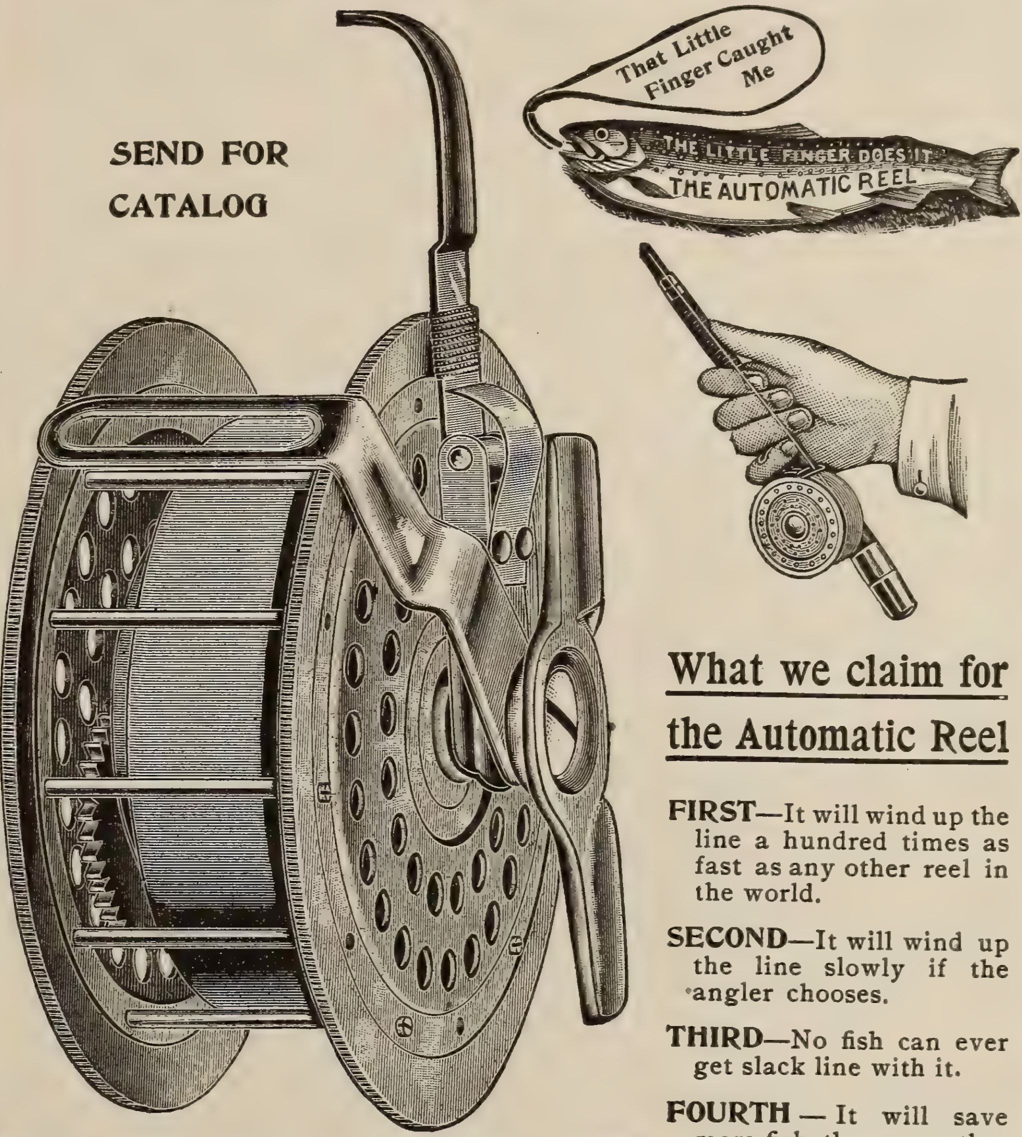
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The learned writer, scientist, and sportsman, Col. W. D. Pickett, better known as "P.," says of this book: "The true lover of nature who delights to occasionally escape from the annoyances and worriments inseparable from so-called civilized life, and to wander amid scenes that tell only of the infinite power, the beneficence, and the grandeur of the Great Ruler; who delights to worship in the grandest of all His temples—the mountains; who realizes and feels His presence on every mountain peak, in every dark canyon, in every rushing wind, in every gentle zephyr, and who, amid such scenes, above all realizes his own weakness and littleness; he it is who will take pleasure in following the author amid some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery on this continent. If, added to this, the reader should be imbued with some of the tastes and sympathies of the sportsman, additional zest will be given in the pleasant, graphic, and truthful descriptions of fishing and hunting incidents. The young sportsman who is desirous of hunting large game, will find here many indispensable hints as to their habits and the best methods of pursuing them. This book will meet with universal favor."

Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, author of "The Still Hunter," and other popular books, says: "It is one of the most entertaining books on field sports yet published. Mr. Shields always has something to say, and says it in a way that makes one see it. He is never dull, and there is an air of truth about his work that fully satisfies the reader."

Mr. Orin Belknap, known and loved of all sportsmen by his familiar pseudonym "Uncle Fuller," says: "The author of this work has placed the sportsmen of America under lasting obligations by his pleasing descriptions of his adventures in the wilds of these little-known mountains. Any writer who calls the attention of American sportsmen to the wonderful opportunities for legitimate sport—worth a trip across the continent, or a life-time of the tame enjoyment of Eastern sportsmanship—hidden away in the mysterious gorges of the Cascade range, deserves the thanks of each and all who ever shouldered gun or rod. May this book prompt others of America's adventurous lovers of the wilderness to more thorough search for the hidden wonders of these mighty hills."

"Boone," the writer of so many charming reminiscences of days among the hills, says of this book: "To the reader whose calling in life, or whose personal limitations shut him off from the privileges enjoyed by Mr. Shields, there is given in these pages descriptions of scenery so vivid as to enable him to realize the grandeur in nature of the land that gives us birth. There are given him descriptions and traits of animals, in their wild state and in their native haunts, that he may never see save in collections. Let me commend it to all into whose hands this book may come—and they ought to be many—to give it a *careful*, not a cursory reading. On second, and attentive reading, I was really struck by the accuracy of the author's descriptions of the bison, elk, antelope, grizzly bear, and mountain goat; and the delineations from his camera make the whole work graphic indeed."

"Sillalicum," another well-known and popular contributor to the sportsmen's journals, has this to say: "Mr. Shields evidently saw everything that could interest the sportsman, farmer, lumberman, or tourist; and has described the country and its objects of interest in an effective and truthful way, with the eloquence of the artist, and the enthusiasm of the sportsman. No book ever published on Western sports is so delightfully written. A perusal of its pages places the reader among the scenes described, and he imagines himself looking at the rushing schools of salmon; he hears the murmuring of the mountain stream; the whispering of the alpine zephyr; and can almost catch the gleam of the mountain lake as it washes the foot of the cragged peak on which roams the white goat."

Says W. B. Leffingwell, the gifted author of "Wild Fowl Shooting," and of "Shooting on Upland, Field, and Marsh": "I have rarely encountered, anywhere, such vivid descriptions of life in the mountains, as are found in 'Cruisings in the Cascades.' My blood tingles as I follow the author, through these pages, in his encounters with the noble game he found in the great hills; and I long to lay aside the cares of business and seek those mighty fastnesses wherein he had such grand sport."

"Men who enjoy jaunts into the woods, in search of big game, will find this book extremely interesting."—*New York Herald.*

"'Cruisings in the Cascades' is by far the best thing Coquina has ever written."
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"It is a handsomely printed and finely illustrated volume, made up of spirited sketches of travels, explorations, hunting, and fishing. It is charmingly interesting. The author mingles solid facts of great value with accounts of his wild adventures, and tells the story in an offhand style that banishes sleep from tired eyes."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"Mr. Shields handles a much diversified group of subjects with a master hand, and adheres throughout to a singularly pleasant and original way of expressing himself. His chapter on 'Trouting in the Rocky Mountains' is as delicious a bit of word-painting as we have ever met with."—*Sports Afield.*

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"The pages are breezy and the illustrations numerous and attractive, the camera having been freely used by the author in his travels."—*The Bookbuyer.*

"Mr. Shields touches on numerous subjects. Nothing seems to escape his keen eye, and whatever he describes becomes vivid to the mind of the reader, full of interest and clearly defined. His pen-pictures of hunting adventures, boating, and the sports of the ranch, tingle with the warm glow of quickened pulse-beats and rapidly coursing blood."
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"The author's style of writing would make even a dull subject enjoyable, but with such a theme—his own extended and rich experience—we have a book whose wide circulation seems assured. There are enchanting sketches of scenery, pleasing stories of mountain climbing, of hunting and fishing; excellent estimates and delineations of Indian character, drawn from personal contact; a fine description of salmon and their habits, and such accounts of bear, elk, deer, and goat hunting as to make the blood of the hunter tingle in every vein."—*Public Opinion.*

"Mr. Shields is not only a hunter, but an angler, and an amateur photographer, and on his excursions in the mountains has made good use of his opportunities. As a narrative of adventure the book is entertaining, and as a record of sport it will delight many readers."—*The Literary World.*

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"It is by all odds the most fascinating book on big game hunting ever published."
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I am in receipt of the Syracuse hammerless shot-gun you sent me, for the subscriptions to Recreation. It is a handsome gun and I am more than pleased with the result of my work. F. E. Parsons, Danbury, Conn.

The Yawman & Erbe automatic reel is an excellent thing, and hereafter I shall not be without one. I fully recognize and appreciate your generosity in giving premiums. R. Frank Schaffner, Harrisburg, Pa.

I received the Forehand gun, and it is a beauty. It is just as I expected. All the subscribers are well pleased with the gun, I got, as also with the magazine.
Ben. T. Foulke, Scranton, Pa.

I received the Cyclone camera, which you sent for 7 subscriptions, and am very much pleased with it, it being a much better camera than I expected.
W. B. Allen, Jackson, Mich.

The Bristol steel rod you sent me, as a premium for 10 subscriptions to Recreation, has proved satisfactory in every particular. O. W. Scudder, Piqua, Ohio.

Everybody who sees Recreation likes it. How can he help it? H. G. Higbee, Hyde Park, Mass.

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The 30-30 Marlin you ordered for me, as a premium, came on the 17th inst. and is a daisy. Please accept my sincere thanks. C. L. Flower, Greeley, Col.

The Davenport rifle I got for 10 subscribers is a little peach. I have had 5 or 6 chances to sell it.
Sam Roberts, Canaan, Conn.

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Mrs. A. T. Oakes, Savannah, Ga.

I have been taking Recreation 2 years and think it the best publication of its kind in existence.
J. M. Lassiter, Lasker, N. C.

Everyone is satisfied with Recreation and I couldn't do without it. C. S. Glascoe, Pueblo, Col.

Without a doubt Recreation is the best periodical of its kind ever published. B. Crouch, Troy, N. Y.

I wish you success in your publication. It is the best of its kind I ever read. Dr. R. B. Cabell, Miami, Mo.

I take several sportsmen's journals but Recreation is the best of all. E. B. Ellis, Winchendon, Mass.

I would as lief go without my dinner as without Recreation. F. J. McMorrow, Boston, Mass.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal I have seen.
S. R. Cates, M.D., Abilene, Texas.

I am highly pleased with Recreation. It is the best of its kind. A. A. Wright, Austin, Minn.

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I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the Syracuse hammerless gun you sent me, lest fall, for 40 subscriptions to RECREATION, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent 2 weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun.

I could not see but that I killed as often and as far, with my 12 gauge Syracuse, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10 gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. In any event I am satisfied I will never own a better gun, for the money, than the Syracuse. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate priced yet good, close, hard shooting gun.

Harry A. Beaver, Cadillac, Mich.

I received from the Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y., the double-barrelled hammerless breech-loading shot gun, as a premium for a club of subscriptions to RECREATION, and it is a beauty. It is strong, handsome, and shoots splendidly. In fact it is a much finer gun than I expected. I am well pleased; and will speak a good word for the Ithaca to my friends. My subscribers are all well pleased with RECREATION; and all anxious to get the next copies. RECREATION is the best sportsman's journal on earth.

Ed S. Case, Pattonsburg, Mo.

The Kenwood sleeping bag came duly to hand and I am both surprised and delighted. It far exceeds my expectations. How you can give such an elegant prize, for so few subscriptions, I am at a loss to understand. You have dealt honorably with me indeed, and I thank you sincerely.

E. K. Lent, Otsego, Mich.

I take several sportsmen's magazines, but RECREATION leads them all, and I look forward to its arrival each month with great pleasure.

While on our annual hunt, in October, Mr. Murray noticed something about deer that we had never seen before, nor can we find any one else who has. He wished to ask RECREATION about it. While returning from an unsuccessful hunt, for elk, he came to an open place in the timber, about 400 yards in diameter, and there, lying in the sage-brush, was a bunch of about 20 fawns, and no large deer anywhere in sight. Neither could he find any traces of any, in the timber, though he had been through it carefully, all around the open place. Have you ever seen so many young deer in a bunch, without any old ones?

W. H. Shearman, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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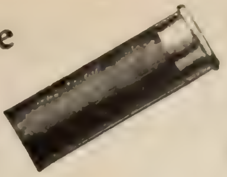

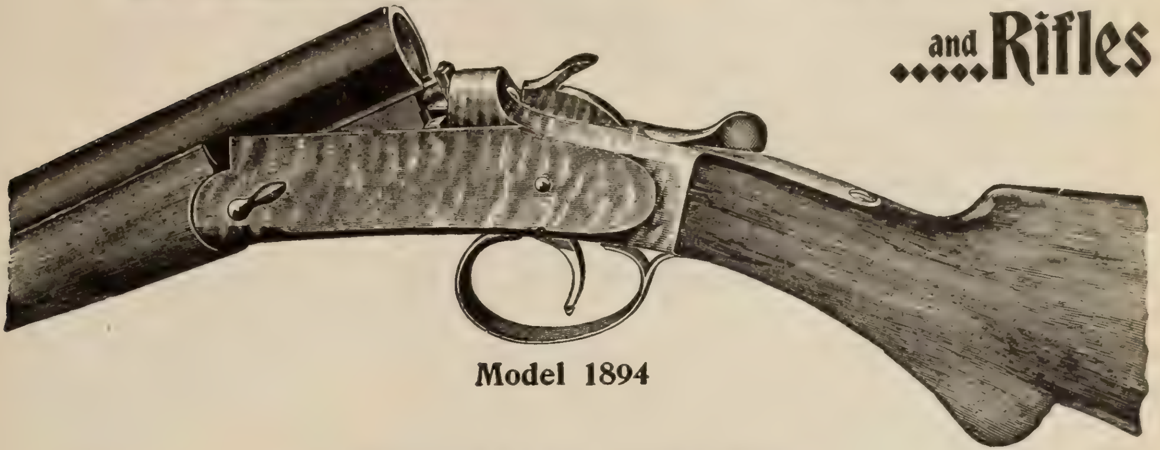

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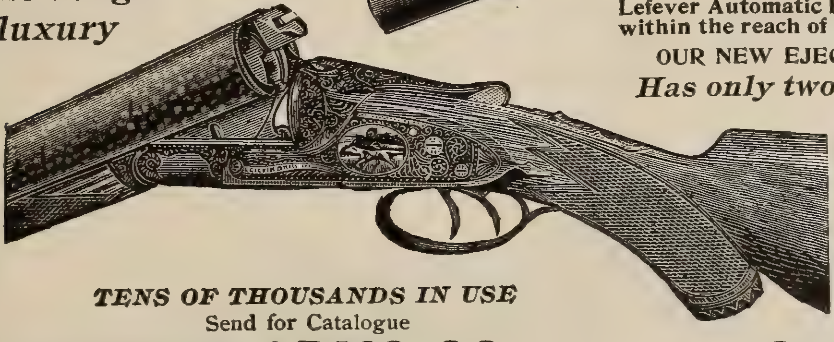

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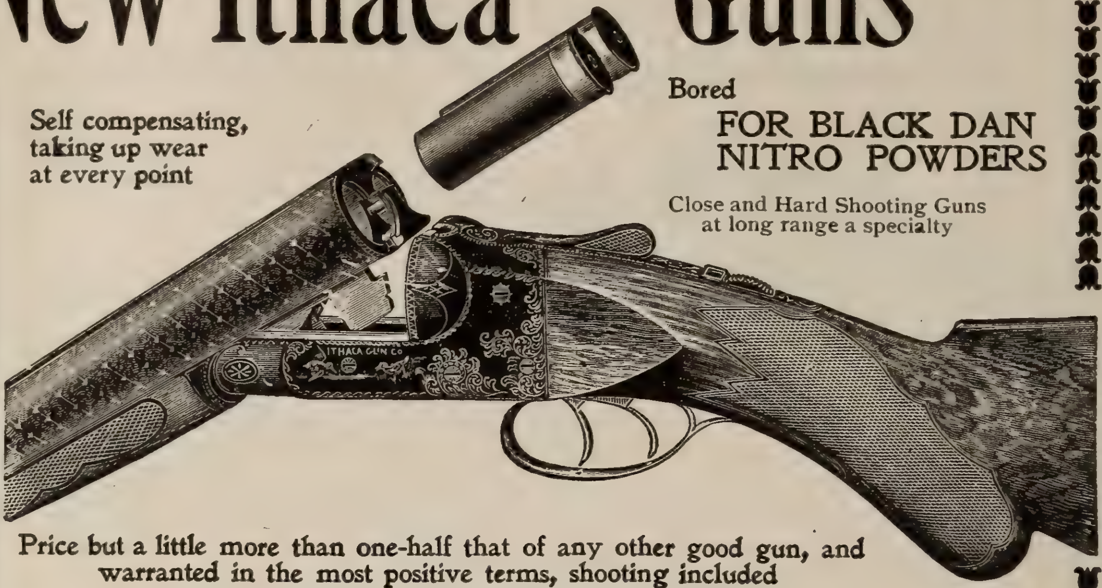

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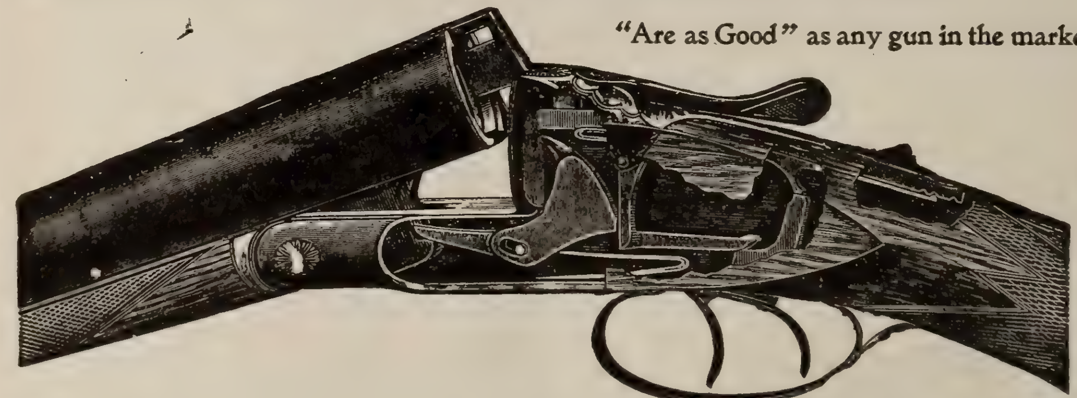

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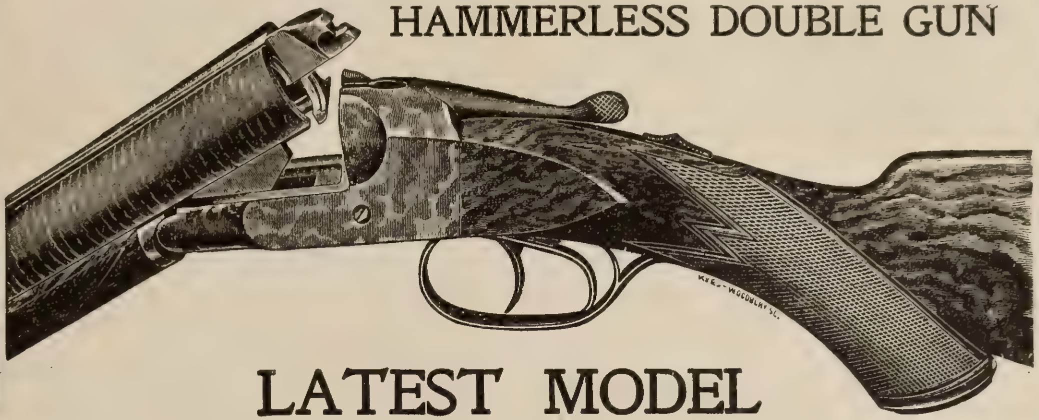

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Am well satisfied with the Forehand gun you sent me. Have done some remarkable shooting with it on wild geese and ruffed grouse. My gun not only looks well but is a hard shooter. All the subscribers are highly pleased with RECREATION, and several have told me they will renew next year.

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The Southern Railway announces the most perfect dining and sleeping car service for all Southern cities and winter resorts for the season of 1897-98. The two Limited trains — the Washington and Southern Limited and United States Fast Mail—are operated daily, every day in the year, giving the most superb service. New York to New Orleans, Aiken, Augusta, Asheville ("the Land of the Sky"), Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Atlanta, Memphis, Chattanooga, and, in fact, any point South or Southwest. Effective January 17th, the "Florida Limited" will be resumed—a most magnificently equipped train built especially by the Pullman Company for this service, and will be operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, library, observation, drawing-room, and compartment sleeping cars. Also attached to this train will be most perfect service New York to Aiken and Augusta; also Brunswick, Ga., and Jekyl Island. For full particulars, call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern passenger agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

Spratts Patent, 239 E. 56th St., New York, has issued its annual calendar, for '98. To people who know this house, no further announcement than this will be necessary. All such would feel satisfied, without being told, that this is a beautiful and valuable piece of work. The calendar contains a lot of information for dog fanciers, poultry fanciers, pigeon fanciers, and others. Much of this is in the form of questions and answers, which have been evolved from the extensive correspondence of Spratts, and covers about every problem that could arise in the handling of dogs, fowls, or pets of any kind.

Spratts have already begun the preparation of their '99 calendar, and they request owners of fine dogs to send in photographs of same, for reproduction in the next year's calendar.

Leadville, Col.

Editor RECREATION: You may be interested in knowing what your magazine has done for itself and your advertisers. Two months ago, the paper was unknown among the 700 men employed here. Now they all know it, and many buy it; while others find it in the reading rooms. The effect on them all seems the same. After reading the book, they become so enthused on the subject of shooting they turn to the advertisements and fall into discussions of the guns and ammunition described therein. The result has been the sale of many guns; and I am glad to say they are all of the makes advertised in RECREATION. Colt's guns were favorites, but they are out of it; because we don't read of them in RECREATION, and that is the only sportsmen's journal taken in this city. People buy what they hear most about, and they certainly become interested in guns from reading RECREATION. It seems to me this makes it a wonderful advertising medium, throughout the West.

R. J. Rowen.

The Winchester repeating shotgun you gave me, for a club of subscriptions to RECREATION, came duly and I have tested it thoroughly, both at the traps and at live game. Am now prepared to say there is not a better, closer shooting, harder hitting gun made.

After having used a double barrelled gun, one of these is somewhat awkward at first; but after this has been overcome the repeater is a joy forever. Many a time the third barrel is the one we need most, in our business.

Once more I wish to express my unqualified approval of the way in which you score the game and fish hogs.

Your magazine is certainly an eye opener to some men of that class, who have been merely thoughtless in their actions. Any such benighted mortals who hereafter attract my attention, and who are short on dollars, will get RECREATION just the same. If they read they will get a liberal education on the preservation of game and fish.

I notice in December RECREATION the names of many sportsmen, with whom I am more or less acquainted, who are in favor of the L. A. S. Put me down in the list, with a vote for RECREATION as the official organ.

H. C. Gardiner, Builder's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.

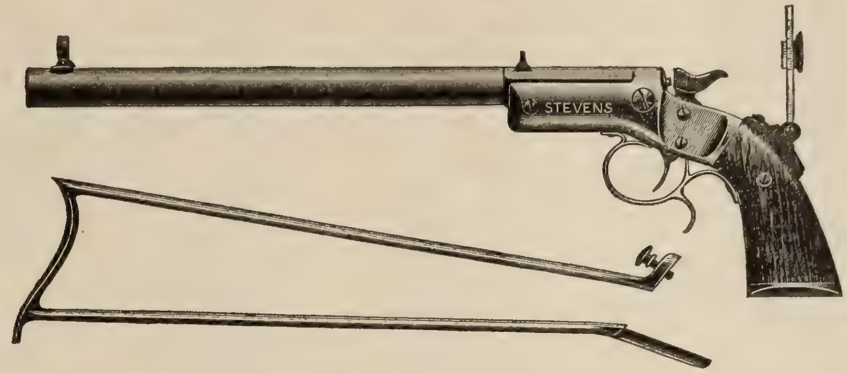
IN A SNOW STORM.

On December 2d Mr. Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, for the third time proved his supremacy over Jim Elliott, of Kansas City, with a score of 97 to 91 birds. Mr. Elliott lost 5 birds out of bounds and had general hard luck. In spite of bad weather Mr. Parmelee made a run of 43, and an unfinished run of 41. The winner used a Remington gun and U. M. C. ammunition.

Wm. W. Hart & Co.'s business has outgrown their former quarters and they have moved to No. 47 East 12th Street, just West of Broadway, and adjoining the old St. George Hotel.

Hon. W. J. Bryan has lately bought a Remington Hammerless Gun, for a proposed shooting trip.

Stevens Bicycle Rifle



Barrel 10, 12, 15 or 18 inches long. Weight, 2½ pounds.
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19 West 24th Street
New York

The Gramophone you gave me, for 25 subscribers, came to-day and I am delighted with it. It is the best instrument of the kind I ever saw. I appreciate your kindness in hurrying it along. When I started out to get the club I had no idea I could get so many, but just thought I would see what I could do; and to my great surprise in less than a week I had the 25. Will try, when away from here, to get others interested in getting up clubs. Again let me thank you for the Gramophone.

H. M. Johnson, Batavia, N. Y.

We have named our summer cottage, on Triangular lake, RECREATION Lodge, and will soon send you a photograph of it.

John Coolbaugh, 30 Horton Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

I appreciate the honor you confer on the magazine, by naming your cottage for it, and have sent a flag bearing the name of your summer home.—EDITOR.

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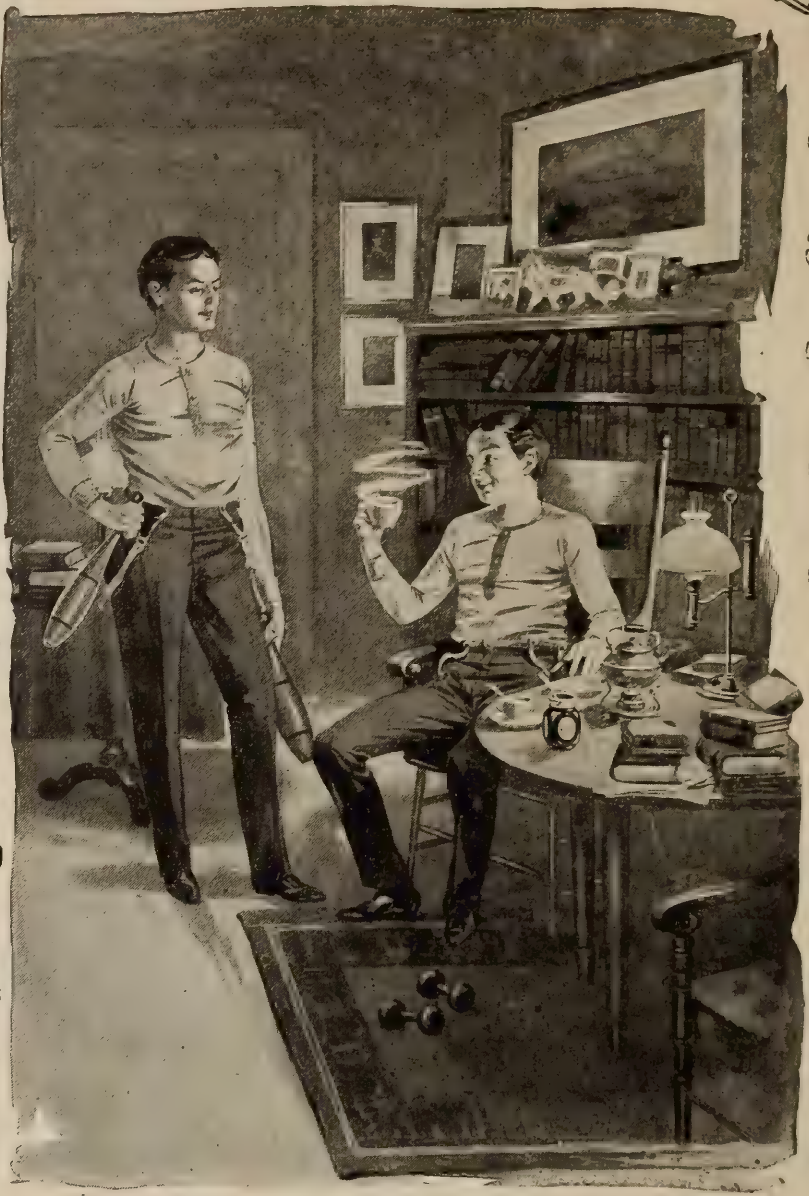

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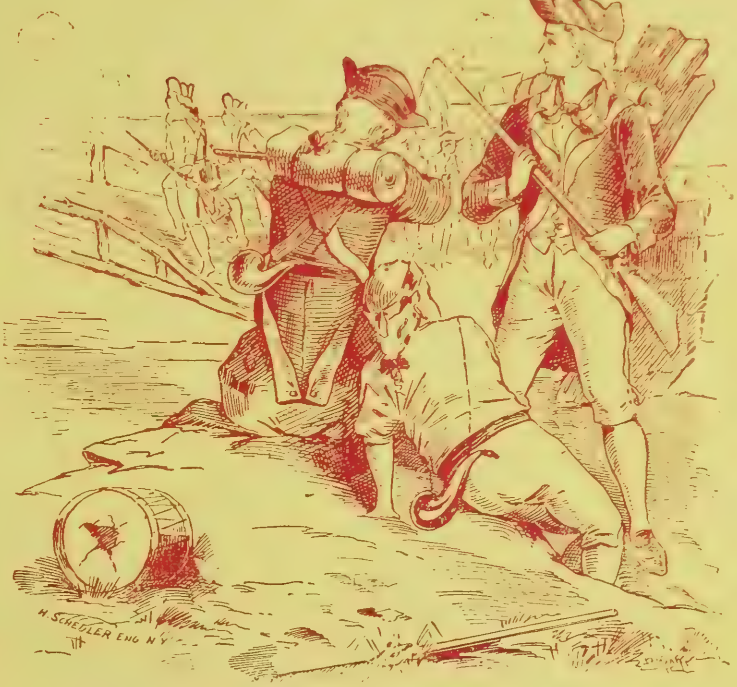
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NUMBER 3

MARCH, 1898

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION

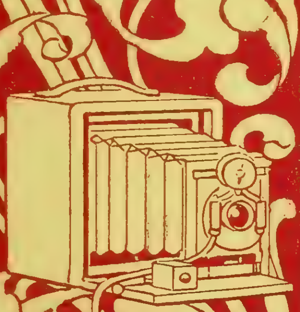

PHOTO FROM LIFE, BY W. E. CARLIN
COOPER'S HAWK—*Accipiter Cooperi*

PUBLISHED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA)
19 WEST 24TH ST. NEW YORK

C.W. TRAVER

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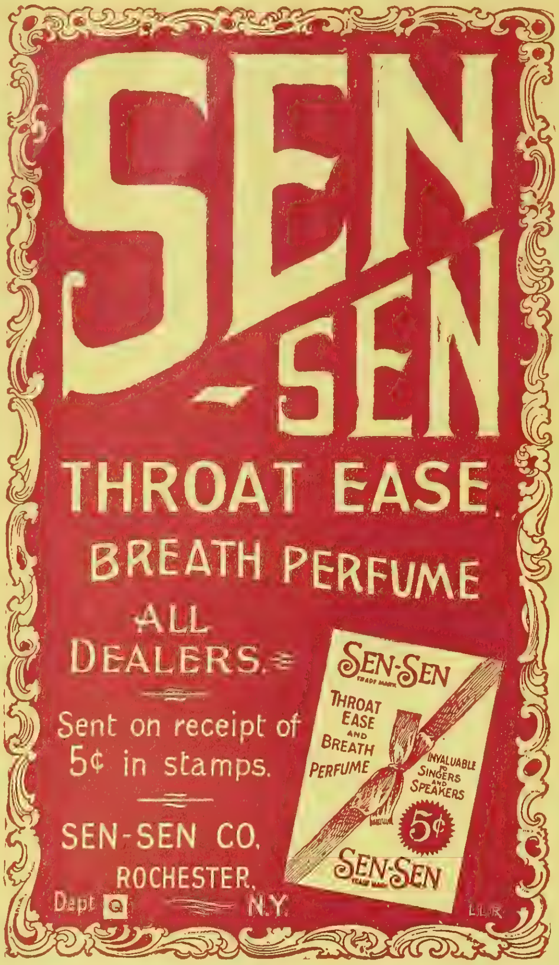

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),
Editor and Manager.

19 WEST 24TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

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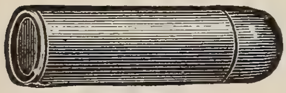

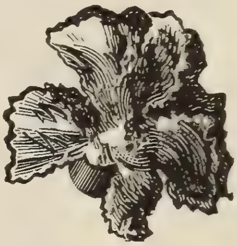

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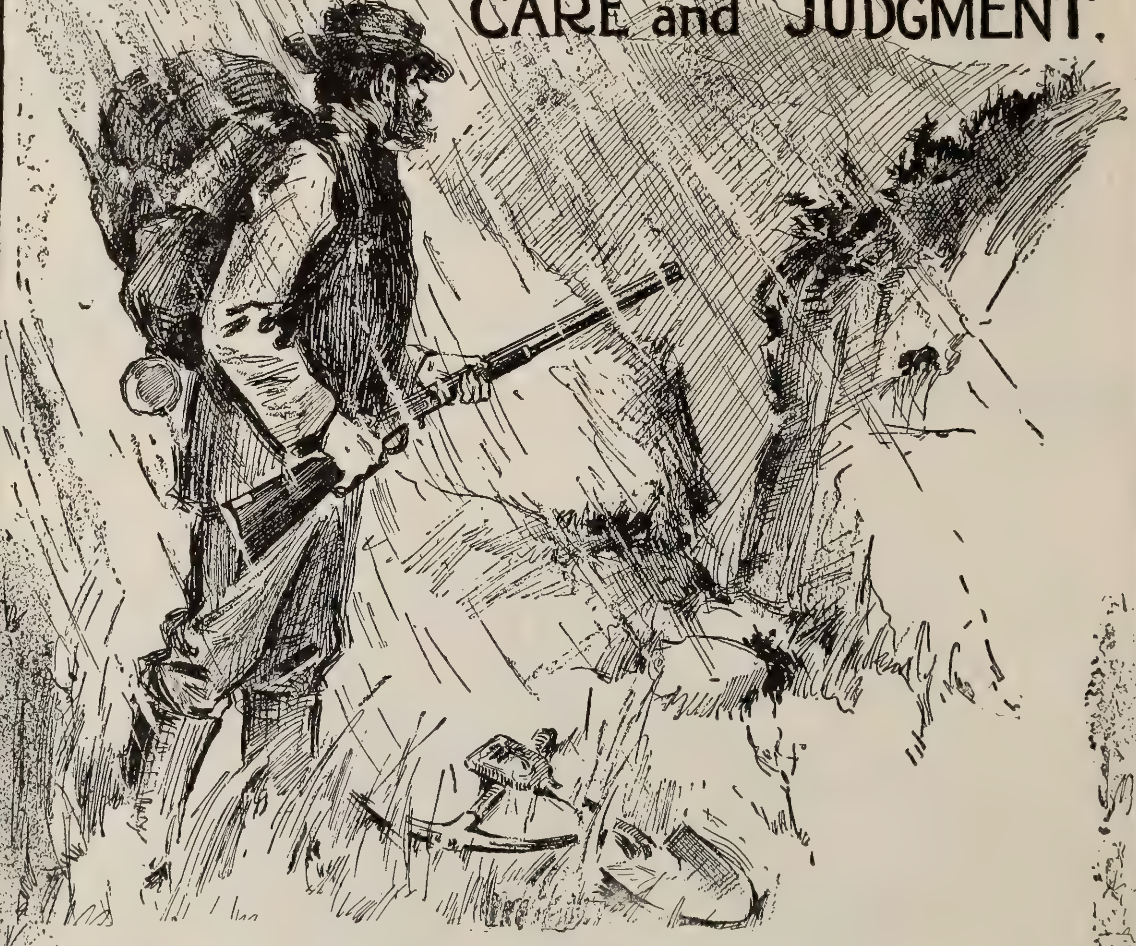
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
OR C. A. HIGGINS,
A.G.P.A., CHICAGO.

ARMS FOR THE KLONDIKE

Where
Wet and Cold
Prevail

must be chosen with
CARE and JUDGMENT.



Consider—if you can keep the wet out of your rifle it will not *rust* nor *freeze*. Only

......Marlin Repeaters......

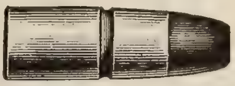
have **Solid Tops**, shedding water like a duck's back. Our 197-*page book* (just out) tells all about them. Up-to-date information about powders, black and smokeless; proper sizes, quantities, how to load; hundreds of bullets, lead, alloyed, jacketed, soft-nosed, mushroom, etc.; trajectories, velocities, penetrations. All calibres, 22 to 45; how to care for arms and 1,000 other things, including many trade secrets never before given to the public. *Free if you will send stamps for postage to*

The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Ct.

Smokeless Powders in Rifles

have come into general use with wonderful rapidity, and many riflemen have tested the popular **30-30 MARLIN**, getting with soft-nosed bullets results like these

30-30-170 Marlin.



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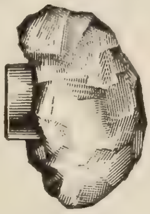
30-30-170 Marlin.



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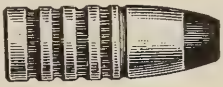
But many men have found smokeless cartridges too expensive and too powerful for all occasions, and want a repeater in which black powder cartridges can ordinarily be used. **THE 32-40 MARLIN** and **THE 38-55 MARLIN** are now made of our "**SPECIAL SMOKELESS STEEL**," so that smokeless powder and jacketed bullets can be used in them when desired. The 32-40 smokeless, soft-nosed, gives results like these

32-40-165 Marlin.



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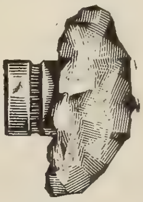
32-40-165 Marlin.



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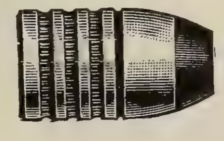
THE OLD GUARD will be interested to know that all **1895 MODEL MARLINS** have our **SPECIAL SMOKELESS STEEL**, so that smokeless powder and jacketed bullets can also be used in **MARLIN REPEATERS** of the following sizes:

38-56 40-65 40-70 40-82 45-70 45-90

The 45-calibres give results like these

45-90-300 Marlin.



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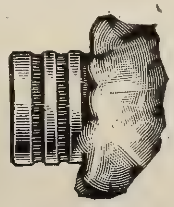
45-90-300 Marlin.



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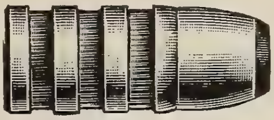
45-70-432 Marlin.



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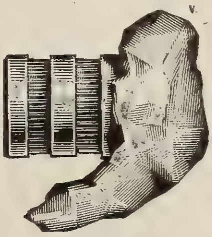
45-70-432 Marlin.



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SEE THAT YOUR BARREL IS STAMPED

"Special Smokeless Steel"

We will mail you our 198-page Sportsman's Guide, giving full details and one thousand other interesting facts which all sportsmen should know, if you will send us stamps to pay postage.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ALFRED PEATS
1898 PRIZE
WALL PAPER

"Best in style and quality. Lowest in price."—N. Y. World, Nov. 10, 1897.

SAMPLES MAILED FREE

upon request. Our papers are all high-class, and cheaper by far than your local dealer's prices. New Floral, Silk, Chintz, Delft, Denim Stripe effects, etc., for parlors and bedrooms, **3c. to 10c.** per roll. Beautiful and high-class Tapestry, Damask, Colonial, Louis XIV., Empire, Byzantine, Moorish, Rococo, Embossed Leather, rich Floral and Satin effects, etc., etc., for parlors, dining-rooms and halls, at **10c., 12½c., 15c., 18c.** and up to **25c.** a roll. Write for samples, for these superior papers can only be bought from us or our agents. One price everywhere, and

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An Agent Wanted in every town to sell on commission from our large sample books, showing hundreds of beautiful patterns. We furnish advertising cards and circulars with agent's name on free, and refer customers to them, who write us for samples. The business pays well from the start, for no local dealer can carry one-tenth the variety of designs and colorings, or sell as cheap. A pleasant and profitable business requiring no capital or experience. Over 8,000 agents are now selling our papers every year.

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NEW YORK
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STOP THE GAME!!! KILL THE UMPIRE?

NO! Simply build a PAGE FENCE around the premises and you've got 'em. No obstruction to the view. Holds Buffalo, Deer, Elk, anything.

Write for Particulars
Mention RECREATION.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

Easy to Take

Dogs do not have any more fondness for medicine than their masters. When it is necessary to treat them for Distemper, Mange, Loss of Appetite, Fevers, and General Debility, it is almost cruel to dose them with nauseating mixtures. Throughout the world there are hundreds of sportsmen and lovers of dogs who always administer

Sergeant's Condition Pills

which are gelatin coated and tasteless. There is no trouble in getting a dog to swallow them.

These Condition Pills are both a tonic and an alterative. They stimulate a lagging appetite and put the digestive organs in perfect working order. A dog whose digestion is good is pretty apt to be healthy all over. His eye will be bright, his limbs supple, his spirits high and his scent keen. He will be worth a dozen languid, tired, ambitionless dogs.

SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS can do no harm. All they do is good. They are sure and certain, and are made from a formula possessed alone by the Polk Miller Drug Co., of Richmond, Va., by whom all of Sergeant's Dog Remedies are manufactured.

Price $1.00 per box, by mail, postpaid.

Worms in Dogs

are quickly destroyed by SERGEANT'S "SURE SHOT." Worms are the cause of more deaths among dogs than all other ailments combined. The timely use of "SURE SHOT" will save the lives of puppies suffering with worms.

Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of price.

For sale by all Druggists and Sporting Goods Dealers everywhere.

Have you seen Polk Miller's new book, "Dogs—Their Ailments—How to Treat Them"? You can have a copy free by simply asking for it!

Manufactured by the

Polk Miller Drug Co., =:= Richmond, Va.

KEEP YOUR GUNS

Clean

Dry AND IN FULL VIEW OF YOURSELF AND FRIENDS

IN A

Recreation

Gun Cabinet

Made of Oak or Cherry

Height, 5 ft. 10 inches.

Width, 2 ft. 6 inches.

Depth, 12 inches.

Good lock on door.

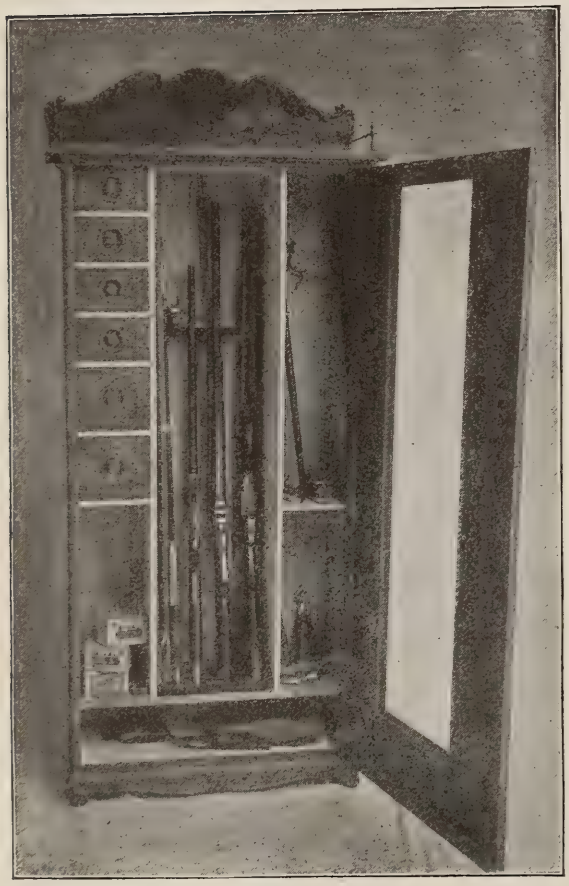
Brass rail on top of case.

Padded rack for 4 guns.

Unsightly duffle in side spaces is hidden from view when door is closed.

Unobstructed view of guns, obtained by use of one door.

Plenty of room for shells, tools, and other Sportsmen's equipments.



RECREATION GUN CABINET.

Made by **G. S. HUDSON & SON**

ELLISBURG, N. Y.

This Cabinet Given as a Premium for 25 New Subscriptions to RECREATION

Fat is Necessary

Fat is a necessary constituent of the body. It is the fuel that is changed, within the body, into Force and Energy.

This is well illustrated by the fact that the more force a tissue displays, so much the more is it supplied with fat. For instance, the muscles have three per cent. of fat, the brain eight, and the ever-active nerves as high as twenty-two per cent.

A certain percentage must be maintained in all the tissues of the body, or there will be suffering and disease.

Yet this fat is very frequently wanting.

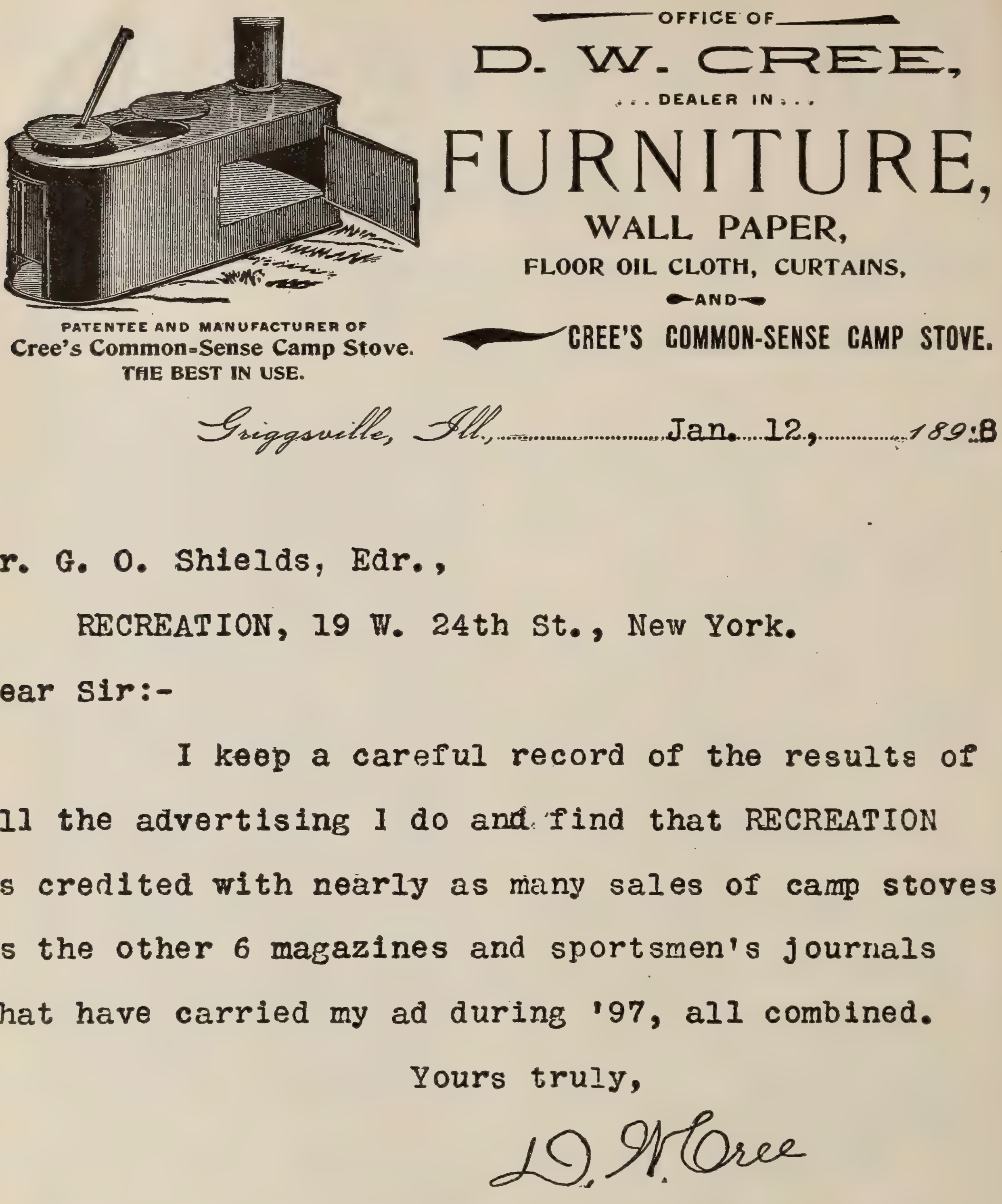
Scott's Emulsion will supply it, however, in the form of cod liver oil. The oil is made into an Emulsion—that is, digested, ready to enter the blood at once.

Once within the body it is very easily burned, oxidized, and a large amount of force and energy set free.

This force appears to us as Muscular Force, Nervous Force and Digestive Force. It means stronger muscles, steadier nerves and better digestion.

To secure these three exceedingly desirable conditions there is no remedy equal to Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil with hypophosphites.

SCOTT & BOWNE, NEW YORK



OFFICE OF
D. W. CREE,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
WALL PAPER,
FLOOR OIL CLOTH, CURTAINS,
AND
CREE'S COMMON-SENSE CAMP STOVE.

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF
Cree's Common-Sense Camp Stove.
THE BEST IN USE.

Griggsville, Ill., Jan. 12, 1898

Mr. G. O. Shields, Edr.,
RECREATION, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

Dear Sir:-

I keep a careful record of the results of all the advertising I do and find that RECREATION is credited with nearly as many sales of camp stoves as the other 6 magazines and sportsmen's journals that have carried my ad during '97, all combined.

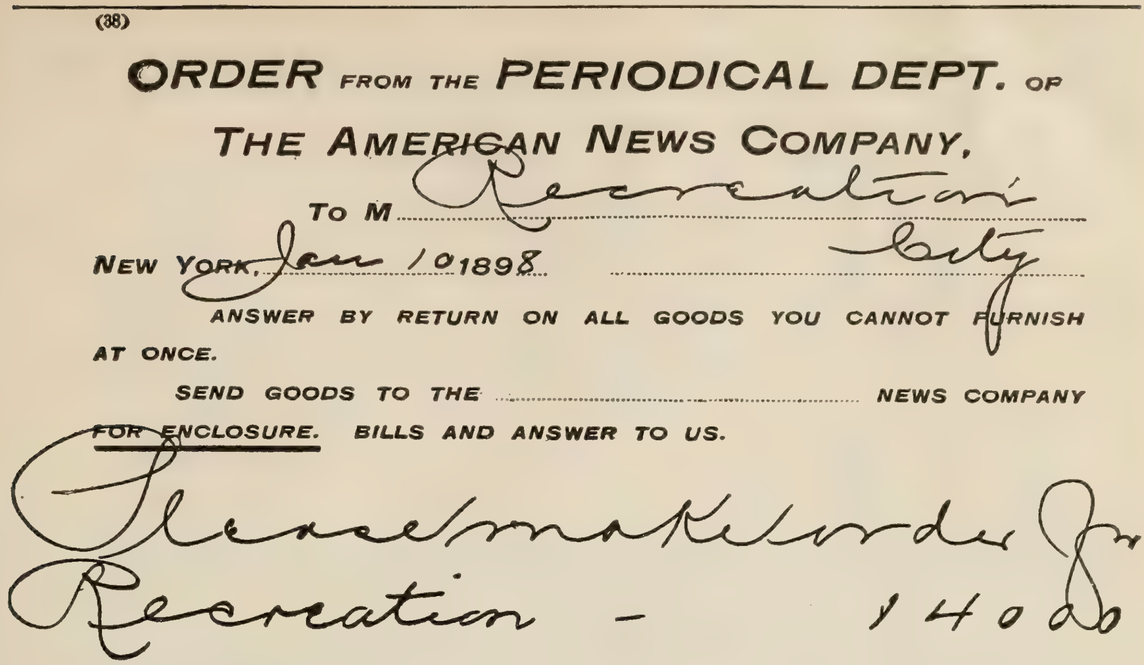
Yours truly,

D. W. Cree

Nearly every man who places an ad. in RECREATION gives a report similar to the above, in effect.

I have other letters in hand, that will be published in future numbers of RECREATION, and that are still stronger than this.

Why not place your ad. where it will bring business?



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ORDER FROM THE PERIODICAL DEPT. OF
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

To M Recreation
New York, Jan 10 1898 City

ANSWER BY RETURN ON ALL GOODS YOU CANNOT FURNISH AT ONCE.

SEND GOODS TO THE .... NEWS COMPANY FOR ENCLOSURE. BILLS AND ANSWER TO US.

Please make the order for
Recreation - 1400 Do

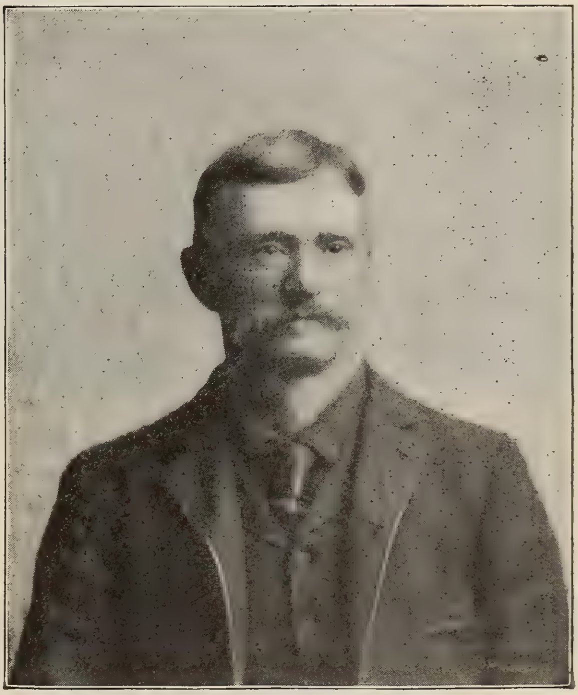
The proof of the pudding is in eating it. It is easy to claim a big circulation, but another thing to prove it. Here is another News Co.'s order. If you will refer to the one published on this page in February RECREATION, you will see that this calls for 600 copies more than that did. The returns of unsold copies are lighter every month than they were in the previous month. Apply to the American News Co., and they will verify this statement for you.

L. L. BALES

Box 439
SEATTLE, WASH.

⁂

OFFERS his services as guide for hunting, exploring and prospecting parties in Alaska and the N. W. Territory. He has lived in that region 8 years, has travelled many thousands of miles through the interior, and is prepared to give accurate and reliable information concerning it.



L. L. BALES
ALASKAN HUNTER AND GUIDE

....REFERENCES....

Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Naval Dept., Washington, D. C.
Will D. Jenkins, Secretary of State, Olympia, Wash.
And the Editor of RECREATION

Correspondence promptly answered

Will return to Alaska in March, '98

THE finest Fishing and Hunting Grounds of the South are located along the lines of the

PLANT SYSTEM

SILVER KING, OR TARPON.

Weight, 150 lbs.; length, 6 feet 6 inches. Caught by HENRY B. PLANT, President Plant System of Railways and Steamships, at Fort Myers, Fla., U. S. A., April 8, 1897. Hooked with 18-ounce rod.

Solid vestibuled train service from the East, in connection with the Pennsylvania R.R. and Atlantic Coast Line. Also fast trains from Savannah and Charleston, in connection with coastwise steamships.

Beautifully illustrated literature upon application. Send for copy "Gun and Rod on the West Coast of Florida."

J. J. FARNSWORTH, Eastern Pass. Agt.
261 Broadway, New York

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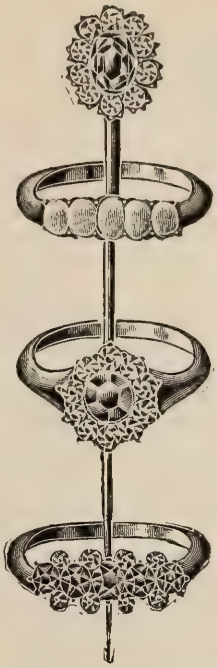
H. B. PLANT, President

B. W. WRENN, Pass. Traffic Manager

Mrs. T. Lynch

1 & 3 UNION SQUARE
CORNER 14th STREET
...NEW YORK...

Diamond Importer and Manufacturer

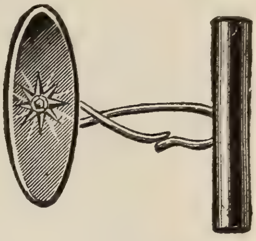


No. 1. Genuine Diamonds and Ruby, Turquoise, or Opal Centre, $5.

No. 2. Five Opals, or Turquoise, $3.

No. 3. Pure White Diamonds and any Stone Centre, $5.

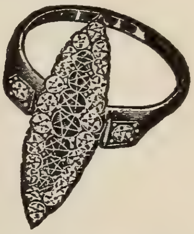
No. 4. $8.



No. 8. Diamond Links, $3.50. Same in Cuff Buttons.

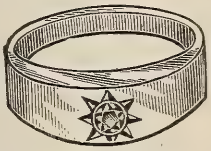
❧

WE import Diamonds in the rough and save 15 per cent. duty. Make our own settings and save 25 per cent. You save 40 per cent. by purchasing of us, as we still have the regular profit.



No. 9. All Diamonds, $15 Diamonds, Ruby Centre, $12. Diamonds, Turquoise, Opal, or Sapphire Centre, $10.

Illustrated Catalogue mailed free, filled with Bargains



No. 383. Single Diamond, $3.

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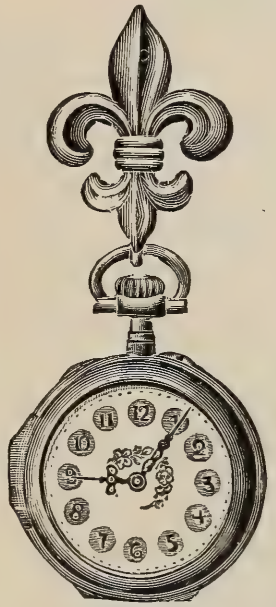
Goods Sent for Inspection.

❧

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

❧

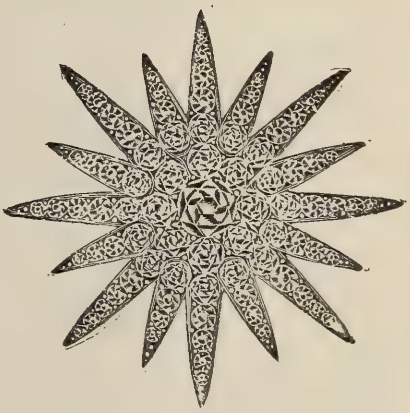
Established 1844



WATCH AND PIN

No. 10. Sterling Silver, $5.
14-Karat Gold, $10.
With Diamonds, $25.

We warrant these Watches Correct Time-keepers, and repair them free of charge five years.



No. 6. Star. Perfectly White Diamonds, $40.

Something New

IN WINTER WEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

* * *

Squires' "Chamois-Buckskin" Suits...

"Chamois-Buckskin" makes the warmest of warm underclothing for every purpose where a combination of lightness and warmth is desired. It has all the good points of the popular Swedish dogskin, with the enormous additional advantages of being as washable as a silk handkerchief, and so strong and serviceable that there is practically no wear out to it.

For duck shooting, camping in cold climates, or for the Klondike, where the cold seems fairly to pierce one's marrow, nothing that we know of can take the place of a "Chamois-Buckskin" suit.

For trap shooting in cold weather, where the arms must be kept free, a "Chamois-Buckskin" shirt over the ordinary woolen undershirt defies the cold, and is the most valuable cold-weather garment any man can have. The shirts are made with turn-over collars.

For the Klondike these "Chamois-Buckskin" suits are simply invaluable. They are worn over the woolen underclothing and next to the furs, and simply prevent the cold from penetrating.

Price of the suit complete,	**$15.00**
Price of shirt,	**9.00**
Price of drawers,	**6.50**

Dogskin Fur Suits...

In making up our Johnson Sleeping Bags, we have had occasion to purchase a very large number of the finest quality, extra heavy dogskins, all of them from dogs killed above the snow line in the Himalaya Mountains. We are making these furs up into suits, for the Klondike trade and for driving, hunting, etc. Three-piece suits (coats, pants and headpiece), all lined with excellent woolen cloth.

Price per suit,	**$35.00**
Two-piece suits (coat with headpiece attached and pants), price per suit,	**32.50**
Coat separate, without headpiece,	**18.50**
Headpiece,	**8.00**

Johnson Sleeping Bags...

These are becoming the recognized thing for the Klondike, and we have sold more of them within the last month than we had any idea we could sell in a year. The reason for their success is because they are strictly sanitary, and no other Sleeping Bag that we know of is.

The No. 1 Bag is lined with Himalaya Dogskin, price,	**$18.00**
The No. 2 Bag is lined with bark-tanned wool sheepskins,	**15.00**
The No. 3 Bag is lined with heavy double army blankets,	**12.00**

* * *

We have a large stock of goods for Klondike outfitting and for sportsmen generally

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON

20 CORTLANDT STREET - - - - NEW YORK

YOU need something to build you up, to insure a Healthy Appetite, and to bring refreshing sleep. Then, why not try

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

It is a Tower of Strength to the Convalescent and a Malt Extract without an equal.

DR. Mary Green, author of "Food Products of the World," says: "For Mothers nursing their Children and for General Debility

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

is of special value, as it combines both Tonic and Nutritive Properties."

PABST MALT EXTRACT
The "Best" Tonic
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF
MALT AND HOPS
PABST MILWAUKEE
MANUFACTURED BY
PABST BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE

PABST PERFECTED BREWING IN AMERICA

Racine Boat Mfg. Co.

RACINE, WIS., U.S.A.
Designers and Builders

STEAM
AND
... SAIL
YACHTS
LAUNCHES
IN
STEEL
AND
WOOD ...

MARINE
ENGINES
AND
BOILERS

❧

ROW BOATS
CANOES
VAPOR
MOTORS

$200 Buys A 20th-Century Electro Vapor Launch that will seat comfortably six persons, carry ten, and speed six miles per hour, at a maximum cost of 1½ cents per hour. No odor, noise, heat or smoke. No government license. Simple and effective, absolutely safe, and guaranteed for one year, or money refunded.

This is no row boat, but a well-designed, sea-going Launch, with steel, water-tight bulkheads.

$250 Buys A modern, up-to-date "Half Rater," designed for racing purposes. Hollow spars, special sails, Tobin bronze fastenings, gun-metal fittings, lignum-vitæ blocks. Finished in quarter-sawed oak, and guaranteed to be equal to any $350 craft turned out.

Steel Launches Built and carried in stock from 25 ft. up. Write us about them, or call and inspect them. We guarantee satisfaction.

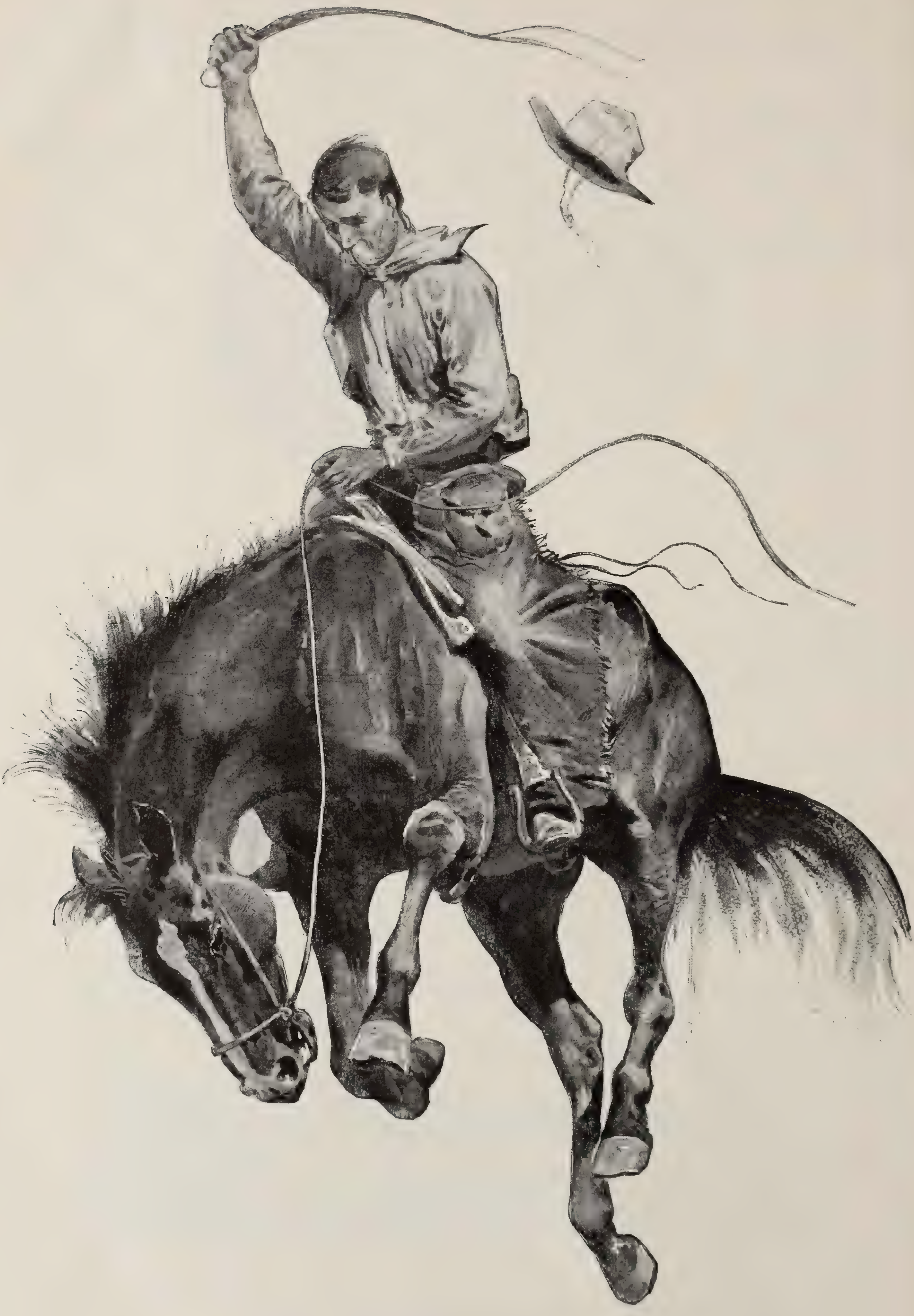
$18 Buys A fine modeled and well-built Canoe, with paddle and seat.
A fine modeled Row Boat. Seats three. Fitted with oars and oarlocks.

We guarantee our work We guarantee our prices We solicit your wants

Send 10 cents for large illustrated catalogue, describing our output, consisting of Sea-going Steam Yachts, Schooners, Cutters, Sloops, Fin Keels, Knockabouts, Raters, Cat Boats, Sails, Fittings, etc. We can save you money and give you results. Address

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Riverside, Racine, Wis.

Chicago Salesroom, 62-64 Wabash Avenue



"A RUNNING BUCKER."

From drawings by Frederic Remington. Published by R. H. Russell.
Copyright by Davis & Sandford.

RECREATION.

Volume VIII. MARCH, 1898. Number 3.

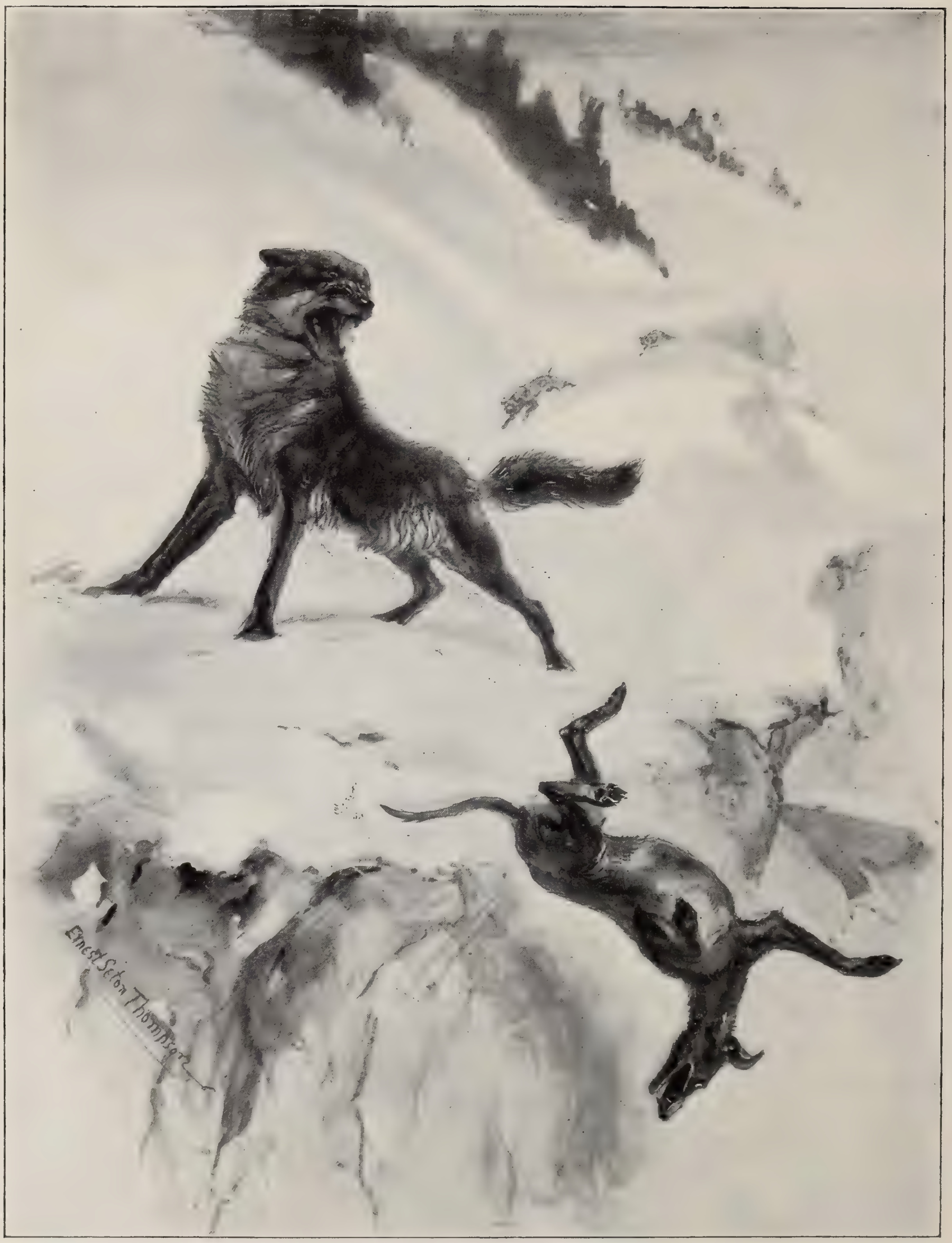
G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THE WOLF THAT GOT AWAY.

LIEUT. E. L. MUNSON, U. S. A.

My horse slipped and floundered his way through the snow banks, which the first storm of the season had drifted into the cross coulees, and over the cut banks of Big Sandy creek. I was watching for sign of a big dog wolf known to haunt that locality, and whose great footprints had often been seen in the muddy cattle crossings, during the summer and autumn. At early dawn the snow ceased falling, and the wind, which had blown furiously throughout the night, subsided. The conditions were perfect for tracking; and an hour's ride in the dim light of early morning brought me close to the usual route of the wolf. I turned in the saddle to watch the shivering pack of greyhounds, staghounds and kangaroo dogs, stringing in single file down the trail. It did not seem possible that any animal, starting within a reasonable distance, could get away from, or stand up against, such a fast and savage lot of fighters. The 9 big powerful hounds, representing the pick of several packs, had all been trained on wolves from puppyhood. Any 2 of them would kill a coyote with ease. Headed by the kangaroo hound Spot, who, all alone, had several times run down and killed coyotes, they looked able to hamstring and throttle the largest wolf, in short order. Besides, I was prepared, with hunting knife and heavy revolver, to take a hand in the game, if it should be necessary.

At the foot of the bluff one of the keen-nosed staghounds loped ahead a few yards, and eagerly snuffed at a long line of depressions in the snow. There they were—tracks as large as the palm of a man's hand, and exactly where I expected they would be found. For the grey wolf has his regular beat, and seldom fails to hunt, nightly, over the same ground. The tracks were fresh. The wolf had evidently discovered the approach of the pack; for his jog-trot along the creek bottom, had suddenly changed to a long lope, as he turned up a shallow coulee toward the prairie beyond. He was evidently not far away; and believing that he was trying to circle back to the rough country to the West, I hurried toward a long ridge several hundred yards distant. This afforded an easy ascent of the otherwise almost precipitous bluffs. I intended to climb the ridge and intercept the wolf. If I succeeded, the dogs, previously held well under control, could be started and the wolf forced to run out on the flat prairie, where he could not delay or divide the pack. Unfortunately for this well laid plan, the eager hounds, aware that a chase was in prospect, broke from restraint. Three ran ahead and to the left; while the remaining 6 beat


Ernest Seton Thompson

"THE NEXT INSTANT THE HOUND WENT WHIRLING DOWN THE STEEP BANK."

up the right slope of the ridge, a short distance in the rear. As my horse climbed the last few feet of the ascent, the wolf came in view, something over 100 yards away. He went loping off in his loose-jointed, shambling way, along the cattle trail which followed the brink of the steep bluffs.

He was an immense old fellow. In his long winter coat he appeared as large as a calf. He seemed to have no possible chance of escape. The ground was excellent for coursing. At so short a distance, the hounds should stop him within a quarter of a mile; and, big as he was, there were dogs enough to tear him to shreds. Jerking the revolver from its holster, I turned to start the pack. At that moment, up bounced a jack rabbit; out of sight of the dogs in front, but almost in the midst of the 6 in the rear. Shouting, I spurred the horse out on the prairie, hoping to draw one or 2 of the dogs with me. They had seen no wolf; and, as the rabbit danced tantalizingly along the slope, they turned on him with eyes and ears for nothing else. After a short dash he was caught and killed.

The remaining 3 dogs were out of sight of the rest of the pack. They rushed over the bank at my shout, and, sighting the wolf, at once gave chase; but, being hindered by snow-drifts, they soon became separated. The wolf neither changed his course nor quickened his pace, apparently disdaining to run from the dogs. As the foremost hound reached him and jumped for a throat hold, the wolf turned and caught the dog by the head. The next instant, the hound went whirling down the steep bank, trying desperately to stop his progress over the snow-drifts that broke his fall. I could not tell whether the hound was tossed over the cliff, or whether he jumped over to escape the fangs of his assailant. At all events, he was completely out of the fight, as direct ascent of the steep bluffs was impossible.

At this moment, the big and savage staghound, Happy Jack, dashed in and attacked the wolf. Twisting around in his loose skin, as only a wolf can, the brute shook off the powerful dog as he might a terrier. Then turning on him, he tore a great piece from the dog's shoulder, and crushed in several of his ribs like pasteboard. The arrival of the 3d dog, diverted the wolf's attention from his yelping victim. Turning, he made off up the creek; the dog cutting at his flanks, and he, at every few yards, charging his tormentor. Finally, a lucky snap gashed the hound across the neck, and he faltered and looked back for assistance. Seeing me riding up as fast as the drifts would permit, he turned again after the wolf, but in trying to make a short cut he jumped in a snowbank which filled up a shallow coulee. Floundering out he slowly trotted back to me. At this moment the main pack, having finished the rabbit, came in sight over the Eastern bank, half a mile away, just as the third dog scrambled up to the prairie near me. Turning to the Westward, I saw a gaunt, grey shape lope to the mouth of a rough coulee, a quarter of a mile distant. It stopped, looked back, then disappeared in the brush, where I knew it would be useless to follow.

ON EDUCATING THE HORSE.

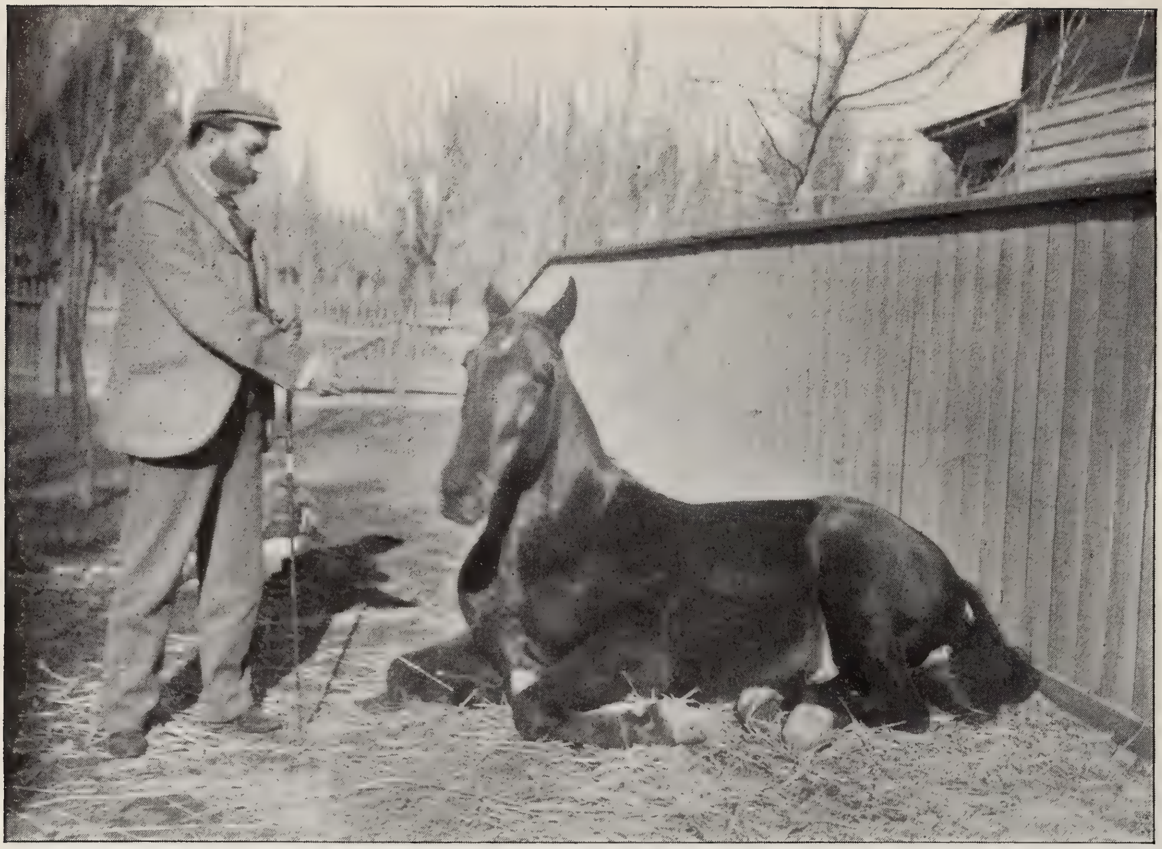
DR. J. C. HENNESSY.

Many people may know more of the horse, in general, than I do; but I have yet to meet any one who has more love for horses than I have. I am especially interested in the training and educating of horses that have been spoiled or made to balk; and in teaching horses to perform. I have a horse that was sold me 3 years ago because the owner was afraid of him. This animal had run away and had demolished several rigs. I have since raced him 3 times and have won each time, giving him a record close to 2.20. Notwithstanding his reputation, I paid $150 for him. After driving him one month I could start him trotting, throw the lines out of the buggy, snap the whip, and he would stand still. One day when I was driving him the axle of a wheel broke and he absolutely refused to run away. This was simply because I was kind to him and understood his disposition. He was a high-strung animal and could never be whipped into doing anything. I am always kind but firm, and when he is within hearing distance he will obey me. If your horse balks it is your fault and not that of the animal. There are more balky drivers than balky horses. When horses balk whipping will not make them go. They have been cut to pieces, fires have been built under them, ropes tied to their tongue and that member pulled out by the roots, but they have never moved. All of this is inhuman and places the perpetrator beneath the brute. A horse balks because he is abused; because the harness hurts him; perhaps because the whipple tree strikes his hocks every time he attempts to move, or for some other good reason. He gets stubborn and nothing can move him unless you distract his thoughts. Have him forget his anger and he will be all right. There are many ways of doing this. People have been known to pour shot in the animal's ear, or whirl him around by catching hold of the bridle and tail; but this is entirely unnecessary and inhuman. The best way, and one that has never failed me, is to advance cheerfully toward the animal, pat him, speak kindly to him, take hold of the bit, raise his head and blow gently in his nostrils. As soon as he throws his ears forward in astonishment, start him and he will go. This will

WHEN I TELL PRINCE TO KISS ME.

KNEELING.

SITTING DOWN.



TAKING LIFE EASY.

save many a hunter hours of torture and unpleasantness, in the mountains, if he happens to have trouble with his horse.

The first and easiest trick to teach a horse is to say "no." Stand on the left side and with a tack prick him gently on the withers. He will shake his head. Ask him a question, at the same instant you prick him, and after a while he will get so used to the inflection of your voice that he will shake his head every time you ask, without the use of the tack. To teach him to say "yes" prick him on the breast. Be gentle, so he will not get in the habit of snapping at you. For instance, ask him if he likes politics and he will shake his head "no." Ask him if he reads RECREATION, and he will nod his head "yes." Next, teach him to lie down. Some teach this trick by the aid of ropes. The easiest way is to take the horse out of the stall, or, better, after a drive, just after unhitching, while he is sweating, lead him to the corral, and say "Lie down, sir." He will obey, because he wants to roll. After he gets up give him some sugar and pet him. After doing this several times he learns what is wanted of him and finds that by obeying he gets his sugar.

Next you wish him to kneel. This is easy, as he must always kneel to lie down. By holding the rope, you can allow him only to kneel, after which you give him sugar and pet him.

To teach him to sit up it is first necessary to make him lie down. Then say, "Get up, sir." By holding the rope, allow him to get up on the front feet only.

Next you wish him to open a box. Get one with hinges and have the lid extend a little over the box. Allow him to eat out of it several times, being sure to close the lid frequently while he is eating. He will see you throw the lid back and in a short time will do so himself, that he may eat the grain. After this be sure to pet him. In a short time you can send him from a distance to the box and he will open the lid.

To teach him to kiss you is the easiest of all. If he likes candy, as all pets do, place a piece in your mouth and he will reach for it. Say, "Kiss me, sir," and he will attempt to get it. He will become accustomed to the command, after a few times, and will obey the order without the candy.

Next you wish him to stand on a barrel. Lead him to a box, about 5 or 6 inches high, being sure to have it solid so it will not turn. After getting him as close to it as possible raise one hoof and place it on the box, then raise the other and place it by the first, after which give him the usual reward. As he gets used to this trick increase the height of the box until you have it as high as you wish and he will climb up to get the sugar.

Teach him to shake hands by picking up

PRINCE, REX, GLADYS, SHAKESPEARE AND ME.

his hoof and, at the same time, giving the command, " Shake hands, sir."

To teach a horse to tell his age, or the time of day, or to multiply, subtract or add numbers is the hardest of all and requires a great amount of manœuvring on the part of the trainer. Get him impatient and he will begin to paw the ground with his hoof. Pat him every time and he soon learns what you want. The hard part is to make him stop at the right number. Of course there is a key to this and any easy method may be used. I stand close to my horse and nudge him with my elbow, when I want him to stop. For instance, I ask him to multiply 7 x 2 and he paws 14 times. To have him stop I nudge him just after he paws the thirteenth time, and he stops on the fourteenth. Train him to stop, to turn corners, and to turn around in this way. When driving go the same way a number of times, always turning to go home in the same place and being careful to turn slowly. Say, " Whoa " and then, " Turn around, sir." After a little coaxing with the rein he will do this. In a little while he will know what is required of him every time you ask him to turn.

Get him used to your gun by driving him with an open bridle, and, for the first few times, shooting back from the buggy. By proper handling he will, after a time, stop when you level your gun to shoot or, as my horse does, when he sees anything to shoot at.

Teach your horse to play tag by giving some person his sugar and having him run from the horse. The animal will learn to put his ears back, show his teeth and run for the sugar. This should only be taught horses that are perfectly gentle, as it makes them cross. When they find people are afraid of them they always enjoy frightening them.

Many horses are considered of no value because the owner does not know how they should be shod. I shall be pleased to answer any communications from people who wish to know how to shoe horses, how to avoid interfering, forging, or any of the bad habits horses may have. All can be rectified if people only know how.

Remember you can only teach a horse through kindness. As soon as you lose patience he will be spoiled.

SOME DEER, A BEAR AND A MOOSE.

W. H. WRIGHT.

After I became old enough to read hunting stories, my chief ambition was to shoot a deer or a bear; but as I lived in a part of the country that did not produce such game, I had to content myself by reading of the exploits of more fortunate sportsmen.

I lived at home the allotted time, and graduated in everything a Yankee can think of—except book learning. Then I drifted about New England, until, at last, I had an opportunity to go West. Here, I thought, was the chance I had longed for, so many years, to secure some shots at big game.

I packed my trunk, bought a 44-40-200 Winchester rifle, and in May, '83, left Providence, R. I., for Portland, Ore. During the trip I made inquiry as to the hunting, in different parts of the country we were to pass through. After I had summed up all the information obtained, I concluded to stop at Spokane Falls. I learned that at this place one could get good deer hunting, and that good bear hunting could be had in some parts of the surrounding country.

In due time we arrived in Spokane, and after looking the place over—it was not much of a town in those days—I pitched a small tent, which I had brought with me, on the river bank at the foot of the falls. It was not the time of year to hunt, so every day I would take the old 44, and try it at ducks on the river, and at magpies which came to my camp.

When summer had passed and harvest had begun, I could contain myself no longer; so one morning I saddled a cayuse which I had bought and started for the hills, some 20 miles from town. I had been told by an old rancher that deer were quite plenty there, and he thought I would have no trouble in "rounding up one."

I started about 3 a.m., and arrived at the rancher's place a little after sunrise. He directed me up a small stream which flowed from the hills in question. Two miles or more up this stream, I struck deer tracks. They were fresh, as the water that dripped from their feet after they crossed the stream had not yet dried on the leaves.

I had never seen a deer and was determined to have a shot at one. Making sure they had gone up stream, I proceeded to trail them as best I could on the dry ground. For a while I had no trouble, but as I got further into the hills the ground became hard and rocky, and I could no longer follow by trail, but had to go by guess. I have often thought of that trip since, and laughed at the guesses I made then as to which way a deer would be likely to go.

Coming to a fork of the creek, where I could see no signs of the deer, I had to make another guess as to which fork the game was on. I took the left hand branch, as this ran through a small canyon. On the left bank was quite a hill, covered with small brush and scattering trees. I thought the deer would be likely to go that way and perhaps lie down in the underbrush.

So I proceeded carefully up the hill, and about half way up, saw the tracks of a large deer. These tracks I knew were not the ones I had started out on, as they were much larger. I crept along the hill where I thought the deer would most likely be lying, and when there seemed no necessity for caution, I would hurry along to the next place, where I was sure I would jump the deer.

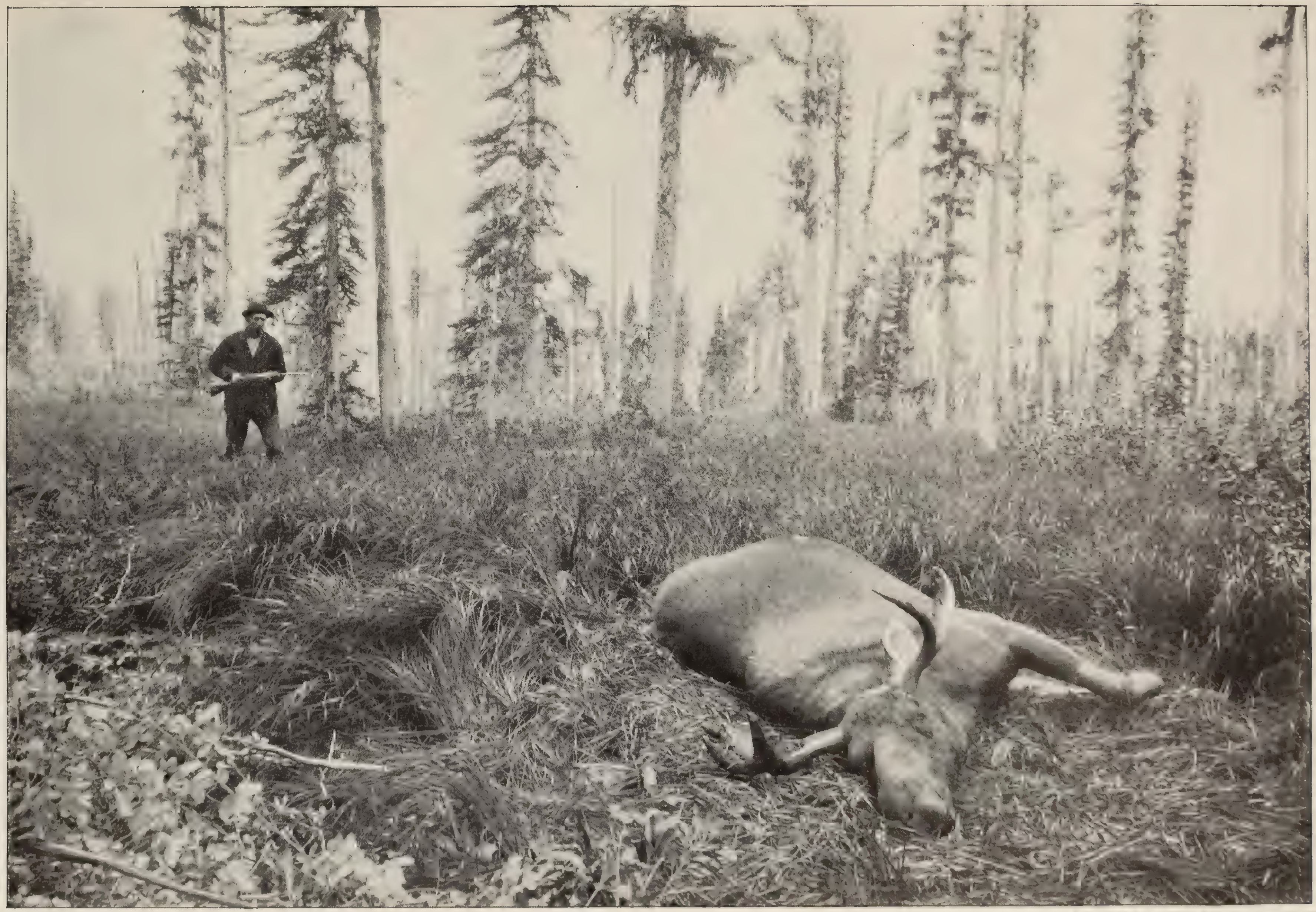
Just as I had made one of these fine sneaks, I came to the top of the first bench on the hill, and before me was a small saddle, covered with brush and small fir trees. This, I took to be a place where a deer would not be fool enough to stop. There was another good location beyond this saddle, where he would be sure to tarry for a while, and I shouldered my gun and went tearing down into the saddle. I had not gone more than 100 yards when I heard something thumping, and looking up, saw a buck charging up the hill.

His head was thrown back, and he was just touching the ground in the high places, with the tips of his toes. He would go into the air stiff legged, clear a bunch of brush and hit the next mound, and so on up the hill. There I stood with open mouth, and with no idea I had a gun, until the deer was about to disappear over the next rise. Then up came the old 44, a shot rang out, and a branch fell to the ground from a pine tree, 20 feet over the deer. This was my first deer hunt.

In the next hunt I was more successful, as I bagged my deer. But for several years I found the difficulty in securing game, lay in not knowing its habits. I would hunt in places where now I would no more think of going than I would think of fishing on dry land.

After I had killed a few deer, I began to think it would be safe to make a trip for bear; and after a little experience I gave up all other game, to hunt bear. But I have never hunted them with a 44 since I ran up against my first grizzly.

Several years of hunting big game taught me that I must give up my old ideas. I had all along tried to make myself believe



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. WRIGHT.

"THE BALL ENTERED BETWEEN HIS NECK AND SHOULDER, AND HE DIED WITHOUT A TREMOR."

the game was a little "off" in seeking out such unlikely spots to lie in during the day.

I studied the habits of the deer at different seasons, and hunted them accordingly. Now, I feel quite disappointed if in a day's tramp from camp, I do not have an opportunity for a shot at whatever kind of game I am looking for.

I have found that hunters who have made the habits of game a study, are the most successful.

To show how a fellow can miss it and think there is no game in the country, I will give you one instance that happened in a party of which I was a member.

We were camped in the Clearwater country, in the Bitter Root mountains. One of the party had never killed a grizzly bear or a moose, and was anxious to kill both.

Years ago, in that locality it was an easy matter to do so; but since the trappers have killed so many large animals to bait bear traps with, it is not so easy to find game.

West of where we were camped was a country that had been swept by fire for 3 or more miles to the West and 15 or 20 miles North and South. About 3 miles West was a divide, and every mile or more toward the North, along this summit, was the head of a small creek which flowed East. Opposite each of these creeks, was one flowing West.

Six or 7 miles Northwest of camp was another divide which ran East and West. The summit was a large marsh or meadow, and at times was quite a resort for grizzly bear and moose.

A few years ago, one would have to try harder to miss game there, than he now would to find it. But since the game has been so hunted for bear bait, it does not use these large open marshes as in former years; but seeks some small marsh at the head of one of the creeks, and will not range out for weeks at a time.

The man who wanted the moose and bear, hunted early and late, but could see nothing but elk and deer, and a few moose tracks.

West of camp, a half mile or more, was a small stream. As often as once a week we would see the tracks of a very large moose, crossing from the head of this creek to some one of the others.

One morning, after hunting this burned ridge and the large marsh to the Northwest, my friend gave up hope of finding game there. He suggested that I make a trip and get some meat for camp. I took my 30-30 Marlin, and struck out for the big marsh to see if I could find a grizzly; not that I cared to kill one, but more to see if there were any working the marsh.

Until I crossed the divide to the West, I saw no signs of game. Before I reached the marsh I stopped at a small spring to drink. I heard something moving below where I sat, and soon an old cow elk came out.

It was such a bad place to pack the meat out from, that I decided to let her pass, and trust to luck to find something in a more accessible place, so I proceeded on my way. On the divide at the head of the marsh is a narrow pine ridge, with a small lake. Just as I reached the East end of the lake, I heard quite a scratching and snuffing, in the small pines on the Western shore.

Keeping behind trees and what cover I could find, I worked my way slowly to within 40 yards of the source of the noise. Looking from behind a tree, I saw an old grizzly turning up rocks in search of ants and grubs. My fingers itched to put one of the little 30's into his hide; but as we had been trying to capture one alive, and had camped for 6 weeks in this place for that purpose, I did not fire. After watching the bear turn over 3 or 4 rocks, I quietly withdrew, and continued down the stream.

For 3 miles I saw nothing except some old tracks of moose and elk. These grew less frequent as I got further down stream. I decided to strike Southeast to camp, which was 7 or 8 miles away.

On the way I had to cross 3 or 4 small streams running to the East.

Near the divide was the head of a small stream which flowed West into the stream I was then on. I had never been at the head of this, but from the divide had looked down on a small marsh. This contained perhaps a ¼ section, and was dotted here and there with small water holes and clumps of trees, and covered with tall grass.

As I had found nothing as yet for camp I decided to pay this marsh a visit, and see what was there. Coming to the top of the ridge, I saw, 150 yards from the lower end of the marsh, a large moose, with a fine set of antlers. At first I thought of shooting him; then I remembered the fellow who had hunted so faithfully, and decided to let him try to find the moose the next day.

Just then, another large moose emerged from a clump of trees, near the first one, and joined him.

Both moose moved into the clump of trees. They were nearly in the middle of the group, when another arose from the grass and started to join the procession. This was more than I could stand. The last moose was not so large as the others, and I thought perhaps the fellows at camp would overlook the shooting of a small one. As he entered the timber, I cut loose with a left quartering shot, but could not see that it had any effect on the moose. He was over 150 yards away, and as I had shot this gun but little, I was not sure I could hit him at that distance. The gun was one I had had made, and I think was the first the Marlin people ever built. The barrel was but 18 inches long, with a short magazine that held only 2 cartridges.

As the moose entered the timber, I took another shot. This time I knew, as soon as I pulled the trigger, that the bullet would go wild. Just as I shot, the moose swung to the right.

They left the trees on the farther side, and all 3 stopped and looked back. Here was an opportunity for a good shot. The one I had fired at was behind, and standing with his side toward me. Just beyond, and in line, stood the others. I was shooting solid point bullets; and was afraid that if I hit the moose shot at, the ball might pass on and wound another. I did not care to risk wounding the 2 larger moose, and did not fire.

After looking a moment, all turned and 2 went across the marsh. The smaller one made his way up the meadow toward the head of the creek, and before he passed from view behind a clump of trees, I gave him a shot.

I saw I would not get another shot from where I was; so decided to go to where he had been when I first shot at him, and see if there was any evidence of a hit. I thought I must have hit with one of the shots, or the moose would not have separated. Besides the others had stopped at the edge of the burnt timber, after leaving the marsh, and had looked back in the direction the last had taken.

In the windfall where I fired the second shot, the moose had passed through a pool of water. This was red with blood, so I knew I had hit him; but how badly remained to be seen. The first bullet sent after him was a soft nose, and I knew if it had struck the right spot, the moose would be mine.

At the clump of trees where I had taken the last shot, I looked to the upper end of the marsh. There I saw the moose standing, swinging his head from side to side, and apparently badly hurt.

I crept to the right, and across the marsh. The edge of the swamp was fringed with thick brush, and in this I crawled. Whenever the moose swung his head from me, I would sneak along; all the while prepared to fire if the moose showed any sign of leaving.

Five minutes of crawling brought me within 25 or 30 yards of the animal. The old fellow seemed very sick. The first bullet had struck high above his flank; and not far enough forward to make the shot immediately fatal.

Directly in front of the moose, and 10 or 15 yards from him, was a large tree. This I determined to reach, and see what he would do when he saw me so close to him. I figured that he would charge me; and that I must either drop him at the next shot, or shin the tree. In a few moments I reached the tree, and from behind it took a good look at the moose. He was a fine old fellow, and I began to repent that I had shot so noble a creature: but the heart of a hunter is hard, and I had now wounded the beast, and must put him out of pain.

Making sure that the little gun was properly loaded, I stepped from behind the tree. The moose did not seem, at first, to understand the situation; but when he did up went every hair on his back. Lowering his head, he made a bound in my direction. As he struck the ground, the little gun spoke. The ball entered between his neck and shoulder, and he died without a tremor.

In dressing him, we found he was badly torn inside, showing that the small gun was equal to the task given it. I want nothing larger than a 30, even for moose.

A SONG OF SPRING-TIME.

(After the German of Geible.)

E. L. T.

In the emerald hedges deep,
Through the elm trees olden,
Wondrous whispers softly creep
In springtime sunlight, golden.

Says each little leaf "God greet!"
To its leafy neighbor;
Everything breathes, deep and sweet,
Holy rest from labor.

While on bush each leaf and flow'r
Rocks itself in morning glow,
In vernal breath of magic power,
My soul is rocking to and fro.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

IV.

THE NIGHTHAWK.

W. E. CARLIN.

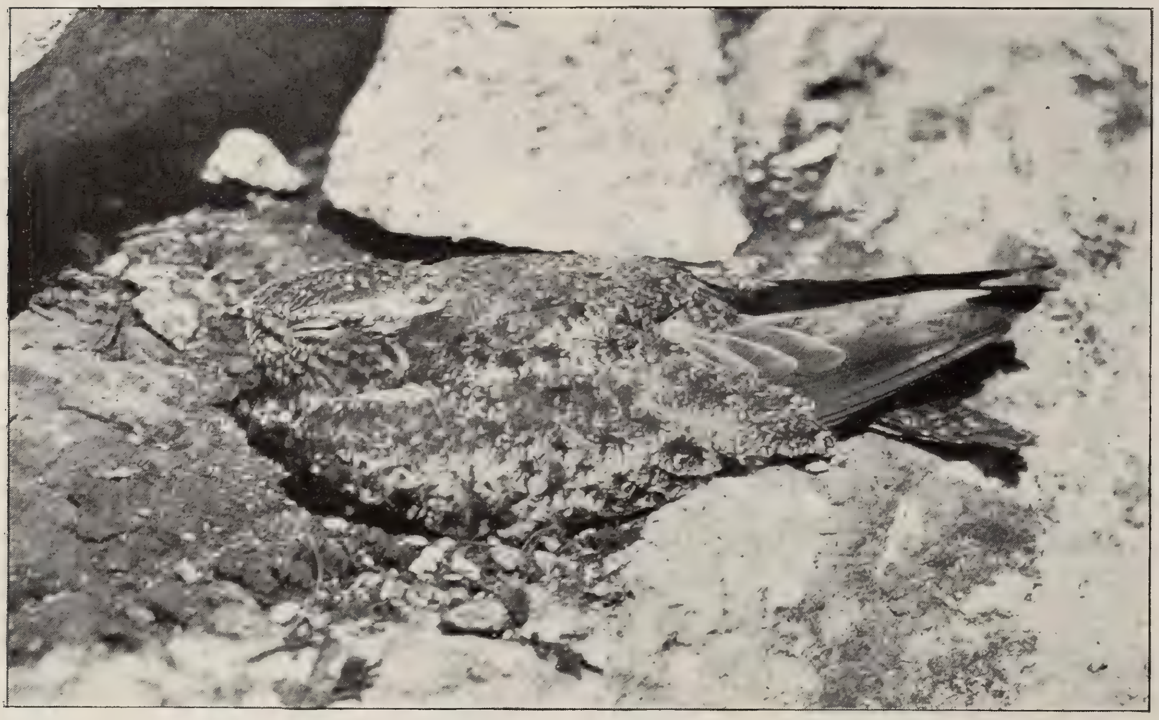
The illustrations in this issue are of the common nighthawk, which is numerous in the high plateaus of the Bitter Root mountains. It nests on the dry, bare ground, laying 2 eggs, and feeds mainly in the evening. Just after sunset the nighthawks appear, darting about with open mouth and catching everything in the way of gnats, flies and mosquitoes that happens to be on the wing. The most noticeable feature of this bird is the discordant screeching, booming sound caused by his wings, as he cuts the air in his bold zig-zag flight.

The nighthawk frequently rests on the ground, on rocks and on limbs, during his feeding time.

In strong sunlight they see but imperfectly, and when disturbed, in daytime, have a halting, uncertain flight. Being a delicate bird and entirely denfenceless it is a wonder they do not all fall a prey to the numerous hawks and " varmints " that infest the mountains. It is undoubtedly due to their protective coloration, which so closely resembles the rocks, dead limbs, and dry, gravel covered ground, that they are not all killed and eaten. It is with great difficulty one of these birds can be seen, even at distances of a few feet.

As may be seen from the photos, the colors of the bird and the background are closely alike and it was difficult to get a print of sufficient contrast to show the birds well.

They are easy to approach, when asleep, if one moves slowly and quietly; but we were unable to get good pictures of them at any other time.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. E. CARLIN.

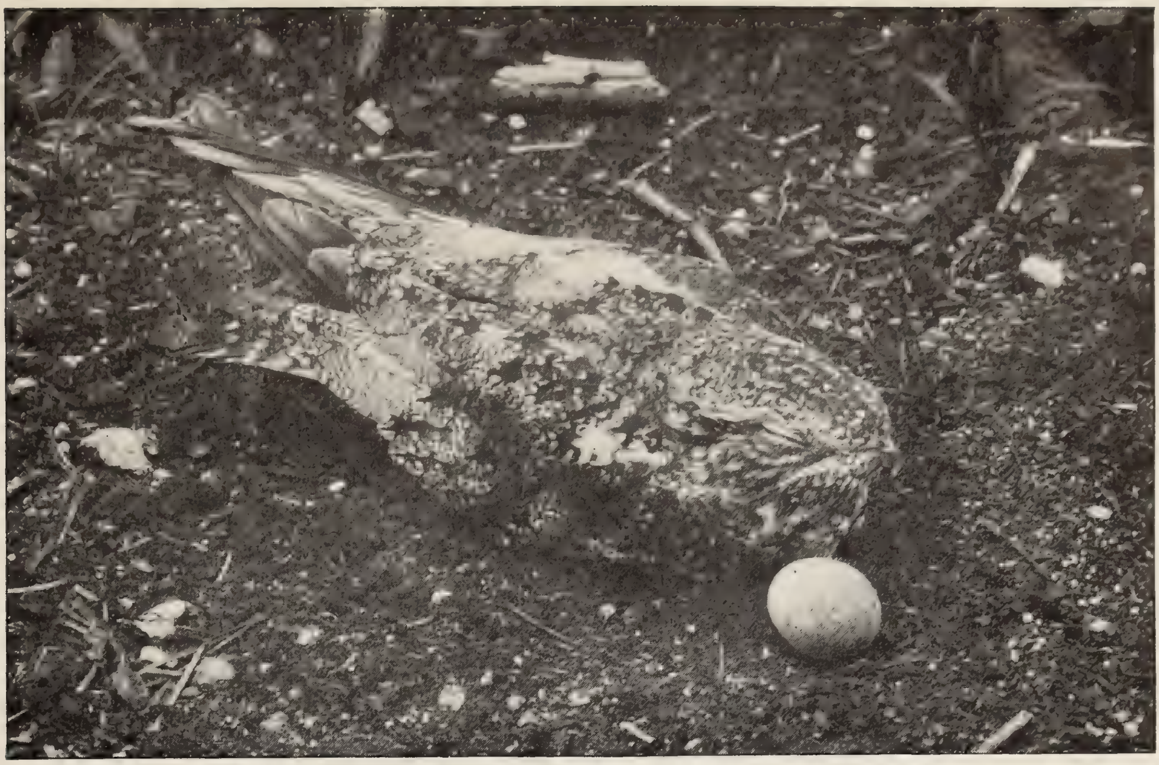
THE NIGHTHAWK.

It is not uncommon to find the female asleep beside her nest; while those found asleep on limbs or logs were invariably sitting lengthwise of the latter—never crosswise.

All the photos reproduced herewith were made on Corbutt's cut films, No. 27 Ortho, with a Dallmeyer No. 2 Telephoto lens. The exposures were usually about 3 seconds.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the well known naturalist, writes of the nighthawk in these words:

Every person who abhors the commonplace, in things and in creatures, should



NIGHTHAWK AND EGG.

like the nighthawk. In all that he is and does, he is a genuine oddity. He has the soft plumage of the owl, the feeble beak and yawning throat of a swift, a mustache of stiff hairs that is all his own, and a pair of big white spots underneath each wing by which his friends can always recognize him when in flight. And his habits are quite as odd as his make-up.

He feeds in the air, by swooping grace-

SLEEPING.

fully upon the insects that think to evade the birds with less wing power. I have spent hours in watching him at work in his mid-air feeding-grounds, waiting patiently for him to do "the drop act" once more. His habit of half closing his wings and dropping head first toward the earth, with such a hollow whirr and jar that he is sometimes called the night-jar, is one of the most astonishing tricks performed by a wild bird. True, there are other birds that fall through the air upon their prey—most hawks do it—but to me the performance of the nighthawk always seemed more thrilling.

I am glad to say I have never known anyone so much in error regarding the habits of this queer bird as to charge him with catching chickens. Possibly the idea—if it still prevails, anywhere—arose from the nighthawk's name. But, speaking of protective coloration: if a nighthawk sitting sidewise on an oak limb, and saying nothing, does not look as natural as any knot that ever grew, I would not say so. Do not kill him, boys, even if you discover him. He is a good fellow, he works hard for a living, harms nobody, and he does more good in the world than a great many men. Watch him, study him, and surely you will be interested. Don't kill him; for his skin is like wet tissue paper, and you would not have the patience to mount him, even if you knew how. As an old friend of my boyhood, I wish him long life, prosperity, and millions of insects every day of his life.

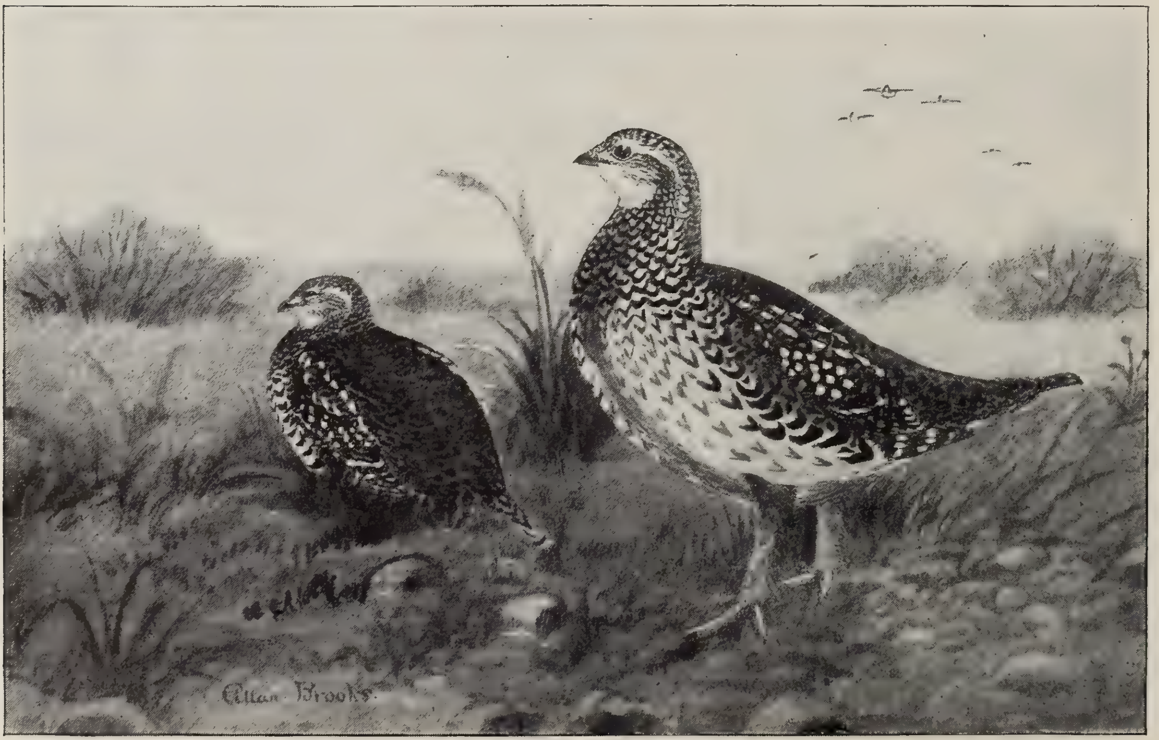
W. T. H.

NORTHERN SHARP-TAIL GROUSE.

JOHN BOYD.

The Northern sharp-tailed grouse (*Pedioecetes phasianellus*) is the boreal representative of the species, and is distinct, in many respects, from the Southern variety, which is known as the Columbian sharp-tailed grouse. Both of these are popularly spoken of as "prairie chickens"; but wrongly so, as that appellation really belongs to the pinnated grouse.

The range of the present species is from the Southern boundary of Manitoba, Northward to the Arctic regions; although these last few years we find some that have abandoned the prairies for the woods, and



NORTHERN SHARP-TAILED GROUSE (*PEDIŒCETES PHASIANELLUS*).

moved Eastward through Algoma to Lake Temiscamingue, and South to the Parry sound District of Ontario.

Those taken in the neighborhood of Lake Temiscamingue might well be called a sub-species, as the markings are much darker than on those found in the West. The districts to which they have permanently migrated are heavily wooded, and a change of habit therefore became a necessity, so that now we find them in this respect identical with the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*).

In the early spring, the birds pair off. Some authorities believe they are guilty of polygamy. Shortly after mating, those fantastic "grouse dances," and drummings, are indulged in by the over exuberant lovers. These performances have given rise to a lot of imaginative nonsense, on the part of writers who get their knowledge of birds from the "stuffing" process of some guide, whose ideas of truth and accuracy, are limited only by the credulity of his listeners.

The Northern sharp-tail lays its eggs in June, in a nest roughly constructed, on the ground, but cosily lined with feathers. There are usually 11 to 13 eggs in the clutch, of a grayish olive color, with closely dotted pin-head spots of brown.

When the young are hatched, the whole family takes to the now long grass of the prairie, and as you pass along some of the trails, you will see, every little while, the scurrying of the mother and her brood from the roadway, where they have been sunning and "dusting" themselves. They feed on grasshoppers, crickets, beetles and seeds, relishing the first named and consuming untold quantities of them.

As a game bird, the sharp-tail furnishes grand sport. Especially are they appreciated by lazy men, who prefer to shoot them from a buggy, or wagon, with dogs trained to range close, and to retrieve the game when brought down. Many interesting articles have been written, and many more could be, showing the possibilities of man's enjoyment when in pursuit of that which he finally bags, after meeting it on its own domain; but such would not come within the limitations or province of this paper.

As the winter approaches, the birds take to the thickets, on the borders of lakes and rivers, and may then be found perched on trees; obtaining their food from the buds of the willows and aspens.

Dissection of the crop and stomach, at this time, often reveals the buds in an advanced stage of growth, having the soft fleecy down, known to boys as "pussy cats." I have often taken twigs from the crop 1¾ inches in length; also a dark round berry, the name of which I have not been able to learn.

Let anyone look at the feet and toes of this species, and observe how Nature provides for all—each according to its needs. The legs are heavily furred, the coat enveloping the entire feet, and the under side of the toes are scaled, with hard sharp plates or laminæ, which prevent the soles from being cut by the frozen snow. These also aid the bird in its search after what ground food is procurable, during the long severe winters which it experiences.

It is said to burrow under the deep snow, when frightened, and even to sleep there; but I cannot get this authenticated. I know it flounders through the light fleecy crystals, which are characteristic of its home, often passing underneath for a yard or so, but this cannot consistently be called burrowing.

A NIGHT'S BASS FISHING.

F. L. DAVIS.

The proposal to spend a night on the shore of the Potomac, above Washington, was first made by Chic. He dwelt with enthusiasm on the hunger of bass at the darkest hours, and of their known fondness for any kind of bait, provided it was supplied after nightfall. Will at once jumped at the idea; anything promising sport suited him. I was a little cautious and, while willing to go, was doubtful of the wisdom of spending a night on a river bank. However, we decided to go, and agreed to meet at 7 o'clock, the next evening.

At the appointed time Chic came with 3 blankets, strapped around his shoulders; Will brought 2 tin buckets, a liberal allowance of lunch and fishing tackle; while I furnished more lunch, another supply of tackle, and a hammock.

A trolley car from Georgetown, and a transfer beyond Tennallytown, to another trolley, took us to a point on the upper Potomac, near old Cabin John Bridge and the Chataugua, which we reached before midnight. There was hardly moon enough to light the way and soon Chic confessed he was slightly turned around and did not know where that good spot was, in which he before cast his line at night. We were out for fishing and did not care much where we found it. The whole upper Potomac, above Georgetown, is fishing ground, and when fish are biting, good-sized fellows can be landed from any of the holes along the banks.

After much knocking about in the dark, we at last settled on the Virginia shore, near the chain bridge. The night had grown cold and we were anything but comfortable. We threw the blankets over our shoulders and waited for bites that did not come. Opinions of Chic, and his ideas of sport were expressed, and after a half-hour in this spot camp was moved.

To warm up the situation, and with the idea a fire might attract the fish, we gathered dry twigs, and started a blaze. Still no fish, but something else was attracted by the fire. Within 10 minutes, the river and woods seemed to sprout men. At least a dozen came straggling up to the fire, one by one, to know the reason of the blaze. Their curiosity excited ours. Where had they come from and what were they doing? Will whispered into my ear, "Herring poachers. They take us for constables—let 'em think so."

Several of the visitors asked questions, as to our purpose. Where were we from and where going? One man, who came in a skiff, was particularly anxious to find out something about us. Acting on Will's suggestion, we let him think we were deputy sheriffs looking for herring thieves.

"Have you seen any to-night?" was asked of the skiff man.

"Ain't seen none 'tall t'-night," he replied. "Don't believe ther's goin' t' be any round; though they most allers can be found right yer at this time o' night. Reckon they must o' thought you fellers was a-comin' and done give th' slip. They's purty sly." The old rascal was right. They were a sly set and he was probably one of the slyest. His uneasiness at having officers near, however, was poorly concealed under his bluff.

We were glad he had come out of the woods, for anything was a diversion, when the bass would not notice the minnows squirming on our hooks. I went to examine the lines, which had been left out during the visit of the prowlers, and found 2 perch on the outside of as many minnows. Going back to the fire, I noticed Will examining a revolver, which he put into his pocket.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"There's going to be trouble to-night. If we stay here those fellows will be so hopping mad at losing a night's catch, they'll be up to any kind of mischief. If we leave at this stage of the game, they'll be so suspicious they'll give us trouble anyway. That last fellow had mischief in his eye."

It was rather uncomfortable on the rocks, with a bright fire to show us in bold relief against the darkness surrounding us, in which were concealed at least 10 men who made their livings by violation of the laws they thought we were there to defend. The whole blackness seemed pierced with eyes.

We continued to watch the lines and to grumble at our luck. Nothing but perch came our way, and they were hardly larger than the bait they swallowed. Chic declared this was not the spot he started out to find, for there the buckets would have been filled with bass. "And no poachers," I murmured.

As the morning wore on, nothing was seen of the men, but Will remained against the rock, where he posted himself after placing the revolver in his pocket. I was about to suggest getting ready to move by daylight, when we were startled by the report of a pistol-shot. It seemed to have come from above. I looked toward the bridge and instantly heard a rapid succession of shots. By the flashes I saw a hack crossing the bridge. The shots were being fired by a drunken man, who had more pistols than the law allowed. I was about to rise from behind a rock, where I had instinctivelly jumped, when the firing rang out again. At the same time I was startled by 2 reports behind me, and as I turned and ran to Will, a curse, followed by the splashing of paddles in the water, told that somebody had been hurt and was moving off.

"What's the matter, Will?" I excitedly shouted. "Who's hurt?"

"Both of us," and he held up his right arm, from which the blood was flowing.

Chic was with us instantly. Seizing the revolver he emptied the remaining chambers down the river, in the direction he supposed the departing poacher had taken. A derisive yell came across the water. Our inquisitive visitor had safely crossed the river; how badly he was hurt, we never discovered.

We turned our attention to Will. Not much harm was done. The bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, just beneath the elbow. The affair put a dampener on our already disappointing night's experience, and preparations were at once made for moving. A milk-wagon carried us home, where we arrived tired and disgusted, determined never again to fish after nightfall, unless there should be a house at hand, where rest and warmth could be had, and where poachers and men on drunken orgies could not interfere with or frighten us.

QUAIL IN WINTER.

A. JESSUP.

The most trying season of the year for "Bob White" is in midwinter, when there is heavy snow. If a thick, icy crust forms, every covey in the region will sometimes be caught beneath it and frozen to death. At this time the flesh of the quail is dark and bitter, from feeding on laurel shrubs and evergreens. The birds become very tame in severe weather, and will visit farmhouses and barnyards in search of food. No true sportsman kills them in such condition, but the pot hunter, who rarely attempts to shoot them on the wing, is too apt to get out his old musket and deal slaughter among the defenceless creatures. If he finds them in their favorite position, huddled up, heads together, in a small excavation in the snow, a single well—or rather ill—aimed shot will kill or maim most of them, leaving the remainder to scatter and be frozen.

In the sportsman's code there is no crime so heinous as shooting a quail before it has taken wing. You may claim that every bird your companion shoots has fallen to your gun, thereby making yourself very unpleasant, and still be able to live it down, and become an honorable man. You may even take the shot, when a single bird has flown across another man's territory, and be reluctantly excused on the ground of excitement and inadvertence. But the sporting reputation of the man who will fire at a bird sitting on the ground, where a child could hit it, is irretrievably and deservedly blasted, and buried without benefit of clergy.

Not that the chance often offers itself for such disgrace; for there is nothing more remarkable about the quail, than the almost incredible faculty nature has bestowed upon it of becoming invisible, in a way that suggests magic. So exactly do the cream and gray and brown of the bird's markings harmonize with the surrounding colors of its haunts, that one may stand within a yard of a covey, in comparatively open ground, and be unable to distinguish their dusky, crouching forms. A hunter could give numberless instances of this faculty which would seem incredible to those who have not an intimate acquaintance with the birds.

The only man I ever saw who could see coveys that the dogs were pointing, was a laconic, eagle-eyed, red-haired pot hunter, in the Pennsylvania mountains. After the manner of his cult, he hunted in any way that would take most meat to market, and always tried for a sitting shot with the first barrel, except when we were along to taboo the practice. His dog was exceedingly steady and patient in standing game, and old Roger would peer carefully until he caught sight of the black and white stripings on the necks and heads of the brightly plumaged cock-birds. Then the wretch would back off to shooting distance and send in his murderous shot.

Owing to such vandalism, increasing each year as the markets offer higher inducements to the professional gunner, the call of the quail is becoming rarer in many districts where they formerly abounded. There is some saving tendency in the game associations that are being formed through the country, especially in New York and Connecticut, for the enforcement of the laws.

The people who have sufficient interest in the subject to take active part in the work reside, however, in places where the birds are already hopelessly thinned out. Moreover, they can do nothing with the pot hunter, who hunts on Sunday in the depths of the woods, and who generally has more or less local sentiment in his favor.

When quail shooting is conducted in a sportsmanlike manner, it aids in the preservation of the birds. Hawks, foxes, and other of their deadly enemies are kept down by the hunters, and killing a half-dozen quails from a flock will not exterminate it, as the bird is very prolific. In some spots, remote from markets, the gentlemen of the region have shot constantly for over half a century, yet the birds are actually increasing.

The "using-grounds" of the coveys are generally known by the farmer who is fond of shooting, and in winter he scatters "tailings"—a poor quality of wheat—where the starving quail can find it.

In the last hard winter I struck up an acquaintance, through this means, with 2 coveys on a bleak Maryland hillside. It was really a hard matter for me to hunt that ground the next autumn, though they were again invisible, and as wild as deer, until another gunner began to cut into them; then I felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and with some pangs of conscience followed his example.

THE BEAR STORY OUR VISITOR TOLD.

E. L. KELLOGG.

Far up toward the headwaters of the Methow, in the rough country of the Cascades, we made our camp. Our first week of tramping over mountains and through streams, had completely fagged us; so when Sunday came we settled down in the shade of the stunted firs to smoke and rest. Being out of the range of settlement we had not seen even a prospector. You can imagine then our surprise at seeing a man in greasy buckskins, coming over a ridge to the West of us. Apparently he was making for camp and as he drew near we struggled to our feet to greet him.

"Mornin', boys, havin' a good time?" he inquired genially. "I heerd your shootin' an' knowed somebody was campin' down the canyon. I live 'bout 6 miles up the Methow," he continued to explain. "Been here 17 year, an' make it a point to visit all comers in this section. My business, did you ask? Huntin' and trappin'. No I hain't got a pardner—only a wife."

Subsequently he told us his name was "Smoky" Tunnison, and his wife was a squaw.

Smoky tilted his dirty, wide-brimmed hat to one side and ran his fingers through his hair in a meditative way.

"Hain't any licker in camp is thar?" he asked presently. "You see I've been havin' another tetch of ondigestion, for the last week, and thar hain't a thing 'bout the cabin what's good fer it."

Half emptying a pint bottle of Western whiskey, handed to him, he returned it with a sigh and borrowing a pipeful of tobacco settled down.

"Got a couple of bar I see," he observed, noting the skins of 2 black bears tacked to near-by tree trunks.

"Yes," replied Dick, "we killed them on the burnt mountain, over there to the Southwest."

Smoky, in his shrewd, frontier way must have noticed the please-don't-mention-such-trifles manner in which Dick spoke, and our efforts to keep down our pride at our record, for he remarked dryly:

"Bars *is* pleantiful hereabouts, but they don't 'mount to nothin'. Thar's no more fight in a black bar than in a jack rabbit. I kill 'em for their hides, but it's most like shootin' hogs.

"Now the grizzly's the feller you wants to look out fer. Them bars o' yourn reminds me of a experience I had with one, onct. An' it was that experience," he mused pensively, as he cast longing eyes toward the bottle, "what made me a chronic ondigestionist."

"Let us hear the story," said one of the boys, taking the hint and again passing the bottle.

"It happened back in the 60's, when I was a Mormon an' had a ranch of my own, an' a few hed o' cattle, off to the East of Salt Lake. Grizzlies was thick thereabouts then. It were a reg'lar thing to see 'em in droves of 4 to a dozen. I hunted 'em some, along at first; but I only had an old Missouri Yager; an' after bein' treed onct or twict I kinder soured on the sport. One day though, I bought an army muskit—one o' them britch-loaders, where the britch flops out to one side an' you push in a catridge an' flop her back agin. It shot a bullet the size of a robin's egg, an' had a bay'nit. It were the bay'nit what give me my idee on bar huntin', an' led to this experience I'm tellin' of.

"The first chance I got I went off to try my idee on a grizzly—an' while I'm thinkin' of it let me advise you, boys, don't get idees about huntin'. An idee will give you as much trouble as a breachy mule.

"Wal to get back to the story; I knowed a canyon where bars was pleanty. Thar was scatterin' bunches o' brush along the sides an' bottom, whar the bars liked to lay 'round an' loaf. I pushed up this canyon 'bout half a mile when I heerd a rustlin' in the brush an' out stepped Mr. Grizzly, side on, less'n 3 rods away, a swingin' his head from side to side, and sniffin' the air.

"I up an' fired an' hit him—not in the shoulder as I had figgered on, but jist back of the short ribs; an' I knowed I hadn't stopped him. You see, I was used to usin' my old Yager that's as gentle on the trigger as ken be; so when I pulled the muskit, that's as hard mouthed as a mule, she swung way round to geeward, an' I missed.

"Wal I knowed the bar was hit, from the way he whined an' nipped his sides, an' bein' curous to see him wilt when the cannon ball finished its work I stood thar a-gawpin' at his antics. By the time I come to my senses enough to flop open the britch an' begin reloadin', the bar was a-comin' fer me red eyed, an' I had to stand an' face 'im.

"When he got 'bout 10 feet from me he riz up an' come ahead, with his paws reached out an' his mouth open. Then I lunged, an' the bay'nit jabbed him full length jest under his wishbone. An' thar's where my idee got out of kilter. You see, with a catridge in the gun and the bay'nit in his breast I could have blowed Mr. Grizzly hell-west in no time; but the catridge wasn't thar, so I had to handle him the best I could.

"When I struck him he roared an' tried to reach me; but I pushed hard on the bay'nit an' held him off. He could out-push me an' back me about right smart; but he couldn't reach me; an', seein' this plan wouldn't work he hauled off an' hit the muskit a bat with his paw that nearly lifted me off'n my pins. But I held on, for I knowed it was my only salvation. Then he tried to come down onto all fours; but I pried up on the butt, an' he riz again.

"Then he begun his pushin' tactics agin; an' his steady pushin' give me a chance to use one hand a little as I had the butt o' the muskit agin the pit of my stomick. By an' by I managed to shove a catridge home jest as I was gettin' tuckered out, an' then I closed the britch. All this time I was a-hoppin' an' pushin' an' tusslin' 'round, an' the bar was a-shovin' an' the 2 of us a-goin' it fer all thar was in us. Gee! but didn't I feel good when the britch snapped shet. Talk 'bout the feelin's of a feller that's bein' hung, when the rope breaks! That don't describe it!

"I pulled the trigger and then—— Well, when I come to, I seemed to be a-dreamin'; an' I wondered how big a hole the bullet made in me when the bar pulled the trigger; an' I kind o' went feelin' round to see if I could find where it went in. The bar was dead enough though, with a hole in him big enough to stick my leg into; an' from the shakin' up I got it seemed to me I was putty near as dead as Mr. Grizzly.

"The main trouble with my idee was jist this: I'd figgered on what the old muskit would do to the grizzly at the front end, but I hadn't calklated on how she'd treat me behind; an' when she went off, instead of bustin' like some guns might, she jist bored the bar an' kicked me silly. Why the kick she give me completely upsot my digestive organs; an' they've never been right sence. But what I can't understand," concluded Smoky, innocently, "is that whenever I recall the story I have a nuther twinge of ondigestion."

There was a moment's silence, then a low murmured "Thanks." Then the gentle gurgling of Smoky's panacea and in a few minutes he walked away.

WILD TURKEYS IN THE SUNK LANDS.

JOHN W. PRATHER.

In the region of Reelfoot lake, in Western Tennessee, once the hunting ground of Davy Crockett, low ridges covered by a dense growth of cane, alternate with hollows filled with cypress. Yearly covered by the overflow from the Mississippi, this bottom land is fertile as the valley of the Nile; and in its tangled cover, wild turkeys can yet be found.

In early spring, some years ago, my friend, Ben, and I, started on horseback from our homes. A few hours' leisurely ride brought us to Carpenter's Landing, on Reelfoot lake. Leaving our horses, and obtaining a canoe, we crossed the lake, and, choosing a suitable spot on a cane ridge, were soon ready to camp.

Ben built a fire, and cooked 4 young squirrels we had shot, while I cut stakes and poles, and constructed a shelter for the night. A few bundles of switch cane served for a roof; and more, laid on the ground, and covered by gum-cloth, made a comfortable bed. When supper was ready, we were also ready. The savory odor of broiled squirrel and hot, black coffee, stimulated our appetite, and we soon cleared the platter.

Ben produced a bottle labelled "For medical purp's only." He proposed, though we are not physicians, that we should sample its contents; which he highly recommended as an antidote for snake-bite. Knowing there were moccasins in the vicinity, he thought it only prudent that we be forearmed as well as forewarned. Ben is a very prudent man, and always ready for snakes, though he seldom sees them. He is something of a philosopher, is Ben, a great hunter, and good cook. At home he suffers from "that tired feeling;" but in the woods—lucky indeed is the turkey, or deer, that escapes his rifle.

At 5 o'clock next morning we had breakfasted, put the camp in order, oiled and recharged our guns, and were ready to start a-field. A short tramp brought us to a cypress brake, through which we stole noiselessly. The first rays of the sun were gilding the tops of the evergreens when we heard — "gee-oble-goble-oble" — a gobbler's salute to the morning. The bird was evidently wide awake, and quite near us, possibly within 1,000 yards, and we sought cover cautiously and quickly.

Ben took position in a tree-top, well situated in a place where the cane was not too high, nor too thickly grown. I hid in a bunch of short, thick cane, about 60 feet away. We felt confident of success; understanding thoroughly our game, and grounds, and what was of equal moment just then, each other.

Ben, in the tree-top, called with a turkey bone "yaup—yaup—yaup—yaup." "Gee-oble-goble-oble," answered the gobbler. More calls on the bone, the turkey replying several times, at short intervals. After a few moments of silence, there came a sudden rush of strong wings beating the air, a swish, as the bird alights, under cover of heavy cane 200 yards away. Brer' turkey was for a short time very quiet; but presently we heard a booming sound as of distant thunder. He was strutting.

Ben again called several times. The gobbler answered, and slowly advanced, his head looking like a blossoming snowball as we caught glimpses of it through the dark foliage. Very warily he managed that advance, stopping to make observations, then moving cautiously forward, he circled the tree-top in which Ben was concealed. A moment longer, and the crack of Ben's rifle, followed by convulsive beating of wings on the ground, announced that the turkey was ours. He proved a fine, large bird, weighing, when dressed, 21½ pounds.

Swinging our prize to a tree-branch, we went in search of more game toward the higher ridges, where the hens nest. Wading through water, in some places knee-deep, we came at last to a ridge from which we could hear the "yaup-yaup" of a turkey hen, quickly followed by the gobble of a cock. Halting to get the range and distance of the birds, we soon discovered there were several hens and more than one gobbler in the bunch.

We crossed the ridge diagonally until we came to a depression in the ground, some 300 yards in length. Here the cane was short and sparse, and intermingled with hackberry trees. Abundance of fresh sign beneath the trees, showed that turkeys were accustomed to feed there, and we took positions near, well hidden by logs and brush.

It is difficult to decoy a cock turkey from the company of hens, and requires most artistic work, on the call. Ben rose to the occasion. After a duet of turkey music lasting half an hour, between the call and the birds, a gobbler stepped out from the cover, 200 yards away. With lowered head and front, he came forward a few paces, stopped, and straightening himself to his full height of nearly 5 feet, surveyed the surroundings. They did not seem to suit him exactly, and he returned to the cover. Ben continued his performance on the call, varied with an occasional rake on the ground, in imitation of a turkey's scratching.

In a short time the gobbler again emerged from the thick cane, 50 yards nearer than before. Erect, with eye and ear alert, he came slowly across the flat. The slightest sound or motion, from our hiding place, would have sent him flying to cover. When within 40 paces—so near that I could see him draw the delicate bluish-white membrane over his eye-balls to clear their surface—I pressed the trigger of my little 16 gauge Parker. A spasmodic bound into the air, and the bird fell dead, with 20 pellets of No. 7 shot in his head and neck.

Returning over our route, and shooting a mess of squirrels, we were soon enjoying a hearty meal at camp. An easy pull of 5 miles across the lake, and a ride of 3 hours in the saddle, brought us to our homes; well satisfied with ourselves, and our good fortune.

AN ELK HUNT.

J. B. JENNETT (OLD SILVER TIP).

We were in Wyoming, on the headwaters of Big Sandy, up by the Lamereaux Meadows. It is a nasty piece of country; full of old dead falls, branches and swamps. If the weather is any way dry it is almost impossible to "still" hunt in there. In the creek, you could see trout, in schools, swimming around and enjoying themselves; and if you had hook and line it was easy to get a good mess. During the summer a fisherman had hung up some trout, intending to get them on his return down the creek. When he came back he found Bruin had saved him the trouble of taking them to camp. He was eating them as the fisherman got there and would have done the same for the man, only for a nice handy tree. Well, the bear kept the fisherman there for a few hours and when he got to camp he was in for a hunt. I was sent for, to make one of the party. There were 5 in the outfit, but none had lost a bear. The fisherman poured down some spirits to raise some other ones, and we laid him to rest under the pines. All the others were busy, so of course could not go. A few days after this a party came in from the railroad, something over 100 miles away. One day as I was going toward the creek I jumped 8 elk. Then I made my rounds through the woods, and came back to camp. I went over to the visitors and got

2 of them to come with me. One was armed with a 40-82-260 Winchester repeater. The other had a 44-40, of the same make, and I had a 45-90-300.

They mounted their horses and over we went. They were to go around and station themselves in the swamp, on the other side, while I went through the patch of timber. I had no faith in one of the men, as he would lose his head, and the other didn't appear to have any. When I entered the timber I smiled to think that if they met "Old Ephraim," they would break their necks to get out of there. Everything was as quiet as nature could make it. I hadn't got much more than well tangled up in the fallen timber when "bang! bang! bang!" and such a banging! I stood still; I almost felt that Indians were at us. I never thought 2 men could kick up such a row. The woods seemed full of them. I was doing the best I could to get around to them; but it was impossible to make any headway in that mass of fallen timber. Still that banging kept up. I expected when I got to them to find enough meat to last all winter. What a sight! Two horses feeding quietly; one man hat in hand and tearing around as if a swarm of bees were after him, yelling all the time, "I hit him! I hit him! I saw him stagger!" I was staggered. The other might have been taken for a parson on his "bended marrow bones," a position I am sure was new to this man. You see what even the dumb animals can do. I am sorry to say he wasn't struck with religion, he was struck with a desire to find blood. He was only doing what the good book says, "Seek and ye shall find." Seek as hard as we could we could find no blood. I then asked, "How many shots did you fire?" They had fired one magazine of 44's and 2 of 40-82's and nothing down. Who gets the buck fever? It was point blank range, in a swamp, not a twig or bush in the way, clear, open ground. Then one of these buck fevered men got on his horse and went to camp for more ammunition to hunt elk that must have been at least 2 miles up in the hills.

Verily one meets with some queer things in the woods. Where he showed me he had hit the bull, I found a drop of blood, and following it up found the bull dead enough behind a rock, and cut his throat. There were no more signs of blood, though we hunted the wood for a mile around. Talk about a battlefield. You should have seen that pile of shells. I believe it was just by the merest chance that the bull was hit.

GOD'S LANGUAGE.

EDWARD G. ALLANSON.

I've climbed the Sierra Madres—
I've seen the big horn's leap—
I've fought the mighty silver-tip
In canyons wild and deep.

I've gone to rest at evening,
In lonely silent glens,
Where dark pines lift their towering crests,
And gray wolves seek their dens.

Where light the perfumed zephyrs
Cool on my brow would play,
Until the sun came up at morn
And chased the dawn away.

The tall firs towered above me;
I hear them whispering still;
I see the velvet lawn beneath
Laced with the mountain rill.

The grandeur of those grand old hills,
How infinite—how sublime!
'Tis God's own language to the soul—
The impress of the Divine!

THE ALASKA PENINSULA.

L. L. BALES.

The Alaska peninsula is 300 miles long; breaking up at Unimak island into the Aleutian archipelago, which extends 500 miles further to the South and West. It is 160 miles in width from Cook inlet, on the Pacific side, to Bristol bay on Bering sea. At the Iliamna lake portage—the Northern end of the peninsula—there is some birch and black alder, and plenty of spruce timber along the larger streams. As you proceed Southward, however, the trees soon disappear, and the hills and mountains are covered to the snow line with moss and grass only.

In June of last year I was one of a party of 4 that went to the Iliamna lake country on a trading expedition. From tidewater on the Pacific, it is 20 miles to the first village; over an open country for 12 miles, then through scattering spruce from there to the lake. The village stands on a gently rising slope on the North side of a beautiful river, 4 miles from the lake. It consists of about 25 substantial log houses, a store and a church. The place is run in the interest of the A. C. Co. by 4 brothers. They are half-breeds; their father being a Russian sea captain, and their mother a Kenai Indian woman, of Cook inlet. The elder brother, a large corpulent man, is the head chief, and his word is law, even to the imposing of a death penalty. Paul, the youngest brother, is sub-chief, and also acting priest of the Greek Catholic church. The chief receives $50 a month in cash, and $15 worth of goods; while Paul gets about ½ as much. Another brother spends the summer on the beach, hunting; and in guarding the Co's. cache, where supplies for the village are stored.

The fourth brother camps on the lake shore, at the mouth of the river. His business is to watch for the coming of native trading parties, and announce their approach to the chief, that preparations may be made to receive them. A home-made liquor, called hoochinoo, brewed from graham flour, sugar, etc., is brought out, and all hands "gin up." By the time the traders arrive at the village, singing and dancing are in progress. The visitors hold out for a while, but at last join in the festivities, and consume their share of hoochinoo. Gambling is then added to the other amusements, and the orgies continue from one to 4 weeks; or until the visitors have lost all their furs. Then they return to their homes, with a few goods bought on credit; the value of which, will be deducted from that of their next year's catch.

When white traders arrive, tents are set up for them, and they are supplied with wood and water. If a carouse cannot be started by the natives, then trading begins, and lasts until their furs and money are gone; or until the trader's supplies give out. The Indians have plenty of money, and drive shrewd bargains; yet are honest and trustful. They allowed me to set the price on my goods, and weigh them out; and would then hand me their money boxes, from which I could pay myself.

Iliamna lake is a fine body of water, 90 miles in length and 40 miles in width, and clear as crystal. At the Eastern end are numerous rocky islets, which, in summer, are covered with eggs of gulls and other wild fowl. Plenty of land otters and minks are found about those islets, and there, is the only place I have seen the spotted or fresh-water seal. The lake is full of salmon, trout, and other varieties of fish; among them, a peculiar fish weighing 2 to 5 pounds, with a bill like a duck's. Many kinds of wild fowl resort to the region. Occasionally, in summer, terrible wind storms visit the lake, sometimes carrying gravel from the beach 50 yards inland. There are 5 small villages on this lake.

North of Iliamna, and connected with it, by a river 6 miles long, is Clark lake or Kechick Ozra, 100 miles in length. On it are 3 villages; one at the falls on the outlet, one at the North end, and one half way between. There are a few barren ground caribou and mountain sheep found around this lake; also, black and cinnamon bears, wolves, foxes and snowshoe rabbits. Farther to the North, on the head waters of the Kuskokwin river, is a great beaver country.

The Aleuts, along the seashores, manufacture many valuable curios from walrus tusks; spending one to 3 years in making an article, and then selling it for a trifle. They are self-supporting, and make clothing from salmon, bird and animal skins, that is well adapted to the climate in which they live. Since the white traders came among them, they are sometimes careless of the future. Two years ago, they failed to put up enough salmon to last until the following season, and as a result, were obliged to eat all their sled dogs, of which they had many.

The Aleuts seem all to be more or less affected with lung troubles, though they live in comfortable, well heated houses. An old chief pointed out to me, many newly made graves, and said, "My babies, plenty sleep." For all ills they resort to the sweat lodge and the cold plunge.

A chief exacts a toll from his own tribe, of everything obtained in the chase or otherwise. They use the Russian jargon, as well as their mother tongue. On nearing a village or camp, one can usually hear the weird chant—"Ah ha! ah ha! ah haka ah ha!" with which the natives accompany all their gambling games. This they sing with a peculiar shrugging of their shoulders, and swaying of their bodies. In gambling they choose sides; an equal number of players on each. Then any articles they may have are put up against others of about the same value; say, a pipe against a knife, or a handkerchief against a comb. All articles staked are thrown in a heap, and the game begins. It is played with 2 pieces of ivory, or bone, about 2 inches long. These are round and tapering, from the middle to the ends, and one is marked with black. A player takes these bits of ivory, and after rolling them in his hands a while, puts his hands behind his back. The opposite side then guesses which hand the marked ivory is in. Before the players is a pile of small sticks, one for each person, and at each guess a stick is removed from the pile. When all are gone, the successful players take the articles put up against their own.

There has been but little placer gold found, as yet, in this part of Alaska. There are many ledges of micaceous quartz containing iron pyrites, which may, or may not prove valuable. Cinnamon bears are quite numerous, and their trails can be seen in many places. Each of these trails seems to be 2, 12 to 24 inches apart; yet both are made by one bear. They always step in the same tracks, making great holes in the moss and muck. While our goods were being packed to the village, by the natives, I unexpectedly ran on a medium sized cinnamon. He sat up on his haunches, and in bear language said "Huh, huh, huh," meaning, I suppose, "Who the dickens are you?" Here was my chance to test my smokeless rifle and soft nosed bullet, at 40 yards. As the bear went down, he struck a savage blow at a black alder, 6 inches in diameter, and broke it off as if it had been hit by a cannon ball.

THE BIPED SWINE.

S. B. M'MANUS.

In semblance it might be a man—
Its outward bearing and pose,
And even shrewdest students can
Be quite misled by its clothes,
It walks upright, with lordly air,
Full jaunty like and debonaire.

But human tricks and traits are vain—
It lacks the human manly soul,
Save just the rudiments—a grain
Enough to make a loathsome ghoul,
It lives detested by all men—
And dies—but when? No man knows when!

It sits all day by pond or lake,
Or skulks upon the river's brink,
With ev'ry thought and aim awake
(Such thoughts as such a thing can think)
To make its catch a wagon load,
To weigh it down upon the road.

Enough is not enough for it—
God made the fish for it alone;
So might one judge to see it sit
And fish until its lungs doth groan;
In very prospect of the freight
To carry hence—an hundred weight.

And day by day—all seasons are,
Alike to it. It roams the wood
And butchers game, fair and unfair
Each way—all ways to it are good—
Its only thought to butcher—kill,
Its pockets and its maw to fill.

There was no name made for this thing,
This hybrid something—man or ghoul—
And nameless it went wandering
Until some one—a long vexed soul,
Evolved the name—most happy dog—
And called it lo! The New Game Hog.

Some day, sometime—when good times come—
This race shall cease to be a blot—
No not a race—this, "It" this scum
Shall sometime be as it were not.
And then good men will joyful laugh,
That it but lives in photograph.

A CAR LOAD OF DUCKS.

J. B. A.

It was along in November that I saw a flock of mallards passing over our place. The sight set my blood boiling, and as I lost them in the hazy horizon there came another flock. Then I knew if pard and I were to get any game this fall we must be starting for our old shooting grounds, commonly known as Askanana. The town consisted of a postoffice, barber shop, hotel and store, all in one building, 15 x 20 feet. It was named by Will Humphreys, in honor of an old Indian chief whom he had known in an earlier day. I rustled my pard, John Stapleton, and we set out with provisions for 2 weeks, for Askanana.

John is a finely built fellow, 6 feet tall and weighs, in his stocking feet, 225 pounds. We arrived at our camp late at night and were out at 4 o'clock after the ducks.

It was a cold night and ice had formed some 4 inches thick.

We reached the lake at a little past 5 and were treated to a sight I shall never forget. The ice was covered with ducks so thickly you couldn't see a particle of it. John went ahead, about 20 yards, and I followed. Our intention was to jump the birds and then fix our blinds for the shooting.

As we approached the lake, I saw the birds trying to rise; but they could not. They were all frozen fast in the ice. Again and again they endeavored to fly, but without success. Finally, I fired at a straggler that came over. At the report of my gun the great flock arose; and, to my surprise, the ice, for 20 rods about, cracked and up, up they went. I was close to the edge and jumped off, but not so with John. He was near the centre, and as he came back and looked over the edge, now some 500 feet above me, I waved him a farewell, expecting every moment to see the ice go to pieces, and John also.

While John was going South, I returned home with a sad heart; notified the neighbors, and preparations were at once made to hold a corpseless funeral. The next day we were all astonished by receiving the following telegram:

"Have landed all right and start for home to-morrow morning, with a baggage car full of ducks."

This knocked us silly; but sure enough John showed up, in good form, and explained. He is gifted with great presence of mind, and as he went South, he noticed the atmosphere getting warmer. After a few hours' ride, the ice began to melt. He took in the situation at a glance, and using his gun as a club, began to knock the ducks in the head. After an hour of hard labor, he noticed a perceptible change in the height of the icy cloud, and concluded he was then within 500 feet of the earth. Again he set to work, and after another hour was only 200 feet high, and the remainder of the ducks, whom he had not liberated, were nearly exhausted.

Finally John saw a hill, about a mile ahead, and managed to make a landing thereon. Then he proceeded to kill the remainder of the ducks and made arrangements, at once, to ship them to market. He took out a pocket map, looked at the sun, and found he was in Northern Louisiana. He shipped his birds to Chicago and they netted him the snug sum of $500.

It was a great adventure, and one John does not care to repeat. His hair was nice and black when he went out that morning, but is now a bright red, owing probably to his close proximity to the sun, during a portion of his flight.

THE COAL MONOPOLISTS.

In the bitter winter weather,
  When the homes of the poor are cold
They put their heads together
  To add to their pile of gold;
And the price of coal goes higher,
  That before was much too high—
Well, they will not lack for fire
  In the land of the by and by.
—Boston Courier.

HE GOT THE COON.

ADELLA WASHER.

The rain had begun early in the morning and there had been a steady downpour all day.

The Rev. Mr. Hamlin, in his study, put the finishing touches to his sermon; thought of the little white church several miles away, where he had promised to preach the next day, looked down the muddy country road, and hoped the storm would stop before morning. It was still raining when he went to bed, but the next morning broke clear and bright. Another look at the road, in front of the house, however, convinced him it would be better to go on horseback than in the easy carriage.

He started early, and as he rode slowly along, his mind divided between sermon and the mudholes, he caught sight of a large coon that had been caught by the rushing water and lodged in a bed of drift, in the creek, a short distance from the road.

The sight of that big, fat coon, fast and helpless, drove all thoughts of Sunday and sermon out of the dominie's mind, and brought, in their stead, a vision of white tents and camp fires. He remembered a night when the autumn wind had sighed softly in the tree beside his tent, and when the sweet strains of a darkey song had stolen in on the fluttering wind. He remembered also that the supper that night had been a banquet. Sweet potatoes, roasted in the ashes, and a luscious fat coon baked to perfection.

Those days and nights on Southern fields had taught him many things and they had given him a knowledge and an appreciation of the once despised coon.

He forgot the little white church ahead of him, and, unmindful of his Sunday clothes, he slipped from his horse, tied him to a tree and started into the roaring, storm-swept stream.

It was not easy walking, or wading either, through the mud and water; but after a great deal of trouble and manœuvring he managed to whack the coon on the head with a club. Then the clergyman picked his way back to the place where he had seen the visions of days forever gone.

The coon was a beauty. So was the minister—a streaked and spotted one, not fit to go to church and to preach the Gospel to an expectant people.

When the thought of Sunday and of the place he had started for came back to his mind, he looked at his clothes disgustedly and felt tempted to turn his horse around and go home. Then he thought how disappointed the people would be, and gave up the idea of fleeing like a coward. He hid his coon, marked the spot and went ahead and preached, thinking meanwhile of the rich repast that awaited him on his return home.

After service, as he passed down the aisle, giving pleasant greetings, right and left, he heard one good sister say to another:

"Just look at Elder Hamlin! He would get to church and preach if he had to wade through mud and water up to his neck."

OUR FIRST LOAD OF MEAT.

E. P. JAQUES.

Camp was pitched when Henry returned from Loup City with the information that Wes had been detained, and that we were to kill a load of meat and send the team back with it, in time to pick him up a week later.

Allowing 4 days for the round trip, and Sunday to rest, we had 2 days in which to kill the game. This we decided was ample time and as Henry had arrived on Saturday night, we made our preparations Sunday, picketed our horses near the creek, and made an early Monday start.

Will chose the canyons to the South and East of camp, keeping well to the East. Henry kept to the South and followed the creek, while I took the hilly land, away to the South and West.

I travelled well into the afternoon, that day, without sighting even a "hoof," when, on toward sundown, the sharp whistle or snort of an old buck antelope attracted my attention. Nearly 150 yards beneath and away from me, in a wooded glen, he stood watching me. Quickly assuming a horizontal position—my favorite one in long range firing—I let drive a 56 calibre slug, only to raise the alkali dust beyond, showing that I had fired too high and the lead had passed between his horns. Away dashed the buck only to reappear, a few minutes later, around a bend in the canyon, climbing the wall. Up he struggled out of range, but not out of sight, to rest at the summit, his graceful outlines standing in bold relief against the crimsoned sky. It was a beautiful picture, but a poor start toward a wagon load of meat; and after a shot at a skulking coyote I returned to camp empty handed. Will told me he had not seen game of any description, while Henry had only the shattered horn of an elk to show; but thereby hangs a tale.

Henry was on his way back to camp when he discovered a small herd of elk (30 he thought) on a jutting wall half way down the side of a canyon. If they were forced over it looked as if all must break their necks, so he made a wide detour and reached the pass through which they had descended to the plateau. Carefully looking over the lot, he selected a spike buck and fired; the bull at which he aimed was standing close to the edge, and went over as if struck by lightning.

Henry was surprised to see the remainder turn, follow the lead and plunge over the wall, in a similar manner. It seemed like positive suicide and he hastened to the bottom expecting to find some dead and others maimed; but the herd had vanished as if the earth had swallowed them, and so bewildered was Henry it is doubtful if he would have believed he had seen game at all had it not been for the freshly loosened earth at the foot of the wall, and the horn shot from the spike elk, which he picked up later on the plateau.

The following morning Henry remained in camp and Will and I started up the creek hoping to sight Henry's elk. Keeping along its bed we sighted 3 antelope on a little plateau at the highest point on the West side. Following a canyon, to a point beneath the antelope we zig-zagged, this way and that, to gain a foothold. After 10 minutes of hard work we found ourselves, breathless, in a niche just below the verge which gave us good footing. Here we paused to regain our breath, to steady ourselves and to prepare for action. Cautiously we raised our heads above the level of the plateau, with rifles at ready, but the antelope had winded us and vanished. We advanced across the level, keeping a careful eye in all directions, but gave up the chase on "striking a new lead."

Far below, at nearly the same spot we occupied when we first saw the antelope, were 2 deer feeding. Marking the point where we were to rise to the bank of the creek and have the deer in easy range, before starting, we dropped back into the canyon. Jumping from point to point, where footholds could be gained, and sliding long distances, ploughing the yielding clay with our heels we finally reached the bottom.

Being effectually concealed from the game no caution was required; so we kept down the canyon to the creek, following the dry bed until we reached the tree we had marked. In this manner we came within 30 yards of the deer and they unconscious of our presence. We fired but without effect, our bullets going wild, and as the game seemed dazed and not inclined to run, we started loading again. In the excitement the extractor of my Spencer failed to work properly and before I was able to slip a cartridge home Will had fired 3 or 4 more unsuccessful shots. By this time the deer were moving slowly away, partially hidden from view, down just such a deep and narrow trail as the editor of RECREATION speaks of as "Game trails" in his "Hunting in the Great West." Only 6 inches or so of the back of the hindmost deer showed above the level, by the time I was ready for my second shot, and taking careful aim I fired, bringing him down.

We dressed our trophy, and "laid it away," in the shade of an overhanging wall, while we went on to finish the wagon load of venison we were expected to kill that day.

For hours we hunted through the canyons, and climbed almost inaccessible walls without luck, but late in the afternoon, while travelling an extra deep and dark canyon, a fragment of earth came plunging down the wall and landed at our feet. We looked up and there, less than 15 yards above, stood a black tail deer.

Together we drew our guns to our shoulders, fired simultaneously and on either side of our game 2 jets of dust indicated where the bullets had struck. Then a snort to the right of us, another to the left and still another overhead revealed a whole herd of black tails. We shot with a rapidity we had never attempted before, and when the last of the herd had vanished and we realized what an utter failure our attempt to bag the game had been we stood silent and chagrined. But hope began to revive when a young buck, far up the opposite wall of the canyon, was sighted. Evidently he had gone as far as he could in that direction and there remained for him no alternative but to face us, and come back before he could escape. Quickly hurrying to a small clay mound at the bottom of the wall I rested my rifle on it. The distance between us was fully 150 yards and taking careful aim I fired. A quick snort, a flashing of steam from his nostrils and the buck dashed down the side of the wall. Gradually his speed slackened, he staggered from side to side, and then, over he toppled with a bullet through his lungs.

By this time it was well along in the afternoon, and after dressing our buck we started back toward the wall where our first deer lay. On the way a bunch of antelope were discovered on a hill to the West of us. Will was anxious for a try at them, so I agreed to carry the buck to the wall and wait for him. It was hot work "toting" meat and by the time I reached our designated meeting place I was tired. Placing the game side by side I waited, putting off hanging the carcasses to a tree until Will should come back and lend a hand. But Will failed to put in an appearance, and as it was too dark then to handle the game single handed I let it lay and started for camp. Will was there ahead of me. He had failed to get within range of his antelope and finding himself nearer camp than our meeting point, had turned that way.

Henry, who had remained about camp all day, had met with more luck than we. In the afternoon he had "spotted" 3 deer, a doe and 2 fawns, coming down to the creek for water. He had stationed himself accordingly and got all 3 of them.

Henry's venison, by the way, was all that comprised our "wagon load of meat" when we pulled out for Loup City, the next day; for when we went back after my deer, the following morning, we found only the scattered bones. The wolves had feasted on the rest.

THE ASSOCIATED PIRATES.

II.

E. V. KEYSER.

Every Friday evening last summer, a little Canadian canoe, with lanteen sails, used to run out of Spuyten Duyvil creek and up and across the Hudson to a point opposite Riverdale.

When within 100 yards of the shore, an unearthly "Wow-ow-ow-ooo" would emanate from the canoe, to be answered by the same melodious screech from a figure bending over a camp-fire, gracefully waving off mosquitoes with one hand and stirring potatoes with the other.

Having given the spuds one last and loving prod, Paresis Rafferty slowly and majestically stalks down to the beach and asks, "Where's the light?"

"Tied up in a paper," says the man in the boat, carefully untying a brown package and removing an imaginary spot from the immaculate surface of a 6 pound driving lantern, as he gazes fondly at it.

Paresis appears relieved. That lamp is the other man's only weakness (he has been accused of taking it to bed with him) and Paresis humors him.

"Well, Microbe, the supper's ready."

In a very few minutes the supper is more than ready—it is gone. Then comes dish washing—but why describe it? Some use hot water and soap, others just hot water, still others use river water and sand, and guests at spreads of the Associated Pirates have learned that it is not the part of wisdom to pry into the methods employed by them.

Then comes a pipe, smoked on the end of the little wharf, while the smokers inhale the ozone and other things wafted by the Southerly breeze from the fat rendering establishment down the river. And after the pipe comes bed (at least that is what they call it) consisting of 3 blankets on the floor of an unoccupied shad-fisherman's hut, and pleasant dreams, broken into by a rap on the door and an inquiry "Full in there?"

"No, but willing to be," says he of the lamp, while the Hoboken crowd file in for a chat, before retiring to the hut opposite. They have had a hard pull up the river, against the tide, only to find themselves forestalled once more by Paresis and the Microbe, who have again appropriated the better house and most of the driftwood.

About 8 o'clock the next morning 2 fires are burning brightly and 2 breakfasts are in course of preparation when a catboat, manned by a nondescript crew of hard appearance and extremely profane speech, runs up to the wharf.

The pirates having guessed their intention some time before, have arrayed themselves accordingly, and 10 disreputable figures are sitting on the wharf, arrayed in bathing suits, skull-caps and sweaters and carrying pistols, hatchets and bread knives in their belts. The scheme is a success. The company looks too tough even for the cat-boat's crew and out they go into the stream for some more secluded location.

The joy experienced at this desertion is somewhat moderated by the discovery that on one fire the boiling kettle has overturned and quenched the flames, while at the other the flapjacks are too burned to be useful, even after being sandpapered down.

Having remedied their mishaps, and stowed away the provisions where they will do the most good, the Microbe and Paresis, being the dudes of the multitude, sail up the river to Yonkers for a shave, a Sunday paper and to see how the excise laws are enforced in that interesting hamlet.

By some of the pirates it is insinuated that the chief attraction up the river is not the 3 given above, but the presence of several pairs of bright eyes, which have been located on previous trips.

This suggestion is treated with the silent scorn it merits, and the 2 push off, to return 4 hours later with the Sunday papers still unopened. Barber shops you know *are* crowded, too, on Sunday mornings.

At dinner Paresis distinguishes himself by sitting down on a particularly promising looking flapjack and is called to order by the others. "If he is too luxurious to sit on the ground why does he not invest in an air-cushion?" asks the man who cooked the jack.

Whereupon Paresis carefully removes it from his knickerbockers, with his sheath-knife, and politely hands the cake to its owner with the soothing remark that, "It will probably taste better than it looks." What the owner says in reply is entirely out of keeping with the sacredness of the day; and to calm his ruffled feelings one of the crowd sings,

"There are flies in the butter
And bugs in the jam
But as we are camping
We don't care a—bit."

"If you misguided individuals would talk less and eat more," observes Grouty, "there wouldn't be such an awful lot of truck to take back to the boat-house, and the janitor's family would not be as sick as they were last week."

"That wasn't owing to the quantity, but to quality," says the Hoodoo, with his mouth full. "They tackled some of the cheese that the kerosene oil spilled on, and it nearly killed them."

"I wonder if experentia will docet," thoughtfully inquires Paresis.

"Experience has taught me that an ice barge is a good thing to tie to," says Grouty, "and there's a lot of them about 2 miles up the river."

With a rush the Hoboken crowd are packing up and soon their canoes are out in the river and waiting for the tow to approach.

Being left alone Paresis and the Microbe also prepare to depart; waiting until the tide has changed so as to get through that abomination, the railroad bridge across the Spuyten Duyvil creek. The precious light is placed on the bow of the Microbe's canoe and just as the dusk falls, the camp is deserted for another week.

Arriving at the boat-house, the canoes are placed in the racks and the dunnage stowed.

Then the Microbe makes an examination of the internal structure of one of Tommy's prehistoric piers, and Paresis wanders around the float, gazing in silent rapture at the rising moon, for he is a lover of nature, is Paresis—providing the fair sex be absent. His homage to Diana is so devoted that a banana peel on the float escapes his eyes but not his feet, and over the edge he goes, with a gentle splash, into 2 feet of river mud.

"You have a soft berth, Paresis," observed the Microbe, as he approaches. "Do you intend making a night of it?"

Paresis looks around for a rock, but they have all sunk deeper in the ooze than he cares to dive; so the Microbe is safe, for the time being.

The rescue is effected with much effort and a boat hook, to the detriment of Paresis's new knickerbockers. Then Paresis starts for home, looking so much like a cross between a house breaker and a tramp, that 2 policemen compel him to give an account of himself before turning him loose on a sleeping and helpless public.

"As if any thief, with the ability to crack a meat safe, would go around looking thus," mutters Paresis, wrathfully, as he kicks his own watch dog into silence and shuts the hall door on its tail.

IN MEXICO.

ED. WILLIAMS.

On reaching town last Sunday I received the August Recreation, the first copy I have ever seen. The only fault I find with it is, there is not enough of it. What strikes me most favorably is that in it, everybody has his say. Hunting is my business, mixed up with trading in products of the hunt, and, as is natural, it interests me to follow the hunt of the moose, elk and other animals of the North, in your pages. I will do my best to make returns for the pleasure received, by describing the hunt, in this locality, of the jaguar, alligator, etc.

This section was until lately the paradise of such "varments," but the egret and heron hunters have penetrated the innermost recesses of the dismal swamps, and with the "boom, boom" of their shot guns have driven the sly jaguar back to the mountains.

From Mazatlan to San Blas the Sierra Madre parallels the coast, the foot hills being 15, and in some parts, 30 miles, inland. The coast line is formed of long, low, narrow, sandy islands, occupied by ranches; but the territory between the foot hills and coast islands, is one vast net-work of tide water lagoons, connected by narrow waterways. In the rainy season all this land is under water; in the dry season it has a height of about 18 inches above high water.

This land is mud, washed from the mountains; the shore presents a bright green wall, about 20 feet high, of small growth mangrove. Penetrating inland, ponds are found in every direction; the ground between strewn with dead trees, as a hard blow levels large tracts of this small growth. The margins of these ponds is the favorite resort of the swamp jaguar, where he pounces on the turtles and small alligators. Cranes, bitterns and snipes, are plentiful, and from November to March the large shallow lakes are alive with ducks, geese and snipes from the North. Here are seen the immense white pelicans who have a stretch of wings of 8 and 9 feet, in flocks often numbering more than 100.

Near the shore line are scattered "cocochalas" or "Colorado turkeys" as they are called in Arizona.

There are 2 indigenous ducks that do not migrate: The "Peluleros" which are black, except the secondary quills of the wings which are white, with red warts on head and neck. The drakes weigh 10 to 13 pounds. The "Pichachineis," a trim, short feathered duck of a dark reddish color, considerably smaller than a mallard, with a "peep, peep" note like that of a snipe. Both kinds are fine eating.

Outside the swamps are found jaguar, tiger cat, ounce, coon, possum, "tejou" an animal like, but larger than the coon, deer, peccary, "faisain," "chichabaca," both pheasants, the "faisain" larger than a chicken, quail, 4 kinds of doves, jack-rabbits and rabbits. Last but not least, for good meat, comes the armadillos.

Tracks of these inhabitants of the "monte" are plentiful; the deer jump the rancher's fence and eat the young corn and bean plants, and the peccaries play hog when the corn is in the ear; but the brush is so thick and "joquisli" so plenty, that it is difficult to get a shot, or travel off the beaten trails. "Joquisli" is a kind of maguey, that grows about 4 feet high, the edges of the long, thick leaves lined with needles, and when the plants grow close together there is nothing to do but cut a way through, or go around. The deer will jump it and disappear in a twinkle, while all other animals enter by crawling close to the ground, and so find a safe refuge.

A short, light rifle, or carbine, with a "smashing" cartridge is the best, as long shots are exceptional and handiness and a "kill 'em quick" bullet is what counts. An outfit for reloading with light load, and bullet for small game, is good to have, as no wing shooting with shot gun can be done except on the lakes. The Savage carbine, fitted with Lyman's ivory hunting and receiver sights, would fill the bill I think.

Uncle Sam, in his "Directions to Sailing Masters," gives this section a bad name that it does not deserve. I have been here through 2 rainy seasons without a chill or a shake. When it comes to "torments" we have a lively list. Mosquitos are everywhere, and all the year around. Then there are the gnats, small but vicious biters, which make it necessary to sleep under a bar of muslin or calico, and that is a hardship on account of the heat. "Jiotes" are like a virulent ring-worm, and start from some scratch or rubbed mosquito bite. They will cover a man from head to foot in a month if not killed.

In the rainy season, June 15th to October 15th, one returns home from a tramp in brush with small itching lumps on the body, caused by "aradores." If there are few they are rubbed off with a needle, or point of a knife; if many, a good coat of tallow, well rubbed in, will stop the fun. On the same ground in the dry season, you will lay in a stock of "weners" or young ticks, which will make your blood circulate until rubbed off with a red hot rag.

Snakes are scarce, I have killed 3 kinds which the Mexicans claim are poisonous, but found them to have no fangs; there are rattlesnakes but I have seen none. "Escupion" is a large lizard, sort of a Gila monster, but larger. The natives say the bite is sure death.

A scorpion stung me in the calf of the leg, while in bed; thinking it did not hurt enough to be a scorpion, I let it go. I was soon undeceived by numbness of the lips, which had been described to me. The next day there was a numbness which can be likened to the foot being "asleep," in the whole body. The parts mostly affected were the feet, chest, throat, arms and lips. This was followed the second day by collapse, and I felt too weak to stand. Being stung lately while taking a bath, by a scorpion that was on the towel, I had a chance to try permanganate of potassium, which I have for snake bites. This sting was a hard, straight jab in the left side, and felt like carbolic acid on a sore finger. I injected the potassium within 2 or 3 minutes after being stung, and felt no effect from it, except a slight numbness of the lips, that lasted about half an hour.

A COON AND SOME YAMS.

ELLIOT C. BROWN.

There were 4 of us, Will, who was the host, Fred, Jimmy and I. We had agreed to have one more coon hunt before separating for the winter.

We called on one of Will's neighbors who promised to give us some good sport that night. Eight o'clock found us gathered—equipped with clubs, axes and lanterns—in front of our friend's house, with 2 negroes who had volunteered their services and the use of their dogs.

Mine host's friend was famous, the country round, for some yams he had, and equally famous for his stinginess. I will tell you what yams are, in case you have not had the pleasure of eating any. They are like the sweet potato of the North only 5 times better. They are juicy, and as sweet as honey.

This man's yams were especially fine, and were planted about 100 yards from his house; the field opening back to the woods.

Being all ready, we started to the woods and had not gone far when the dogs gave tongue. What a chase they led us! Over logs, through bushes of all kinds, and into swamp after swamp. At last they treed the coon and we came breathlessly up and gathered around.

"Abe," said one of the negroes, "go up an' shak' dat coon out of dat dere tree," and Abe went up and "shaked" and poked the coon with a pole until it lost its grip and fell, but caught on a lower limb. The operation was repeated with more success, for the coon fell to the ground and was speedily dispatched by the dogs.

The negroes now gathered wood, and a fire was lighted. The old negroes gave us some melodies and we all sang in turn, after which we started for home. We wandered around until about 1 o'clock in the morning, when we came upon a yam field. Being tired and hungry, we determined to have a yam supper and to sleep right there. We did not think it worth while to try to find our way home that night, and supposed we were in some old nigger's yam field. It was our host's friend who proposed having that supper, and another fire was built, yams were cooked and eaten, and more were cooked and more were eaten until we could not eat another one. By this time we had taken about half the yams in the field. I noticed the niggers winking to one another, and throwing away and wasting as many as they could, but did not think much of it, and with the others was quickly wrapped in sleep beside the fire.

"Where are those d—— niggers? Wake up and see what you've done, you pigs!"

Thus were we rudely awakened in the morning, by the owner of the yams. The light of dawn had disclosed the fact that the gentleman had run on his own yam field, and that there was only one half the crop left. I never saw a man so mad. The foxy old niggers had made good their escape before the discovery, doubtless taking home an extra bushel "fo' good luck." We 4 roared with laughter, which only made the old gentleman the hotter, so we followed the negroes' example and beat a retreat.

That was 2 years ago, and still when we meet someone asks, "Had any yams lately?" and again we laugh, as we recall the adventure of that memorable night.

CLIMBING MOUNTAINS ON WHEELS.

LINCOLN M. MILLER.

The club of mountain climbers known as the Mazamas, has for its object the collection of scientific data concerning the mountains of Washington and Oregon, and includes in its membership many of the most able men in these 2 sister states.

It is the custom of the club to ascend some mountain each summer, thus adding to the world of science much valuable information regarding the geological history of the Northwest Pacific coast. At the same time they enrich themselves, individually, by that personal contact with Nature, and by the hard work and simple living which goes, according to Walt Whitman, to "the making of the best of people."

The headquarters of the Mazamas are at Portland, Oregon. From this city, early in August, 1896, a party thoroughly equipped for work, and for recreation as well, set out to explore that portion of the Cascade range of mountains which lies between Douglas and Jackson counties on the West, and Klamath on the East. The objective point of the expedition was Crater lake, a mysterious and interesting body of water situated on the Eastern slope of the range, at an altitude of 6,280 feet.

The exploring party numbered 42 and included, beside members of the club, several distinguished guests who had come from various parts of the world to join in this trip.

The most feasible route, from Portland to Crater lake, is by way of Ashland, a town near the state line in the Southern part of Jackson county. From this point the road runs East across the summit of the Cascades, and then doubles back some 50 or 60 miles along the shores of Klamath lake, past Mount Pitt, and Mount Scott to the strange volcanic basin known as Crater lake.

From Portland to Ashland, a distance of 323 miles, the journey is easily made by railway; but from there on it becomes necessary to travel by wagon or pack-train.

In the expedition of 1896 there were 3 Mazamas who decided to make the journey on wheels.

Mr. C. H. Sholes, president of the Mazamas, Mr. Edgar McClure, professor of analytical chemistry in the University of Oregon, and Dr. L. Connel of Portland, 3 enthusiastic friends of the bicycle, formed this detachment.

Mr. Sholes and Dr. Connel left Portland by wheel and arrived in Eugene, distant 123 miles, August 6th, where they were joined by Professor McClure. From here on the account of this expedition is taken largely from the latter's notes, which, for brevity and clearness are not easily improved upon. The first entry runs as follows: August 7th left Eugene at 2.30 p.m., cyclometer registering 636½. On Camas Swale, chain broke. Took 25 minutes to repair it. Roads good. Reached Cottage Grove, 22 miles from Eugene, at 7 p.m. Cyclometer registered 659."

Here the party slept in a barn. Each man carried a roll of blankets strapped to the handlebar of his wheel, and was thus prepared to "rough it" in the best sense of the term.

From Cottage Grove, through Pass Creek Canyon and the beautiful Yoncolla valley, they found the roads hilly but fairly good. Crossing the Calapoovia mountains they were forced to do a great deal of walking. They made but 38½ miles that day, and reached Oakland at 6.15 p.m.

The next day being Sunday, they made a leisurely run to Roseburg, over an indifferent road. After dinner they went to Myrtle creek for supper.

After an hour's rest at that town they wheeled 5 miles farther and camped for the night under a tree on the bank of the Mupqua river. It is officially recorded that at this point the entire party "took a bath."

The next entry reads: "Monday August 10th—Left camp at 5.30 and arrived at Canyonville 6.30. Cyclometer, 745⅞. Road good. Canyonville is not a good place to get meals. Waiter does not know enough to make what he has go round." From which it may be inferred the Canyonville breakfast was not altogether satisfactory as to quantity; though it is possible, that maligned waiter had not hitherto had occasion to estimate the capacity of biking Mazamas. He should not, therefore, be too much blamed for insufficient provision.

What was lacking in Canyonville was made up at Galesville where the wheelmen dined sumptuously. The Chinese cook, at Galesville, atoned for the stupid waiter at Canyonville and in addition was interesting by reason of his desire to be sociable in "pigeon" English.

"Cow Creek Crossing, 5 miles from Galesville. Stream about 30 feet wide and knee-deep. Must wade and carry bikes. Reach Wolf Creek Station at 3.00 p.m. Cyclometer 770¼. Road hilly but good. Out of Wolf Creek, follow the telegraph line. Top of Wolf Creek Hill 3.50. Cyclometer 772¾. Next hill about 2½ miles long. Too rough and rocky to ride. Tried to ride down, but took a header. Wheel ran away with me twice."

Another member of the party fared even worse in attempting this descent. In applying the brake, after a fashion of his own, Dr. Connel had a serious misunderstanding with his wheel. When it was over and the atmosphere had cleared sufficiently to enable his companions to see him, the doctor was found sitting in the middle of the road, facing uphill, with his feet through the frame of the unlucky bicycle. However, neither man nor wheel was damaged and after a breathing space the expedition proceeded on its way.

From Grant's pass, which they left August 11th at 8.35 they found the roads remarkably fine. The roadbed of the S. P. railway, being ballasted with decomposed granite, forms an excellent bicycle track for the greater part of the remaining distance to Ashland. The only accidents on this portion of the journey were a damaged cyclometer and a punctured tire.

"Wednesday, August 12. Arrived in Ashland for breakfast. Spent the day in repairing wheels. Rest of party, 39 in number, came in on noon train.

"August 13th. Left Ashland at 8.15 a.m. Cyclometer 834⅜. Road good first 6 miles, when ascent of mountains begins. Climb is steep. Impossible to ride, even where grade is moderate, on account of loose dirt. Whole party arrives at Spout Spring at 12.30. Luncheon. Reached summit of pass at 3.10, cyclometer 849¼. Rapid descent for ¾ of a mile. Ride comfortably from here to Hunt's ranch, arriving 5 p.m. Went into camp and waited 3 hours for cook-wagon to come up. Horses had balked at lunch-camp. Had a scant evening meal and sought our beds."

Leaving Hunt's the party proceeded

leisurely, through the rugged wilderness, to the Lake of the Woods, a fathomless pool into which no streams flow and which has no known outlet. They camped over night, and were tormented by mosquitoes and thirst, for the water is bad. The Mazamas divided here, the main body turning aside to make the ascent of Mt. Pitt, a snow-peak 9,250 feet high. The 3 wheelmen went on to Pelican bay, on Upper Klamath lake, where they had glorious sport catching trout, some of which are said to have weighed 15 pounds each.

"Monday August 17th. Mt. Pitt's party arrived in camp at Pelican bay about 1 p.m." They reported a difficult trip, or what the official report designates as a "regular starveout time;" but after an hour's rest and refreshment they were ready to press on toward the lake.

From here on the journey was pleasant but uneventful. The roads, for the most part, being fairly good. At the foot of Mt. Mazama they made the last camp, before reaching the lake. The last entry, in Professor McClure's note book, records the fact that when in sight of the lake the cyclometer registered 887½, and leaves the rest to the imagination of the reader. However, it is known that these 3 dauntless wheelmen made the return trip with ease, and that by actual experience they have proved the possibility and pleasantness of bicycle mountaineering. They were the first to make this long and rugged journey by wheel, but will not be the last.

A CANOE CRUISE IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

S. B. BUCKMASTER, M.D.

> "Give me of your bark O birch tree!
> Of your yellow bark O birch tree!
> Growing by the rushing river,
> Tall and stately in the valley.
> I a light canoe will build me,
> Build a swift cheemaun for sailing,
> That shall float upon the river,
> Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
> Like a yellow water lily."

Years of application to an exacting profession have failed to still the desire for the piny wilderness, always felt, and but partly gratified nearly a quarter of a century ago, when a lad, in the beautiful valley lying in the shadow of mighty Shasta, in Northern California. Their summer vacations gave opportunities for camping and hunting; so one fall, when my friend, Dr. Hart, of the Leech lake Indian Agency, in Northern Minnesota, invited me to visit him, I joyfully arranged for a 2 weeks' absence.

A day's ride to Brainerd, and a farther ride of 60 miles Northward, brought me to the town of Walker, on Leech lake, where my friend met me at the train. Embarking on a little steamer, filled with Chippewas, we soon reached the agency, located on the shore of beautiful Leech lake, with its 425 miles of pine-clad shores. Here is the reservation of the Pillager band of Chippewas, numbering some 1,500.

The following day arrangements were completed for our dash into the wilderness. In the afternoon we embarked in 2 birch-bark canoes.

Our party consisted of C——, the principal of the Government school for Indian children; my friend and me; Mart, whose knowledge of Chippewa and woodcraft did much to make the trip successful; and 2 men to do the work.

We journeyed Northward for 5 days, gliding past beautiful pine groves, interspersed with deciduous growths, taking on their autumnal livery; through winding rivers; across wide lakes; amid vast beds of wild rice, from which the mallards arose in thousands; on through Winnebegoshish; beyond the Mississippi, near its source; and, with a 12-mile portage through the pine woods, reached the Bowstring river. Down the Bowstring; through dense forests, with waving grass meadows interspersed, in which could be seen many trails of moose and deer. On past Moore river, into the big fork of Rainy river, we paddled, every hour replete with the pleasure which comes to the wilderness lover.

Everywhere the Chippewas were busy gathering wild rice, beating it into canoes, while paddling through it. It was taken ashore and parched in large kettles, by squaws. The bucks then hulled the rice, by trampling, barefooted, on it, in a hole in the ground. Tossing it in the air, in large birch trays, served to separate all the dirt thought necessary, by these none too particular feeders. I found it quite palatable, when boiled, until personal observation showed me how it was prepared. After that, camp biscuits and game were good enough.

One afternoon we landed at an Indian village. Entering a birch-bark tepee, to see if I could buy some venison or moose meat (the Indians on the reservation pay little heed to game laws), a party of bucks was seen seated on the ground, around a red blanket, too deeply interested in a game of poker to heed the stranger. A request of the chief for permission to take their picture, was curtly refused, through superstitious belief that harm would follow. A judicious contribution to the pot, however, enabled me to get a snap-shot, while they grabbed for the coin.

On the next day we reached the camp of a gentleman, who, with his wife, was spending the summer in the woods. We enjoyed their hospitality 2 days, before starting on our return trip. He had a very complete camp and outfit. With him, besides a colored cook, were 4 men, who assisted in hunting and fishing. On some of the neighboring lakes, with which this region abounds, this man had canoes, so bountiful strings of bass, walleyed pike and pickerel were easily secured.

But why

> "Sing of the happy days that followed
> In the land of the Ojibways,
> In the pleasant land and peaceful."

Why tell of voracious appetites; of sleeping on the ground, where

> "Weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
> Finds the downy pillow hard."

On the return we varied the trip by portaging 4 miles across from the Bowstring to the Cutfoot Sioux river; then paddling down this to Lake Winnebegoshish, and down the Mississippi, among the rice beds, in which we found ducks in great numbers. Walleyed pike and pickerel might have been caught by the boat load.

We paddled down the swift current of the Mississippi, to the mouth of Leech river; and from there with a hard day's work, reached the Government dam in Leech lake. This dam and one on the Mississippi, where it flows from Lake Winnebegoshish, are large, expensive Government structures for maintaining a high stage of water in the upper Mississippi.

At Leech lake the keeper of the dam has a pair of moose, in his pasture, which he hopes to sell to some collection.

Less than 10 hours' paddling brought us back to the agency, after an absence of 13 days, during which a journey of 300 miles in canoes had been made. I secured a collection of pictures and other trophies that will long serve as reminders of a rough, but exceedingly pleasant trip. The woods were full of grouse; the waters swarmed with fish; ducks were abundant; while moose and deer were seen in fair numbers. Big game is killed by the Indians at all seasons. One day we met a native in a canoe, in whose cap were 2 feathers, signifying he had killed 2 Sioux. This brave's canoe was half filled with the meat of a moose just killed, a large piece of which he willingly parted with.

The country is wild—no roads nor trails —accessible only by canoe journeys; so, in spite of the slaughter by Indians, game is plentiful.

The Leech lake region is destined to become popular with those seeking a good camping, hunting and fishing country.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

F. L. OSWALD.

A NATURAL GAME PRESERVE.

The happiest hunting-ground of the Eastern Continent is, at present, probably the Elbrus range, on the South shore of the Caspian and some 200 miles East of the Russian Caucasus. Deer, wild goats, elk, wolves, bears, leopards, foxes and badgers abound in the uplands; in the summit regions of the mountains, which attain a height of 18,000 feet above tidewater, there are chamois and wild sheep, and in the coast jungles tigers, darker and somewhat larger than the Bengal variety. Wild hogs also abound, and the foothill region is the original home of the wild pheasant, and now almost its last refuge, since the pheasant river, the Caucasian Phasis, has ceased to deserve its name. The climate is that of Southern Italy, minus the sirocco, and can give one an idea what weather the coastlands of the Mediterranean may have enjoyed before the destruction of the great sylvania which once stretched from the Black Sea to the shores of the Atlantic.

BEAR-DENS OF THE ANDES.

A curious instance of zoological isolation is the existence of bears in the Andes of Southern Chili. How did they get there? If by migration from the California Sierras, why did they not establish halfway colonies in Mexico and Ecuador, where a complete stock of assorted climates might have been secured at pre-emption rates? But they must have hastened on till they could see their noontide shadow as plain as in British North America, and, like the brook-trout of New Zealand, have now to solve the problem of survival at a distance of 6,000 miles from the homes of their next relatives.

CANINE CANNIBALS.

"Man's truest friend" seems now and then apt to resent neglect in a rather emphatic way of his own. The *khelp el kamr*, or "desert dogs," of Southern Syria, have degenerated into perfect beasts of prey, and are so scandalized at the sleek appearance of a pet pug that they will tear him limb from limb, with all the fury of famished wolves. Small parties of travellers risk sharing the fate of their canine companions, and, according to a report from Sidi Harat, some 80 miles Southwest of Damascus, an old Sheik was recently rent and eaten by a pack of ravenous khelps within 100 yards of his own rancho. In stress of circumstances, desert dogs do not scruple to attack even the decrepit patriarchs of their own tribe, a propensity which seems to explain the occasional appearance of a solitary khelp, who will retire to the rocks of the barren uplands and starve like the editor of a Texas temperance paper, rather than tempt the appetites of his own kinsmen.

MOSQUITO REMEDIES.

Every hunter in Eastern Arkansas has a gnat recipe of his own, but like the panacea of the world-renouncing Buddhists, those prescriptions are generally worse than the evil itself. Muck-smoke makes a bedroom untenable, and inunctions of kerosene oil engender villainous nightmares; but Dr. Otto Wiegand of Port Isabel, Guatemala, recommends a mixture of vaseline, neroli (orange peel oil) and extract of artemisia absinthium, as both effective and inoffensive. The natives use lard instead of vaseline and dispense with the *neroli*, which impresses Caucasian olfactories with the net result of a perfume but does not deceive the keener senses of tipulary insects. They dread artemisia juice as an elixir of death and recognize it in any admixture, even through the tobacco smoke of a Spanish-American bedroom.

OPEN AIR MENAGERIES.

The Darwinian pets in the zoological garden of Lima, Peru, live twice as long as their kinsmen in Northern prisons, though they are kept in open-air cages, as we would keep eagles or crows. Their diet is decidedly mixed: cornbread, beans, dried beef, bananas and potatoes, flavored with red pepper and the cigar stumps of mischievous visitors. Scrubbing day comes only once a week, and the regulations against youngsters with pea-shooters are not very strictly enforced, but the more liberal allowance of fresh air compensates all that, even in winter, when the mercury on that airy plateau sometimes sinks to within 10 degrees of the freezing point. Not lack of warmth, but lack of ventilation is the main cause of man and monkey-killing lung-diseases, and consumptives should visit the railway park of Old Fort, North Carolina, where a pair of Magabey apes have been kept alive for years in a garden-house without a stove—with open lattice work all around, and with a few bundles of hay as the only refuge from winter storms.

BULLET-PROOF JACKETS.

Henrick Dowe, the inventor of the mysterious bullet-proof mail coats, died without having been able to come to terms with the Government Commissioners, and his secret is now in the hands of a Berlin syndicate, who claim to have improved an invention that may turn the tide of the next international war. Bullets that strike clear through 10 inches of hard oakwood fail to penetrate pads 3½ inches thick and might bruise but could hardly kill a soldier in a cap-a-pie suit of the protective fabric. Its moderate weight proves its non-metallic composition, and Captain Bischoff, of the last Prussian commission, inclines to the opinion that the outer cover, of stout canvas, conceals a network of knotted rawhide thongs.

AQUATIC DUELLOS.

The featherless fighting cocks of France are said to have tried all forms of single combat from butting matches to Texas rifle matinees, but would probably draw the line at the aquatic duels of the Marquesas islanders. The rival Don Juans of the benighted archipelago hurry to the nearest coral reef, leap off, and meeting in deep water, attack one another with the fury of love-crazed fish-otters. They use short, crooked daggers, and the chances of the contest are complicated by their trick of diving and trying to tackle their antagonist from below.

FOURFOOTED OUTLAWS.

The boasted abundance of game in some parts of Central Europe seems due to a lack of enterprise on the part of the native peasants, as much as to the vigilance of forest wardens, for the remarkable survivals include creatures that have never enjoyed the benefits of legislative protection. Lynxes still hold their own in the Black Forest and in the French Jura, and troops of wolves continue to haunt the highlands of the Cevennes and all the large woodlands of the vast area extending from the Niemen to the Ural. A still more scandalous fact is their existence in the Belgian Ardennes, on the road from Brussels to Paris, and with densely populated mining districts all around.

A CHANCE FOR SNOW-SHOE EXPERTS.

A better excuse can be offered for their survival in the Western Caucasus. A Russian officer who tried to reach the headwaters of the Kuban, from Stavropol, saw herds of elk, and counted 26 bush-tails in a pack of wolves that were chasing a doe across his trail, but found the snow-drifts so deep that he had to content himself with a cliff-point view of the highlands proper, that towered along the Southern horizon in their ice-crowns and mantles of evergreen pinewoods.

THE DRAGON MYSTERY.

A British army surgeon gives an interesting account of the sculptured ruins of Aboo Destur on the upper Nile, where emblems of dragons figure among lions, serpents and baboons. The dragons exhibit the conventional coil-tail, but the excrescences on their shoulders are too short to resemble wings and seem to have been intended for fins or flippers. Could they have been meant for the paddles of the monstrous fish-lizard, and thus account for the dragon traditions that are found in all the ancient chronicles of the world, from China to Portugal? The word *dragon*, according to Webster, is derived from a Greek verb meaning "to gaze or stare," in allusion to the terrible eyes of the creature, and it would have been an understatement to call the optics of the ichthyosaurus saucer-eyes. They had a diameter of 13 inches and a peculiar arrangement that enabled the ogre to change their focal range like that of a telescope and discern its prey as easily in deep sea water as on the banks of distant river deltas. Aquatic champions of that kind can hardly have perished from the effects of the deluge, and may actually have been exterminated by the primitive tribes of mankind.

ZOOLOGICAL HUNTING-GROUNDS.

Professor Hagenbeck, the proprietor of the big Hamburg sale menagerie, has agents in every larger seaport town of the tropics, but his 2 best supply stations are Port Natal, on the East coast of Africa, and Singapore, at the Southern extremity of the Asiatic mainland. Hundreds of African giant-cats are shipped every year via Natal, and Singapore is so close to the great ape-island of Sumatra that kidnapped specimens of our Darwinian cousins can be ferried across in 2 hours.

AN EXCITING BEAR HUNT.

A. PLUMMER.

Missoula, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: In the summer of '65 I made a trip from Salt Lake City to the then booming mining camp of Virginia City, Montana. There were 4 of us in the party, and we were all tenderfeet. We passed through Port Neuff canyon, a wild and rugged place which afterward became famous as the scene of a great stage robbery, when over $60,000 was taken from the express box.

A small stream runs through this canyon, with trees and brush growing thickly along its banks.

We were driving slowly up this creek, when suddenly a large, black bear walked out of the timber and crossed the road, directly in front of us.

He did not appear to be alarmed by our presence; in fact did not seem to notice us at all.

We were immediately thrown into the wildest confusion. Here was the chance we had all been waiting for, to distinguish ourselves. Not one of us had ever seen a bear, and all wanted the honor of doing up Mr. Bruin. We were sure all we needed was to get a shot at him. Consequently we all 4 fired at about the same time. One of the shots hit him in the thigh, making it possible for us to follow him on foot.

He started up a small gulch, on the side of the canyon. Our party divided, 2 going up on each side of the gulch. We kept up a perfect fusillade of shots, as we caught glimpses of him going through the brush. We had to shoot down into the ravine, and all being green hands our shots were somewhat wild and uncertain.

After an exciting run of a mile and a half, the bear emerged into an open space, where he had no protection at all. This he seemed to realize and immediately turned and retraced his steps. We followed and kept up our promiscuous shooting, whenever we could get a glimpse of the bear. In fact we fired at everything that looked like bear.

He passed right back over his tracks, going by the wagons again, and finally reached the main stream. I then fired my last shot, which hurt him badly, for he turned and bit himself. My companion then shot and hit him in the head, as he turned toward us, and the bear dropped dead in the stream.

On skinning him we found he was literally shot to pieces—30 bullets having struck him. It is a curious fact that the last shot fired, was the only one of the 30 that could have caused death, none of the others having touched a vital spot.

IN THE KOOTENAY COUNTRY.

Spokane, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Have just returned from an extended tour, through a region rarely visited by sportsmen. Leaving Bonner's Ferry, 110 miles East of Spokane, and crossing the Kootenay river, we followed an old and well worn trail Northward.

For the first 30 miles, the trail traverses open pine ridges, whence an occasional brook makes its way to the Kootenay. This is an excellent feeding ground for deer, when snow has driven them from the higher ranges, and here we saw numerous coveys of ruffed grouse.

We reached Round Prairie at 6 p.m. on the first day out, and determined to stay a week there. We made our headquarters in a deserted cabin, on a little stream that ran through a series of meadows, one to 40 acres in extent. On both sides, open pine timber reached back to the foot hills, affording good pasturage for our horses. Arising before the sun next morning, we went forth on our respective missions; Will, to fish, Lou, to gather berries, and I, to shoot a deer.

While passing through the meadow in which our horses were feeding, I was surprised to see a white-tail doe, with 2 fawns, make off into the pines; and during the next 3 hours I saw 4 more does, with their fawns, in the parks, and amid the timber. Not caring to shoot anything but a buck, I returned, empty handed, to camp, where I found Will, with 22 fine trout, and Lou, who had picked a large basketful of huckleberries.

We had an early supper, and an hour before sunset I went back among the parks, and choosing a position at the edge of a 20 acre meadow, awaited developments. Three does, and as many fawns, soon took possession of the field, and fed leisurely, unsuspicious of danger. I was about to return to camp, at dusk, when, with a crackling of underbrush, 2 bucks bounded into view, about 100 yards away. I drew a bead on the shoulder of the nearest deer, and let go. He ran about 50 yards, and fell, and I found I had secured a 2 year old. This settled the question of camp-meat for some time, at least.

During our stay at this camp we caught all the fish we desired, and saw many ruffed and blue grouse, and fool hens. The evening before we moved on, I got a yearling buck, at 50 yards, with one shot.

We broke camp, and passed the Canadian boundary 5 miles from Round Prairie, and 5 miles further on crossed Rainy creek, unpacking there to rest and dine. After dinner we travelled 8 miles, and camped on Moyie river, near the Goat river trail. I never saw better fishing than in the Moyie. It is too good, for in 10 minutes one can catch enough fish to supply the camp a day.

From here on, we travelled slowly, the trail being rough, and running for miles over slide rock. We saw many little chief hares running in and out of their holes in the rocks, uttering their peculiar squeak. While camped at Timothy meadows, our supply of venison ran short, and Lou went up the mountain, and shot a black-tailed buck. It took hard work to pack it down, as the ground was very rough.

Five miles from the meadows, we came to Moyie lake, a beautiful sheet of water, 10 miles long and one mile wide. At the lower end we crossed to the Eastern side of the river by a pack bridge. Three miles up the lake, is the new town of Moyie city. Moyie lake and vicinity is destined to become a favorite resort for sportsmen and tourists. The fishing is excellent. Deer, caribou and goats, are everywhere to be found, while the mountains, benches and river bottoms, are fairly alive with grouse. Boats can now be had for fishing and sailing, and a naphtha launch will soon be placed on the lake.

From Moyie city we proceeded to Sifton and Cranbrook, and from there to Ft. Steele. After visiting the principal mines in the vicinity, we turned our horses' heads Southward, and made the 110 miles to Bonner's Ferry in 5 days. On the third day out from Ft. Steele, while riding leisurely along, we came upon a bear and her 2 cubs, in a berry patch. As we were short of lard for cooking purposes, we killed one of the cubs, and when we camped for the night, rendered from it enough grease to last us the remainder of the trip. Cub fat is comparatively tasteless, and makes an excellent substitute for lard. We could easily have killed the bear and other cub, if we had had enough time to save the pelts and fat.

We hope to go over the same ground again, and will have something to write for RECREATION, on our return.

Mazama.

A DEER HUNT IN CALIFORNIA.

F. D. MARSH.

The opening day of our deer season had come and gone, and still my only share of sport was the reading, in RECREATION, of hunts that others had enjoyed. By the 3d of September, I could stand it no longer. I packed my traps, and carrying rifle, gun and rod, took the boat to Ukiah, Mendocino county, and from there, staged 35 miles to H. D. Rowe's station, on the old overland stage road. Arrived there, I, with Mr. Barstow, a neighboring rancher, started afoot over the ridge, back of the station, through the pine forest where the silence was unbroken save by the bark of squirrels, or the startled jump of a deer, from its soft bed in the pine-needles.

We pushed on until we reached the top of a ridge running North and South, from which we had a grand view over a vast stretch of country. We could see the forest, rolling unbroken to the ocean, 40 miles away. On the West side of the ridge, openings extended some 4 miles to the Southward.

Here, Barstow proposed I should wait for Mr. Rowe, who was coming with the packs and 2 horses, and go with him to the camp a few miles away, where I could hunt during the evening. I preferred harder work, with more chance of game, and remained with Barstow.

We were an hour in reaching the first opening, on a spur of the ridge below us. There we found a meadow of 2 acres, and a deserted cabin with a spring bubbling beside it. Just South of this, was another spur, high and rocky, topped with scrub oaks, and, lower down, covered with bay trees, birches, and blackberry bushes. In these we caught a glimpse of a deer, as it jumped to cover, and ran to the spot, hoping to see it again. While looking for it, we saw another deer on the ridge above—a small buck—about 125 yards from us.

To end an argument as to who should shoot first, we both fired at once, but the buck stood its ground, uninjured. We fired again and wounded him. Then we ran up the ridge to see how badly he was hit. On the way, we jumped a doe, but let her pass. It was now well toward sunset. Already the shadows were creeping up the hillsides, marking the ending of a glorious day. In the fading light we could find no sign that the deer was severely hurt, though we felt sure such was the case. The next day we followed the blood marks half a mile, but did not get the deer. It made a meal for the wild hogs or buzzards.

The same evening, after losing the trail of the deer, Barstow went on further, under some oaks, and soon I heard him call, "Look out! There goes another buck!" and saw one coming in my direction. It was a sure shot, yet I missed it, and missed again. Then Barstow fired twice without result. Getting another shot, I caught the deer just in time. In a moment more it would have been over a bluff, and out of sight.

The sun was now below the horizon, though still casting crimson color up the Western sky. There was barely enough light to shoot by, as we went on through the openings. Soon a full moon replaced the sun. We struck the ridge 2 miles below the place we had first crossed. Here, in an opening, 2 deer were feeding. I would not fire at them, but Barstow did. Even with the bright moonlight, it was too dark for good shooting, and the deer ran off unharmed. We reached camp at last, and after supper, and an hour of story telling, rolled in our blankets, and slept the sleep of the tired.

Next morning we were afoot before the stars had faded from the sky, and hunted over the same ground as on the preceding day. Barstow had gone to an opening 500 yards below me, when I heard several shots; he had started a small deer from some hazel brush, and brought it down. We packed the deer some 2 miles, to the top of the ridge, and I sent it to my home.

Next day we returned to where we had hung the buck, and took it to camp. There we rested from our labors, during the few days we remained in the woods; doing no more hunting, but eating venison, drinking from the mountain streams, and inhaling the pleasant odors of the pine forest.

THE FARMER'S STORY.

W. W. H.

Last November found Judge B—— and I enjoying our Thanksgiving vacation at quail shooting near one of the beautiful lakes in St. Joseph county, Mich. We had been in camp 2 days and with only moderate luck with the birds.

On Saturday we were out at break of day and had good shooting; returning to camp about 11 o'clock. Soon we had prepared a dinner such as only hunters can fully appreciate.

As we were finishing the meal, farmer L—— strolled into camp to pay us a visit.

Mr. L——, is by birth a German, has been in the country but a few years, and does not speak our language with the greatest fluency. When we showed him our game he seemed pleased at our success, and asked innumerable questions about how our dog worked. Finally, he asked if we ever hunted foxes. We told him we did not find time; adding that we thought foxes rather scarce. Pointing to our left, the farmer called our attention to a small, sparsely timbered island, surrounded by willows and low land.

"A fox hat her den dot islant last spring," he said. We saw he had a story to tell, and urged him to tell it. After a moment's hesitation—apparently to collect his thoughts—he proceeded: "Dat fox, she was fery tame. She would come off dot islant und arount dem villows und across dot marschlant und ofer dot fielt bei mine house, und schneak arount to steal mine hens; but I see her come, und she don't got von of mine hens. She come efery day most. Dot dog of mine,"—pointing to a cur he had with him—"he kill efery voodchuck bei dis farm; but he vos afrait of dot fox, and ven dot fox comes, he schneaks avay und hites.

"Vell, ven she don't get von of my schickens, dot fox she go pack ofer dot fielt und dot marsch to dot islant; but she vos hungery und soon she go dot oder vay rount und schneaks up bei Geo. Kizer's hen-house und stheal von of his hens, und take him pack mit her to dot islant und eat him.

"Ven Kizer he fint out dot she haf kilt von of his hens—my, put he vos mat!—He loats up his gun, mit pig shot, und he votch for dot fox.

"Von Sunday my nephew, he com to visit me und I ax him of he efer see a fox. He sed he nefer seen a fox; und I told him to come mit me und maybe I vould show him a fox. So ve vent oud bei my parn und vait, und soon dot fox she come down off dot islant und arount dem villows und ofer dot fielt bei mine house und up bei my parn. My nephew he say, 'Is dot a fox?' und I say, 'Dot is a fox.' He say 'Is a fox ret und do a fox haf a pushy dail?' und I say, 'A fox is ret and a fox haf a pushy tail, und ven you see a ret animal like dot, mit a pushy tail, mit some vite bei de ent, dat is a fox.'

"Dot fox see us und don't got a hen bei my hen house und she go pack bei dot fielt und ofer dot marsch und bei dose villows to dot islant, but she soon schneaks ofer bei Kizer's hen-house again. Kizer, he vos vatchen, und ven she comes up bei his hen-house, he shoot her down ded und kilt her. Dot vas a schame!"

ON THE DEAD DIMOND.

KARL O. BALCH.

Tuesday evening, September 21st, I alighted from a train at Colebrook, N. H., and the next morning Mr. Frank P. Gilmore unfolded to me a plan, for a day's outing on the "Dead Dimond."

By one o'clock we were off for the 35 mile drive to "Wentworth's location." For a team we had a pair of fast horses, hitched to a double seated buckboard and driven by our old friend, and guide, "Spoff" Flint, a most trustworthy, well informed woodsman. Mr. Geo. McGinley, of Colebrook, and W. H. Adams, of Boston, with 2 other Colebrook men, made up our party and drove another team. Our trip from Colebrook, to the famous "Dixville Notch," was made in about 2 hours. The bright autumnal foliage of the grand old mountains, on one side, and the bold, rugged face of the notch on the other, with the beautiful little lake nestling between, made up a charming picture. We drove on to Erroll, 10 miles distant, through a very fertile farming region; thence, over Erroll mountain, into the Magalloway valley and on to Mr. Geo. Flint's. Here we stayed the first night, and found hospitality of the most bountiful kind. Early next morning, we began the remaining 4½ miles of our trip, up the Dimond river, to an opening in the wilderness known as "Brown's Farm." No one lives there, but we found a comfortable log camp, with a stove, and other convenient articles.

It was 10 o'clock before we had our horses tethered, camp outfit unpacked, guns out, and ready for the day's sport. Starting through the clearing, to the edge of the forest, we separated, and approached the river cautiously. I was just nearing the bank when I heard a deer on the other side. I quickly brought my gun to my shoulder, and in a moment saw the animal poke his nose out of the bushes. While waiting for him to show up a trifle more, "bang" went a gun, and the deer gave a great bound, turning a complete somersault over the bank into the river, with a bullet through its heart. Mr. McGinley fired the fatal shot. Just at this time 3 shots sounded in quick succession, down the river. To our disappointment they were unsuccessful, having been fired by one of the party who must have been attacked with buck fever. Satisfied with our morning's work, we returned to camp.

Disappointment came the next morning, for we found it raining hard. Nevertheless after breakfast we all went out, and in the "round up" at noon, found several brace of grouse to our credit.

Dinner eaten, horses hitched up, and back we went to Colebrook. Thence I returned home, taking with me a hind quarter of the deer and some grouse.

AT BIG LAKE, MINN.

J. G. P.

On October 5, 1897, W. H. Long, Fred C. Whitney and I left Des Moines, to spend a few days in Northwestern Minnesota, on a fishing expedition. On the afternoon of the 7th, we arrived at Farewell lake, in Stearnes county, and spent the rest of the day fishing for black bass. This fish is the only species in the lake; though in the many other lakes of this section can also be found the red horse, lake pickerel, etc. We were well repaid for the time spent there, and each caught a fine string of fish. They ranged in weight from ¾ to 5½ pounds. I landed one that weighed 5 pounds. Mr. Long took home a goodly number of fish as proof of his skill.

The next day we left Farewell lake, by way of Clear Water, crossing the Mississippi river in the direction of Sauk Rapids, and then South along the chain of lakes for 35 miles, to Big lake. There we stopped for a few days, and there I spent the remainder of my vacation after the other members of the party had left for home. At Big lake we met a party of hunters and fishermen from St. Paul and Minneapolis, and another party from Freeport, Ill., who had been farther North, hunting. They reported a good time and game plenty. Our party, as re-enforced by the St. Paul crowd, was composed of A. E. Perry, P. H. Mead—both old sportsmen—John Thompson, Orle Elfes, and Cliff Nickerson of Becker; we made up the hunting team. The fishing party was from Minneapolis, and included the well-known sportsmen, John Mack, M. A. Clark, Al. Stoddard, Steve Brown and Al. Dunagal.

On Sunday morning, October 10th, both parties struck out for the locality where sport promised to be most abundant. The hunting party, of which I was a member, left the house at 4.30 a.m., going by team 10 miles to Mud lake. This lake is from 3 to 12 feet deep. Three feet below the surface lies a thick mat of bed grass, on which reeds, rushes and wild rice grow profusely, in patches or spots, and between them, are water ways. These lakes seem to be a natural feeding ground for wild ducks, geese and brant. Although it was raining and snowing, we endured the weather for the sake of the sport, and bagged a large number of ducks. The Northern flight was just beginning, and the birds were numerous.

This is as nearly a sportsman's paradise, as any region in the United States. Fishing is excellent. Ducks, geese, brant, and ruffed grouse were found in abundance, also black, gray and red squirrels. Farther North, large game was reported plenty; so that anyone with a desire for sport would be well repaid for time and money spent in that part of the country.

If the laws of the state, in regard to the preservation of game are enforced, there will be good hunting and fishing for years to come.

ON THE SUNK LANDS.

Albion, Fla.

Editor RECREATION: While engaged on the geological survey of Arkansas, in 1859, I visited the "sunk lands" of the St. Francis river, near the town of New Madrid. The sunk lands are the result of the great earthquake of 1811, and the name is applied principally to a depressed area covered by the water of the St. Francis river, which stream passes through it, forming a lake 25 to 30 miles long and ¼ to ½ mile wide. Outside of the lake are lines of sunken land, 8 to 10 feet wide, and at that time one to 3 feet deep. In one direction, East of North, these sinks extend 40 or 50 miles.

The same condition exists in Tennessee, on the opposite side of the Mississippi, where Reelfoot lake was formed by the damming up of the Obine river.

On both sides of the Mississippi, the trees sank with the land, and are still standing and growing, as though never disturbed. In the lakes, the trees were killed by the water, and most of them were standing when I saw them. At Deep Landing, the head of navigation for steamboats that ply from Memphis, the water is 10 to 15 feet deep, yet so clear, that pebbles on the bottom are distinctly seen.

The lake was full of game fishes, such as black bass, white bass and large bream. We could take, in half an hour, enough fish to supply the camp for a day.

We secured a guide and explored the lake in cypress canoes, called by the natives swamp buggies. Along the shores of the lake, and of numerous small islands, called hummucks, wild rice was growing in great profusion. Immense flocks of wild swans, geese and ducks were feeding on the rice. It was too early in the season to shoot them. The guide told me the feathers and down-covered skin of a swan were worth $5.

Between this lake and the Mississippi, the land is covered with a forest of cottonwood trees, and an undergrowth of cane so dense as to be impenetrable except along the paths made by wild animals. At the time of my visit elk, deer, turkeys, bears, panthers and wolves were abundant. As we paddled along the shore of the lake, we saw a large panther stretched on a limb of a cottonwood tree. Soon after we passed a bear with 2 cubs. They looked at us a moment, then leisurely walked into the canebrake. A little farther on, we saw a herd of 50 or more deer come to the shore and drink. Throughout the day's journey in our canoe, we saw numerous flocks of wild turkeys. Indeed, at the time of which I write, it was impossible to find a region so bountifully supplied with game of all kinds, as the sunk lands of Arkansas.

Old Timer.

CARRITUNK NOTES.

August 17th: I started for Mike Marr's camps, at Indian pond, to meet Senator Williams and wife, of California. The same day reached Ellis' pond camps, where I, with Mr. Nichols of Madison, took 38 trout on the fly, in one hour.

August 18th: I arrived at Marr's, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Williams awaiting me. I remained there with them 21 days. In that time they took 150 trout, the largest weighing 2½ pounds.

September 10th: Mr. and Mrs. Williams returned to Fairfield, Me., where they remain for a few weeks prior to their return to California. When I arrived, Mr. Marr had as guests, Dr. C. W. McConnell, and

Mr. W. C. Copeland, of Boston, and Will Whitcomb, of Beverley, Mass.

August 22d: Dr. McConnell and Mr. Copeland went to Churchill stream, where they caught 50 trout; largest 1¾ pounds.

August 23d: Dr. McConnell and guide went to Indian stream, and remained there over night. They caught 150 trout most of which they put back; largest 1 pound. New arrivals this day: Rev. Geo. Stowell, Prof. Nichols, of Harvard, and Judge Perry, of Connecticut.

August 25th: Judge Perry went to Churchill; caught 11 trout, largest 2½ pounds.

August 27th: Judge Perry and party returned to Deer Island, where they had stopped prior to their arrival at Mr. Marr's. New arrivals this day: Mr. and Mrs. Bray, and Mr. and Mrs. Killam, of Beverley, Mass.

August 28th: Prof. Graham, of Andover, Mass., arrived from Parlin pond.

August 30th: Mr. Killam went to Churchill; caught 6 trout, weighing 8 pounds. Dr. Emerson and wife, of Boston, arrived to-day.

August 31st: Mr. Killam and party returned home. Mr. Stowell and wife and Prof. Nichols, returned to-day from Deer Island. Mr. Copeland went to Indian stream; caught 40 trout.

September 2d: E. C. Hersey, of Portland, arrived.

September 4th: Mr. Hersey went to Churchill stream; caught 15 trout, largest 1 pound. Mr. Copeland fished up the West outlet to-day; caught 38 trout, largest, 1½ pounds. Whole number of trout taken today, 79. Mr. Copeland and Mr. Hersey returned home to-day.

September 10th: Mr. Hoyt, wife and 3 children, arrived.

September 11th: I returned home. Saw 25 deer on this trip.

September 20th: I went to Carry ponds, with Senator Williams. We remained 4 days; fishing not very good.

Geo. C. Jones, registered guide.

THE HUNTER HUNTED.

One bright, frosty morning in October my husband was away from home, and—in Western phraseology—I was holding down the ranche. No one was on the place except myself and Blennie, a neighbor's little boy about 7 years old. We had gone out afoot, to drive in the calves, when, looking across the meadow I saw something playing in the sunshine. I started toward the object to investigate. When I got near enough I found it was a skunk, or pole-cat, as we call them in this country. I called loudly to Blennie to bring me my small rifle, a 25-20. I had only one loaded shell, but thought I could surely kill a pole-cat with that. Blennie brought me the rifle; I raised it, took aim at the centre of the pole-cat's forehead and the instant the smoke cleared Mr. Skunk gave me an indignant look, bristled his tail, and started off toward a brook where I was afraid he would escape me. Calling to Blennie to bring me a 45-70 that was in the house I tried to hinder the skunk's retreat, and twice turned him from the brook toward the house; when, oh horrors! he turned and came right after me at a 2.40 gait. It is but needless to say I turned too, and ran. For a few seconds the skunk had everything his own way. I was afraid to look back; but as long as I could hear the grass rustling behind me, and Blennie's loud "ha! ha!" I knew I was being pursued by the indignant pole-cat. When he reached the bank he had tried to go over in the first place, he gave up the chase and complacently trotted away. Just before he went over the bank, he turned toward me, with his tail bristled up to an enormous size, and showed his anger in a feline way—by spitting at me. Then he went on over the bank and out of sight. I concluded I did not want to kill him, that day, at least, and turned my face homeward; a sadder, wiser woman!

Mrs. Jas. L. McLaughlin,
Ishawood, Wyo.

END THE BRUTAL SIDE HUNTS.

Here is food for reflection. It has been kindly furnished by Mr. R. A. Gunn, Jr., from the files of the Enosburg (Vermont), Standard. For the first time, I am able to lay before my readers the sad result of a side hunt.

RESULT OF ANNUAL HUNT AT ENOSBURG FALLS, VT., OCTOBER 9, 1896, "FOR POINTS."

Captain Stetson and 19 men.	*Captain Rublee and 19 men.*
128 gray squirrels.	84 gray squirrels.
145 red squirrrels.	65 red squirrels.
34 partridges.	22 partridges,
4 owls.	2 owls.
14 blue jays.	11 blue jays.
3 crows.	2 crows.
18 woodpeckers.	23 woodpeckers.
2 hen hawks.	1 woodcock.
1 fox.	1 fox.
1 rabbit.	3 rabbits.
1 muskrat.	
Total, 12,100 "points."	Total, 7,695 "points."

Is it not magnificent! Fine sportsmen, forsooth, are those who can contend for such honor (?) as can be found in the slaughter of woodpeckers, bluejays and crows! Two hundred and twelve gray squirrels slaughtered by 40 gallant men, in one day, "for points!" Twenty-five blue jays, killed in one day by 40 human jays—"for points." Forty-four woodpeckers, 5 old carrion crows, and one muskrat, hunted and killed by 40 grown men—for glory!

That was in 1896. Now scan the record for last year.

November 18, 1897.

Captain Marsh and 14 men.	*Captain Best and 14 men.*
1 duck.	4 partridges.
2 crows.	3 rabbits.
1 fox.	4 gray squirrels.
3 partridges.	2 red squirrels.
7 rabbits.	3 woodpeckers.
3 gray squirrels.	
1 mink.	
7 red squirrels.	
10 woodpeckers.	

A total of 51 head of game, in '97, as against 565 head in '96!

Evidently, game around Enosburg Falls is not increasing very fast. A few more side hunts may clear the woods completely, and then what will the woodpecker hunters do for excitement, and Glory with a big G? But let them not despair. When the wild creatures are all gone, there is one other kind of a contest in which they can choose sides, and engage with equal honor, and even greater excitement than attends an ordinary side hunt. They can have, annually, a sheep-stealing contest, and can earn even greater glory than they do now in stalking woodpeckers and jays.

SQUIRRELS IN OHIO.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: I have just returned from a visit to my cousin, in Illinois, where I had great fun shooting squirrels and rabbits.

One morning, at 5 o'clock, we started for the woods, about 2 miles from town. As we were walking down the road we saw a young rabbit, about 75 feet ahead. Frank bowled him over at the first shot.

Then we saw some quails, but it was out of season, so we let them go.

As we entered the woods, Frank saw a squirrel running up a tree. I walked half around the tree and stood still. It was not long before a branch began to bend, and there was my squirrel, in plain sight. I fired, and down he came.

Frank went over into the woods, and soon called me to come. I went and saw a big black squirrel sailing up a tree. I fired but missed; then got on the other side of the tree and there he was scolding and barking. My rifle rang out once more, and the second squirrel was added to my bag.

When I reached Frank, he had 5. We sat down on a log and waited. Soon we heard a squirrel bark in the tree right over us. Looking up, we saw 3 playing tag. First I fired and down one came. Then Frank's rifle cracked, followed by a thud, as a squirrel struck the ground. Then I got the other one. Finally we started for home with 24 squirrels.

Each of us used a Marlin 1897 model rifle, 22 calibre. Harry H. Larkin.

HUNTING IN THE BAD LANDS.

I camped for a week with my father and 2 guides, 10 or 12 miles from our ranch, and near the Little Missouri river. We put up a fair sized tent and 2 smaller ones, and cooked our meals over a campfire. We went to bed early the first night as we were all tired.

The next morning I arose at 6.30 to give my horse water, while the rest of the party cooked breakfast. I put my rifle in the scabbard and rode to the spring. Before I got half way there, I saw, near the spring, 4 deer. I returned and told the rest of the party. They were ready in a few moments, and my father and his guide decided to go on the opposite side of the gulch, while I went down it. They told me not to fire until they came; so I waited, and finally saw them. I fired, and the ball struck under the deer. I let go again, and this time hit the deer back of the shoulder. Meanwhile the other deer were running up the gulch toward my father. I heard him fire, and ran to him. He said, "Look down in that little ditch, I just shot a buck there."

I looked, and said, "I don't see any buck." "Well," said father, "I knocked him over." We hunted high and low for the buck, but could not find it. We went to where I shot mine, and in one spot saw a pool of blood, but that was all. We hunted for him a long while, and then gave it up. I mounted my horse again, and was riding up the gulch, when I heard a shot. Soon after, I saw my father standing over a deer that had been shot through the shoulder, but quite far back. I said, "That is the one I shot," and sure enough it was. I did not allow enough for his running. He was running his last when father shot him.

Edmund C. Converse, Jr.,
St. Paul's School.

WHERE THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP ARE.

Redlodge, Mont.

Editor Recreation: In September Recreation, Mr. Winegar, of St. Anthony, says there is no place in this country where mountain sheep can be found in a day's ride from the R. R. I know 2 places where I can find sheep, and plenty of them, within a day's ride of a R. R. At one place, in particular, I will guarantee to show a party sheep, and they can camp at the depot.

If Mr. Winegar will write me, I will tell him where he can find 500 mountain sheep, within 15 miles of a R. R. I am well acquainted with all the sheep country in Idaho and Montana, and a good part of Wyoming. Also, with the elk range around Jackson's Hole, the best place in the West to get elk, except the Idaho Clearwater, which is as good for elk, and better for bear, moose, goats and deer.

Have been out with 2 parties this fall, that came to me through RECREATION. The first started for a 30 day trip, but gave up at the end of 10 days. It stormed 6 days of the 10, so we could not hunt; on the remaining 4 days we got one elk, 2 goats and 2 deer. One of the party had a shot at a bear, which escaped with a broken foreleg. The guns used were 30-40 box-magazine Winchesters. They are terrible weapons. There is no use for so powerful a gun in this country.

M. P. Dunham.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

Port Townsend, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: While camping last summer, with Masters Harry Beecher and Arthur Jones, on the Quilicene, an old trapper told us the following story: "I was employed to guide a gentleman and his son, a lad of 15, up the river for a few days' hunting and fishing. We made our first camp well up the river, on a steep hillside, on which a level spot afforded us just room enough to pitch our tent. The next morning we spent in fishing. In the afternoon the gentleman took his rifle and went up the trail above the camp to look for a bear, while the boy and I fished a pool at the foot of the hill.

Late in the afternoon the boy became hungry and started for camp to get something to eat. Just before he reached the tent, which was in plain sight from where I stood, I heard a shot on the trail above us. I looked up in time to see a large cougar leap over the tent, and strike the lad squarely on the breast. They both fell on the loose shale, and together came rolling over and over to the bluff, and plunged into the pool where I was fishing. The little fellow was more frightened than hurt, and I soon had him out of the water. The dead cougar lodged on a riffle near by. Soon the gentleman came down the trail, inquiring if we had seen a cougar he had shot. When he saw the animal and heard our story, he concluded he had had hunting enough for one day." O. E. S.

TO TAN DEER SKINS.

A reader asks how the Indians tan deer, elk, and other skins for leather and for rugs—with the hair on. An old hunter, who has lived many years among the red men, answers thus;

The Indians immerse deer and other skins in running water and leave them there until the hair slips readily. Then they scrape the hair all off, with a dull knife or piece of board tapered to an edge. Then they spread out the skin and apply to the flesh skin a liberal quantity of brains (of the deer or other animal) and rub it with the palm of the hand until well rubbed in. Then they fold the skin and draw it rapidly back and forth across a pole, rigged in the shape of a shave-horse. Then another application of brains and another rubbing. This is repeated until the skin is soft and flexible, after which it is hung over a slow fire and smoked.

To tan skins with the hair on, the treatment is similar except that the skins are not immersed in water.

A NAVAL OFFICER AS A GAME HOG.

The most successful hunting party that has gone out from the Hotel del Coronado this season was the one composed of Admiral Kirkland, of Mare Island, and his son; John J. Lawrence, of Pittsburgh; Capt. Hinde, of the Spreckels Bros. Company, and E. S. Babcock, of this city. The party drove to the Otay dam, and bright and early Thursday morning the slaughter, for such it proved to be, began. Admiral Kirkland was rowed out into the reservoir and placed in a "blind," while the other members of the party stationed themselves at convenient points. Then the ducks began to swish past with lightning-like rapidity. Bang! bang! went the admiral's gun. Then the reports from the other guns began to stir the ducks up, and in less time than it takes to tell it the air seemed to be alive with spoonbills, canvas backs, red heads, sprigs, widgeons. ruddies, butterballs and teals. The admiral's gun was set going, and as the engagement became hotter and hotter, the ducks fairly rained down around the blind until they realized the situation and "raised" out of reach of his rapid-fire gun. Meantime the other gunners had not been idle, each having done effective work. The battle over and the smoke cleared away, the hunters began to gather up their spoils, when it was found they had bagged 246 ducks, of almost every variety, except "mud hens."

Admiral Kirkland now declares this engagement to have been one of the most exciting in which he has ever participated during his experience in naval warfare. Their wagon load of ducks were exhibited to the guests of the hotel during the evening.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

There should be a law to reduce a naval officer to the ranks, for such an exhibition of swinishness as this, and to compel him to scrub decks for the next 5 years.—EDITOR.

OTHER GAME HOGS.

I enclose you in this a report of 2 rare specimens of "game hogs," clipped from a local paper, and which I trust you will give shelter and care in your pen. See that they are properly branded. I would suggest they be fed on slaughter house offal, as swill might be too rich for them.

E. H. Raffenshyer.

Following is the report referred to:

Jarret Wilson and Bryce Adams take first prize for killing blackbirds. Recently they sent to town a bunch of 900 of the songsters, the result of one day's hunting. The birds entirely filled the body of a buggy.—Americus (Ga.) Recorder.

Yes, Wilson and Adams are unquestionably game hogs, of the real Southern razor-back variety. By black birds, the editor probably means what are known in the market as reed birds. These birds are, of course, slaughtered by the thousands, in the South, during the winter months, and shipped to market. Few people think it a crime to kill them, but I do; and I hope soon to see laws passed, in all the States, prohibiting the killing of and traffic in these birds, as well as others, at all times and under all conditions. They are beautiful birds, and, as insect destroyers, are valuable to agriculture. It is, therefore, a crime against nature and against man to kill them.

T. A. Morgan, Poca, Putnam Co., Va., writes me he is a "great sportsman," and that he is out after some kind of game all the year round. I have replied to him as follows:

You do yourself no credit in saying you are hunting some kind of game all the time. If you do this, you should be placed in a class of hunters that are frequently denounced in RECREATION. No gentleman makes a business of hunting all the time. If all sportsmen did this, the game would have been exterminated long ago, and owing to the fact that so many men kill more game than they should kill, it is rapidly being exterminated, now. If all were content to hunt only a few days in each year, in proper seasons, there would be game enough for everybody, for all time to come. I trust you will think of this matter, seriously. Consider the rights of others as well as your own selfish inclinations and be content to let your fellowmen have a share of the game.—EDITOR.

Here is another specimen for your branding pen—a very aggravated case.

B. W. Spencer, of the Auditor's office, Big Four Railroad, returned yesterday from a successful hunting trip in Illinois. He went to Allendale, in the Southern part of the state, and after 8 days' shooting, returned with no less than 250 quails.—Cincinnati paper.

Two hundred and fifty quails in 8 days, by one man, in Illinois! And "he left a few over for breeding purposes."

When I read of such cases I always think of the motto on the title page of your Dog book:

"The more I see of men the better I like dogs."

J. C. Nattrass, New Whatcom, Wash.

Three Seattle hunters, Starke, Engel and Price, are said to have killed 106 ducks, a large number of them mallards, at the Nesqually preserve one day last week. If "Coquina," the editor of RECREATION, hears of this, he will have something to say about wholesale slaughter of game.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Well, Coquina has not much to say about these brutes. He simply wishes to remark that they are game hogs; and he hopes every reader of RECREATION, who knows them, will show them this paragraph, in order that they may know what all decent sportsmen think of such slaughter.

The greatest load of game seen in this village, in years, was dumped in front of the Joppa House yesterday afternoon by Henry C. Miller, Peter Knobloch and John T. Howley, who returned from a four days' trip rabbit hunting at Rathbunville, Steuben county. The party left here last Friday evening and in four days shot 137 grey rabbits, 5 white rabbits and 2 red foxes. "Hank" Miller, who has a great reputation here as a shot, covered himself with glory, killing 29 rabbits and 1 fox out of 31 shots.—Lyons, N. Y. paper.

If this report is correct Hank covered himself with shame, instead of glory, as did his companions. The city marshal of Lyons should put these men in the pound, the next time they appear on the streets, just as he would any other swine.—EDITOR.

GAME NOTES.

Ishawood, Wyo., on the Shoshone river, and at the foot of the Rockies, is an ideal home for the hunter and guide. It is 12 miles in a bee-line from Yellowstone park, though 3 times that distance by the trail. Redlodge, the nearest R. R. station, is 44 miles from Billings, Mont. The scenery in the surrounding country is of indescribable grandeur. Rushing rivers, roaring falls, and snow-capped mountains blend in a picture of wild beauty, never to be forgotten by those who view it. Mountain sheep, elk and deer are plentiful throughout this region, and wolves and mountain lions are not uncommon. One of the latter was shot near my ranch the other day, while eating a steer it had just killed. The lion measured 9 feet 4 inches from tip to tip. They are cowardly brutes and never attack a man.

Excellent trout fishing can be had in the Shoshone and tributary streams.

Nova E. Brown, Ishawood, Wyo.

Will you please give me some pointers on training a puppy for field work? What books would you recommend, on this subject? What is, in your opinion, the most reliable and best sporting goods house in the United States.—J. B.

The subject of training a pointer or setter puppy is too weighty a one to be discussed here. It would require more space, to give you any important information, than I could spare for the purpose. Probably the best book on the subject is "Breeding, Breaking and Training" by Bernard Waters, whose address is 346 Broadway, N. Y.

Among the best and most reliable sporting goods houses in the U. S. are Hartley & Graham, 313 Broadway; Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway and H. C. Squires & Son, 20 Cortlandt Street, New

York. There are many others who carry good lines of goods and who are reliable, but they evidently do not care to sell goods to the readers of RECREATION or they would advertise in it.—EDITOR.

O. Fisher asks in RECREATION, the greatest sportsmen's journal ever published, for a list of the game to be found in Pike county, Pa.

I have been there and the shooting is good. I saw one bear shot there, in November, that weighed over 400 pounds. One or 2 more were killed there, last fall.

There are, in Pike County, some deer, plenty of rabbits, gray and red squirrels, a good many foxes, lynx, and other smaller pests. Quails, ruffed grouse and ducks are fairly plentiful, while an occasional flock of geese are seen there, during their spring or autumn flights.

Trout, bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, sunfish, perch, etc., are plentiful.

Count me in as a member of the L. A. S.

Stanley Manness,
209 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.

I am glad to see you so ably taking up the wolf question. It is of vital importance to all people having stock on the range; also to merchants and others in small towns, and to settlers dwelling in the range country, who are to a great extent dependent on the stockmen or sheepmen for their living.

This winter 3 of us have hired a competent wolfer to hunt and trap around our ranches and on the ranges adjacent to them. If all stockmen would do the same it would be of benefit ; but where it is only done in a few scattered localities it really counts for little.

Richard Ashworth, Wise, Wyo.

I am settled about 90 miles North of Spokane, on the Pend d'Oreille river. I have been over nearly all of Oregon, California, Nevada, Montana, Idaho and a considerable portion of Canada, yet I believe this is the best game country to-day in the Northwest. Inside of 10 miles from my place there are plenty of black tail and white tail deer, caribou, brown, black and silver tip bears, mountain lions, lynx and wolves. Mountain grouse, ruffed grouse and fool hens are also numerous.

John B. Renshaw, Usk, Wash.

It does not seem to have occurred to Daniel Arrowsmith, that he is one of the game hogs whose scalps you are gathering. On page 343 of November RECREATION he gives sickening details of his butchery of a doe, a yearling and 2 fawns, at a distance of less than 60 yards.

Daniel should stick to his smithy, and make arrows for true sportsmen, whose principles are evidently nobler than his.

Winchester, Portland, Ore.

I herewith enclose $1 for renewal of my subscription to RECREATION. There is nothing for which I pay out $1 more cheerfully than for a year's subscription to RECREATION. The magazine is all the name implies, and I sincerely trust your subscription list will continue to grow, so that you may pass your declining years in continual "recreation."

Wm. B. Kirby, Law Dept., B. & M. Ry.,
Lincoln, Neb.

I had 2 weeks of deer hunting last fall, in the South mountains. Got 2 shots at a deer and only made a 45-70 hole in the air. Unfortunately, my old army skill has deserted me. The guide tried to make me believe I had hit the deer, because the next morning we trailed him—as it was night when I got the shot—and found where he had lain down, and had pawed, within 200 yards from my crossing.

Dr. Jas. S. Kennedy, Chambersburg, Pa.

I got a nice 8 point buck last fall, weight 185 pounds. Most of the men in our party had Winchesters, but they all liked my Marlin. There are plenty of deer in the country where I went. The guide we had scared up 9 the day after I left and his son shot 2 of them. I didn't forget to tell my friends I got my gun as a premium for a club of subscriptions to RECREATION.

Morris Berman, Port Henry, N. Y.

This place offers great facilities for shooting large and small game, bear, moose, and caribou. Blue wing teal are plentiful. It may be reached by the Plant line steamers, via Boston and Halifax. The outside settlements, as well as the hotels, offer good accommodations for sportsmen.

A. F. Haliburton,
Game Agent, Baddeck, C. B.

D. L. Ingalls, of Albany, and I had a squirrel hunt, a short time ago. He had the new Forehand gun you sent him, and I saw him shoot it at a target. It makes a fine pattern. He got 11 gray squirrels, 3 ruffed grouse, one rabbit and one raccoon, that weighed 10 pounds. Mr. Ingalls is well pleased with his gun.

A. Bradford, Salem, N. Y.

Squirrels are plentiful in this neighborhood. The law is on ruffed grouse for another year. I saw a fine covey of 18 last week. I hear there are wild turkeys about 10 miles West of town, near the mountains.

Percy Burton, Winchester, Va.

Geo. Richardson's letter, in your November number, keep up the reputation of his State for tall stories. I should like to know if any other sportsman ever saw a bird sink, even if badly wounded. I don't think Mr. Richardson could even see a jack snipe, along the rib of his gun, at 190 yards. It is a pity these wonderful home bored guns can only do their work when their owners are alone.

Allan Brooks, Vernon, B. C.

They are using dogs around here for running deer. It ought to be stopped. I wrote the State special game warden and no attention has been paid to my complaint. Yesterday in the woods I discovered the entrails of 5 deer and the tracks indicated they had all been killed on the run, ahead of dogs.

H. B. Chapin, Woodruff, Wis.

It is estimated that more than 1,600 hunters camped along the line of the B. & A. R. R. at one time last fall. Two-thirds of these were non-residents. Few went home empty handed. Hundreds of moose, deer and caribou were shipped through Bangor.

Walter Boynton, Brewer, Me.

We have heard all about how to find game and how to kill it. Now I should like to know how to cook it. Some old hunters and campers must know how to retain the gamy flavor, and I am sure it would be interesting to have them tell how they do it; everything, from a jack snipe to a moose.

A Friend, Deadwood, S. D.

I send you to-day the skull of a large gray wolf. You are trying to exterminate the wolf. You can see what kind of a set of jaws you are bucking against. The wolf will never be exterminated unless it is made a national affair. This is also true of the game hog.

C. H. Little, Merrimon, Neb.

Game is abundant here. Birds are more plentiful than for years previous. It is no trouble to get a good bag of rabbits. Four men came here a few nights ago and got 96 rabbits and 8 squirrels in 2 days' hunting. They were strangers.

Henry Patterson, Wellsville, O.

Likewise game hogs.—Editor.

In this section we are striving to keep parties from killing Mongolian pheasants, and I believe that from the findings of the court, in late cases, hunters will look twice before bagging pheasants.

Chas. Newell, W. Newbury, Mass.

I am spending a year or 2 "Cruising in the Cascades" and "Rustling in the Rockies." Am now camped on the best trout stream in the world, the Kootenai river. Am having a large time fishing, hunting deer and bears, and shooting ducks.

W. W. Blackwell,
Kootenai Junction, B. C.

The chief game commissioner of Maine estimates that about 7,500 deer, 250 moose and 100 caribou were killed in that State, during legal hunting season which closed December 31st.

He predicts that in a very few years the moose and caribou will entirely disappear from that State.

In this part of the State there is not much game. A few woodcock, ruffed grouse, and rabbits are all. In a small pond, about 4 miles out of town, a few black ducks were shot, but not many. Gray squirrels are numerous when you know where to go.

D. G. McRitchie, Wiscasset, Me.

Quail are abundant in this Eastern part of N. C., owing to the favorable weather at the time of nidification, I moved 8 full coveys one morning within ¾ of a mile of the house. Was only out about 1½ hours, giving my dogs work.

F. P. Latham, Haslin, N. C.

At Posin lake there are a few elk and numerous deer. At South Fork deer and black bear are plentiful, up to about December 1.

Last winter I caught 7 bear and killed 72 deer.

E. G. Gardner, Chetco Curry Co., Ore.

Game is scarce at present. Sixteen wild geese flew through the centre of the village yesterday, lower than the roofs of the houses. Three men were arrested and fined, heavily, for shipping birds from the State.

R. J. Boynton,
Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

We have had a pleasant fall for hunting and I have enjoyed a number of trips in the woods. I go more for the exercise than for the game. Am a great lover of the gun and enjoy the woods and brooks. Sometimes I get some birds and trout.

A. Brigham, Manchester, N. H.

There are lots of quails around here, but I've only disturbed them once. I more enjoy seeing the little fellows around than shooting or eating them. Prairie chickens are practically extinct in this neighborhood.

M. W. M., York, Neb.

We had slow duck shooting last fall. The water was so low it left little shoals out in the bay (Missisquoi) where they fed and moved about only after dark. Several large flocks of geese were seen, but few were killed.

Hiram Longeway, Clarenceville, P. Q.

Glad to read how you show up the game hogs and all who kill game out of season. You cannot press them too hard. Ruffed grouse and woodcock have been quite abundant in this part of the State.

A. Brigham, Manchester, N. H.

Fox, squirrels and rabbits are the only game in this part of Iowa. They are found in fair numbers. I have not seen a woodcock for several years. A few prairie chickens were seen in the fall.

Geo. A. Boling, Winterset, Ia.

Game is scarce here and there is great dissatisfaction on account of city sportsmen hunting with trained dogs. We have good rabbit hunting, this winter, but gray squirrels and grouse are scarce.

R. J. Boynton, Hillsboro Br., N. H.

Will some kind reader of RECREATION, in the West, where there are buffalo horns on the prairie, please send me the names of 2 or 3 good, honest boys whom I can hire to gather such horns and ship them to me?

O. R. Townes, Avoca, N. Y.

A flock of 32 wild geese went over my house, the other day, not more than 100 feet high. Had it not been Sunday my Parker gun would have had a voice in the discussion they seemed to be holding.

G. H. Gregg, Moravia, N. Y.

Was out duck shooting on Cayuga lake, last fall, and brought back a nice bag. There were acres of ducks on the lake but they were hard to get. Shooting is not so good there as it was a few years ago.

L. W. Davis, Rochester, N. Y.

I took the Remington out 2 mornings and got 3 rabbits and 2 quails each time. These were all we could use at once. I never saw rabbits so plentiful as they were last fall.

Elmer Breckenridge, Ashtabula, O.

There is excellent Chinese pheasant shooting here and ducks are plentiful. These Mongolian pheasants are fine game birds, for sport, eating and beauty, and seem to hold their own against the sportsman.

C. C. McCormack, Eugene, Ore.

The Indians here have killed off nearly all the large game, but we still have some deer and antelope; also many buffalo wolves and coyotes.

C. M. Ziebach,
Cheyenne River Agency, S. D.

I got a 2 year old white tail buck the other day. Duck and goose shooting is about over. Prairie chickens are protected for 3 years yet. Blue grouse are plentiful.

Harry Chapman, Vernon, B. C.

I killed a red fox on the old Hundley farm, North of this place. When I picked him up he had in his mouth a rabbit's head, which he was carrying when I shot him.

Victor Winfrey, Carbondale, Ill.

E. Jefferey, T. Dukes, and C. Cockafair went to the barrens above Shalons Glen, Sullivan County, and in 4½ days shooting killed 103 ruffed grouse and woodcock.

G. Davis, Clifton, N. J.

We are at the gateway to the Adirondacks, and have fine hunting here. Several bucks and numerous bags of ruffed grouse were killed last fall.

L. W. Allen, Westport, N. Y.

There is no shooting here, at present, except doves. Few of them are being killed. I killed 6 this morning with my Marlin rifle. There is also a good crop of quails.

E. B. Stearns, Oldenburg, Ill.

I spent 10 days at Seven Ponds, Me., with a friend. We got 4 deer, 2 bears and 16 ruffed grouse. I am going again, next fall, and shall try for a moose.

F. Cushman, Bryants Pond, Me.

I received "The Big Game of North America" and like it very much. Some of my friends have read it and all think it great.

J. R. Bronse, Detroit, Mich.

Please send me the names and addresses of all your friends who are sportsmen, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

A tele-photo lens worth $150 as a premium for 100 subscriptions. Who will be the first to earn it?

All who join the L. A. S. before June 1st will be enrolled as charter members. Send in your dollar at once.

FISH AND FISHING.

FISHING IN THE EKONLOCKHATCHEE.

JOHN BEIDLER.

From Big Cypress swamp a stream flows through the Eastern part of Orange county, Florida, to the St. Johns, which it enters near Lake Harney. From its many and sharp curves the Indians gave it the title of Ekonlockhatchee, signifying crooked river. The stream has usually an average width of about 40 feet, but during the summer, or rainy season it becomes, in many places, a mile wide; it is, however, during its normal state that angling is the best.

The stream nearly its entire length is shaded by numerous huge gray old oaks, gnarled and twisted and clothed with heavy draperies of innumerable parasitic plants. Tall cypress, ash, sweet gum, cabbage palmetto and many other species of wood crowd together in a dense thicket, which completely shuts in the stream. Willows trail their branches in the water, their leaves often stirred by the movement of an unseen fin below.

Game is abundant in the jungle which borders the stream; deer, wild cats, otters, raccoons, squirrels, and wild turkeys hide there, as do also moccasins and rattlesnakes, while in the more open country quails and rabbits abound.

The channel of the stream is very difficult to navigate, even with a small boat, on account of the logs and dead tree-tops often found lying across it. These, with roots and cypress knees, sometimes block the passage, and necessitate dragging the boat over or around the obstruction. The water in many places is of considerable depth, and in holes or eddies large alligators lie basking in a streak of sunshine, or silently watching for food. In such places, too, the pike has its haunts, and bass, bream, and cat-fish are found in abundance, of large size. Pike and bass fishing, in these pools and eddies, is excellent; but on account of many logs and roots there they must come out as soon as you can lift them. You must, however, be careful not to put your tackle's strength against the strength of the fish until he is quite exhausted in his efforts to break free, or your tackle is sure to be broken. Four and 5 pound pike are often caught, and every fisherman knows, a 5 pound pike is not the easiest fish to handle.

The Florida bass are of the large mouth variety, and like the small mouth, are voracious feeders and very gamy. They are abundant in all waters in the State, and I have heard of 20 pound fish being taken, although I have never caught any over 14 pounds in weight. But a 14 pound bass has sufficient strength and activity to give your tackle a good test, and yourself a chance to display your skill as a fisherman.

The live bait most in vogue here are small sun-fish and "shiners," about 6 inches long. The latter is a small fish, somewhat similar to a young shad, very bright and shining, making an attractive bait, but one not always obtainable as they are shy and hard to catch. A lively shiner will invariably tempt a large bass to bite, and when he does, if you are not on your guard, away will go your rod and line, and you can hunt among the driftwood and roots for the remnants. It is an exciting moment when you hook one of these big fellows. The rod bends almost double as the terrified fish dives and plunges madly, lashing the water furiously in his struggles for freedom; often rising to the surface, he bounds clear from the water some feet in the air; then back again with a powerful plunge and a rapid dart for some log or root. It is then that you must show your skill or lose your fish.

The average size of the bass caught in this stream, when you have good bait, is from 3 to 5 pounds, and often a half dozen may be taken from one pool. Large catfish will sometimes annoy you; but as they are usually too slow for the bass or pike, you will only catch them when the other fish are not biting freely. Soft shell turtles are also numerous and can be readily caught with a bright piece of bacon.

One of the great pleasures to be enjoyed while fishing in the Ekonlockhatchee, is the scenery. It is grand, impressive, strange, tropical, now gloomy and awe-inspiring, now fairy-like and charming, and again weird and wild. The forest trees are all of large size, and interlocked with a perfect network of vines, loaded with great clusters of Spanish mosses. The stream being narrow, in many places, the branches of the trees interlock across the channel, forming vast arched avenues, paved with a floor of intensely dark water, roofed with great fringes of moss. These covered passages are solemn and impressive at any time; but in the night, when lighted up by the blaze of a brilliant campfire the scene is quite indescribable. The inky water, the lights and shadows of the foliage, the disturbed birds as they wheel gracefully out of sight, all leave an impression never to be forgotten.

Anyone wanting fishing or hunting can find them here, and I shall be glad to answer all questions pertaining to the matter.

FISHING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

H. LESTER KUTCHIN, M.D.

We never had a more pleasant trip than the one we made last summer.

Our objective point was Manistique lake, in Michigan. We had heard so many good reports of these waters, that our expectations were on tiptoe, and for once we were not disappointed.

My wife and I, went from Columbus to Cleveland, where we took the steamer "City of Mackinac" for St. Ignace.

It is a most delightful trip; once on the big boat you are free for a time from the worry and exactions of business; free from the heat and dust; ready to be at ease and "loaf with your soul," or with any other congenial soul that happens to come along.

Our first stop was at Detroit, the prettiest, cleanest city in America.

We had our wheels along, so we took a spin about the town, and went to picturesque Belle Isle park, in the middle of the great river.

The trip up the river, through the St. Clare flats, and across Lake Huron, was a gorgeous panorama of out door beauty.

We took our view of Mackinac, from the deck of the steamer. A nice place, I should judge, but we wanted the quiet of the deep woods and the chirp of half awakened birds.

St. Ignace is the end of the line, so we were forced to leave the boat, and waited 5 hours for a train that would take us where we could get a team for Manistique lake.

We tried to kill time by riding about the quaint old town, in a yellow wagon driven by Felix Pokan, a wild French half breed. He gave us his entire history without our asking for it. He said he was brought up in an Indian camp, and never learned to read or write; that he had a hotel and store in St. Ignace for 30 years and made $7,000; then his wife died and in 3 months he got another, who proved his ruin, spending his money, and driving him to drink.

He took us to the grave of Father Marquette, and to the old church that he built. Felix, who swore like a Gulf pirate, was very devout in the church, and rolled up the whites of his eyes like a dying calf.

We reached the lake in time for supper, and found some very pleasant Columbus people in the hotel; Mr. Lampson, and his charming wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman.

We arranged for our boat and guide, and the next morning as soon as we could see, we were up and after the fish.

Probably most readers of RECREATION have caught big fish, so I will not go into a description of our catch.

We never had finer sport; big 12 pound pike, and elegant black bass, and muskalonge one third as long as your rod. Who could ask for anything better?

My wife caught the largest muskalonge, a 17 pounder. The next largest was caught by Mrs. Lampson.

We quit every day at noon, as we did not want to be piggish, and catch more than could be used at the hotel, and about the lake.

Our largest catch was 80 pounds of fish. We did not go after trout, but Mr. Lampson, and Mr. Kaufman, went up a little creek that empties into the lake, and brought back 124 of as fine trout as were ever landed.*

The Peninsula is a paradise for invalids and sportsmen. The air is full of ozone, the lakes are full of fish, the woods abound in game.

I am in love with this part of old Earth as a summer lounging place.

We are impatiently looking forward to another season, when we can get our fishing tackle together, and go once more after the scaly denizens of this beautiful lake.

"A DAY OFF."

W. G. R.

The office force had been getting uneasy, for several days, as the trout season was far advanced and none of us had had the opportunity of baiting a hook. The strain became so tense that finally the Boss said business might go to the Devil; he was going trout fishing, and we might go with him. He insisted, as usual, on furnishing rig, bait, meals and even the trout stream, as he happened to be a member of the Big Bear Fishing Club, who own Big Bear creek, in Sullivan county, Pa.

The party consisted of the General Agent, Ed. the cashier, Buckbee, Mollie, Mrs. K. acting as chaperon, and last but not least, the Fellow they took along to have fun with.

A drive of 25 miles, through one of the most picturesque parts of the state was uneventful, and we reached our hotel, at the mouth of the stream, by 4 p.m., having made the trip in 3 hours. The team was immediately unharnessed, and Ed. and the Fellow started up the stream. The water was clear and low, but we succeeded in capturing 13 nice trout before supper. In the meantime, the General Agent had started off alone, with the full intention of not leaving anything that could shake a tail, in the creek, and from the looks of his basket when he came in, he hadn't. He even tried to ring in some measly little chubs on us, and count them as trout. After supper somebody proposed that we go and see John Dean, a member of the Club, catch trout in the dark. Taking a lantern, Dean, the Lawyer, another member of the Club, Ed. and the Fellow started for the dam. We didn't see Dean catch any fish, but those who were near enough saw the Fellow fall down a bank, nearly breaking his neck.

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* Entirely too many for 2 men in one day.—EDITOR.

We were up bright and early the next morning, prepared to clean out the creek; the team was hitched up, and we started, ladies and all, for the upper stream. The General Agent claimed to be a fly fisherman, and would use nothing else; but the rest of us were content with a few red worms for bait. We separated, each determined to bring in more fish than the other. The Fellow had caught 3 before 2 o'clock, and sat down on the bank, in disgust, determined to wait until some other member of the party came along. A splash in the water, and Ed. was seen approaching in nearly the same frame of mind, and with no more fish.

An inquiry from the Fellow as to whether the General Agent was having any success, elicited the reply from Ed. that, "whenever he had seen the Boss, he was always fast to something, but it wasn't trout." Soon we heard cuss words, and looking around a bend in the stream, discovered the General Agent fast to a tree, standing in the middle of the creek, and making wild grabs for the limbs, in a vain effort to save his flies and leader.

To cut our story short, fish were very scarce, but fun was plenty. The General Agent had been induced to purchase a pair of cloth bicycle shoes, with rubber soles, to wade in. A few hours' soaking demonstrated, to his entire satisfaction, that they were a gigantic failure for that purpose. They came apart, and we will never forget seeing him sitting on a stone trying to tie them on his feet, with a piece of line. The climax came when his shoes dropped off and gently floated down the stream, leaving him bare-footed, footsore and mad, 3 miles up the creek, with nothing but cobblestones to walk home on.

The last of the trip was uneventful, excepting the ride home, and is best described in Buckbee's letter to the General Agent, after leaving us, in which he says "As a driver you are a failure, but you make fair time."

FISHING AT GREAT FALLS.

JOHN ATKINS.

Pat Donnelly, late of Kilkenny, and I, to make good use of our holiday, went last 4th of July to the Great Falls of the Missouri. To arrive in good season, we started the evening before, in a double wagon, stocked with solid necessaries and some fluid luxuries of life. Our reception at the first town on our route was anything but flattering. We were greeted with an uproarious yelping, and the inhabitants rushed with one accord to the entrances of their dwellings, and as we drew nearer vanished within. Even the owls flirted their tails disrespectfully at us as they dived into their burrows. We looked in vain for rattlesnakes, and I do not believe they ever live in a populated prairie dog town.

We reached the falls early in the evening; camped in a cottonwood grove, and caught our supper, in the shape of whitefish and chubs. Chub may not be the right name for the fish we secured. Some call them pea-noses. I fancy they are a kind of trout, as they have the little fin near the tail, and rise freely to a fly.

Early in the morning we drew the setlines we had out. There were 3 catfish on mine, and Pat's had 5, all large. One in particular was a whale. Then we began fishing with flies. Once in a while we caught a trout, and when we did it was a 3 or 4 pounder, that made the reel whirr and click before we landed him. By noon, we each had a good basket of trout, whitefish and silver bass. The latter are very game fish when hooked in live water.

I have found the most successful flies here to be a red and gold body with dark wings, green and yellow bodies, and all black, tied on No. 10 hooks. They are killers every time. A 12 foot rod is not long enough to whip the Missouri. A stiff 16 foot rod is best. The most killing lure used here is a white maggot put on a small fly. No whitefish, grayling or trout will pass it. Strange to say, we have no angle worms here, nor in most places in Montana. Perhaps the country is too new for them.

I have fished mountain streams at the summit, on the Great Northern, and have often fed 20 men with trout, the catch of an hour's fishing. That is the place to banish fish hogs to. They can take trout, 3 at a cast, until they are sick of the business, and reform.

AS TO THE BULL TROUT.

White Salmon, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: The writer of an article on bull trout, in RECREATION, said he did not know why this fish is so called, unless because it is such a stubborn fighter. Locally, we call it a bull trout on account of its big head; particularly large where it joins the body, while the body tapers sharply.

When this fish's mouth is closed, he more resembles a pike than a trout, and is nearly on the lines of the pickerel. He might be called the pickerel of the Columbia. His natural food seems to be live fish of any kind, though he is not particular about his food. Any old thing goes, either on top or under the water.

He can be taken with fly, spoon, salmon eggs and bits of meat, if the hook is kept in motion. His mouth opens clear back of the eyes, so when he spreads it, to grab a spoon or a fly, he rarely misses.

The bull trout is a little off in color and a deep-water fighter; while the flesh of the silver trout, found in the same waters, is white and he does his fighting near the surface. The instant one is struck, he seems to think water is not good enough. He jumps and jumps, shaking his head, trying to cast out what he cannot swallow. Many a time, to my sorrow, has a silver trout let go when 4 feet in the air. The slack line and straight pole telling the tale too quickly.

Last August, with one companion, I went to the Little White Salmon, a stream flowing into the Columbia. A sandbar here causes the stream to form a lake before emptying into the river. This stream is a breeding place for salmon, and as their eggs are eagerly sought by all kinds of trout, there is good fishing in the little lake.

The first evening we took 8 bull trout, none of large size; 3½ pounds the largest. However, as I lost 2 double leaders, I knew there were some big fish down below. We fished without reels, so had to haul the fish in, without much chance to play them.

The next 2 days were failures, so far as big fish were concerned. The third day my companion gave it up in disgust and went for deer; but I wanted trout.

When the shadows began to fall across the lake, I went out to a scow, anchored near the shore, while the men on board laughed at my innocence. This time I had doubled 2 double leaders, so was ready for anything.

Soon the tip of my cane pole touched the water. I struck, got struck and was thunder-struck. It was some time before I could get the pole clear of the water. Around and around the fish went, the men calling to me to hang on to him—as if such advice was necessary. Once he swirled near enough the surface to be seen; then I asked the men to give me a lift. They came, after a time, when the bull was about done for. One of them held a sack under the water, and I dragged the fish on it.

"Well I'll be hanged," the man exclaimed; "the biggest trout I ever saw!" It weighed 7 pounds.

During the evening, my friend, who returned as I landed the trout, and I took 17 bull trout, weighing 45 pounds.

Last season the Government established a hatchery on the Little White Salmon, putting in dams and traps. How this may affect "bully" and me is uncertain, but I hope it will not interfere with either. The bull trout is big game.

R. F. Bradford, Jr.

IN CASCADE WOODS AND WATERS.

Tacoma, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: I have just returned from a 10 days' outing in the hills and on the prairie, and must have my little say, to the rest of the boys, through the columns of your magazine.

Starting from this city on the 12th of July we, 4 in number, turned our heads South toward the De Chutes river. Two days' riding, on horseback, brought us to our fishing grounds, and on the third day we were wading the river, sometimes in the shallow, sunny rapids, sometimes in the dark, deep pools where the water came waist high.

And silently the river stealeth by
  Amid long wastes of trees,
And taking all the blueness from the sky,
  It bears it to the seas.

A beautiful stream, with long, straight stretches of silent water, sometimes broken by a ripple that bubbles under a fallen log; and here and there an ever widening circle spreads over the glassy surface of some deep pool, showing where a trout has risen to grab a poor insect which has unhappily wet its wings.

Here we fished for 3 days, catching all we could use, and having about 50 fish over, which we brought home to our families. We were informed by the natives that the best fishing of the season was past, but we were perfectly satisfied with the results of our angling.

On the 16th of July we pulled out for the Mashel river, which rises not far from that pride of the Northwest, Mount Tacoma.

We reached this river the evening of the same day. Here we camped, and enjoyed the scenery, doing a little fishing and hunting when we felt so disposed.

Our hunting was not a grand success, as all game excepting bears was protected by law at that time. While at this place I met 2 old trappers and hunters, who still managed to gain a livelihood from the old forest. Although the game laws are not enforced in that district, these men say game can never be exterminated in that portion of the country, on account of its rugged and impenetrable character. Mile after mile of tangled forest and thundering rivers, and of rugged mountains ever rising higher and higher until they reach the eternal snows of the main divide, where the bear and elk hold sway over an undefiled domain; such is the country comprising the foot hills of the Cascade mountains.

Ah! still some mountains wild and free
  Are left to cheer the soul,
Where whispers gently o'er the lea
The pine trees murmur ceaselessly,
  And free the rivers roll.

And, Stranger, ere thy life is done
  If thou wouldst hear such strain
That once o'er all this earth did run,
And filled our land from sun to sun
  With wild and sad refrain,

Go, ere these chimings are no more
  Within our rugged hills;
Go, ere humanity doth pour
Into these wilds; with thund'rous roar
  The vale and canyon fills.

Go, ere the tree doth cease to wave
  For now thy chance is given;
Be not unto the world a slave,
But bear this music to thy grave,
  To make thee fit for Heaven.

Edward H. Butler.

A LARGE BLACKFISH.

Stoughton, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: Some of your readers may be interested in learning of the capture of a large tautog. It was the result of 15 years' study of the habits of salt water "bottom fish." I fish with rod and reel, and have caught nearly all kinds of fresh water fishes found in New England waters. They are, in my opinion, easier to take than tautog, sea bass, turbot and the smaller salt water species.

I caught my big tautog with what are known in the vicinity of Buzzard's bay as squeaker crabs. The morning was fine, and low slack water served about 6 o'clock. I was on my fishing grounds by 4 a.m., that I might be on the spot when both wind and tide would be in the same direction. There is a hole, surrounded by rocks, in the channel between Marshney and Toby islands; and if you can get a bait in there, on a young flood, you are pretty sure of a big fish. I got in exact position and had caught a fine mess. When about to return I espied, in the skiff, a crab about the size of a silver dollar. That was too much of a temptation. I resolved that that crab should be the last bait. I put it on the hook, gave it a cast, and felt it slip over the rocks into the hole.

In a few minutes there was a slight pull at the line, and I awaited developments. A tautog has to crush the crab before swallowing it; and you must not try to strike until you feel the fish moving off. A strong, steady pull came, and I struck. These fish fight to get under the rocks; and though I gave as little line as possible, he succeeded in getting there, some 30 feet up stream. I felt my lead drag over the side of a rock, and there it hung. Fearing my line would chafe, I pulled the skiff ahead, by the anchor line, to get a clear chance to pull the fish out. It is no use to try to net a large tautog, until he is practically dead; for when he sees the net he will struggle, and your lead will foul with the mesh.

When I got him into the skiff I pulled for the shore, and weighed him. He tipped the scales at 10¾ pounds. Prof. Gill says the average weight is but 2 pounds. This was the largest tautog ever caught in that vicinity, with rod and reel; and I believe, larger than any taken by hand line.

D. S. H.

HOW IT FEELS.

C. S. HUNT.

The sensation of hooking a big muskalonge, when a light rod is used, is peculiar. You are going along rather more briskly than in trolling for bass. The tip of your rod sways, and the guide at the end of it vibrates with the motion of the spoon.

The bright, circling object in the water attracts the notice of a fish. He darts for the glittering thing, and as his jaws close on the hooks, the angler feels the tightening of the line and a pull on the reel. His first impression, if he is a novice, is that he has struck a snag. It is only for an instant, however.

Looking toward the end of the line, he sees the waves part, and a huge curled-up body break the surface and rise a foot or more in the air. The line tightens, the rod bends, and, as the huge fish splashes back, the line is kept taut by the angler. With weight and momentum both working, the frantic fish seeks the bottom, and sulks or else darts from one side to the other with wonderful quickness.

Then a freak will seize him, and he will rush through the water, toward the boat; sometimes making another break into the air as he does so.

With thumb pressed on the reel, and with rod bent so as to keep the line taut, the angler meets the rush. When, however, the fish runs toward the rod, the reel will often not wind quickly enough, and the boatman has to pull with all his might, away from the fish.

If the muskalonge is well hooked, a line kept taut will always secure him. It is only a question of tiring him out. If he is not well hooked he is apt, in one of his breaks, to tear the spoon out.

The fish will at times, after rushing toward the boat, reverse himself and start in the opposite direction. Then the reeling-in stops, and the thumb pressure on the reeled line acts as a drag.

In a few seconds the line begins to slacken, and the fish, exhausted by his efforts, floats upon the surface of the water. If he is small, he may be easily reeled in and jerked into the boat; but if, say from 8 pounds upward, much manœuvring is necessary. Just when you think the fish is about dead, he will make a spring into the air, and shake off the hooks, or break the spoon from the fastenings.

HOW I GOT A BIG ONE.

Often the weights of trout are given, but few reports of Dr. Henshall's fish—the black bass. I should like to know the weight of the largest bass. We have some mighty ones here. They go by the name of trout in this state.

I caught a bass that weighed 11 pounds 14 ounces. While in good condition, he was not fat.

The lake where I caught him was muddy around the shore, and a belt of lily-pads and bonnets extended into 5 or 6 feet of water. The "old soaker" frequented one spot, mainly, which I discovered by seeing the lily-pads knocked about, when he moved around. He was too far from shore for my tackle to reach, so I crawled along an old slat-and-wire water-fence, that ran nearly to his bed.

The old fence was rickety, but I soon had enough barbs stuck into me to hold me fast. I had a reed pole, a braided linen line, and a 4-0 hook, baited with a perch 4 inches long. I dropped the bait down where the "soaker" was jarring the bonnets.

A minute passed, and I was becoming restive under the influence of the barb-wire, when, suddenly, like a shot from a "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" gun, my cork went under. I promptly struck, and—"Law'd! Law'd!" how he did knock those lily-pads.

Having no reel, I could give him no line in his rushes, so merely kept the pole well up and trusted to the strength of the tackle. He rushed back and forth in all directions, and once got foul of the lily-pads. Only an angler knows what I suffered during this time. As I heard a boy say once, in describing a difficulty he took part in, "We fought and we fought," and owing to the instability and barbs of the fence, I had my hands full. We tried our strength 5 minutes or more, before my fish gave up. I towed him up to the fence, and there he lay with his mouth open, and what a mouth! I actually thrust my hand (and it is no fairy hand, either) into it. He was a large-mouth bass in every sense of the word.

I have caught many bass in the lakes around here, of from 6 to 10 pounds. I captured one of 8 pounds weight, with a bow and arrow.

I expect to enjoy myself this winter. My partner and I are going to take a 3 or 4 months' hunt, in the wilderness bordering the Florida everglades. It is a great game country, down there, and little hunted.

I shall use the Winchester '94 model 30-30 smokeless rifle, thanks to the information gained in RECREATION which is first in my estimation, of any magazine published. Like the English yachts, when the "America" won the cup, "there is no second." I make the newsdealers tired asking if the next number of RECREATION is in yet. I have to have it.

C. O. M., Limona, Fla.

BLACK BASS THROUGH THE ICE.

Exeter, N. H.—County Solicitor Hoyt exhibited, at the postoffice, a small-mouthed black bass, 4½ pounds in weight, caught through the ice at Little pond, Kingston, by William E. Robinson.

So far as recorded this is the first black bass ever caught through the ice, in winter, and scientists have declared that the bass hibernates, burying in the mud and there remaining dormant until spring.

Prof. Henshall, in his treatise, declares that he has yet to learn of a black bass ever caught through the ice, except in the early spring when the ice was breaking up.

Dr. D. C. Estes, a Minnesota authority, and G. C. Scott, author of "Fishing in American Waters," declare to the same effect, and a Smithsonian Institute report says black bass are never caught in winter.

There is no question that the Kingston fish is a small-mouthed black bass.

Commenting on the above clipping, from the "Boston Herald," Prof. B. W. Evermann, of the U. S. Fish Commission, says:

"I have heard of bass being caught through the ice, but I never saw it done. I never tried it, nor have I ever seen it tried. Bass may bury in the mud in winter but I have never seen it. On the other hand I have frequently, in the Wabash valley, seen bass swimming about under the ice, and have killed them by striking the ice a smart blow above them.

"This is mostly negative evidence and I am sorry I cannot give more definite information."

On the 17th of June I took my family to Watkins Glen, by way of Seneca lake, from Geneva to Watkins. Shortly after leaving Geneva I noticed dead fish floating on the lake. These fish presented a silvery appearance and from their shape appeared to belong to the bass family. By standing in the prow I could count from 10 to 30 of them, ranging from 3 to 6 inches in length, at any time during the trip. The coves and inlets we passed, as well as the banks of the lake, were covered with these fish. There seemed to have been an epidemic among them. Can any reader of RECREATION throw any light on this subject?

Sycamore, Syracuse, N. Y.

FISHING NOTES.

We loaded our tent, rods, and provisions into the wagon at 4 p.m., and started on a drive of 5 miles, for Horseshoe lake, the home of big pike. At 5 o'clock we pitched our tent, then caught minnows for the morning.

We were called to breakfast at 4.30. Soon after, putting our things into the boat, we pushed off and started for the place where the pike and pickerel were wont to feed.

We anchored and began casting for big fish. As we all had new outfits—split bamboos and silk lines—we were anxious to see who should catch the first fish. After an hour or so we were feeling disappointed, but R., on raising his rod, felt the hook catch on a snag, or something. Then the reel began to hum and the line to pay out. After going far enough R. stopped the fish, for fish it was; finally bringing him to the boat. He was a monster pike. The landing-net had been forgotten, so while R. brought the fish around to the boat, W. attempted to land him, but broke the line, and away our monster went.

I will not say what occurred between R. and W., but you can imagine.

A little later W. hooked a fish and after a battle of 33 minutes, the pike was hauled into the boat. He weighed 8 pounds, and was the finest one I ever saw.

F. W. R., Morristown, Minn.

I have just read the article by J. C. French, M.D., entitled "Is the Ouananiche a Fraud?" and am sorry his experience with this fish should have proved so unsatisfactory.

The doctor will pardon me, I trust, if I take exception to his statements; for, though I have never fished in Lake St. John, I have caught a great many ouananiche, at Grand Lake Stream, Grand lake, and Dobsy lake; all in Washington Co., Me., and not to have them break water, after being hooked, is, in my experience, the exception rather than the rule.

I grant that the ouananiche usually takes the bait or fly, from underneath. He does not jump for it, as the trout does, but let him be once hooked, in any of these waters, and he will leap 2 or 3 feet in the air, time after time.

In June '95 a friend of mine was fishing and I was handling the canoe for him. He struck a ouananiche and I counted 7 consecutive jumps it made, none less than 2 feet above the water, before it was brought to net. The fish weighed 4¾ pounds. None of our fish, taken on that trip, weighed less than 2 pounds and the largest was 5½ pounds.

Hundreds of sportsmen who have fished in this once famous region will, I know, bear me out in what I have said. I merely make these statements for the reason that I hate to see the fighting qualities of the noblest fresh water fish that swims, lightly spoken of.

H. B. C., Woburn, Mass.

HARVESTERS OR FISH HOGS?

In the main I heartily endorse what you say about "fish hogs," for there can be no excuse for the wanton destruction of fish. But I must take exception to the sweeping condemnation of all who report large catches. I have caught more than 200 pounds in a day, with rod and reel. I think it as unjust to call me a fish hog, on that account, as it would be to call the farmer a ground hog when he harvests his crop. With us the season for the run of salmon, rainbow trout and salmon trout is the harvest time; and we catch our winter's supply, canning, smoking and salting them. We do not consider that fish were made merely to afford sport. It is the man who finds his sport in catching fish, who becomes the genuine hog. There is no danger of exhausting the supply, here, if we can prevent spearing on the spawning beds, the use of nets and traps in the vicinity of the spawning grounds, and the use of explosives. This we are trying to do, but the growing disregard for law, so noticeable in the United States, makes this difficult. In conclusion, if you are going to include among the fish hogs all who make large catches with rod and reel, do not leave out the cannery men.

Robert McLean, Grants Pass, Ore.

We have just returned from a 10 days' outing in the Rockies. Our party consisted of Messrs. Ketner, Springer, Hughlitt, Mrs. Shepard, Misses Royce and Gallagher. We left Pueblo on the 23d, over the D. & R. G. Ry., for Wagon creek. At La Veta we were joined by Mr. & Mrs. Alex Lindsay and Mr. Bear.

Here we took the narrow gauge line over Veta pass, to the mouth of Wagon creek, where we were met by Jake Moyer, a genial old mountaineer, who took us up the creek 7 miles, to our camping ground. We arrived there at 4 o'clock and made camp.

Wagon creek is a beautiful little stream. It is but 3 to 6 feet wide and is lined, on either side, with willows and other bushes. Here and there a clear spot affords the angler an opportunity to cast his fly and he is seldom disappointed. The trout are not large here but are abundant. The largest one was caught by Mr. Bear, and measured 13 inches in length.

We saw 2 large bucks and several signs of bear. We killed some sage hens, which made an excellent pot-pie.

The ladies spent their time fishing and shooting at target, with the 22 Winchester repeaters. We had several rainy days, while in camp, but all had a most enjoyable time. Next summer we shall go to Wagon Wheel Gap.

Chas. S. Glascoe, Pueblo, Colo.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: On Sunday, July 4th, while the yacht Winona, Capt. Wettlaufer, was lying at anchor in Crystal Beech Bay, one of Buffalo's fashionable "summer bed-rooms"—a remarkable catch—for these waters—was made. Just off the stern of the yacht, where she chanced to come to anchor, lay a small section of abandoned crib work. One of our party, lying over the rail and looking down into the water in a meditative, wished-he-was-not-there way (we had had a tough sail out) exclaimed "look at that fellow!"

Everyone was at once alert, and all our available tackle was pressed into service, spinners—fake baits, real baits, all were tried, but to no avail When we were about giving up in despair, some one cried,

"Try some of these Canadian flies." Thousands of them were still sticking to the hull of the yacht, and a few were fished off and put on a hook

That bait was a winner, for no sooner was my line well straightened in the water than the fish took the hook. A few minutes' struggle and a well-groomed, well-fed black bass was hanging from the scale. He registered 4¾ pounds. Later in the day our oil-stove reduced him to a delicious meal for the 4 passengers C. A. A.

My experience in trout and bass fishing in New York, covering a period of 15 years, is that you can settle on no particular fly as being "always a killer." The nearest approach to it is the "White Miller."

Trout are as dainty in regard to diet as an epicure. Some days they will rise to brown hackle, readily; while on other days you cannot get a wiggle of his tail for either of them; but drop a Professor, Royal Coach, Rube Wood, or Seth Green within 20 feet of him and he will quickly churn the water for you. Light or cloudy days have much to do with trout being tempted by flies. One must use common sense to make a fair creel of trout.

One particular fly can be depended on almost any evening, bright or lowering, and that is the plumb-bodied, white-winged miller. Heaven's blessing on the man who discovered it!

E. T. Hotaling, Chicago, Ill.

A Houghton, Michigan, paper reports the return of a trouting party composed of Congressman C. D. Shelden, A. F. Rees, J. R. Dee, W. D. Calverly, William Coach, A. F. Leopold, John F. Harris, R. S. Shelden and John Cameron. They left Houghton August 27th and fished in 4 streams between Jack Fish and Mazokama bays, on the North shore of Lake Superior. The total catch was 638 fish, weighing 321¾ pounds, or an average weight of about half a pound. One lot of 24 trout dressed, weighed 72 pounds, while the largest one weighed 6 pounds.

Several copies of this report have been sent me, by as many different readers, with requests that I rebuke these men; but as the record stands they have done no wrong. It appears the party was out a week. There were 9 men and they caught 321 pounds of fish. This is, of course, a large quantity to be taken by one party; but it figures out only 35½ pounds to each man; or 6 pounds a day, to each man. This is not excessive. On the contrary it is moderate.

St. Anthony, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: A companion fish to the one described in a late number of RECREATION, was recently caught here in Idaho. Mr. Trude, a Chicago attorney, was fishing at his place in Arangee, and landed a trout weighing a little less than 3 pounds. In dressing the fish, there was found in it two 40-82 cartridges, half a bar of lead, and a few primers. Around its body was a band about 2 inches wide, in several colors, where it was supposed to have been wearing a belt, which it had lost off. It had no gun with it, but may have laid it down, when it stopped to take a chew of the bait.

We have some very gamey fish here, and this one is believed to have been hunting some of the fellows who write fish stories for RECREATION. Anyone who doubts this story, may write to Mr. Trude, or Mr. Trude, Sr., of Chicago. Both gentlemen are lawyers, and will not mind making one affidavit, more or less.

Geo. Winegar.

I send you herewith a view of "Cedar Island Lodge," my Brule river, Wis., trout fishing preserve. I own 7 miles of the river, and the Lodge is located on a small island, in the river, about 8 miles South of the N. P. Ry. A chain of ponds or small lakes, really a series of springs, extends parallel with the river, opposite to the Island, about 1½ miles and is connected at one end with the river, through screens. On one of these lakes I have a trout hatchery of 3,000,000 eggs capacity, annually. W. D. Oviatt, formerly of the N. Y. State fish hatchery, is Supt. He is a nephew of the late Seth Green. The lakes are now filled with wild trout which weigh ½ to 3 pounds each. My hatchery is to keep up the supply, and I turn the surplus hatch into the Brule river, for the benefit of the brotherhood. H. C. Pierce, St. Louis, Mo.

I inclose a newspaper clipping which may interest the readers of RECREATION.

> Leonard Brown, of Coronado, caught a jewfish at the jetty, yesterday, with 600 feet of 24 thread linen line, that weighed 246⅜ pounds, and was 6 feet 1¼ inches long. It took 2 hours and 5 minutes to wear the big fellow out and when he was brought close enough to the jetty he had to be shot, with a rifle, and towed ashore.

The material has arrived at San Diego for the construction of an 800 foot jetty at Coronado Beach. It will be 20 feet wide with an L, and will be constructed wholly as a pleasure wharf, for the landing of yachts, for fishing, etc. The first jew fish of the season was caught at Catalina last Thursday, by Mr. R. W. Fredericks, an Arizona man. The fish weighed 150 pounds. The fishing at Catalina Island is improving every day and will soon be at its best. Mackerel are biting freely at Redondo, and affording fine sport.

B. C. Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal.

My father, many of our friends, and I, are enthusiastic fly-fishermen. One of our favorite trips is on White river, from Noblesville to Indianapolis. This trip takes 2 days, and includes a camp for one night on the river bank. We have our own canvas folding boats, tents, and complete outfit. Unfortunately, however, the fishing has been poor for the last 2 or 3 years; great numbers of bass having been destroyed by the straw-board mill at Noblesville. Three of our friends make their own fly rods, of red cedar. We think them better than any that can be bought. Our favorite equipment is one of those rods, automatic reel, oiled line, 3-strand twisted leader, and a home-made deer or squirrel tail fly, with a spinner. We generally use a spinner, having found it effective.

Walter Hanford, Indianapolis, Ind.

For over 2 weeks now I have been on an outing with my wife and daughters. We are in a cottage beautifully located on Lake Whatcom; a lake noted for its beauty of surroundings. It is 12 miles long by a mile or more wide. The Government soundings were 900 feet in places, with "no bottom" in others. The water is cold and clear, while high mountains, a fine island, deep bays and cool mountain streams, and good trout-fishing, make this a perfect spot for a month's recreation.

Since we came out, we have caught about 300 trout, my largest being 2½ pounds, caught on fly-rod with bait. Have had some ideal fly-fishing. Most of my fishing is with flies—a sport I never tire of.

S. B. Irish.

A fishing club, of which I am a member, has leased a lake for a number of years. We think of stocking it with wall-eyed pike; but do not know anything about them. Do they destroy other fish or spawn?

The lake is at present stocked with bass, pickerel, perch and sunfish.

E. L. Ryerson, Deckertown, N. J.

The U. S. Fish Commission reply to the above inquiry: "Of all carnivorous, marauding fishes found in fresh water, the worst is the wall-eyed pike. He never tires feeding on other fishes. The black bass can probably hold its own against the pike, but will not profit by having him to contend with.

"If the lake is a good black bass lake, it will be wise to keep the wall-eyed pike out."

Mr. George Richardson, of Tulare city, Cal., gets up in meeting, and tells of his experience with his 14 gauge, choke bore gun. With this wonderful gun, he filled a jack-snipe, 190 yards away, so full of No. 9 shot, that the poor bird sank in the water before it could be reached. This touching anecdote, proves Mr. Richardson either the victim of an optical illusion, or the possessor of an ability which George Washington lacked. No one ever killed anything at 35 rods, with No. 9 shot.

J. D. Rogers, Round Lake, N. Y.

Mr. Eugene Gardner of Philmont, N. Y., tells of a brook trout, caught in a stream that empties into a mill pond at that place, that weighed over 10 pounds. The fish was taken to the Chatham newspaper office, and the weight and species verified. Philmont is not far from Copake lake.

F. D. R., Albany, N. Y.

The blackfishing, in and around Guilford harbor, was exceptionally good last fall, and many good strings were taken. The fish were large and bit freely. Now the ducks have come, in almost countless numbers, but are mostly coots and old squaws, and are hardly worth going after.

L. M. E., Guilford, Conn.

I was surprised to see it stated, by a contributor to RECREATION, that white perch are not salt water fishes. I have spent most of my life on or near the salt water and have caught white perch with many kinds of bait. There are times when they, like other fish, will not take any bait.

S. S. Lord, Hartford, Conn.

For the benefit of your correspondent who never saw white perch in salt water, will say they are taken in both Albemarle and Pimlico sounds, in Eastern North Carolina; in nets and with hook and line. The fish are undoubtedly white perch and the water is salt.

A. S. Doane, Glen Cove, L. I.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

J. P.

The choice of a rifle should depend entirely on the locality in which you live. If you are on a ranch, in the West, you do not need the rifle your cousin, back on the New England farm, would find useful. Nor does the city boy need the same cartridge that would be just the thing if he lived in the country.

Do not select a certain rifle, or cartridge, because some one advises it. Think the matter over. Consider what use you will make of the rifle. Then decide for yourself. Do not expect to find the "all-round rifle." There is no such thing. Deer have been killed with a 22 rim-fire, and elk with a 32-40; but such instances prove nothing. It is cruelty to shoot deer with a 22 cartridge, and absurd to hunt squirrels with a 44.

Of all the small calibre cartridges made, the 22 short, and the 22 long rifle, are 2 of the best. The 22 long, is not the same as the 22 long rifle. Refer to any rifle catalogue and compare them. The shells are the same length, and the powder charge is the same; but the bullet in the long rifle is heavier and is not crimped in the shell.

Well informed riflemen do not use the 22 long cartridge, for any purpose; while the long rifle is used by the best rifle and pistol shots in the world. It is one of the most accurate cartridges made; and owes this accuracy to just what is lacking in the ordinary 22 long—that is, to the heavy bullet, and to its being loose in the shell.

The 22 long rifle cartridge is accurate, when there is no wind, at 200 yards, and can be shot into a 6-inch circle at that distance. The ordinary 22-long would probably require a 2-foot circle. The 22 extra long rim-fire is not deserving of mention.

The 22 short is a useful cartridge within reasonable limits. It is not a long range cartridge, though it occasionally does surprising work at 200 yards. However, it is ridiculous to expect much from it beyond 50 yards. Within that range, for the short, and 100 yards for the long rifle, fine work can be done. Do not expect too much of your rifle; learn what it will do.

The 22 short will kill quails and doves, and even rabbits and squirrels, if shot through the head. Ruffed grouse are likely to fly away if shot through the body with this light cartridge.

Prairie chickens and ducks should not be shot with it unless you can hit them in the head or neck. Of course they can be killed by a body shot, but as many will be only wounded, it is cruelty to shoot at them.

The long rifle cartridge is a little better killer, though with it the larger game birds should not be shot through the body. Gray squirrels are not always killed at once unless struck in, or forward of, the shoulders.

Another 22 rim-fire cartridge, deserving special mention, is that used in the Winchester rifle, model 1890; also in some single-shot rifles. This cartridge does not take the place of either the short or the long rifle. It has a field of its own. The powder charge is 7 grains and the bullet 45 grains. The bullet is seated in the shell, below the grooves, making a clean cartridge to carry loose in the pocket. The bullet is flat-pointed, which makes it more destructive than the other 22 rim-fires.

The 22 Winchester 7-45, as it is called, is an excellent squirrel cartridge, though more than sufficient for quails, doves, and indiscriminate shooting at short range, say under 50 yards. It is almost as accurate as the long rifle.

When I say one cartridge is more accurate than another, this statement is based on actual rigid tests, by experts, with the best rifles made.

I am aware many young riflemen often fire 3 or 4 shots, at some kind of a mark, using ordinary sights, and if the results are satisfactory, they at once conclude rifle and cartridges are accurate under all conditions; and it sometimes requires years to convince them of their error.

It is easy for a good shot to test a rifle, for accuracy, and to learn exactly what it will do. One often hears about having a rifle screwed into a vice, for testing. A greater mistake could not be made. Rifles are never tested in that way, by experts, nor can accurate shooting be done under such conditions. The spring, or recoil, even of a 22, will make the results unsatisfactory.

To learn what a rifle will do, the sights must be good. The rear sight should be a peep, of some form. Almost anything will do for the muzzle sight, but one such as used by expert target shooters is best.

A muzzle rest is enough. A machine rest is not needed. The rifleman sits at the rest, his right elbow and side firmly supported, the rifle held to the shoulder and the barrel resting on something solid, 6 inches to a foot from the muzzle. The left hand grasps the rifle in a natural position, either forward, or back of the breech. In shooting a rifle with a light barrel, care must be used that pressure be not brought down on the barrel; for it is easy to spring a light barrel, and thus to ruin its shooting.

Under proper conditions, if the rifle be accurate, the 22 short cartridge will shoot 10 or more consecutive shots into a 1½ inch circle, at 50 yards; the long-rifle cartridge into a ¾-inch circle; and the 22-7-45 into a one inch. At 100 yards the last 2 cartridges will easily make 3-inch groups, and 10 shots, with the long rifle, can often be fired into a circle 2 inches in diameter. Less than 10 consecutive shots is no test at all, and a rifleman does not really know what his rifle will do until he has fired 100 shots.

The beginner should not be discouraged if, on trial, he makes a 6-inch group, at 100 yards, instead of one half that size. Practice faithfully. In a few weeks you will be astonished at the improvement you will have made.

Do not be afraid rest shooting will spoil your holding for off-hand work. It will help you; but this subject requires a chapter by itself.

With perfect ammunition and an accurate rifle, some surprising groups can be made. I have made several such, in the past few months, with a single shot, weighing 8 pounds; 28-inch barrel, 25-20. Lyman rear and aperture muzzle sights were used. The bullets weighed 86 grains and were seated in the barrel, ahead of the shells, which were loaded with Dupont's F.F.G. powder.

To clean rifle shells is looked on by almost all riflemen, probably, as a task. To some it is so laborious as to be neglected altogether. Others use acids, and scrub out each shell, which is indeed a task. If properly cleaned, shells will last almost indefinitely. If they are to be reloaded they should be washed out on the day they are fired, before they begin to corrode. It is an easy matter to clean 50 or 100 shells.

For several years I have not had a corroded shell. Nor have I ever taken over 10 minutes to clean all used on any given day. First, the primers are knocked out; then the shells are put into a basin of water—hot is best, but not necessary. They are stirred until the water is black. Then the water is changed. This may be repeated 3 or 4 times. The shells are now spread on a paper to dry. Or, a board with holes in it is good; for then the shells will drip and dry quickly.

When hunting, I have washed half a dozen shells while sitting by some stream, without removing the primers. There was no work about it, and they were then in a condition to keep, for months, without danger of corrosion.

It is really painful to see a brother rifleman's shells and rifle in a dilapidated condition. Who does not like to see the bore of a rifle bright and free from even a hint of rust? Yet what numbers are ruined from lack of care!

The bore of a rifle can be kept in perfect condition, with almost no care—if one knows how. No oil nor hot water is necessary. I blow into the barrel enough to moisten it, run a rag or 2 through; then breath into it again, and wipe perfectly dry. Next, a rag saturated with vaseline, or with Marlin or Winchester rust repeller, is used and the barrel is wiped dry again. Now a rag, with plenty of one of these compounds, is again put through, when the rifle may be laid away, without danger of rust, for weeks. The whole operation takes not more than 10 minutes.

However, if the rifle is a 22, it should be cleaned again the next day; for this size is harder to keep free from rust than the larger bores.

Warrens, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: We got in here all right. Had a pleasant trip, except that one of our horses gave out, and caused us to lose a great deal of time. It gave me a chance to whip some fine trout streams. There is one large creek near here in which fishing is unusually good.

We are going on a hunting and prospecting trip soon, into a country that is almost unknown. Two miners just came from there and report moose, silver-tip, elk and deer plentiful. This is a great country —wild and woolly—and not enough folks here to keep trails clear. Deer come down in the flats, among our horses, and whistle at our fire. Have seen fresh elk tracks, but no elk. Yesterday morning I saw where a bear had crossed the road. He was a large one too.

You want to know how the little 25-25 Stevens rifle shoots. Well it's the best little killer on earth. Driving up the Snake river valley, near Weiser, we made a regular slaughter of jack rabbits, without ever dismounting. Our rule is that the man who sees the game takes first shot, miss and go out. So far only Billy has a go-out to his discredit. We have killed all the grouse we could eat and some that we gave away. The other afternoon Billy and I walked ahead of the team, up a long hill, and left Lew to drive. While resting the team, on a grade, he saw a deer on the hillside, looking at him. He picked up the little 25 and planted a bullet squarely between the deer's eyes, at a distance of about 60 yards. He dragged it down, threw it in the wagon, and covered it up; intending to give us a surprise when we pulled into camp. We waited for him at the top of the hill and got the little rifle, intending to shoot some grouse for supper. We had only gone a short distance when we jumped a spike buck. Billy planted a bullet in its neck that paralyzed it on the spot. We carried it out to the roadside and when Lew drove up he said,

"Well, I'll be ——. But the joke isn't on me, after all. I have one in here, myself."

He then produced his deer. Both were killed dead, at distances of 60 and 70 yards. It's simply marvellous what penetration that bullet has. The shot in the neck completely shattered and dislocated the vertebræ. It is fun to shoot a gopher in the body with it. It blows him as wide open as a piece of giant powder would. It is just the finest little rifle I ever shot, and it will keep this camp in meat all winter. I'd like to send you a nice saddle of venison, just now, if you could use it. Tell the Stevens people they know how to build rifles. You will be out here next summer, yourself, and take a shot at a deer, with our pet, and then you will bank on it, too.

M. W. Miner.

NITRO LOADS.

Editor RECREATION: Mr. J. S. Estill asks, in December RECREATION, for information about nitro powder loads, for shot guns. I have had some experience in that line and may be able to enlighten him. After experiments covering a number of years, I have adopted the following loads:

For a 12 gauge, 8 pound, full choke gun I use, for ordinary field shooting, 37 to 40 grains Dupont smokeless, or 27 to 29 grains Walsrode powder, and 1 to 1⅛ ounce of No. 7 or 8 chilled shot. I use the larger loads when game is wild. For Chinese pheasants, when full grown and wild, I use 40 grains of Dupont and 1⅛ oz. No. 6 chilled shot. Walsrode powder has, I think, a greater penetration at 35 yards than Dupont, and is quicker than chain lightning; but will not make as close and good a pattern as the latter. For all around shooting I prefer Dupont powder.

If my friend Estill's gun shoots too close, let him use a scatter wad, or less shot—say one ounce of shot to 38 grains of Dupont—and I think he will not get too close a pattern at 30 or 35 yards. Or, if still too close, let him try 29 grains of Walsrode and an ounce of shot. If he will load a few shells of each powder, as above directed, and target his gun at 35 or 40 yards, he can see what the gun is doing, and can regulate powder and shot to suit. There should be no guess work in loading nitro powders. Use one cardboard wad on shot, and enough felt wads on powder to fill shell to within ⅜ of an inch of end, and crimp down solidly on wad. Most of my experimenting has been done with the old Parker gun. By the way, I cannot find the Parker gun ad. in RECREATION any more. They cannot surely afford to be without a card in so valuable an advertising medium as RECREATION.

A. Hillier.

AS TO CALIBRE AND GAUGE.

Editor RECREATION: I have been reading your magazine for some time and find the letters from hunters especially interesting. Not knowing anything about fire-arms, however, the numbers they use to denote the size of a gun are not quite intelligible to me. Would you state what is meant by a 44-40-200 rifle, for instance? Also what is meant by the "gauge" of a gun?

C. J. R., New York City.

ANSWER.

In speaking of rifles in the manner you indicate, the first figure means the size of the bore, the second the number of grains of powder in the charge and the third the weight, in grains, of the bullet. For instance, 44-40-200 means that the bore of the rifle is 44-100 of an inch in diameter; that the cartridge holds 40 grains of powder and 200 grains of lead. 30-30-160 means that the bore of the rifle is 30-100 of an inch; that the cartridge holds 30 grains of powder and 160 grains of lead.

The method of indicating the size of bore of shot guns is conventional, and was handed down from the days of smooth bore muskets, shooting round bullets. The nominal gauge of a shot gun is the number of round balls, of a size to fit that gun, it would take to weigh a pound. The bore of a 10 gauge cylinder gun will just admit a round ball weighing 10 to a pound. The standard diameter of a 10 gauge, in decimals of the inch, is .775.

Gauge and bore, as applied to guns, were originally synonymous, but nowadays guns of a given gauge may vary considerably in bore; and all that is at present indicated by the nominal gauge is the diameter of its cartridge chamber. The Phillips' "Vena Contracta" gun is 12 gauge, but in reality a 20 bore—tapering sharply from 12 to 20.

ANOTHER CONVERT TO THE SMALL BORE SMOKELESS.

The last 3 numbers of your valuable magazine were sent me by Dr. Garfield, of Pendleton, Ore., who, last summer, visited the range of the elk and moose, in the Bitter Root mountains, under my guidance.

He carried a Marlin 30-30 smokeless rifle. I had but little confidence in it, as I thought the bullet too small for big game; but after using the gun and observing the execution of the steel jacketed, soft nose bullet, the lightness of the gun, and the slightness of its recoil, I changed my opinion.

I was much interested in the exceptionally good article, by Mr. J. J. Adams, in November RECREATION, on "The Best Rifle for Big Game." I must, however, disagree with his conclusions. A large bore must necessarily have a heavy bullet to obtain bearing in the rifling. It is not the quantity of powder burned, but the weight of the bullet which causes recoil. A 50 calibre must have not less than 500 grains of lead, and, consequently, a heavy recoil.

I am fast becoming a crank on the subject of the small bore, for all game. I am satisfied that everyone who can shoot a rifle with accuracy after using the 30-30, will use no other.

L. C. Roberts, Weippi, Idaho.

NOTES.

I enjoy RECREATION very much, and your gun and ammunition department is my favorite part.

I read D. T. Tuthill's reply to Bert Paige. I don't believe any man can kill a hawk at 127 yards with a shot gun. Mr. Tuthill says a gun that will kill at 60 yards is a good one. I don't think so. I have killed rabbits and chickens at 100 yards, with a Parker hammerless, 10 gauge gun, with 4 drams Shultz smokeless powder and 1¼ ounce No. 6 chilled shot.

L. H. Philip, Poco, Ill.

In December RECREATION E. R. Wilson asks those who are using Ithaca guns to say how they like them. I have been using a 12 gauge 7 pound 15 oz. Ithaca hammerless, for 5 or 6 years, and consider it as good a gun as I ever shot, and I have shot several. With an Ithaca gun and Peter's smokeless shells you have an outfit that is hard to beat.

A. F. Crossman, North Clarendon, Pa.

Enclosed find my renewal subscription for '98. As most others who know RECREATION I could not do without its monthly visits, and only wish it were weekly.

I like to read the gun and ammunition part of the magazine, and always make for that first. To my mind this is the most interesting part of the whole book.

Fred'k Rose, 32 W. 131st St., N. Y.

In November RECREATION, P. Barron, asks 2 questions. I can answer both. The regular pull for a hunting rifle, is 3 or 4 pounds; 3 pounds preferred. RECREATION is the best sportsman's paper I have seen. I would be willing to pay 4 times the price, if it came once a week.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

Will some of the readers of RECREATION please inform me if they have experimented with all-lead bullets, paper patched, in a 30-30 or a 30-40 Winchester, with high power powder? I have been told they would lead the barrel, but I saw in the Ideal handbook, from John Reed, that he used them with good results, and no leading whatever.

H. Roberts, Syracuse, N. Y.

One of my friends here has an Ithaca gun and it is perfection.

W. L. Burnam, Cameron, Mo.

Everything I have shot thus far wouldn't have much choice between lightning and the 30 calibre. It knocks the life out quicker than anything I ever used and I have a 38-56 Winchester that I think cannot be beaten as a black powder rifle.

W. P. Springer, Northfield, Vt.

I have used the 30-30 smokeless Winchester for the last 2 years and think it one of the best rifles on the market. It is the best gun for turkey and deer, using the full jacketed bullet for the bird and the soft nose for larger game, the mutilation of the latter bullet being much greater.

M. Lionnes, Chicago.

I have a Parker 16 double bore, and have about 50 shells, each loaded with a single ball. It is O.K. This is the largest shot I ever saw.

Tod Stillwell, New York.

I am thankful to those brother sportsmen who gave their opinion of the 22 calibre rifle. All favored the little Marlin, one of which I bought. Would not part with it for anything.

John Vale, Cleveland, O.

Mr. L. E. Morris of Iowa wants to know what kind and calibre of rifle is best for all round use. I have tried them all and find a 32-40 Marlin just the thing.

P. B. Payne, Gubserville, Cal.

I would like to hear, through RECREATION, as to the best single barrel shot gun, for the money.

H. J. Henry, MacDougall, N. Y.

For the benefit of E. R. Wilson who inquires in December RECREATION, would say: I have owned 2 Ithaca guns, and don't think he can find any better shooting gun on the market.

W. L. Tuthill, Orient Point, L. I., N. Y.

Would like to see a careful record of the efficiency of the small bores, using soft pointed bullets.

A. H. Huston, Columbus, O.

A tele-photo lens worth $150 as a premium for 100 subscriptions. Who will be the first to earn it?

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

THE PEWEE.

ANSON EVANS.

The dusty highway gradually descended the wooded hill until suddenly wheeling around a copse of witch hazel, in the centre of which stood a stooping dogwood tree, it dipped down a rather abrupt bit of quiet heather and then crawled across a tidy iron bridge that spanned the creek at this point. A hundred yards or so below, to which an old road bed led, occasionally almost wholly obliterated by rich clusters of blackberry briers, but which had at one time been the pride of the entire neighborhood, the creek crept under an old fashioned puncheon bridge, long since reeking with mould. A portion of the flooring had fallen away, exposing the more endurable girders, now showing streaks of decay across their surface, like the wrinkles on an old man's brow. The log abutments had slipped somewhat, owing to the weakness of the mud-sills, and where the abutting banks grinned, the buckberry bushes spread their matted mantle. Banisters that had once done duty as rustic seats for love sick swains, still stretched athwart the bridge on either side, but now grown feeble with senility.

On the high banks just above, an old beech tree, on whose bark had been carved the name of numerous country celebrities, had succumbed to the storms and had toppled over. In its dirt-meshed roots a cunning mink had reared its young, making frequent nocturnal incursions to the poultry houses of neighboring farmers. The trunks of some of the once mighty monarchs of the forest lay along the water side, offering a suitable place for the slimy turtle to enjoy a noon siesta, while from the marshy tanglewood a bee martin would occasionally dart forth and snap at the dragon flies that lilted over the water on wings of gossamer. The sharp breaking of a dry twig, echoing preternaturally loud on the dense stillness that pervaded everywhere throughout the wooded glen, was the signal for some myopic owl to give vent to wing and flap awkwardly away to more secure cover.

The occasional whisk of the languid breeze as it came tiptoeing through the lazy foliage of pawpaw and young hickory, drove tiny ripples across the surface of the water, whereat the green coated frog, the leading basso of the aquatic orchestra, winked his eyes in lazy delight.

The brown busked wren, with the smartest of tails, frisked in and out from the most inconceivable of places, flashing its beady black eyes at the bees that were hammocked in the red haw boughs above, while the low coo of the dove, scarcely breaking in upon the stillness, was hushed almost to a sigh by the shrilling of a passing hawk, circling in the furzy sky. The kingfisher arrayed in a blue-gray coat, with an occasional black stripe, flew in seesaw glides, keeping near the water, and once in awhile giving vent to a short sharp treble sadly lacking in rythm.

It was a very quiet place. Seldom did a song bird of note ever enliven its precincts by its silvery melody. Yet I loved to hie away to this quiet nook and spend an afternoon angling for the pretty sun-perch that abounded in the deep holes of the creek. Times I have remarked the presence of a grayish colored bird, large and alert, with beautiful brown eyes, who broke forth in song as musical as that of the brown thrush; but scarcely would he tune his voice ere he lapsed into desuetude, and winged himself away. He was very shy, never permitting any familiarity, and I am still wholly ignorant of his name. He had a fawn-colored breast, and was in size about the equal of the thrush, whose silvery melodies were occasionally intoned from the top twig of some far away poplar, falling almost inaudibly in the peaceful valley.

While sitting rod in hand on one of the tree trunks by the brookside, awaiting a nibble from some member of the finny tribe, I frequently noticed a dove-colored bird, with white breast, dash out from covert, seize a mosquito slowly rising from the stagnant water, and fly to some nearby reed, on which he would perch himself and eye me impudently. He was a very ordinary looking individual, possessing no attraction, save that his feathery locks looked rather smart combed up in a neat psyche on the top of his head. This humble bird, whose few notes cannot be said to approach the dignity of song, was the pewee or phœbe bird (*Contopus vireus*).

The pewee is an idler. He does not seem to have any particular aim in life, yet he seems to enjoy himself in his own peculiar way. From his retiring disposition he evidently is aware of the fact that he cannot hope to compete with a single neighbor in the field of song. He will sit for an hour on the top of a swaying iron-weed without essaying a single note, all interest seeming to have gone out of his life. Suddenly will break forth in a querulous voice his quaint two-syllable song: "Pee-wee! pee-wee! pee-wit!" Poor fellow! try hard as he may he utterly fails to go farther in his musical vocabulary. He must be a dullard indeed!

Under the old dilapidated bridge, plastered to a girder with mud, is the pewee's nest. A few tendrils of poison ivy creep along the sill half concealing it. It is fairly well knit together, of the finest twigs and lint, and is lined with the softest material. The rustic youths shun it, however, for they claim it is infested with vermin. The three eggs are of a murky white, a shade darker at the larger end. On these Mrs. Pewee sits, day in and day out, while her liege lord whiles away his time in bringing her an occasional morsel of food, for he lacks of prodigality; and in keeping in mind his two-syllable song: "Pee-wee! pee-wit!"

After the chicks are hatched Mr. Pewee, finds new energy, probably inspired by the thought that the more food he drops into the craw of his young, the sooner they will become able to maintain themselves. And so there is a lavish supply of food, and the young brood grows remarkably fast. Should you walk under the old bridge and approach sufficiently near the nest to disturb its inmates, there will be a sudden whirr of wings and a sharp chattering of bills about your head from the parent birds, but no outcry, for even in distress the forlorn pewee manifests a muteness that awakens our solicitude and appeals to our sympathy.

THE BLUE JAY SHOULD BE PROTECTED.

Winona, Minn.

Editor RECREATION: In your editorial comment, under the heading "A Brutal Side Hunt," on page 486 of the November RECREATION, you refer to blue jays and some other birds, and to some animals as beautiful and harmless creatures, and inquire whether woodpeckers and blue jays are not protected by the laws of Massachusetts.

Your reference to the blue jay as harmless interests me exceedingly. My observation and information have led me to believe him an enemy of all the small songsters, and a bird to be dealt with accordingly. I have seen blue jays pounce upon the nests of robins, blue birds, and sparrows and tear them to pieces. I have shot them to find the bleeding fledgling in their cruel talons. The impaling of the bodies of small birds on thorns, has been charged to the account of blue jays. I knew of one instance where a canary was killed, in his cage on a perch, by a blue jay.

For years I have made it a point to shoot blue jays whenever the opportunity offered, and my good wife uses her rifle on them, with destructive effect. If the bird should be dealt with as a desirable creature, I am wrong, and have done wrong, and I ask for light on the subject.

I believe, however, I can furnish abundant testimony as to their predatory habits. Their numbers seem to increase each year, hereabouts, while our choice native birds become scarcer.

Please let us hear from you, through RECREATION. Frank L. Randall.

ANSWER.

Last year the Department of Agriculture published in its "Year Book" a paper on "The Blue Jay and its Food," by Prof. F. E. L. Beal. In the course of his investigations, Professor Beal secured testimony from scores of observers, and examined the stomachs of 292 blue jays. The oft-repeated charge of nest-robbery and murder brought against the jay was thoroughly investigated, and on this point Professor Beal declares there is a great discrepancy between the testimony of field observers and the results of stomach examinations. "The accusations of eating eggs and young birds are certainly not sustained, and it is futile to attempt to reconcile the conflicting statements on this point, which must be left until more accurate observations have been made." Of the whole 292 stomachs examined, only 2 contained the remains of birds, and only 3 contained egg-shells from the eggs of wild birds; but 11 contained shells from the eggs of domestic fowls.

That the blue jay does occasionally rob the nests of other birds, and, once in a great while, devour a young bird, there is no room to doubt; but the actual harm done in this way should not be overestimated. Professor Beal determines the amount of insect food eaten by the jay each year as 23 per cent. of the whole, vegetable food 75.7 per cent. and miscellaneous animal food at 1.3 per cent. The stomachs examined came from 22 States and territories, and Professor Beal's conclusion is that "the blue jay certainly does far more good than harm." The bulk of the vegetable food consumed by the bird is corn, and the loss of it is made good, 10 times over, in the destruction of noxious insects and mice.

I have never before heard of a blue jay impaling anything on a thorn, as is the well-known habit of the Northern shrike, or butcher bird.—EDITOR.

Rather an odd experience fell to my lot some time ago, while at Echo lake, in Northern New Jersey, where I had gone for a day's bass fishing.

While rowing the boat across the lake, ¾ of a mile, I saw something swimming in the water some 200 feet away. I overtook it and discovered a rather tired rabbit, swimming for dear life. I reached out and gathered it in out of the wet, and with a piece of twine tied the rabbit to the seat, where it sat in the sun, perfectly quiet.

It shivered for a time, but soon became warm and animated. I kept it in the boat the remainder of the afternoon, while I fished.

Talk about the hind foot of a churchyard, moonlight rabbit! It isn't in it with a live, 4-footed rabbit. Bass began to bite, and in short order I took in 16.

When I reached the shore, the rabbit was released, when, with a wink of thanks, he made a leap and in an instant was out of sight in the brush.

S. P. Lazarus.

A WHALE AND A THRASHER SHARK.

Waukegan, Ill.

Two years ago in March I was opposite La Libertad, San Salvador, Central America, on the steamship "Colon."

Our vessel was anchored about a mile from shore. It was a beautiful evening, and the ocean was very calm. About a block from our boat 2 other vessels were anchored, about a block and a half apart. While I was watching these ships, a whale made his appearance, and spouted water from his head. Almost simultaneous with the whale's advent, a huge fish, apparently 20 feet long, arose from the water, and fell upon the whale! This performance continued until the 2 animals passed behind one of the other vessels.

The fish that made the attack was very much like a shark and of immense size. It did not use its tail, but seemed to fall upon the whale. It rose about 2-3 of its length out of the water before falling, and whenever the whale spouted this "thrasher" would strike its crushing blow. Four of the U. S. blue jackets, from the "Philadelphia," were on deck, and they said it was a "thrasher shark" and considered the spectacle a rare one. The whole spectacle was not more than a block off. The light was good and the view quite unobstructed.

Edward Ford Gavin.

NOTES.

Your note on the study of eyes is a good idea. Few people can tell the color or shape of pupil in even the commonest animal. I have recently noted the difference between the eyes used by taxidermists, for sheep and goats (wild), and the natural color of eyes in these animals. I have carefully noticed the eyes of these animals, both when freshly killed and in *articulo mortis*. Both are usually given a pale stone colored iris, although some taxidermists use the proper color. According to my observations the goat has a rather dark brown iris and the sheep a light yellowish brown. Raw sienna would be about the right shade. The pupils, when fresh, were small, irregular circles, not ovals, although this may change according to light.

Allan Brooks, Vernon, B. C.

I should be glad to hear from every naturalist, sportsman and woodsman who has ever observed the eyes of birds or mammals. This is a most important subject and should be fully and freely discussed.—Editor.

Will opossums breed in captivity; and will the male destroy the young, if kept with the mother?

T. F. Hickman, Lebanon, Pa.

Answer.—It is exceedingly difficult to arrange conditions so perfectly that the opossum will breed in confinement. Many naturalists have tried it and failed; and I do not know of a single instance of success. Many opossums have been born in captivity, but only through catching wild females, in the breeding season. A male opossum should never be confined in the same cage with the female and her young. The latter should have perfect seclusion and a dark sleeping den, for use in the daytime. This rule holds good in the case of nearly all wild animals.—Editor.

I enclose you the measurements of an antelope head that I have, which are as follows:

Length of left horn....	17	inches.
Length of right horn..	16½	inches.
Spread at tips.........	13	inches.
Spread at widest part..	14	inches.
Length of skull.......	13½	inches.
Circumference at base.	7¼	inches.

These measurements have been carefully taken, and are correct.

L. A. Metzel, Puller Springs, Mont.

The comparison of notes on antelope heads has become decidedly interesting. Of those recorded thus far, Mr. Metzel's specimen seems to be the leader.—Editor.

I now have over 80 elk in my park. In fact my superintendent thinks there are between 90 and 100.

I recently obtained 5 moose, which are doing well; but am in the market for 10 or 15 more.

Edward H. Litchfield,
59 Wall Street, New York.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of Recreation.

All who join the L. A. S. before June 1st will be enrolled as charter members. Send in your dollar at once.

A tele-photo lens worth $150 as a premium for 100 subscriptions. Who will be the first to earn it?

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

THE L. A. S. IS A FACT.

As will be seen by the report printed herewith, the League of American Sportsmen is already a pronounced success. The convention which met at Hardman Hall, New York, January 18th, was attended by 140 thoroughly representative sportsmen. They represented, in all, 17 States, as follows: Colorado, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Utah, Washington, Wyoming.

These men all showed, by their manner and their talk, that they were thoroughly in earnest. Never in the history of American field sports has any movement for the protection of game been inaugurated under such promising auspices as this one is. Never in the history of American field sports has there been such a crying need for energetic action, in behalf of game, as there is to-day.

The present generation has seen the buffalo and the wild pigeon swept out of existence. If the destruction of game is allowed to go on at the present rate, those of us who live 10 years longer will see the moose, the Rocky mountain sheep, the antelope, the wild turkey, the prairie chicken and the beaver totally exterminated. Men who may live 20 years longer will witness the extinction of the elk, the white goat, the grizzly bear, and several other species of game.

It is earnestly hoped, however, that the sentiment which has been aroused in the minds, not only of sportsmen, but of naturalists and others, and by the aid of this new League, the terrible slaughter of these wild animals and birds, which is now going on, may be checked, and the butchers compelled to seek some other occupation.

The following preamble, adopted by the convention, gives the key note of the situation, and states the vital objects of the League:

The League of American Sportsmen is organized for the purpose of protecting the game and game fishes; the song, insectivorous and other innocent birds, not classed as game birds.

Its prime object is to enforce game laws, where such exist, and to secure and enforce such laws where not now in existence.

It aims to promote good fellowship among sportsmen; to foster in the minds of the people a love of nature and of nature's works; to encourage the propagation of game and game fishes, and the re-stocking of game fields and public waters. To these ends it will act in unison with State, county and municipal authorities who aim at similar ends.

The League of American Sportsmen will not compete with any other organization that has similar objects in view. On the contrary, it desires to enlist the sympathies of, and to co-operate with, all such.

The League of American Sportsmen is opposed to excessive slaughter of game and fish, under the name of sport. We are opposed to the killing of any innocent bird or animal, which is not game, in the name of sport, or in wantonness.

We are opposed to the sale of game and game fishes, at all times and under all circumstances.

We believe in reasonable bags. We believe the killing of game and the taking of fish should be limited by law, not only as to seasons, but that the bag for any one man, for a day, and for a season, should be defined by law.

We believe in a gun-license law, with severe penalties for violations thereof.

We, as individual members of this League, pledge ourselves to work for the education of the public, and especially of our boys, on the lines indicated above; to co-operate with our officers, and with State or municipal officers, in the enforcement of game laws, whenever an opportunity offers.

Let every man, woman and child in America read this declaration and heed it. Lovers of nature should see that copies of this document are placed in the hands of every pot hunter and market hunter in the land. It will be distributed broadcast, and it is hoped that hundreds of thousands of men, who desire to see our game protected, will call for packages of this document, and will place them where they may do the most good.

The officers of the League are busy preparing other printed matter, for distribution. As fast as ready, it will be sent to persons who may wish to engage in the work of securing members. If you are willing to engage in this work, write me at once.

The constitution provides that as soon as 25 members are enrolled, in any State, these may be organized into a State division of the L. A. S., with their own officers, committees, etc. We have, at this writing, enough members to organize the New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania divisions, and these divisions will be put on foot within a few weeks. It is expected that at least a dozen State divisions will have been organized before the first day of April.

Nearly 400 men, representing 34 States and territories, have written me, emphatically declaring their sympathy with and their interest in this movement, and their readiness to join the League and pay their membership fee as soon as organized. Remittances are coming in at the rate of 25 to 50 a day. The majority of these members will prove earnest workers, and each of them may safely be counted on to enroll 10 of his friends as members. In fact, judging from the great amount of enthusiasm and earnestness indicated, it seems conservative to estimate that by the end of this year the membership of the L. A. S. will number 50,000.

Let every advocate of game protection, no matter where he lives or what his personal preferences may be, put his shoulder to the wheel and help this great cause to move. Send in your dollar at once.

WHAT THE CONVENTION DID.

Pursuant to a call signed by R. D. Lydecker and 85 others, for a convention to organize a League of American Sportsmen, 140 men met at Hardman Hall, 5th Avenue and 19th Street, New York, on January 18, 1898, at 10 a.m.

The opening address was made by Mr. G. O. Shields, who spoke of the urgent need of a League of Sportsmen for the purpose of protecting the game, and for other objects mentioned in the call.

Temporary officers were then chosen, Mr. W. T. Hornaday for chairman and A. F. Rice for secretary. At the request of the Chairman, the Secretary read a number of letters from those unable to be present, promising their hearty aid and co-operation.

On motion of Mr. E. S. Thompson, a committee on Constitution and By-Laws was appointed by the Chairman, consisting of the following gentlemen: G. O. Shields, E. S. Thompson and Wm. E. Carlin.

On motion of Mr. Walsh, the Chairman then appointed, as a committee on permanent officers for the League, Messrs. H. C. Walsh, Dr. T. K. Tuthill, H. Watkins, Dr. R. O. Stebbins and J. Alden Loring.

The Committee on Constitution and By-Laws reported in due time, submitting a draft of same which was read and explained by the Chairman of the committee, and the matter was then thrown open for discussion.

On motion of Mr. Wilmerding, an additional clause was incorporated in the constitution, admitting women as associate members.

On motion of Mr. Dutcher, the words "for commercial purposes" were added to the clause relative to song and plumage birds.

On motion of Dr. Allen, it was decided that in the article prescribing the qualifications for membership, the word "white" should be stricken out.

On motion of Mr. Anderson, the constitution and by-laws, with the exception of the amendments, were adopted as read.

On motion, the official year of the League of American Sportsmen was declared to begin from the date of this meeting.

The committee on permanent officers for the League, reported as follows:

For President, Mr. G. O. Shields, 19 W. 24th Street, New York.

For 1st Vice-President, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Washington, D. C.

For 2d Vice-President, Mr. E. S. Thompson, 144 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For 3d Vice-President, Hon. W. A. Richards, Cheyenne, Wyo.

For 4th Vice-President, W. T. Hornaday, 69 Wall Street, New York.

For 5th Vice-President, A. A. Anderson, 93 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For Secretary, Arthur F. Rice, 155 Pennington Avenue, Passaic, N. J.

For Treasurer, F. S. Hyatt, Clinton Bank, New York.

On motion, the Secretary was instructed to cast a vote for each and all of the gentlemen above named. This having been done they were declared duly elected for the ensuing year.

On motion of Mr. Wilmerding, RECREATION was adopted as the official organ of the League of American Sportsmen.

On motion, the convention adjourned.

A. F. Rice, Secretary.

WORK OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the L. A. S., held on January 24th, it was resolved that the ruffed grouse be declared the official emblem of the L. A. S. Also that all persons who shall join the L. A. S. before June 1st, '98, shall be enrolled as Charter Members.

Mr. A. A. Anderson was delegated to represent the L. A. S. in Washington, and to urge the extension of the Yellowstone National Park, so as to include Jackson's Hole.

Forest and Stream editorially condemns the L. A. S. and predicts it will be a failure. This is, of course, because Forest and Stream did not head the movement. It is also because Forest and Stream was not chosen as the official organ of the L. A. S.

Letters continue to pour in from all parts of the United States heartily commending the L. A. S. movement. Here are a few more of them:

I have read with interest the suggestion of a National Association for the protection of game, and think it a step in the right direction. I am anxious to help and think that with such an organization we can head off the game hogs and, what are worse, the pot hunters.

If we could get a few of these hogs to read RECREATION it would be a great help.

G. A. Humiston, Niles, Mich.

I am in favor of the L. A. S. and hope you will push it along. Quail shooting is not allowed here this season. Wild turkeys are scarce; also ruffed grouse. Rabbits and squirrels are plentiful and are being shot in large numbers every day. We have a great many hawks here and a few bald eagles; also some big horned owls.

H. L. Hayes, Warrenton, Va.

I think the scheme for the L. A. S. is good. I wish to be enrolled as a charter member. Can get many more to join. RECREATION is the sportsmen's magazine of the world, no matter what the others may cost or are called.

E. H. Judd, Ypsilanti, Mich.

I have read carefully Mr. Lydecker's article in October RECREATION, and am indeed glad a movement is on foot to organize the L. A. S. We are greatly in need of such an organization in this section, and see no reason why it should not be a great success from the start.

J. S. Stangroom, New Whatcom, Wash.

We heartily endorse the movement for the formation of a League of American Sportsmen. We know of no better way in which to enforce existing game laws. We have in this State many sportsmen who take the field, out of pure love of sport, and who would heartily co-operate in the formation of a State Branch.

W. H. Bruce, Hartford, Conn.

I believe the L. A. S. would be a powerful game protector, and as an educator for the coming generation of sportsmen would be of immense value. Count me in.

J. C. Smith, Kansas City, Kan.

I heartily endorse the L. A. S. movement and cannot see how it could fail to be of the greatest possible benefit to the fish and game of our country.

E. B. Dennett, Portland, Me.

I shall gladly join the L. A. S., for better game protection. I honor you for your pursuit of that object, and for your position regarding game hogs.

S. R. Leonard, Kenwood, N. Y.

All the sportsmen I have talked with are heartily in favor of the L. A. S.

W. S. Allen, Jackson, Mich.

I am delighted with the way you give it to the meat hunters, and every true sportsman will support you.

G. W. Hollingsworth, Lansdale, Pa.

I am much pleased with RECREATION and watch with interest correspondence in regard to forming a League of American Sportsmen for protection of game and fish. It is needed.

D. K. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.

The L. A. S. is the thing, in my opinion. The game hog must go, the sooner, the better.

A. E. Woodell, Danville, Va.

Mr. Lydecker's plan for a L. A. S. has my hearty approval.

Dr. Robt. W. Eastman, 140 W. 76th St.

I wish I might enjoy a handshake with you, for roasting the game slaughterers as you do.

Wm. T. Critchley, Chelsea, Mass.

We want Canada in the L. A. S. too; and what is done needs doing quickly or we shall have no game to protect.

James Fullerton, Ten Sleep, Wyo.

The League of American Sportsmen is a good thing and you may count me in. I like the way you roast the hogs.

T. J. Buchanan, Huntington, Ind.

Put my name down for the L. A. S. Give it to the game hogs.

John Coolbaugh, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Let us have the L. A. S. I will be among the first to join.

W. Peterson, Haywards, Cal.

The L. A. S. is all right. Push it along.

Emil C. Sixta, Manitowoc, Wis.

All who join the L. A. S. before June 1st will be enrolled as charter members. Send in your dollar at once.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

Always mention RECREATION when answering ads.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 1 MONTH.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.
January	$379	$723	$2,146	**$4,059**
February	256	693	2,127	
March	300	1,049	2,215	
April	342	645	1,921	
May	292	902	1,596	
June	307	770	1,402	
July	345	563	1,101	
August	306	601	1,906	
September	498	951	2,223	
October	438	969	2,586	
November	586	1,054	2,440	
December	652	1,853	4,760	
	$4,671	$10,773	$26,423	

With this issue Recreation starts the fourth of its deadly parallel columns. Read across the page, as usual, and you will see the pace, although a mighty hot one, is well maintained. Each January is 100 to 300 per cent. ahead of its predecessor. Keep your eye on this statement and see how it shows up next month. Call the attention of your gun dealer or your tackle dealer to it, if he don't advertise in Recreation, and tell him he is losing thousands of dollars, every month, by staying out.

THE NEW YORK SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

The Sportsmen's Show, which opened in Madison Square Garden January 13th and closed on the 22d, was in many respects successful, though it must be admitted the exhibits were not so numerous nor so attractive, on the whole, as in previous years.

Several well known gun houses and one of the large cartridge companies, who previously exhibited, were not in evidence this year; and this fact was commented on, very generally, by visitors.

The management made the mistake of letting spaces for several exhibits that do not pertain, in any way, to field sports. These detracted from the general interest of the show, and while the attendance was exceedingly generous, yet the fact was made plain that many people who paid their money to enter the Garden were disappointed after making the rounds.

The officers of the Sportsmen's Association realize these facts, and Captain Dressel tells me the next show will be conducted on entirely different lines. He assures me that no such goods as soap, nerve foods, musical tops, or aluminum jewelry, will be admitted.

The rifle shooting and fly casting tournaments were well attended, all through the week, and were among the leading attractions of the show. The bowling contest, while not strictly in accord with a sportsmen's exposition, interested many people and doubtless helped to swell the general attendance.

The bicycle feature of the show did not pan out as the cycle dealers, at one time, promised it should, and wheels will probably not be considered in connection with future Sportsmen's Shows.

The exhibits of the Winchester Arms Co., the Dupont Powder Co., the Savage Arms Co., the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., John Wanamaker, D. T. Abercrombie & Co., the U. M. C. Co., the Remington Arms Co., Wm. H. Hart & Co., and a few others, were full of interest as usual, and attracted large crowds during every hour that the show was open.

Capt. Dressel, Mr. Sanger, Mr. Young and their associates are already planning the Sportsmen's Exposition of 1899, and with the experience before them of the last 4 years, it may be safely predicted they will produce new features and attractions enough next year to merit the patronage of all sportsmen and of the public at large.

Mr. W. H. Mullins requests me to say he had planned to make a large display of his ducking and pleasure boats, at the show, but that, owing to a severe accident which befell him, on December 27th, he was unable to do so.

THE BOSTON SHOW.

The New England Sportsmen's Association is certainly making elaborate and effective preparations for its show, to be held in Boston, March 14th to 26. A miniature mountain is being built in the grand area, which will be partially covered with pines, firs, cedars, etc. Among these trees will be real hunters' camps and Indian camps. A real mountain brook will tumble down over the rocks, among these tents, and plunge into a lake which occupies a space in the grand area, 40 feet wide, 60 feet long and 7 feet deep.

On this lake various aquatic sports will be conducted. There will be tests of boats, fishing rods, reels and other sportsmen's appliances.

An elaborate programme of rifle and revolver competitions has also been arranged. Liberal prizes are offered in these, which cannot fail to attract large numbers of entries.

A loan exhibition of photographic art will be another prominent feature of the show. Pictures relating to field sports and representing live game animals and birds, shooting, fishing, canoeing, camp scenes, etc., are being industriously sought, and there seems every indication that there will be a great exhibition in this line.

Many of the largest manufacturers and dealers in sporting goods in the U. S. have secured spaces and will make attractive exhibits. Many others, who have not yet contracted for space, will do so as time progresses, and as they learn of the grand scale on which this show will be conducted.

RECREATION'S exhibit will be in spaces 1 and 2. This combination will be easy to remember and I trust no person who attends the Boston show will fail to visit me there.

THE ZOO PARK.

The annual meeting of the New York Zoölogical Society was held at the Waldorf Hotel, on Tuesday evening, January 11th, Vice-President Henry F. Osborn in the chair.

The reports of the executive committee, the treasurer and the director were read, all of which showed the society to be in a remarkably prosperous condition. A year ago the society had less than 100 members, while to-day it has nearly 600. Of the $100,000 necessary to start work on the Zoological Park $75,000 have been subscribed, and the officers feel confident they will secure the remaining $25,000 within a few weeks. So it is reasonably certain work will begin, in earnest, on the South end of the Bronx Park, by April 1st.

A resolution was passed, committing the Zoological Society to vigorous work in favor of the protection of the wild animals and birds of North America.

After the transaction of the regular business of the meeting, Mr. Hornaday, the Director, gave an exhibition of stereopticon views of Bronx Park, as it is, and of the prominent features of a number of the leading Zoological gardens of Europe. These views, with the accompanying remarks of Director Hornaday, were greatly enjoyed by the members of the Zoological Society and their friends who were present.

I have received several letters recently, from subscribers to RECREATION, ordering me in the most positive, and some of them in vehement terms, to stop sending them this magazine. These men are, of course, game hogs or fish hogs whom I have roasted; and they naturally do not wish to renew their subscriptions. I do not expect them to, and it affords me great pleasure to drop their names from my subscription list. Such men do not deserve to move in the ranks of RECREATION readers, and they naturally would not feel at home among gentlemen. The game hogs may, however, console themselves with the reflection that while they do not wish to continue as subscribers, I get hundreds of new ones, every month, who say they take the magazine and read it because I denounce the hogs and the butchers. I get thousands of letters, commending me for the radical course I am pursuing in this matter, and it is safe to say I get 100 subscriptions for every one I lose, on account of it.

The April number of RECREATION will contain an interesting nautical story by ex-Commodore Charles Pryer, of the Corinthian Fleet, entitled "Dreams Over a Driftwood Fire." Other prominent features of that issue will be "My First Coon Hunt," by H. L. Krueder; "Two Peas," H. W. Dresser; "The Great Northern Diver," J. A. McKinzie; "Two Moose near Mt. Katahdin," Elfir; "A Big Rainbow Trout," W. H. Hollis, etc.

There will be the usual attractive features in the way of photographic reproductions and drawings, and a vast fund of information in the various departments.

The Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., announces a sparrow tournament, to be held on its grounds February 10th and 11th. This is a laudable action on the part of the officers of this club, and I trust they may have no trouble in getting plenty of sparrows to supply the demand. I wish all these birds could be filled so full of shot that they could not get off the ground.

A baby grizzly was born in Central Park January 18th, which, at last accounts, was alive, though the keepers were in doubt as to his being able to pull through. The little fellow is but 8 inches long and weighs about 2 pounds. This is a small beginning for a king of American beasts.

I am astonished at the returns I am receiving from my ad. in January RECREATION. As a direct result of this, I have already sold 5 St. Bernard puppies and a number of pairs of Belgian homing pigeons.

I would advise anyone who contemplates advertising in RECREATION to first provide a large supply of stationery and postage, for answering inquiries. I find RECREATION reaches a class of people who mean business. I advertise in a number of other journals, but at least 4-5 of my customers say "I saw your ad. in RECREATION."

Geo. K. Vincent, Rochester, N. Y.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION 1897–98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.

Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Eastern Division, F. J. Burrage, West Newtown, Mass.

Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

The following have applied for membership:

George D. Terry, 156 5th Ave., N. Y.
W. R. Simpson, 244 East 13th St., N. Y.
Frank S. Grant, M.D., P. O. Box 787, N. Y.
Richard S. Foster, 104 Worth St., N. Y.
Nathan T. Beers Jr., M.D.
A. B. Chaffee, Montreal, Que.

THE IRONDEQUOIT CANOE CLUB.

The Irondequoit Canoe Club, of Rochester, N. Y., is one of the most active clubs in the American Canoe Association. The club house is about 5 miles from the city, on the East shore of Irondequoit bay, one of the most popular summer resorts in Western New York. Just opposite, on the West shore is another of the oldest clubs in A. C. A.—the Rochester Canoe Club.

Two car lines run from the city, continuously, during the season, and electric and steam launches run directly to the club, from both ends of the bay. The club house can also be reached by a fine cycle path, in about 30 minutes, from the city.

The Irondequoit Club is incorporated and has one of the largest houses on the bay, containing 9 rooms on the second floor, for the use of married members, and 2 bunk rooms for the younger members.

The cafe, in charge of the commissary and the steward, is open from May to November. The canoes are stored on racks, in the canoe room which extends across the house. On gala days this space is cleared for dancing and entertainments.

The Commodore's reception room, dining room, and kitchen are in the rear of the canoe room and all on the first floor.

When the season opens the club is a scene of great activity, when racing men are working on their boats in preparation for racing events.

The fleet is an extensive one and every day, in summer, one or more sailers, or paddlers, are to be seen on the water.

The regattas take place on a Saturday in June, July or August, when most the members and their friends come to stay over till Monday. Since the organization of the club, in the fall of 1894, the racing representatives of the I. C. C. have had splendid records at the A. C. A. meets where they were always in front, in the races, and their club is graced with many cups and other race trophies won at these camps.

Although the Irondequoit Club has only been in existence 4 years, it has been honored by having 2 of its members hold the office of Vice-Commodore in the Central Division A. C. A. and one has held the office of Purser.

The I. C. C. is fortunate in having splendid cruising waters in its vicinity. Many cruises have been made by the fleet, of a dozen or more canoes, under the pilotage of the Fleet Captain. The favorite water is the Genesee river, which is usually run on May 30. Later in the season Nine Mile Point, on Lake Ontario, is the rendezvous. Numerous short cruises are taken, about the bay, at other times.

The totem of the club is a crow in flight, and the club call, or yell, is the familiar "Caw, caw" of the crow.

The idea of the emblem was conceived by the Commodore, having noticed a great number of these birds roosting on an old tree, back of the club house grounds.

The flag is in the usual burgee shape, with orange moon on dark blue ground.

During the winter the members enjoy themselves at ice-boating, the season commencing in January and the ice is usually in good condition for a month or more.

In February occurs the annual dinner and dance. It has been customary for the ladies to respond to the toasts, at this dinner.

The officers for '97 are: W. Stuart Smith, Commodore; J. R. Stewart, Vice-Commodore; G. J. French, Purser; C. P. Moser, Commissary.

I. C. C., Rochester, N. Y.

QUAKER CITY CANOE NOTES.

The Red Dragon Canoe Club, of Philadelphia, held its annual meeting January

7th and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Commodore, H. W. Fleischmann, Vice-Commodore, J. M. Hamilton, Purser, Omar Shallcross, Correspondent, W. K. Park, Quartermaster, J. E. Murray, Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. C. McFetridge, Measurer, H. E. Bachmann, Trustee, 3 years, E. W. Crittenden, Trustee, one year, M. D. Wilt, House Committee, H. M. Rogers, Lloyd Titus, R. G. Fleischmann, F. L. Wise.

The purser reported the club in a prosperous condition, and the members were enthusiastic over the prospect for the coming season's sport. Besides sailing, paddling, bathing, fishing, tennis, bicyling, football and other sports, we enjoy trap shooting, and boast of a crack gun club.

Two shooting matches have been arranged; one, with a team from the Philadelphia Yacht Club, will take place at our clubhouse, Wissinoming, Pa, early in February.

The past season has seen a radical change in the regattas of the club, which, from a racing standpoint, proved successful and beneficial. The committee see room for some improvements, which will be suggested later, and if adopted, will be the means of producing an interesting series of races.

Our races last season consisted of the annual regatta, a series of 3 races for 15-footers, and a special single paddling race. The regatta was held in June, on a more modest scale than usual, yet was more successful than many of its predecessors. The special race, for the record paddling trophy, was contested with double blades, in open canoes, on September 25th, and was won by Mr. M. D. Wilt, E. W. Crittenden second, H. M. Rogers third.

The 3 races, for the 15-footers, were sailed over the usual course to Plum Point and return. The prize was a beautiful silver cup, presented by Commodore W. J. Scott. The entries were: Imp, J. M. Hamilton; Echo, J. E. Murray and A. Fenimore; Feather, F. W. Noyes; Jackala, R. G. Fleischmann. The first race, sailed June 29th, resulted as follows: Echo, first; Feather, second; Imp, third. The Jackala was disabled. In the second race, July 10th, Imp was first, Jackala second, Echo third. The Feather did not enter. In the third and final race, postponed from September 11th to 18th, Imp was first, Feather second, Echo third, Jackala fourth. Total number of points won by each boat: Imp, 11; Echo, 7; Feather, 6; Jackala, 3.

The annual club mess was given on the evening of January 12th. It was exclusively a club affair. The evening's entertainment consisted of songs, recitations and speeches.

W. K. Park.

THE ROCHESTERS ARE BUSY.

Rochester, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: The annual meeting of the Rochester C. C., held December 8, 1897, was the largest and most enthusiastic in the club's history, 42 members out of a total of 50 being in attendance. The past season has been the most successful the club has ever experienced, and great credit is due our retiring captain, Harry M. Stewart, for the able manner in which the affairs of the club were conducted. Mate C. Fred Wolters is also entitled to substantial recognition for his able management of the commissary department—4,000 meals having been served, from May 1st to November 1st, to members and their friends.

Harry M. Stewart, the retiring captain, presented an able and interesting review of the year's events and noted the progress the club has made during the past few years. Another interesting and amusing feature was the report of the Regatta Committee, but its contents would only interest those of your readers with whom the club members are intimately acquainted.

The Purser's report has proved the only disappointment of the past season and the deficiency his balance showed will soon be wiped out. A large number of improvements have been made during the past year, which necessitated a large expenditure of money.

Three regattas were held during the season, consisting of 21 events and 142 contestants.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, C. Fred Wolters; Mate, Ezra J. Boller; Purser and Secretary, Al. T. Brown; Chairman Regatta Committee, John W. Ely; Chairman Commissary Committee, Harry M. Stewart; Chairman House Committee, H. B. Squier; Chairman Entertainment Committee, W. H. Burtis.

The Board of Trustees consist of the above named officers.

The house of the R. C. C. is kept open the year round, and the steward and the commissary department are always at the service of the members. During the fall the boys succeed in bagging a few ducks and geese. In winter we have skating and ice boating; there being a fleet of about a dozen ice yachts on the bay. In the spring and summer months we have canoeing, and canoeing. We believe we are situated about as nicely as any canoeing organization in the country, being only 5 miles from Rochester, with 2 railroads and 3 cycle paths at our disposal.

The latch-string of the R. C. C. is always out and the fraternity cannot pull it too often to suit us.

R. C. C.

A CHEERFUL CAMP FIRE.

Commodore and Mrs. M. T. Bennett gave a delightful camp fire, at their residence in Bensonhurst, on the evening of

January 26th, in honor of Commodore Dunnell, of the A. C. A.

The guests were delightfully entertained and greatly amused by an exhibition of Russian marionettes, which were devised and made up by Mr. Bennett. The figures represented various members of the A. C. A., and each gave a characteristic performance of some kind. For instance, Mr. Lafayette W. Seavey played a cornet solo; Mr. H. M. Dater, of the Brooklyn C. C., sang "The Bowery Girl;" "Pop" Moore sang a canoeing song; Mr. Percy F. Hogan gave an exhibition of heavy weight lifting, and this part of the entertainment closed with the crowning of Commodore Dunnell, by one of the marionettes, representing a fair young lady. The music, which was supposed to be produced by the pasteboard figures, was rendered in a novel and effective way, by a graphophone.

There were also some interesting orchestral selections, piano recitals, etc.

Among the many guests were the following:

Mr. F. L. Dunnell, Commodore; Mr. Robert I. Wilkin, President Board of Trustees; Mr. Thomas Hale, Jr., Vice-Commodore Atlantic Division; Mr. F. M. Pinkney, Rear Commodore, Atlantic Division; Mr. Percy F. Hogan, Chairman Regatta Committee; Mr. H. M. Dater, Commodore Brooklyn Canoe Club; Mr. Walter N. Lawson, ex-Commodore A. C. A.; Mr. Elbert A. Bennett, Captain N. Y. Canoe Club; Professor Brenneman, N. Y. Canoe Club; Mr. Paul E. Vernon, Brooklyn C. C.; Mr. Wm. R. Haviland, Yonkers C. C. and ex-Purser A. C. A.; Mr. and Mrs. John E. Phimmer, N. Y. C. C.; Mr. Arthur Hurst, Miss Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette W. Seavey, Knickerbocker C. C.; Miss Fannie C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Marcellis, Brooklyn C. C., and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Vaux, N. Y. Canoe Club.

Refreshments were served at 11.30 and after this, dancing was indulged in until a late hour, when the guests took leave of the host and hostess, all having enjoyed a delightful evening.

FEEDING THE BROOKLYNS.

The annual banquet of the Brooklyn Canoe Club was held on January 12th, Commodore Dater presiding. In addition to the members of the club, several of their friends, and other prominent canoeists were present. The A. C. A. was represented by Commodore Dunnell and Secretary-Treasurer Schuyler, and the Atlantic Division by Vice-Commodore Hale and Rear-Commodore Pinkney.

The banquet-room was neatly decorated with flags of the U. S., A. C. A. and the Brooklyn C. C. At the dinner the prizes won by the members, during the last season, were presented. The ninth race for the Rudd paddling trophy had been won by J. F. Eastmond, with the canoe "King Olaf," and he was presented with a red silk flag bearing the name of the race.

The thirty-second race for the Budington sailing trophy was won by F. L. Dunnell, with the canoe "Eclipse." He was presented with a corresponding blue silk flag. The first prize for the handicap sailing races, for the entire season, was won by the "Eclipse," F. L. Dunnell, and the second by the "King Olaf," J. F. Eastmond.

Commodore Dater, for his opening remarks, took as a theme the cordial friendship among the members of the club, and congratulated them on having given to the canoeing world a new race—the open canoe sailing.

Mr. L. W. Seavey was introduced and gave a serio-comic address on the recent developments in science. Commodore Dunnell spoke in regard to the Stave Island meet in '98. Among the many other interesting and amusing speeches were those by Mr. R. J. Wilkin, on next season's racing programme; Mr. P. F. Hogan on "Little Tammany;" Mr. C. V. Schuyler on "Open Canoe Sailing."

Mr. Paul E. Vernon recited a dialect speech, and Mr. M. M. Davis an original poem.

The dinner was voted a success by all present, and equal to the former dinners for which the Brooklyn Club has been famous.

The canoeists in the Eastern Division of the A. C. A. are deeply interested in the canoe contests to be held on the miniature lake, in the big Mechanics' Building, Boston, under the auspices of the New England Sportsmen's Association, March 14th to 26th.

Prizes will be offered for tugs of war, in war canoes; club fours and tandems, and all the various clubs in New England are expected to enter crews in these events. The feature of greatest interest is the idea of arranging a tug of war, in war canoes, between representative Canadian and American crews; also a similar event in club fours.

Among the other events, for which suitable prizes will be offered, will be tournaments, hurry scurry race, paddling upset, hand paddling, tub races, swimming, etc., etc. The show promises to be a veritable "mid-winter meet" for canoeists.

The annual meeting of the Shuh-Shuh-Gah Canoe Club, of Winchester, Mass., was held on January 11th, last. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Captain, T. A. Apollonio; Lieutenant, J. W. Richards; Purser, R. Appollonio; Secretary, R. N. Cutler; Member Executive Committee, H. C. Holt.

"DOCTOR CHARLEY."

Fremont, O.

The "Boys" call him "Doctor Charley" and smile.

Had any fractures recently, Charley? More smiles.

Charley seems to enjoy the joke, more than his tormentors.

The incident occurred one night in July. Beautiful harvest moon; 2 boys enjoying an invigorating spin on the avenues of a famous Ohio town of 10,000 population. Rivalry exists as to the coasting qualities of their respective bicycles and an opportunity offers; a grade inviting the contest.

A fair start and each, well forward in his saddle, making every effort to assist his favorite mount. The contest over, Charley in the lead and about to resume his pedals. His attention is attracted to a passing wheelman, in cycle costume, riding with a genuine case of "beginners' wobbles." The wobbler turns to right at a nearby cross walk; wobbles off from walk; falls from his machine, sustaining an apparent serious injury. Charley has been a close observer; and his unceremonious laugh, at the misfortune of the wobbler, was quickly changed to serious comment, when rider did not at once arise from recumbent position.

Charley offers his services to the boy stranger in distress, by asking hurriedly,

"Are you hurt?" and, acting on the impulse, stoops down, feeling for fractures and contusions, meanwhile plying more questions.

"Better get up."

"Must have knocked the wind out of you. Gee! but you came down hard."

Stranger boy asserts, repeatedly, "I am all right." Charley steps aside and allows him to walk demurely away, remarking:

"Thanks. I think I can manage all right now."

Charley wonders who he is.

"Said his name was Jimmy Smith. I don't know any Jimmy Smith about here."

"Seemed to act kind of queer, didn't he?"

After finishing our spin, and after the conversation had changed from Jimmy Smith, to racing, coasting, etc., I asked Charley if he really saw anything strange about Jimmy? Might it not possibly have been a person of the feminine gender? "Don't know. Do you think so?"

"Yes." I had detected very small hands; peculiar ring on finger and other indications pointing to the fact that our friend Jimmy Smith was a "Lady Faire."

Of course Charles was dumfounded; especially on account of his earnestness in searching for injuries on the person of—*Miss* Jimmy Smith, a handsome girl of 18 summers.

J. M. Lesher.

WHEELING IN JAMAICA.

Arthur Munson, a veteran L. A. W. member, and cycling tourist, is spending the winter in Jamaica, West Indies—that isle of sunshine, fruits, flowers, birds and bees. He writes that he is charmed with the climate, the scenery and the island's productions. The roads, especially along the coast, which he has wheeled over some hundreds of miles, are generally of limestone and are kept in good condition.

The East and North shores have more rain than the West and South, which are considerably warmer, also.

Mr. Munson adds that tropical fruits, in great variety are to be had, and many of them are a source of surprise and pleasure to the Northern visitor.

Although frost never forms on the island, the nights are cool and delightful, for sleeping, and the days seldom too warm for riding.

It is well known that the finest cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, pineapples, coffee, cocoa, and a long line of tropical fruits come from this pretty island in the deep blue Carribean sea; and while many Northern people come here, the wonder is that more do not. Here you escape the cold and discomforts of our Northern climate, and dream away the days and nights in ecstasy.

While it is true that many of the natives overcharge visitors, and make all they can out of them, they are, as a whole, a polite and pleasant people with whom to sojourn.

The Jamaicans consist of creoles, blacks and coolies. The latter are practically slaves; being natives of India who are brought here by the British Government and hired out to the planters, at so much a year, per head.

The architecture of Jamaica is peculiarly Southern. It is quaint and picturesque. Visitors are sketching it, all the way from the Governor's mansion down to the bamboo hut, with its palm thatched roof, of the bushmen, out in the country and on the mountain sides. And there are mountains here, one peak rising to a height of 7,300 feet above the sea.

THE CHANGE OF TIME.

In overhauling some old papers recently City Clerk Stewart came across an old petition addressed to the council of Jacksonville, Ill., and signed by many prominent citizens. The paper is not dated, but is evidently quite old and is of special interest to bicyclists. It is to the effect that "we, the undersigned citizens of Jacksonville, most respectfully petition your honorable body to pass an ordinance to prohibit the use of bicycles and velocipedes upon the public streets of the city of Jacksonville, as the same are dangerous to foot passengers and a serious cause of fright to horses." Among the 50 names of prominent citizens appended are several gentlemen who now ride wheels, with the greatest enthusiasm. —Exchange.

Miss Kittish—I hear Lucy Perkasie is married.

Miss Frocks—She is, and she married a freak, too.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Her husband doesn't ride a wheel."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

All the nuts used on a bicycle could easily be made of 3 sizes. A light, flat spanner could then be made to fit them all. No. 178,451 L. A. W. says he made one 5¼ inches long, which is very strong, and weighs less than a quarter as much as the lightest monkey-wrench.

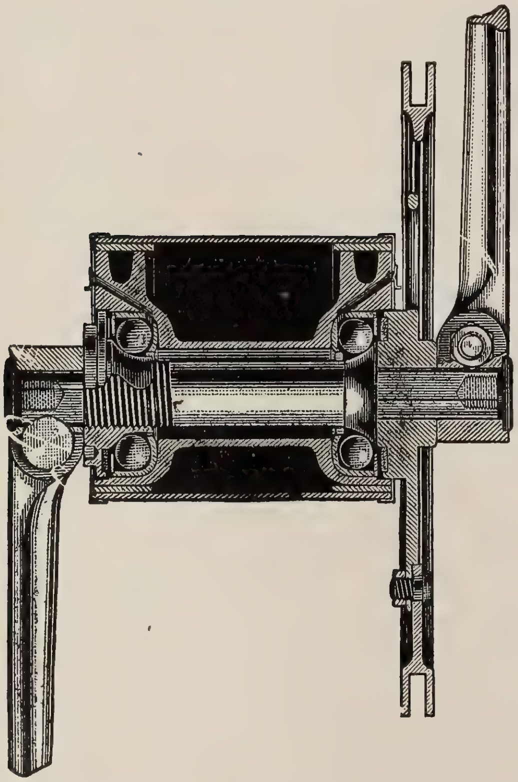
Bicycling unfits a man for the work of wheeling a baby carriage. The handle bars on the carriage do not suit him. They are so high he cannot crook his back enough, and he misses the bell that is to warn other baby carriages from the sidewalk.—New Orleans Picayune.

The farmers along a road in Central New York have donated 1,200 tons of stone, picked from around their farms, for road improvement purposes and a neighboring stone crusher has been rented to properly prepare the material for use.

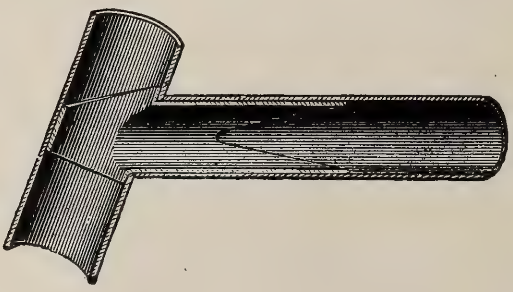
PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

REMINGTON BICYCLES FOR '98.

The Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y., will place on the 1898 market a $75 and a $50 wheel, in both men's and women's models. The first grade will be known as the Remington Special, Models 46 and 41, and will embody the latest results of this famous company's long mechanical experience and skilled workmanship. Frames of all 1898 models are strongly reinforced at the joints, and the Remington Special has a full flushed internal reinforcement, as shown in the section cut. A marked added strength is secured from this method. The crown of the Remington Special is a hollow forging, in 2 pieces.

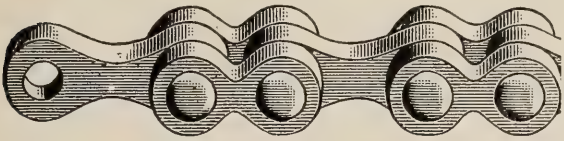


The sprocket is in 2 sections, with the teeth machined to receive the new style Remington special chain. These are distinctly a Remington feature, unique in construction. In making this chain the ordinary blocks have been done away with entirely, which permits the use of the same quality of steel throughout, the grain of the metal running lengthwise of the chain. By the most rigid tests the Remington Arms Co. have proven this chain absolutely without stretch, and that it reduces the friction 25 per cent.



The crank-hanger bracket is another distinctly Remington feature. It is of heavy gauge steel. The crank-hanger ball pocket is removable, which permits the entire crank-shaft and bearing to be removed, intact, by disconnecting the left-hand crank and loosening the set bolts. The chain also is adjustable from this point, as the crank-hanger ball pocket is eccentric, turning in the bracket either forward or backward when the set bolts are loosened. This device is simple as well as novel, and prevents liability of the rear wheel being out of alignment at the axle.

The frame of the Lady's Model Remington Special is a departure from previous years. A graceful double curved frame, with 2½ inches drop to the crank-hanger, has been adopted. Much more room, between the handle-bar and seat-post, has thereby been secured, together with increased ease in mounting.



Believing that the chain and sprocket is the best mechanical movement for a bicycle, and having arrived at this belief after experiments by their competent corps of experts, the Remington Arms Co. has decided to place on the market an additional model (in both men's and women's styles), to be known as the Inclosed Chain Model. This model is obtained by equipping the Remington Special with a frost gear case. By the peculiar construction of this gear case all joints are sealed, absolutely tight, by elastic rubber. The chain may be examined and removed, or the sprocket changed, without removing the case. All their experience with this gear case enables the Remington Co. to assure the riding public that it is absolutely noiseless.

The new illustrated catalogue of the Remington Arms Co. will be mailed on application.

FEATURES OF THE NEW ENGLAND SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

The New England Sportsmen's Association is pushing the work of preparing for the great show, to be held in Mechanics' Building, Boston, March 14th to 26th.

This show will have several unique and original features. Among these are a lake, 60 feet long, 40 feet wide and 7 feet deep, on which exhibitions will be given of various aquatic sports. Tests will also be made, on this lake, of various canoes, ducking boats, launches, etc. Another novel feature will be the Indian camp, which is to occupy the entire stage and in which will be a large number of real, live Indians. The scenery in and about this camp will be exceedingly realistic, having been designed and made by L. W. Seavey, the well known scenic artist of this city. Log cabins and tents, occupied by guides and hunters, will exemplify life in the woods, and several clubs will entertain their friends in facsimiles of their respective camps in Maine, Canada, etc.

There will also be an extensive game park, enclosed in a regulation wire fence, and containing a number of live elk, deer, moose, caribou, etc. There will be a large collection of live game birds, such as geese, brant, ducks, prairie chickens, quails, etc.

There will be a large and interesting exhibit of amateur photographs, especially such as represent out door sports and recreation, of any and every kind. Then there will be the usual exhibits of fire arms, ammunition, fishing tackle and other sporting goods. Several exhibitors will show processes of manufacturing these various goods.

Altogether the Boston show promises to be a great success. RECREATION will be there, with an extensive exhibit of Mr. Carlin's photographs of live birds, animals, mountain scenery, etc. This magazine will also have, in its exhibit, a large and interesting collection of Indian curios, from Alaska. I shall hope to have the pleasure of meeting all my New England readers, at this show.

A KLONDIKE FOLDER.

Anticipating the probable great rush in the spring, the Northern Pacific Passenger Department has just issued a most complete and comprehensive folder on the Alaskan gold fields, which is called "The Key to Klondike." The Northern Pacific Company has had a representative at work for some time, securing the most accurate and up-to-date information about the Klondike, and the folder is gotten up in an attractive and interesting manner. Included is a brief story of the Klondike, the Yukon river and the placers; the methods of mining, together with time and distance tables of the Ocean and Yukon steamers, and those via Dyea and Chilkoot pass. In addition to quoting a number of changes and improvements in the facilities for reaching the coveted grounds, the folder contains some new information regarding the passes, and in conclusion has the following: It is now definitely settled that a railway from Dyea to mouth of Dyea canyon—8 miles—and an aërial tramway—8½ miles—from Dyea canyon across the Chilkoot pass to Crater lake, will be built. Contracts are let, work is in progress, and the road and tramway are expected to be in operation by February 1st, 1898. The capacity of this tramway will be 200 passengers and 120 tons of freight every 24 hours. In 24 hours from landing from steamer at Dyea, men and their outfits can be set down at Lake Lindeman. This means a great saving of time and expense via this route. Rates of transportation not yet announced.

Write Charles S. Fee, G. P. A., N. P. Ry., St. Paul, for copy of this folder. Mention RECREATION.

Teacher—I have been talking to you of peace. I suppose you all know the meaning of the word?

Johnnie—I do, sir.

"What is it, Johnnie?"

"It's what we have at our house when pa goes off on one of his trips."—Richmond Dispatch.

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS.

(From Town Topics.)

After a brief visit to Virginia Hot Springs, I am prepared to believe the wonders that are told concerning that picturesque region. Even the tale of a grinning darkey, who informed me that a cripple, of years' standing, had that morning, after a brief course of the baths, "frowed away his crutches," did not sound a bit improbable. Aside from the curative qualities of the Springs, which are famous, I believe, the world over, the region itself should, I think, serve as an invitation to invalids to forget their bodily woes, and stimulate the healthy into a new enjoyment of life. I have travelled far and witnessed much impressive scenery, in my time; but the lofty Virginia hills contain an element of grandeur and beauty that is as invigorating to the senses as the rarefied air to be found at their summits.

No wonder the Virginia Hot Springs are growing more and more popular with people of fashion; and no wonder the officials of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway are inclined to boast of their beautiful garden, in the Virginia hills. In their place I should do the same thing.

STEVENS WIND-GUAGE VERNIER SIGHT.

This sight presents a neater appearance than the ordinary Mid-range Vernier, for the thumb-screw at the top has been done away with and the leaf otherwise shortened.

The elevation is secured by the rotating knurled thimble in the centre of leaf, under the eye-cup. Windage is obtained by means of the thumb-screw on right side of eye-cup. The eye-cup is first loosened, when, with the thumb-screw, a side motion of ⅛ inch either way may be had.

By having the wind-gauge on the Vernier, a lower base on the muzzle sight is possible, thus permitting the Vernier to be shortened. Then, too, the danger of adjusting a muzzle wind-gauge on a loaded rifle is obviated.

Stevens' Vernier Wind-Gauge Sight has a combination eye-cup, which permits several changes in size of the aperture. The sight is made with extreme accuracy and is finely finished. This is the neatest, safest and most convenient Vernier sight in use. At present it is made for Stevens Ideal Rifles only.

Price of Stevens' Vernier Wind-Gauge Sight with combination eye-cup, $6.00. With plain eye-cup, $5.00.

The New York Central Railway has lately put on its lines, to run between here and Chicago, one of the finest trains in the world. It consists of a Buffet Smoking Car, a Dining Car, a Drawing Room Car and 5 Sleepers.

The train is illuminated throughout with combined gas and electric fixtures, of a special design, manufactured by the Pintsch Company, including electric berth lights operated under the Gibb's patent.

All the cars have wide vestibules, the floors of which are covered with inlaid rubber matting with heavy borders. The entire train is equipped with an entirely new kind of window curtains, the materials and designs of which differ from any ever before used.

Hunting and fishing in Florida, are at their best during the Winter months, and the opportunity to indulge in them should not be overlooked by those interested. In the counties traversed by the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad, deer, turkeys, quails and ducks are to be found; also fresh and salt water fish. To reach these Florida resorts is now an easy matter, as there are daily steamships and double daily trains. In addition there will be the Florida Limited, a superb vestibuled train, in service for 3 months, commencing January 17th. For particulars, maps, hotel, hunting and fishing resort list address J. L. Adams, G. E. A., 353 Broadway, N. Y.

Mr. Charles Payne, Wichita, Kan., is supplying game for stocking and propagating purposes, to people who are interested in this valuable work, and should have the hearty support of all sportsmen. He ships game only from points where it is plentiful, and in many cases thus saves it from pot hunters, netters and other game hogs. He ships it to places where game is scarce, and where people have learned the value of game protection.

Mr. Payne has also done some good in the way of supplying menageries and zoological parks with specimens which were needed, and in this way has been of lasting benefit to lovers of nature.

Mr. Payne informs me he does not deal in dead game. He has studied the habits and needs of live game, in transit, so carefully that in many instances he has shipped large numbers of quails, rabbits, etc., over long distances, without losing more than one or 2 per cent. of them.

The Grand Rapids Cycle Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., has issued a most beautiful catalogue of Clipper wheels, for '98, and every man or woman who rides a wheel, of any description, should have a copy of this book. It contains a great deal of detailed information regarding the structural parts of bicycles, in general, that is interesting and useful to any rider. It is necessary that every person who rides a wheel should know what it is made of, and how it is put together. I have never seen a book that gave more valuable pointers on this subject than this Clipper catalogue.

When you send for it, mention RECREATION.

The Remington Arms Co., desiring to meet the demand for small bore smokeless powder military and sporting rifles, has put on the market a new model military rifle using a 7 mm. cartridge, carrying 37 grains of smokeless powder and 175 grains of lead. The new rifle is equipped with knife bayonet and is sighted up to 2,300 yards. It weighs, without bayonet, 8½ pounds, and has 30 inch barrel.

This rifle is also well adapted for hunting and target use, and being built on the lines of the older Remington target and hunting rifles, and with the same action, it is destined to prove popular among sportsmen.

Any one interested in this small bore rifle problem would do well to write for a catalogue, mentioning RECREATION.

I have examined samples of the trout flies made by E. G. Chatfield, Owego, N. Y., and cannot understand how any trout could fail to be attracted by them. They are as neat, as dainty and as handsome as any moth that ever flew. In fact, they are much prettier than most insects which they purport to imitate; yet the counterfeits are close enough and good enough to deceive the wariest trout that ever hid under a log. In filling your fly book for next season, it would be well to include a dozen of these Chatfield flies. In ordering them, mention RECREATION.

The 35 foot auxiliary naphtha launch, "Ariel," which was built for Mr. W. L. Moody, of Galveston, Tex., was sold through the downtown office of Seabury & Co., to The Pacific Coast Colonization & Development Co., of which Mr. Fred. L. M. Masury, N. Y. Y. C., owner of steam yacht "Punjaub," is the president. The "Ariel" will be shipped via Panama R. R. Co., to Manzanillo, Mexico.

The Gas Engine & Power Co., and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Morris Heights, have just signed a contract to build a 50 foot auxiliary sloop yacht, 12 feet beam, and equipped with a 16 h.p. naphtha engine. The boat will have fine lines and be modern throughout. Will have fine cabin accommodations for cruising, and in general appearance will be similar to the "Rosalie" just completed by same firm.

The Peters Cartridge Co.'s goods made some big records in the rifle and revolver tournaments held at the New York Sportsmen's Show, in January. These goods were used by a number of crack shots and carried off several of the leading prizes.

Don't forget that the amateur photo competition closes April 30th. Only 2 months more in which to make your entries. Consult the list of prizes on page 248 of this issue and see if it will not pay you to make a strenuous effort to win some of them.

Tommy—What is the guest of honor, at a dinner?

Willie—He's the man who gets the gizzard and liver saved for him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The ad. in RECREATION was a "corker." I had 4 cash offers, and about 50 offers to trade, after I had sold the outfit.

A. L. A. Himmelwright,
117 Liberty Street, New York.

Please send me the names and addresses of all your friends who are sportsmen, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

I have just finished reading your "Rustlings in the Rockies" and think it the best book of the kind I ever read.

V. H. Bayse, Bowling Green, Mo.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Every way considered, the grand pile that adorns Capitol Hill, in Washington, like a splendid crown of white marble, is well worthy the patriotic admiration and affectionate regard of every genuine, English speaking American. It is a building to be proud of, a building that every American should see, and see thoroughly. About it all, from the 40 foot foundation to the helmet on the Goddess of Freedom, which surmounts the most beautiful dome in the world, there is nothing to apologize for. It is magnificent. I say so deliberately, after having seen the finest of the world's palaces and houses of parliament.

I am sincerely glad Mr. Geo. C. Hazelton, Jr., of Washington, has written a book about "The National Capitol" which is in every way worthy of the nation's great temple of freedom. This is no cheap, commonplace guide book. The treatment of the whole subject is thorough, scholarly, clear, fascinating, and carefully exact. The literary style is charming. Scarcely a reasonable question that could be asked about the Capitol is left unanswered. A considerable portion of it impresses one as absolutely new history.

Seventy beautiful illustrations make the perusal of the book the next best thing to a visit to its stately subject. The volume owes its existence to Howard F. Kennedy, Captain of the Capitol Guides, who has long noted the fact that visitors to Washington desire such a book to carry to their homes, as a lasting and valuable souvenir. Mr. Kennedy deserves our thanks for his good judgment in choosing as its author so bright and scholarly a man as Mr. Hazelton, instead of a cheaper man. The author, who is the eldest son of Ex-Congressman Hazelton, of Wisconsin, has been reared almost in the shadow of the Capitol dome, and for a dozen years has known his subject as a man knows his own house. The volume is issued by J. J. Little & Co., New York, and its typography and general make-up are strictly first class.

"The National Capitol: Its Architecture, Art and History." By Geo. C. Hazelton, Jr. Sold by Howard F. Kennedy, Washington, D. C. Royal octavo, cloth. 70 illustrations, pp. vi. + 284. Price $1.50.

Prof. D. G. Elliot, of the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, has written a most valuable treatise on the gallinaceous game birds of N. A., which has lately been published by F. P. Harper, 17 E. 16th Street, New York. The book is well worth careful study by anyone desiring to be familiar with the quails, grouse and wild turkeys of this country.

Mr. Elliot has, however, been exceedingly unfortunate in the choice of an artist to illustrate this book. The drawings are by Edwin Sheppard and are deplorably and hopelessly bad. They are the most inartistic and wooden pictures of birds that have appeared in any American book during the last 20 years. The drawings belong to the old school that was in vogue 50 years ago and that, fortunately, went out with the wood and steel engraving. The pictures have none of the action, spirit and life that are found in the drawings made by such artists as Ernest Seton Thompson, Fuertes, Miss Palmer and other modern artists.

Mr. Elliot has also fallen short of the requirements of such a book by failing to define carefully the geographic range of the various species he speaks of. His treatment of this point is unusually brief and unsatisfactory.

However, there is much of real value in the book and it should have a large sale, notwithstanding these imperfections.

Don't forget that the amateur photo competition closes April 30th. Only 2 months more in which to make your entries. Consult the list of prizes on page 248 of this issue and see if it will not pay you to make a strenuous effort to win some of them.

"Our bookkeeper knew by the way our stenographer acted she was getting a proposal, over the telephone."

"Mercy—what did he do?"

"He went back in the office and cut the wire with a hatchet."

Please send me the names and addresses of all your friends who are sportsmen, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

They say that space is limitless,
But "they" are wrong, alack!
As the poet knows, whose outburst is
For lack of space sent back.
—Chicago News.

I wish to enroll myself as supporter of the crusade against the game hogs.
Dr. J. H. Bristow, Portland, Ore.

Glad to hear you roast the game hogs and pot hunters. Give it to them.
H. A. Wensley, Albany, N. Y.

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

FOR 30 DAYS YOU CAN TRY IT FOR 25 CENTS

RHEUMATISM 42 YEARS!

5 DROPS

[TRADE MARK.]

SPENT HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TRYING TO GET WELL, BUT ALL IN VAIN. USED "5 DROPS" FOR TWO MONTHS AND IS NOW COMPLETELY CURED.

THOUSANDS OF GRATEFUL LETTERS RECEIVED, OF WHICH THE FOLLOWING ARE SAMPLES:

GRINNELL, IOWA, November 17, 1897.

TO THE SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLEMEN:—I will state that I had the Rheumatism over 42 years. Spent over $600 in trying to get well, but all in vain, until my brother-in-law gave me one bottle of "5 DROPS" on trial last June. I used it for two months, and I am now a well man. I certainly believe it is all you claim for it, and fully worth the money to anyone. I hope the public will benefit by my statement of my own case, and anyone wishing to write me will receive an answer.

N. WITTAMOTH.

CRUTCHES DESTROYED AFTER ONE BOTTLE

REGENT, ILL., November 12, 1897.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

SIRS:—My wife has been suffering two years with Rheumatism. She could not get about at all. She has used about one bottle of "5 DROPS," and can now go about without crutches. I never have found anything that did her so much good, and I hope to be able to continue the treatment until she is entirely well.

JAMES WILLIAMS.

As a positive cure for **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Bachache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, Swelling, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc.,**

"FIVE DROPS" has never been equalled

"5 DROPS" **taken but once a day** is a dose of this great remedy, and to enable all sufferers to make a trial of its wonderful curative properties, we will send out during the next thirty days 100,000 sample bottles, 25c. each, prepaid by mail. Even a sample bottle will convince you of its merit. Best and cheapest medicine on earth. Large bottles (300 doses), $1; **for thirty days** 3 bottles for $2.50. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. **Agents wanted in new territory. Write us to-day.**

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167-169 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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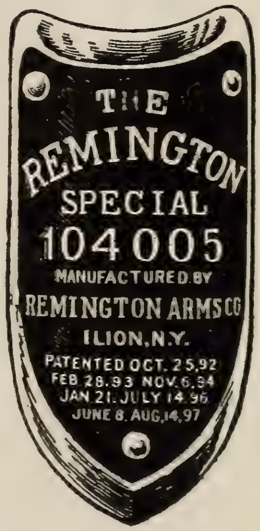

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

RECREATION'S THIRD ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 2 amateur photographic competitions, both of which have been eminently successful. A third one, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others, opened January 1, '98, and will close April 30, '98.

Following is the list of prizes as thus far arranged. Others may be added later:

FIRST PRIZE—A Folding Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $75.

SECOND PRIZE—$25 in cash.

THIRD PRIZE—A Cycle Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $22.50.

FOURTH PRIZE—An Adlake Camera, made by the Adams and Westake Co., Chicago, and valued at $12.

FIFTH PRIZE—An Amateur Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and valued at $10.

SIXTH PRIZE—A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., of Boston, and valued at $6.

SEVENTH PRIZE—1 Gross Blue Label photo print paper.

EIGHTH PRIZE—1 Gross Aristo Jr. photo print paper.

NINTH PRIZE—1 Gross Aristo Platino photo print paper, made by American Aristotype Company, Jamestown, N. Y.

The makers of the 15 next best pictures will each be awarded a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

The contest will close April 30, '98.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions:—Contestants must submit 2 mounted silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon prints, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture, to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Only 2 months more until RECREATION'S photo competition closes. Send in your best work at once.

ALKALIES IN DEVELOPERS.

Carbonate of sodium (commonly known as sal soda, or washing soda), in crystalline form contains 10 molecules of water; molecular weight, 286. When exposed to air, for a long time, it becomes white from loss of water of crystallization.

Granular carbonate of sodium is the same as crystals. Dried carbonate of sodium is the fine powder of commerce.

Carbonate of potassium (commonly known as salts of tartar) is equal in strength to dried carbonate of sodium; or about double the weight of crystals of carbonate of sodium.

For those amateurs who make their own developers the above will be found of interest; as they can purchase the common washing soda, break the lumps and, after drying it beneath the stove, use it in place of potassium carbonate, in the same quantity.

Sal soda costs about 5 cents a pound and loses ½ by drying; while potassium carbonate, or carbonate of sodium, costs from 25 to 60 cents a pound. It depends on where you buy it.

I have experimented with a large number of developers, for bromide paper, and for the benefit of the readers of RECREATION I give one which I find superior to any I have ever used:

Hydrochinon	1.50	grains.
Metol	35	grains.
Potassium carbonate..	1	oz.
Sulphite soda crystals.	2	oz.
Water	32	oz.

For use take of above, 4 oz., water 1 oz., 10 per cent solution of bromide of potassium 10 drops, and you have a developer par excellence.

It is well to fully expose, rather than under expose, and fix in the Carbutt fixing bath, which contains chrome alum and sulphite of soda. Velvety blacks and clear whites are the result. G. A. C.

MOUNTING.

The following is given as an effective style, by N. Ley, in the *Photographisches Archiv:* After stripping glazed gelatine-chloride prints from their supports, they are trimmed to the required size. An oval or other suitable shape is cut out of a piece of matt celluloid, and 2 wooden blocks are prepared, one the shape of the aperture and the other the shape of the mask. The sheet of celluloid is laid on the back of the print, and the shape of the aperture is traced on it, in pencil. This is then covered with the block of corresponding shape, and the margin of the print pasted. The mount having been previously prepared by pasting on it a piece of blotting-paper, of the size of the print, the pasted print is transferred to the mount, and the second block, with the clear opening, is placed on it. The print, with the block in position, is then passed through a press. The surface retains its high glaze in the centre, and the margins are matt.—*British Journal of Photography.*

UNDER-EXPOSED PLATES.

In dark days, under-exposure is generally the rule, and not the exception. The remedy proposed is to develop the plate with a pyro-soda developer until the high-lights appear. Then wash well, for half a minute, and, finally, complete development with metol. The plan is applicable also to cases in which the correctness of exposure is uncertain, and has for its object the making of a negative strong in the lights and rich in shadow details. Using pyro and metol separately is said to give far better results than either developer would give singly or in combination.—*Photography.*

BROKEN NEGATIVES.

I have read many articles on printing from broken negatives, but never until recently had occasion to try it. Then I tried all the formulas and found that not one would yield a print that did not show at least a slight trace of the crack. To make a new negative was next to impossible as the locality was about 75 miles distant, by rail, and an 8 mile drive after that. As a last resort I covered the frame with a rather thick sheet of tissue and set it out, in a North light, where no sunshine could strike it. The result was all that could be desired—a perfect print without the slightest trace of a crack. It took one whole day to print, but the result amply repaid me for the time.

I have also tried printing in direct sunlight, covering the frame with a sheet of albumen paper, that is unsensitized; also by covering with a sheet of ordinary tissue paper and placing a piece of ground glass over it—tissue and glass to cover entire frame so as not to admit any light from the sides.

G. A. C.

Please send me the names and addresses of all your friends who are sportsmen, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

"Do you think there is any money in politics, Jimpson?"

"You bet there is. That's where all mine went."—Detroit Free Press.

Join the L. A. S. at once.

ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION WHEN ANSWERING ADS.

PLATINUM AND GOLD TONING.

Kastner suggests the following treatment for matt solio paper, and states that it gives pure black tones. The prints are first toned in:

Solution of chloro-platinite of potash (1 : 100)	30 parts
Potassium chloride	2 parts
Water	1000 parts

till they assume a bluish violet color, and they are then further toned in a bath of:

Ammonium sulphocyanide	20 parts
Citric acid	20 parts
Chloride of gold	2 parts
Water	1000 parts.

After washing, the prints are fixed.—British Journal of Photography.

HARDENING GELATINE PRINTS WITHOUT ALUM.

The following bath is said to be excellent for making the surface of gelatine prints extremely hard:

Tannin	1 gr.
Sodium chloride	10 gr.
Saturated solution of potassium aluminium sulphate	100 min.
Distilled water	2 oz.

After 15 minutes' immersion the prints can be pressed between blotting paper without sticking. If dried on glass plates, previously rubbed with talc, they may be dried at a temperature of 85 deg. F., and will leave the glass, in about half an hour, with an indestructible gloss. If the prints should be touched with wet or greasy fingers it is only necessary to rub them with a dry rag to remove every trace of the marks. The whites remain quite pure, and prints treated in this way can be retouched without leaving perceptible traces of the work—The Amateur (London) Photographer.

TO CLEAN NEGATIVES STAINED BY SILVER.

Take a plug of cotton wool and wet it with a weak solution of cyanide of potassium. Rub gently all over the negative, using a little more force on the stained parts. Wash well; dry on blotting paper. If necessary to revarnish, flood the plate once or twice with methylated spirit. Let dry, and then varnish in the ordinary way. —Professional Photographer.

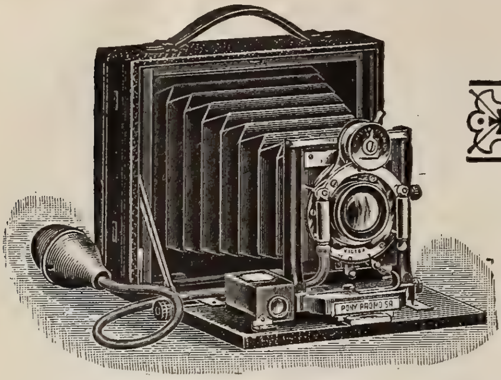
Astrologer—Where were you born?

Strawber—Philadelphia.

"What time were you born?"

"In the day time, I think. I know all the family were asleep."—Life.

Only 2 months more until RECREATION'S photo competition closes. Send in your best work at once.



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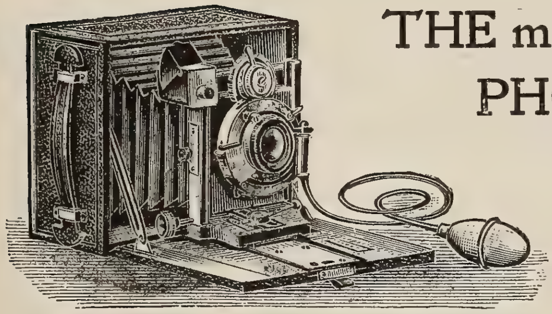

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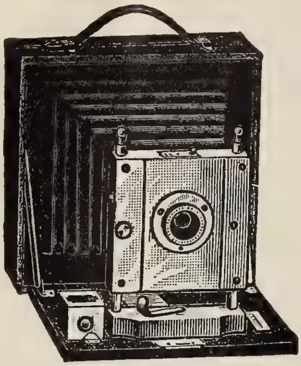

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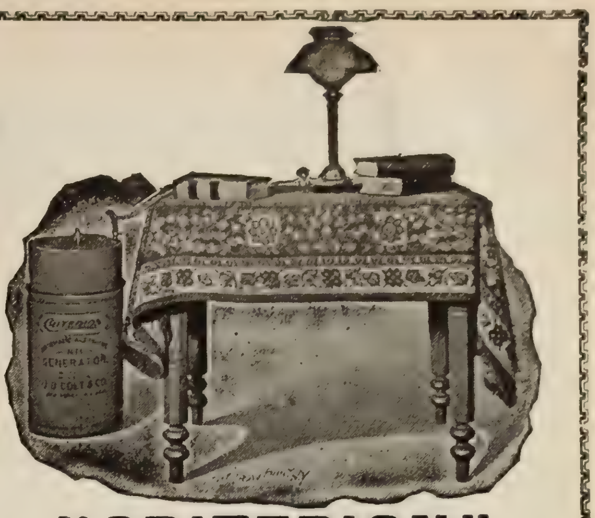

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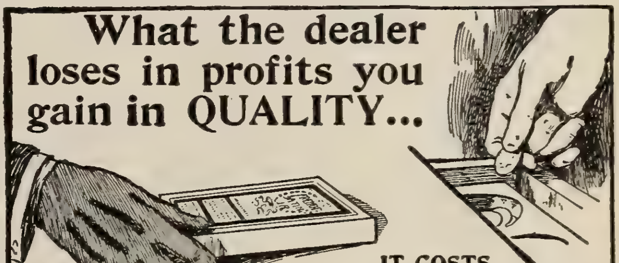

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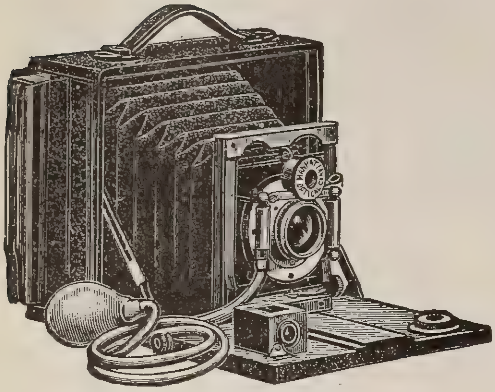

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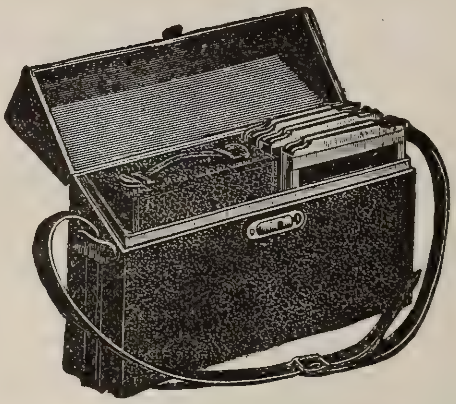

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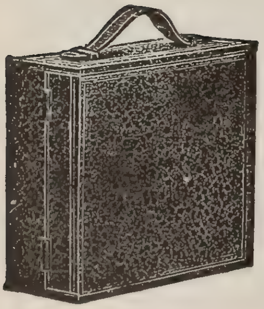

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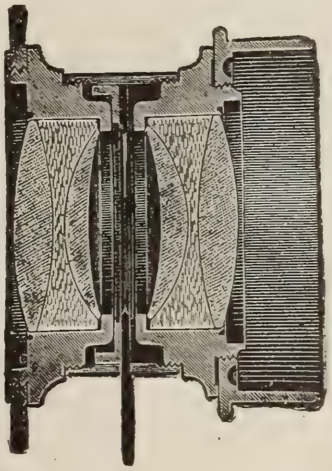
I received the Baby Hawkeye camera safe and thank you sincerely for such a valuable present. I had little trouble to secure it. John Dobson, No. Andover, Mass.

The Kozy camera sent me as premium was received a few days ago. Am well satisfied with it.
L. F. Chapman, Gould City, Mich.



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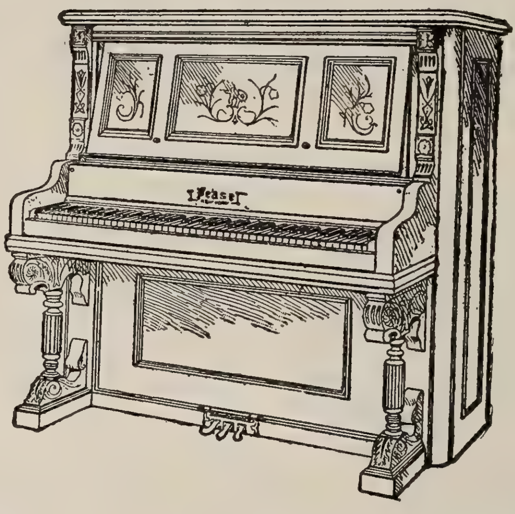

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I have noticed some remarkable experiences of those who have used "5 drops" of Swanson's Rheumatic Cure. I have secured from Mr. Swanson an insertion of his advertisement in order to afford the readers of Recreation, who may suffer from rheumatism, an opportunity to give this remedy a trial. I am confident it is all he claims, for in my association with this firm I have noticed its good results for over two years. I have used it myself, at times when I had ridden my wheel too hard, and have found it an excellent liniment. I can heartily recommend it as such.

If any of the readers of Recreation are looking for a genuine article they would do well to give "5 Drops" a trial, on the conditions found in the advertisement on another page. Lynn S. Abbott,
Western Representative of Recreation.

"The American Book of the Dog" is the most complete work of its kind ever published and I am highly pleased with it.
W. Scott Jones, Akron, O.

I should like to see more in Recreation from Wilmot Townsend.
W. W. Coleman, Carson City, Nev.

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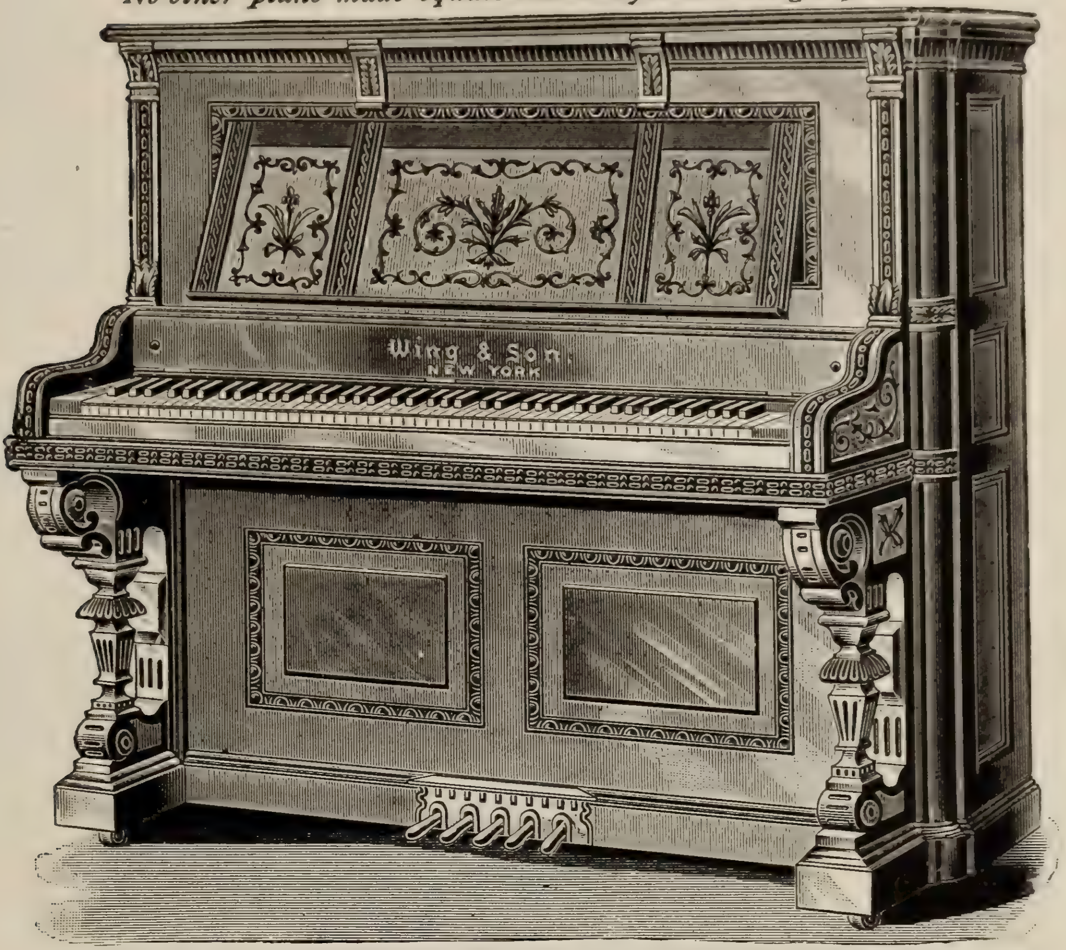
No other piano made equals this in style and design of case.



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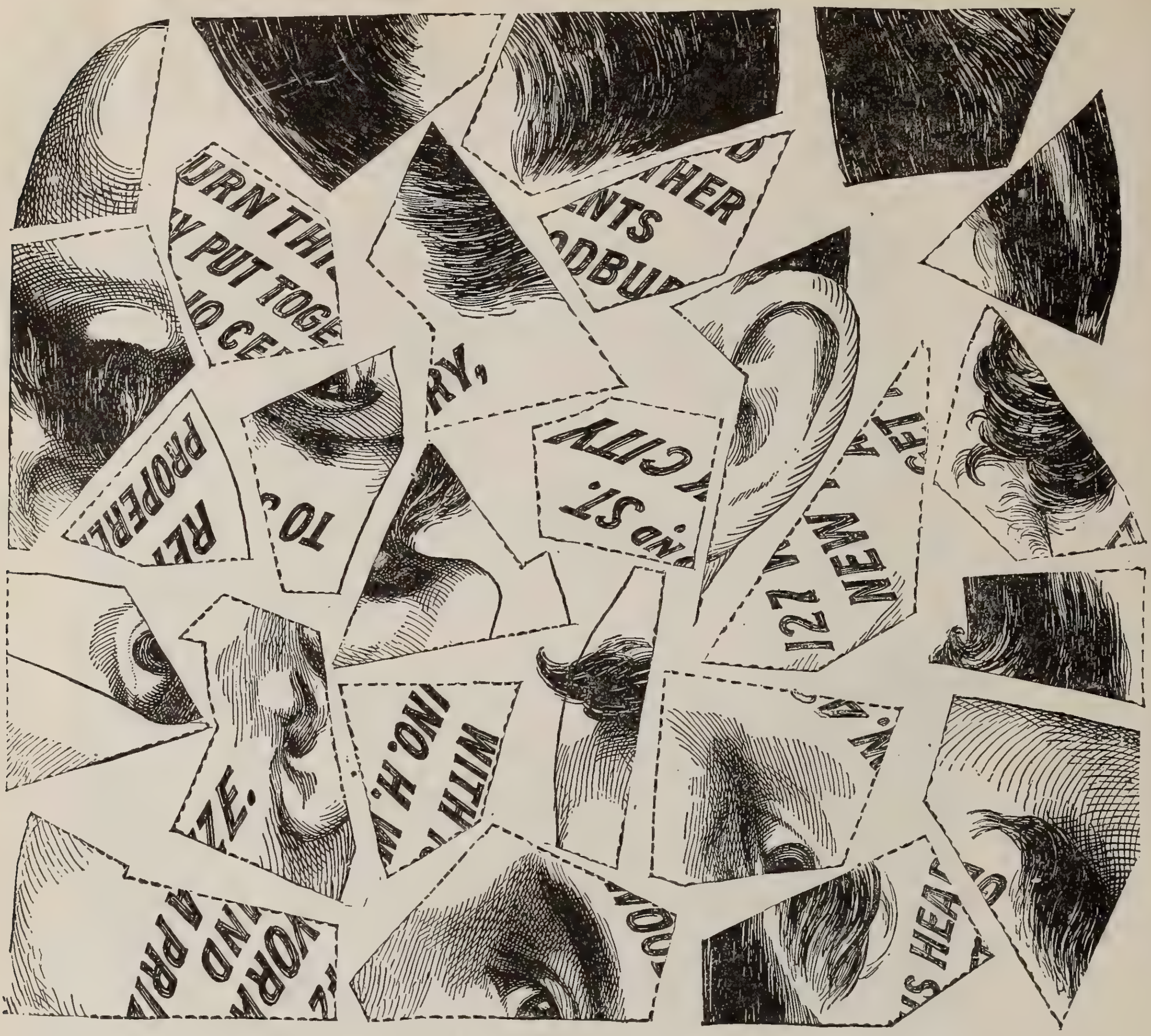
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Cut out the different pieces on the dotted line, then match together and form the head of a well-known man—when properly done it will tell you how to get a prize.

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[We guarantee the above firm will do as agreed.—EDITOR.]

I congratulate you on your success, which you deserve as one of the greatest promoters of game protection. Our land has been endowed with an abundance of game, for generations to come, if rightly protected. When the principles you so strongly advocate are better understood by hunters, who have not yet so far advanced as to have a true understanding of the laws of nature, we may hope the present large number of game hogs will be reduced. We will then have good recreation for true sportsmen.

Ferdinand Beck, Virginia City, Nev.

Twynn—The coal dealer reminds me of the heathen Chinee.

Triplett—In what way?

Well, for weighs that are dark and tricks not in vain, the dealer in coal is peculiar.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

Mr. Cubbage (meeting his friend)—Hello, Gargoyle, what's on foot?

Gargoyle—Corns.

Your generous premium, the Baby Wizard Camera, came to hand, and it certainly is a beauty. All my subscribers are loud in their praise of RECREATION, and those who subscribed in a friendly spirit, are now anxiously inquiring when the next RECREATION will be in.

H. C. Goodman, Denver, Col.

Will some trap shooter tell me which is the better to use, chilled or soft shot, at clay targets? Some of my friends claim that chilled shot glance off the targets more readily than the soft. We often hear the shot strike when the targets are not broken. What distance should a man stand from the trap who uses a 12 gauge gun? Is there any allowance for a 16 gauge? First Shot, Elmira, N. Y.

I am a lover of hunting and fishing, and am glad to see you roast the game hogs. They are numerous in this part of the State.

V. D. Looney, Jefferson, Ore.

I heartily approve your crusade against game hogs.

S. B. Irish, New Whatcom, Wash.

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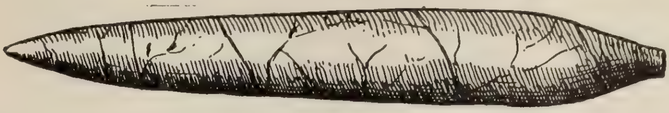

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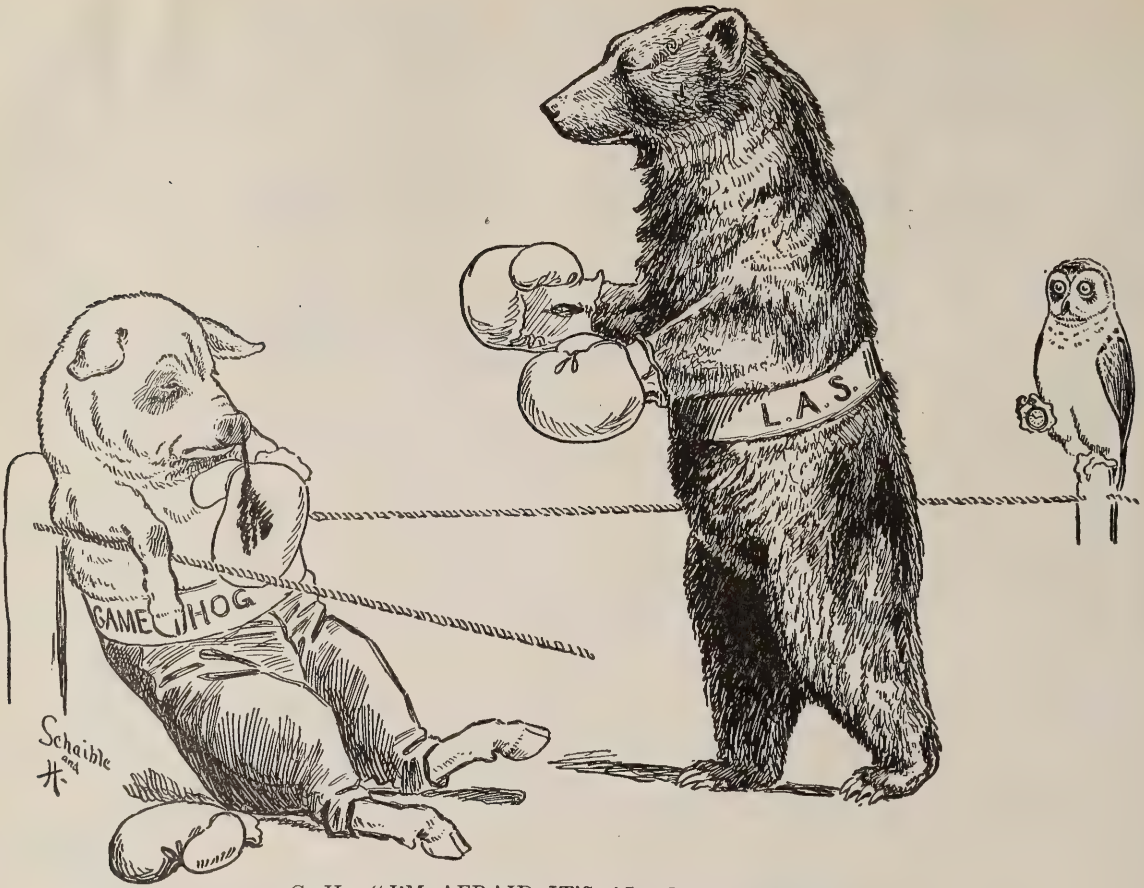
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G. H.—"I'M AFRAID IT'S ALL UP WITH ME."

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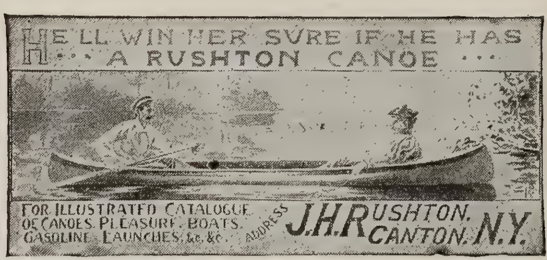

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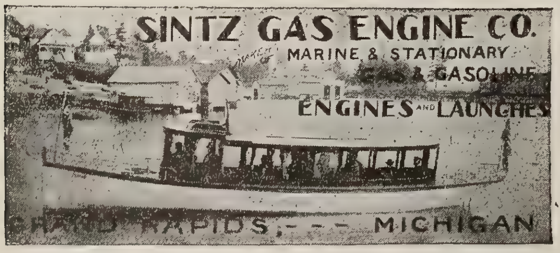

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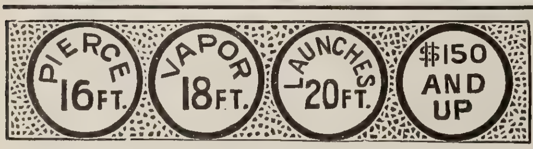

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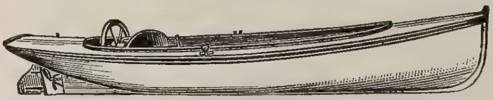

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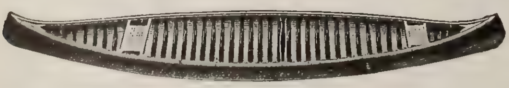

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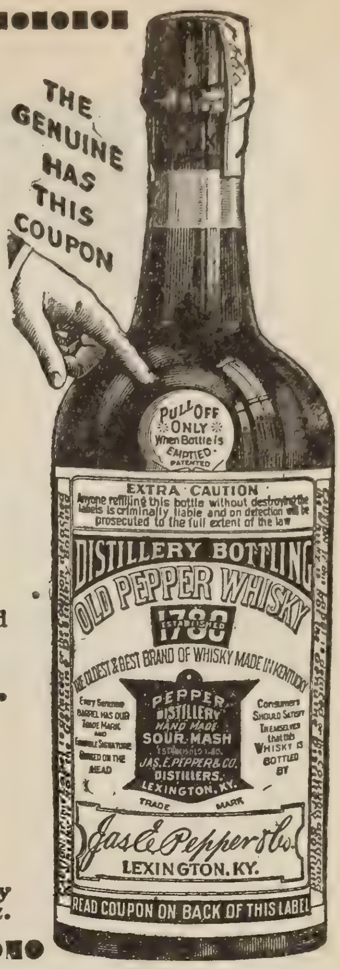
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PREPARED FOR IT.

'Twas up in bleak Alaska and the day was
piercing cold,
A lot of men had lost their way in seeking
after gold.
And to their very bones the frost seemed
just about to bite
When one among the number swore he
wasn't cold a mite.
And sure enough to him it seemed like
summertime for he
Had formerly "kept comp'ny" with a Boston girl, you see.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

One evening a man was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket-handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in front:

"Say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can," said the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer.

"She keeps ducks," replied the little boy.
—Exchange.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Meekton, "why they say silence is golden."

"I guess," replied her husband, unguardedly, "it must be because gold is so hard to get."—Washington Star.

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This offer is made mainly to introduce our **Grand Imperial Sec Champagne** and our fine double-distilled **Grape Brandy,** without which no Sportsman or Hunter should start on an expedition, as it is very necessary where such exercise is taken. This case of goods is offered at about one-half its actual cost and it will please us if our friends and patrons will take advantage of this and help us introduce our goods.

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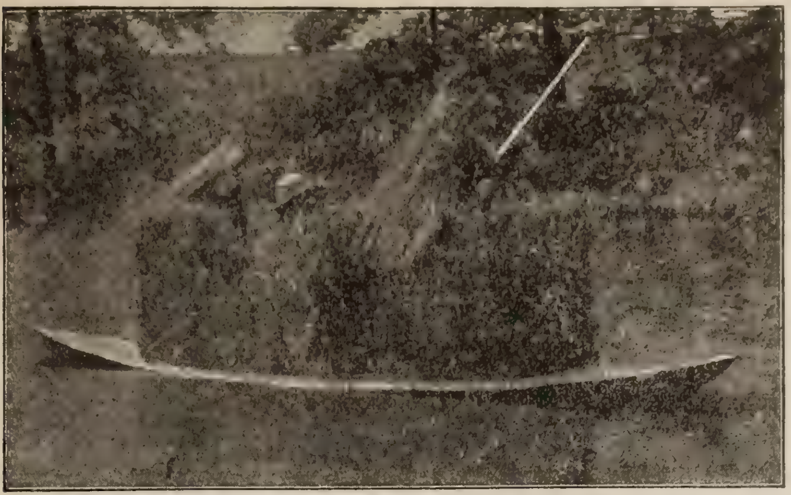

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228 DEPOT ST., SALEM, OHIO

Mr. Ezra Coleman, of Fitchburg, Mass., certainly added pleasure to my life when he introduced your magazine to me. I have, after reading it, passed it on to others each month and have thus secured more than one regular reader.
Chas. E. Bevan, Bridgewater, Mass.

You not only give your readers a No. 1 magazine, but the best premiums I ever saw, especially as RECREATION does its own canvassing. Almost everyone to whom I give a sample copy has his $1 ready the next time I see him.
A. M. McKay, Seckerton, Ont.

My husband has taken RECREATION 4 months and he enjoys it very much. When it is due the first thing he asks when he comes home is, "Has RECREATION come?" I also enjoy it very much and find it very helpful, as I enjoy fishing and hunting. Mrs. W. S. Quimby, Chelsea, Mass.

I am a regular reader of your magazine and am very fond of it. It is the best I know of and when I read about the hunts and outings of others it seems as if I was there myself. RECREATION must be a good advertising medium.
G. C. W., Denver, Col.

I enjoy reading RECREATION and would not think of doing without it. I hope you will meet with the success all useful and humane doctrines merit and that the people who love to trap, hunt and fish will fully appreciate your efforts.
J. G. Patterson, Des Moines, Ia.

RECREATION is the best magazine I ever read but I wish it came weekly instead of once a month. It does me good to hear you lift those game hogs. Get right astride their necks and comb their hair. That's right.
B. S. Smith, So. Newbury, O.

All your subscribers here are delighted with RECREATION, "It's a star," "Best I ever saw for the price," "It's all right," etc., are the expressions in regard to it.
H. H. Garr, Columbia Falls, Mont.

When I begin reading RECREATION I can not stop until I read it through. I wish it was published oftener, as it is so long to wait until the next number.
A. M. Andersen, St. Paul, Minn.

My partner, Mr. H. T. Hagerman, and I have been taking RECREATION for some time. We are both delighted with it and would not be without it. It should be in the hands of every sportsman.
I. B. Cook, Bowling Green, Ky.

The list of guides published in your excellent magazine is very useful and should be appreciated by every sportsman. RECREATION is the ne plus ultra of sportsmen's literature. T. H. Rockwell, M.D., Chicago, Ill.

I have taken RECREATION since the first issue and until I become a third degree pauper I shall stay with it.
Frank Dunham, M.D., Lander, Wyo.

I have been taking RECREATION nearly a year and assure you I would be lonely without it. When all other reading becomes dull I take down my back numbers and read the stories over again. They are always interesting.
John P. Webber, Cleveland, O.

RECREATION is full of matter interesting to the inhabitants of this "neck of the woods," is beautifully gotten up, and ranks second to none. May prosperity abide with you.
O. B. Van Dusen, Phillips, Wis.

Of late years I have not spent so much time with rod and gun as of old, but I greatly enjoy having RECREATION on my table. Dr. D. B. Freeman, Chicago, Ill.

I don't see how you can get out so fine a magazine for so little money. In my opinion it just fills the bill.
Will Howard, Colorado Springs, Col.

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You want the

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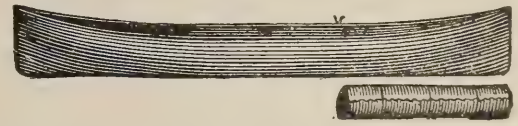
16-foot boat, carries 1,500 lbs. easily. Folds into cylinder 5-ft. long by 10-in. diameter. A man can pack one, a cayuse two.



The Comptroller of N. W. M. Police, the Hon. Fred White, writes from Ottawa: "Those who have tested the Acme strongly recommend it. We have adopted the Acme for our requirements."

Major Walsh, Governor of Klondike, has a 14-ft. Acme for his personal use. We have our third order from Canadian Gov. Send for photo of boat carrying ten persons, and for testimonials about Acmes, which safely ran the rapids of the Yukon and are now used in prospecting. Boats have outside Air Tubes. Bounce safely from snags and rocks. Better write at once.

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Charles W. Dimick, General Manager.

Twenty-Second Annual

Dog Show

Westminster Kennel Club

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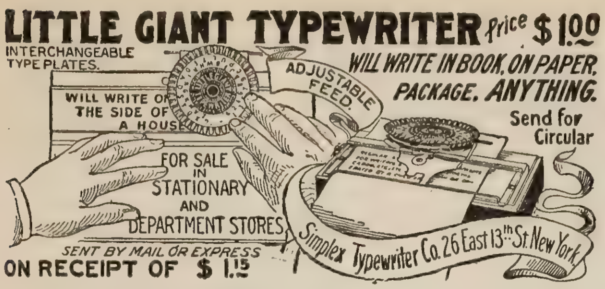
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FOR SALE IN STATIONARY AND DEPARTMENT STORES
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"These are boneless sausages," said the butcher facetiously, as he wrapped them up for Mr. Snickers.

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To Exchange: Handsome pointer, 18 months old, for hand camera or shotgun. Dog could be easily broken, on any bird.
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A bold, brave book teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity.

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KENWOOD
Warranted Ten Years.

TRY IT FREE

for 30 days in your own home and save $10 to $25. No money in advance.
$60 Kenwood Machine for $23.00
$50 Arlington Machine for - $19.50
Singers (Made by us) $8, $11.50, $15 and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full). **CASH BUYERS' UNION**
158-164 West Van Buren St., B359 Chicago, Ill.

A party of New York sportsmen have acquired a 10 year lease of 300 square miles of virgin forest and water, in Western Quebec, which they will set apart as a game and fish preserve. They are now organizing a club to enjoy the privileges of this vast game range, the membership in which will be limited. A few of the first subscribers will be taken at a nominal price. After that the membership fee will be materially advanced.

A club house will be built, early this spring, and game keepers and guides placed in charge. This tract is within 24 hours' ride of New York, and within 3 hours' canoeing from a station on the Canadian Pacific Ry. A membership in this organization obviates the necessity of procuring a hunting license from the Canadian Government, which costs $30.

A full description of the tract of land, and of the plan of the club, will be published in April RECREATION.

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Two blocks from Madison Sq. Garden

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American and European Plan

RATES:

Rooms, with board, $2.00, $2.50 and	$3.00 per day
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Breakfast, - - - - -	75 cents
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Table d' Hote Dinner, -	75 "

FOR SALE: Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.

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A full series of views of Juneau, Dyea, Skaguay, Chilkat Pass, Miners and outfits, along the route, etc.

50 cents each. An assorted doz. $5.00

Send for Catalogue of Alaska Curios.

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WANTED.—LIVE MOOSE, CARIBOU, BLACKTAIL deer, beaver, etc., for Litchfield Park, Adirondacks. Address, with particulars, EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, 59 Wall Street, New York.

"What are the holes for?" asked little Edna, looking at the porous plaster her mother was preparing to adjust to Willie's back.

"It's funny you don't know that, sis," interposed Willie. "They're to let the pain out, of course."—Richmond Dispatch.

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under proper conditions. Those conditions are defined in our **MAMMOTH NEW POULTRY BOOK and CATALOG for 1898.** Bigger & better than ever before. Printed in colors; cuts and description of all leading breeds of fowls; poultry house plans, tested remedies, prices on poultry, eggs, etc. Worth $5, but sent postpaid for 15 cents in stamps or coin.

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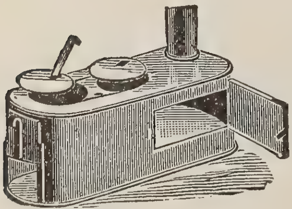
In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for.



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove.

Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

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"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a hunting, kind sir," she said.
"But to shoot the gun will you not be afraid?"
"The thing's not loaded, kind sir," she said.

Customer—Got any shot guns?
Dealer—Barrels of 'em in stock.
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Loads of it.

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The Blue Hills Trout Preserve Co.
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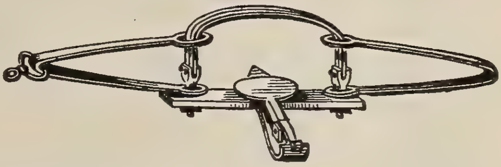

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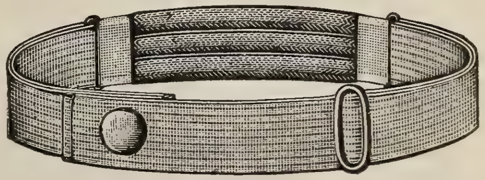

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Would not miss one issue of Recreation for many times the cost. I have advised and shall continue to advise all lovers of shooting, hunting, fishing, etc., to read Recreation. C. F. Morton, Newburyport, Mass.

I notice Recreation for 1897 is twice as thick as the 12 numbers for 1896. I hope it will keep up to this standard. I would not begrudge 20 cents a copy for it, as I think it is the best thing that ever happened.
W. P. Fort, Galveston, Tex.

These word contests cause one to read every advertisement in Recreation and make a vast amount of amusement and study. Recreation is full of information from cover to cover and once in the hands of the sportsman, always there. Leslie Waite, Whately, Mass.

I have read all of your books on hunting and have been a constant reader of Recreation since the first edition. It is the best periodical of its kind. I agree with you in regard to game protection, game hogs, etc.
Geo. M. Morris, Lead, S. Dak.

39
CLEVELAN
LOZIER
DONT SLIP UP BY BUYING THE WRONG WHEEL, THE CLEVELAND IS THE RIGHT ONE

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BUILT FOR RIDERS WHO APPRECIATE HONEST VALUE IN BICYCLES

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Sold the World over, by Bicycle Dealers only

'98 MODELS $50, $65, $75.

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For 30 days to introduce, we will ship a swell '98 Model wheel to anyone C.O.D., on approval, upon receipt of $1.00.

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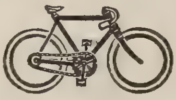
Any color style, gear, height of frame, etc.

'97 and '96 Models, various makes and styles........ $12.00 to $16.00
Wheels, slightly used, modern types......... $8.00 to $15.00

Art catalogue free. Secure agency at once.

M. L. MEAD & PRENTISS - - Chicago, Ill.

$27  **Buys**

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"Told him I wasn't in the hare-restorer business."

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THE VEEDER MFG. CO.
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ONE CONSOLATION.

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Our club was formally organized last evening and received the name of "Recreation Gun Club." Its objects are the holding of regular pigeon and rifle shoots, and the protection of game.

F. H. Campbell, Lexington, Va.

I thank you and your friends for the honor thus conferred on RECREATION and have ordered a flag shipped you. When it shall reach you, kindly present it to the club, with my compliments.—EDITOR.

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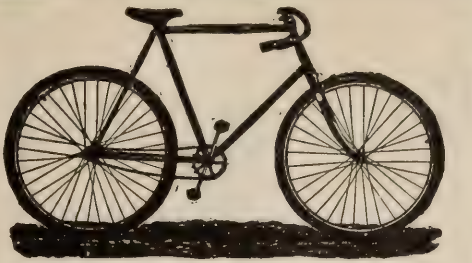
Bayle's Horseradish Mustard

No other condiments compare with it
Ask for it. For sale by all Grocers

GEO. A. BAYLE, SOLE MAKER, ST. LOUIS



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...98 MODELS. HIGH GRADE...

Same Grade as Agents Sell for $75.00.

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Best materials. Superb finish, Eight elegant models. We ship anywhere with privilege of examination, pay express charges both ways and refund your money if not as represented. Every "Acme" is FULLY GUARANTEED AGAINST ALL ACCIDENTS as well as DEFECTIVE WORKMANSHIP. Send for catalogue.

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Stand-Up or Turn-Down Collars

Made from fine cloth, exactly alike on both sides. The most comfortable and economical of anything made.

NO LAUNDRY BILLS

When soiled discard. The turn-down styles are reversible and give double service. A box of ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25 cents.

SEND 6 CENTS in stamps for a sample collar and pair of cuffs. (Mention style collar.)

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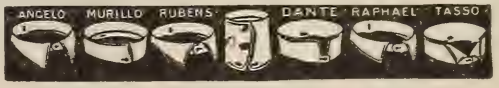

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Chainless, $125.00
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Every Up-to-date Feature
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A Wheel for the Multitude
Handsome in Appearance
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For the Children
24-inch - - $25.00
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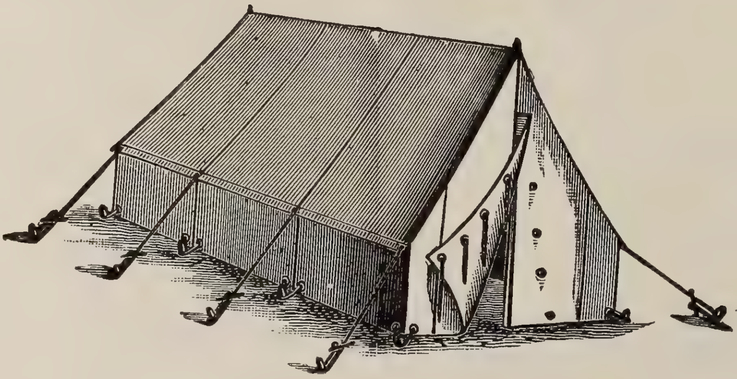
SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES

302 Broadway, New York

Every Sportsman
Should Have a

Water-Proof Tent



A camper knows the advantages of a tent that is an absolute protection against rain and dampness. We secure this advantage by OUR water-proof PROCESS and avoid the extra bulk and weight of a fly.

We make tents of all sizes, shapes and materials, suited to the needs of hunters, campers, travellers, canoeists; also

Water-Proof Sleeping Bags

Canvas Buckets, Ammunition, Provision, Clothing and Saddle Bags, Pouches, Packs, Bicycle Covers, Floor Cloths, and many other Canvas Specialties; also Primus Stove for Tents and Aluminum Camp Cooking Outfits.

Our Sleeping Bag is unique, excellent in pattern and finish, and has been highly approved.

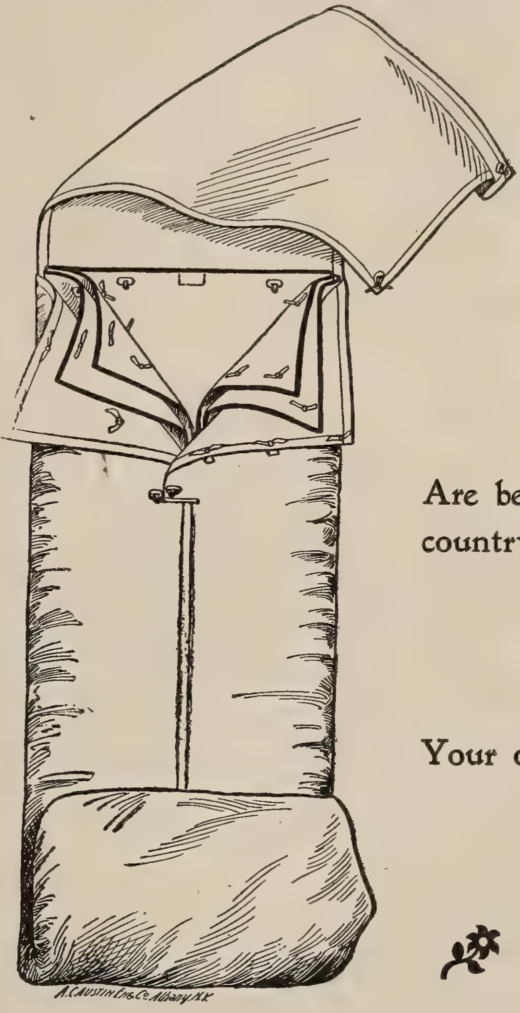
Send for Circular R, Samples of Materials and Price-List to

DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE & CO.

36 South Street, New York

Thousands of...

KENWOOD
SLEEPING
BAGS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Are being shipped to all parts of the country for use in

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Your outfit should include a

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Kenwood Bag

The Kenwood Storm Hood

Price, $2.00

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WIND PROOF
COLD PROOF

Is invaluable in ALASKA and a perfect protection for every man exposed to severe weather

FREE *Write for Catalogue Samples and Prices*

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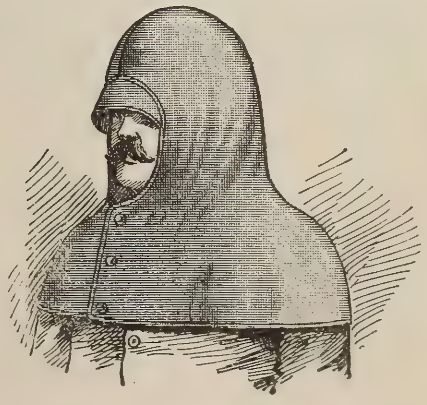
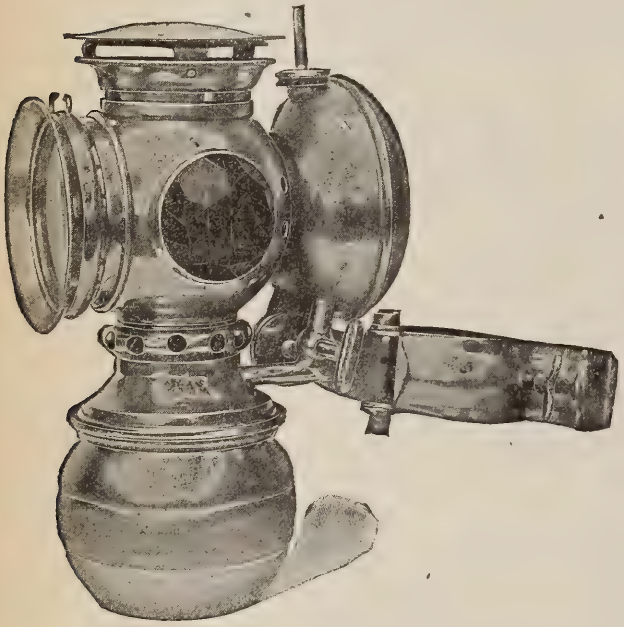


A NEW ACETYLENE LAMP.

The Badger Brass Mfg. Co., of Kenosha, Wis., has produced the latest acetylene lamp, which is guaranteed not to explode or get too hot. The various lamps of this class, put out last season, were generally failures, from these causes, and while it is acknowledged that the light is the most perfect for bicycle use, the difficulties, until now, have not been overcome. This lamp is, as shown in the accompanying cut, well built. The carbide which generates the gas is supplied with water from the reservoir, in the rear of the light. A certain amount of water is allowed to reach the carbide and the burner is so arranged that only a proper amount of flame is possible. In cases where jolting would increase the flow of water, the pressure of the gas, in the base, forces the water back. This prevents an excess of gas from being generated and renders explosion impossible. The lamp is one of the handsomest ever built. It is full nickel plated, has fine lens and a perfect reflector. The materials for burning it may now be purchased at a reasonable cost. Write for circular. Mention RECREATION.



Don't forget that the amateur photo competition closes April 30th. Only 2 months more in which to make your entries. Consult the list of prizes on page 248 of this issue and see if it will not pay you to make a strenuous effort to win some of them.

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

FLORIDA FAST LINE.

The Atlantic Coast Line announces the fastest service ever offered to Florida, Cuba, Nassau and the South. The route is via Richmond and Charleston, in connection with the Pennsylvania R. R. Co's. Celebrated "New York and Florida Special," which leaves New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:20 Noon, Washington, 6:20 p.m., arriving Jacksonville next afternoon, 1:20 and at St. Augustine, 2:20 p.m. Through Pullman car arrives Tampa Bay 8:45 p.m. Passengers arrive Brunswick 1:30 p.m., Thomasville 2:35 p.m. Palm Beach, Fla. 10 p.m. This is also the shortest route and the only line offering through car service to Aiken, S. C., and to middle Georgia, from Eastern Cities. Bureau of information is at 229 Broadway, N. Y.

A NEW SADDLE.

The Garford Manufacturing Co., of Elyria, Ohio, is offering wheelmen a saddle which they claim is perfect.

It is called "The Cavalry" and is the handsomest and most graceful saddle, of the padded type, ever made.

The wide experience of this company, the largest manufacturers of bicycle saddles in the world, has been gained by never-ceasing study of the requirements of the various classes of riders. It is by keeping in close touch with them, that the Garford Co. has produced the Cavalry saddle. Nothing but the finest selected leather is used in it, and it is made only by expert workmen.

Boarding Ranch in the Bad Lands: A cattle company, having a model ranch on the Little Missouri river, in the midst of the famous Bad Lands of Western Dakota and Eastern Montana, and having ample house room, would take a few boarders for the summer. Good, gentle saddle horses always at the disposal of guests. Terms reasonable. First class references on application. Address:

Custer Trail Cattle Co., Medora, N. D.

A family down in Florida lost their child and failing to find it after 2 days, put a 24 cent notice in the newspaper. The next morning they were surprised to see an alligator on the steps, where he disgorged the child alive, and then died himself. It pays to advertise.

If You Want to Buy a Mounted Deer Head or Horns, Stuffed Birds or Skins, American or British, or if you have anything you want mounted, it will pay you to send to me. I will give you first-class work and save you money.

JOHN CLAYTON, Taxidermist, LINCOLN, MAINE.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

FLORIDA.

C. L. Farnham, Avon Park, bear, deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, black bass, etc.
Oliver Tinny, Ozona, Hillsboro Co., deer, bear, turkeys, quails, ducks and salt-water fishing.
E. M. Reynolds, Fort Myers, ditto
Wm. Webb, Osprey, Manatee Co., "
Frank Guptill, Osprey, Manatee Co., "
W. J. Meyer, Tarpon Springs, "
Frank Carson, Ft. Meyers, "
E. T. Robinson, Keuka, "
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L. W. Scroggins, Homeland, "
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C. B. Bailey, Winter Haven, "
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L. L. Sutton, Sutherland, "
M. B. Carson, Frostproof, Polk Co., "
W. D. Isler, Eagle Lake, "
George W. Hawthorn, Hawthorn, "
C. H. Hill, Maitland, "
J. E. Bowen, Laughman, "
Margan Bass, Kissimmee, "
B. C. Lanier, Leesburg, "
John Hunter, Winter Park, "
H. Shipman, Haskell, deer, bear, turkeys, quails, ducks and salt-water fishing.
Robert James, Emporia, ditto
Alex. Brown, Martin, "
W. J. McCullough, Boardman, "
Frank Smith, St. James City "
Jinks McCreary, Higly, "
Baldwin Cassady, Lisbon, "
W. H. Howell, Centre Hill, "
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Fenner S. Jarvis, Haslin P. O., deer, bear, turkeys and quails.
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Jas. Tooly, Belleport, "
W. C. Halsted, Currituck C. H., deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
Fred. Latham, Haslin, ditto

VIRGINIA.

M. Corbel, Virginia Beach, geese, brant, ducks, shore birds, quails, salt-water fishing.
Captain R. E. Miles, Machipongo, ditto
C. A. Spencer, Buckingham, "
M. A. Barner, Clarksville, "

For Sale: Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule, Deer, Wolves, Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

Hunting and tourist parties outfitted and guided, at reasonable rates. Expert guides always employed.

References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

Address Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.

Gentlemen wishing a trip to the Rockies will do well to write M. P. Dunham, who has had 26 years' experience as hunter and guide in this region. He guarantees to show his parties game, or no pay. Elk, goats and deer are certain, with bear and sheep for a side dish. Fish and birds without number. References on application.

M. P. Dunham,
Woodworth, Deer Lodge Co., Mont.

Lost: October 30, '97, in the vicinity of West 72d Street and Boulevard, a white English setter dog, one brown ear, one spot on brow, feathering on tail rather light; swift in action, head carried high. Answers to the name of "Don." Looks very much like the setter illustrated on page 15 of January RECREATION, of "Robinson's Don." Any information that will lead to the recovery of this dog, thankfully received by A. N. Loeb, care RECREATION.

For Sale or Exchange: For a good, hammerless shot gun, or high grade bicycle—a fine Repeating Rifle, 40-60-260; fancy walnut pistol grip stock; Reloading Tools; 75 loaded shells, etc. As good inside and out, as the day it came from factory. Also a fine one horse power Marine engine. Can send photo.

G. W. Bourdon, Elwood, Ind.

For Sale: 25 calibre Stevens "Favorite Rifle" with Lyman rear sight. Weight 4½ pounds; good as new. A 22 calibre single shot Stevens pistol, 3½ inches, tip up barrel. Cost $2.50. Hopkins & Allen double action revolver, 32 calibre; folding trigger, new. An 8 inch hunting knife and case. Will sell all cheap.

Frank A. Musser, Witmer, Lanc Co., Pa.

Am making up a party to visit Clear Water country, Idaho, next summer, for bear, moose, elk, goats and deer. Would like one or 2 more sportsmen to complete a party of 6. Address

H. S. Garfield, M.D., Pendleton, Ore.

For Sale: Greener gun, 12 gauge, ejector, fitted with Silver's recoil pad, leather covered trunk case, perfect order; cost $235, first draft for $100 takes outfit.

W. W. Holcomb, La Crosse, Wis.

For Sale Cheap: Choice for $10. 40-82 Winchester, new; 38-55 Marlin, with Lyman sights. This gun is a killer. Has been used, but is in good order.

H. M. Norton, Corry, Pa.

WHAT THEY SAY OF RECREATION.

The growth of your circulation during the past year is almost incredible. No undertaking of this kind has ever before succeeded permanently. Many so-called sportsmen's periodicals contain much that does not pertain to real sport, but more properly belongs in police papers. Such are unfit for the young to see. On the other hand, RECREATION is clean throughout; hence its popularity.
B. Chew, Upsala, Orange Co., Fla.

I think every subscriber should be a missionary, for RECREATION greatly excels any other sportsmen's publication. Instead of offering premiums you should receive them. To take the initiative, if you will tell me the size of gloves you wear I will send you a pair as a starter toward the rebate premium system. Continue to roast the game hogs and I will try to send you some new subscriptions.
A. V. Quackenbush, Gloversville, N. Y.

Your refreshing little magazine brings new pleasure with it every month. The spirit of the woods and streams, the far-stretching prairie and the breeze-rippled sea, which pervades each number, infuses new life into tired brain and muscle. Each month awakens a fond memory of some past outing or arouses a lively anticipation of one to come.
F. H. Jones, Norwalk, O.

I would rather forget my dinner than I would forget to obtain RECREATION as soon as it comes out. I have been buying of our newsdealer here for several months, but have to be on hand as soon as copies arrive or be placed in the same predicament as Mother Hubbard's dog, "The cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none."
F. J. Huntley, Oneida, N. Y.

If every sportsman felt toward RECREATION as I do you could not get them all on your subscription book. It needs no praise; that is too common. It is simply "out of sight," but not out of sight, for RECREATION takes the most prominent place in the house. May success crown your good work.
A. A. Beckwith, St. Francis, Minn.

My husband is one of the brotherhood of RECREATION subscribers. The magazine is addressed to the house but the postman always delivered it at the store. Then I had a talk with that postman and now I enjoy RECREATION in peace, till Mr. S. comes home.
Mrs. A. J. Slonaker, Pottstown, Pa.

RECREATION has awakened in me a desire to note more carefully the advance of field and forest sports. It is wonderful what an amount of observation you crowd into your magazine and at the same time make all of the matter interesting.
A. F. M. Plummer, Des Moines, Ia.

You have made many improvements in RECREATION during the past year and I wish every sportsman, good and bad, could read it. There would be less use for game wardens then and sportsmen would be better for the reading.
A. E. Simonson, Dixon, Ill.

RECREATION is the best publication of its kind I ever saw. I find it so interesting that I read it entirely through, even to the largest share of the advertisements. It should find a place in the home of every sportsman and every other man.
V. C. Harris, Ottawa, Ill.

Please find enclosed Money Order for $1, for which send me RECREATION for another year. You are publishing too good a book to give up, so you may count me a regular subscriber as long as I can find the money.
Guy Seeds, Salem, O.

RECREATION affords me the keenest possible pleasure, its pages teeming with everything that comes nearest a true sportsman's heart. Those whose subscriptions I have sent you are more than pleased with it.
A. J. Durand, Moorestown, N. J.

RECREATION is far ahead of all other publications of the kind. I can hardly wait for it to come each month. I like the pictures as well as I do the reading, and that is saying a great deal. Success to you.
Ewing Aden, Paris, Tenn.

RECREATION is the most interesting and entertaining magazine I take, and I read several. Success to you in all you undertake. You have succeeded in getting out the best sportsmen's magazine published.
W. W. Leggett, Leggett, Miss.

I should think a firm, dealing in sporting goods, that would refuse to place an ad in RECREATION was deaf and dumb to its own interests, and not fit for any honest man to deal with.
F. J. Huntley, Oneida, N. Y.

RECREATION holds a warm place in my heart. With it I can pass away a restless afternoon more quickly, and with more real pleasure than with any book or magazine I ever saw.
Fred L. Taft, So. Framingham, Mass.

RECREATION is by far the best magazine of its kind published and if your efforts meet with the success they deserve its subscription list will soon reach the 100,000 mark.
C. F. Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.

Find enclosed P. O. money order for $1, for which please renew my subscription to RECREATION. I can't do without it. It is far ahead of any other publication of its kind.
C. C. Beck, Paris, Texas.

I take 5 other sportsmen's periodicals, and would not give up RECREATION for the whole 5. I hope you will republish Vols. I. and II. and I will take copies of them.
V. A. Biggs, Patchogue, L. I., N. Y.

I have been a subscriber to RECREATION for 2 years, and do not know what I should do without it. I wish it would come out twice a week instead of once a month.
C. B. I., San Antonio, Texas.

RECREATION is up to date and growing. This section is now fairly well covered and no kickers, which is more than other magazines can say in this place.
A. M. Hinkley, No. Middleboro, Mass.

Have not yet received my June RECREATION, and you know how I feel, I suppose. Just like the kid when they passed the pie and left him out.
G. A. Higinbotham, Kansas City, Mo.

RECREATION is the finest sportsmen's and all round magazine I ever took. I can hardly wait till the month is up for a new copy to come.
A. L. Drakes, Denver, Col.

You are publishing the best sportmen's journal I have ever seen and at a price that ought to put it in the hands of every sportsman in America.
S. R. Cates, M.D., Abilene, Tex.

Enclosed please find money order for your RECREATION another year. We always look for it eagerly, and think it the best magazine in its line.
C. L. Goodwin, Sterling, Col.

RECREATION is the best periodical I ever read in regard to hunting, fishing, and other out-door sports. Shall take it as long as I have a dollar.
G. W. Cahoon, Swampscott, Mass.

I wouldn't care if you raised the subscription price of RECREATION from a dollar to $2, as your magazine is better than many others at $5.
F. F. Kanert, Grand Island, Neb.

The premiums you give, the honest way in which you treat all, and the value of RECREATION itself ought to win the assistance of every reader.
E. E. Wiles, Lima. O.

I have been taking RECREATION for a year and like it the best of any sportsmen's periodical. Could not get along without it.
F. M. Gibson, Kirkwood, Ill.

Everyone who is interested in hunting or fishing should have RECREATION.
E. H. Beardlee, Thomaston, Conn.

RECREATION is the only true sportsmen's magazine. Give it to the game hogs.
Wm. J. Morgan, Elyria, O.

"Crimped-Crust" Bread

Baked, in shops models in equipment to secure perfect cleanliness, by a process that retains all the richness and sweetness of the materials used, it makes a most delicious bread. To emphasize these qualities it's wrapped in clean white tissue. Get the genuine. For 2 cents we send sample loaf and the shop's address that'll serve you.

The Asbury-Paine Mfg. Co., Phila., Pa.

I am pleased to note your rapidly growing circulation. My newsdealer says he orders more copies of Recreation every month, yet they are the first to sell out of stock, in spite of the increasing orders. Don't be afraid to enlarge your editions. There is slight danger of overdoing it now. Sail in hard; you have a winning game.

H. S. Garfield, M.D., Pendleton, Ore.

It is nearly time to renew my subscription and I must do so, even though I do without something else. Allow me the expression "You were on to your job" when you sent me a year's subscription for solving a puzzle. I have since indulged in Recreation to excess and must either take the gold cure or continue indulging.

W. W. Coleman, Carson City, Nev.

My friends and I think Recreation the best periodical of its kind published. I have taken it ever since you started it, with the exception of the first 3 numbers. I travel a great deal and often buy 2 or 3 copies a month, as I find it too hard to resist showing a new acquaintance what he can get for one bone a year.

Chas. F. Riordan, Boston, Mass.

I am short your valuable magazine for the month of September, 1897. That copy was stolen during my absence but I can not blame the thief much, for Recreation is tempting enough to make any one steal it. I am a friend to Recreation and an enemy to game hogs.

H. R. Cole, Kingman, Col.

I get more genuine pleasure from one copy of Recreation than I do from a dollar's worth of any other magazine I know of, and I think I've seen them all. You may always count on my subscription, even if you should put the price up to $5. E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

I see the Stevens Arms Co. is again advertising with you, and I wish to know how many subscriptions it will take to get a Stevens Favorite rifle. I wish one very much, because they are like Recreation: never a poor one put on the market. H. A. Fitts, Iowa Falls, Ia.

To oblige a young friend I became a subscriber to Recreation and I am pleased to say the obligation is reversed, though I am not a sportsman myself. I can not see how you can provide such a splendid periodical at the price. A. F. Low, Scranton, Pa.

I think more of Recreation every month. Am a regular subscriber through our local dealer, but I usually have to buy an extra copy each month, as mine goes into the family first, and then to the neighbors.

Dr. J. E. Miller, Aspen, Col.

Enclosed find $1, for which renew my subscription to Recreation. I can not do without that beautiful magazine. It is worth double the price it costs me. Each copy is better than preceding ones.

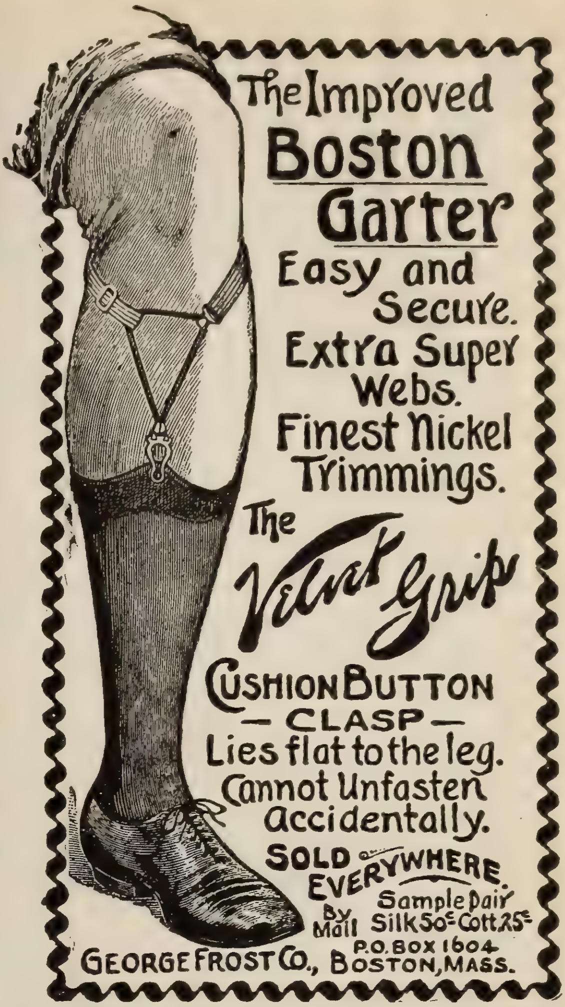
Arthur J. Thompson, Pasadena, Cal.

I am a constant reader of Recreation. It becomes more interesting to me every day. I read every word in it and like very much the way you treat the piggies.

W. F. Stevens, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Every one who sees Recreation is delighted with it.

S. R. Cates, M.D., Abilene, Tex.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Boston
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Extra Super
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Lies flat to the leg.
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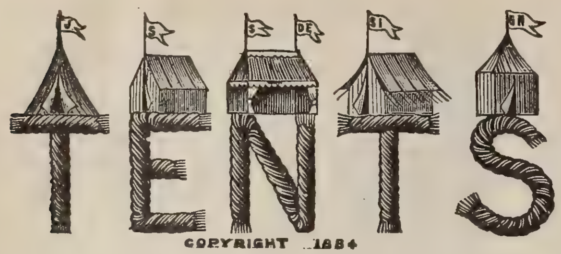
Eat one and
You'll eat a dozen.
Wholesome & Appetizing
Most delicious
of all Relishes.
Trade Mark
A Revelation
to Epicures.
At all
Grocers
They are a combination
of Olives, Pimientos
and a unique Sauce.
WAGSTAFF & Co.

I have but lately become acquainted with Recreation. Don't know where I have been for some time past, but we are now the warmest of friends. Only last Friday I started to take subscriptions and to-day, Friday, finds my list of 35 complete. C. C. Campbell, Redfield, S. Dak.

Enclosed find $15 tor 15 subscriptions. I received the sample copies yesterday at noon and had my club made up at 8 o'clock this morning. Recreation does its own talking. Gus Kirby, East Helena, Mont.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.



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We manufacture the largest and most complete line of tents in the country, and our goods are celebrated for their wearing and waterproof qualities.

Send 4 cents in stamps for our new 40-page illustrated catalogue showing all styles of Tents and Camp furniture.

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Peters Rifle Cartridges

Sportsman's Exposition Tournament
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They won 1st, 3d, 4th, 8th, 9th, and 10th Prizes in the principal event. Won or tied for first prize in every competitive event of the week's programme.

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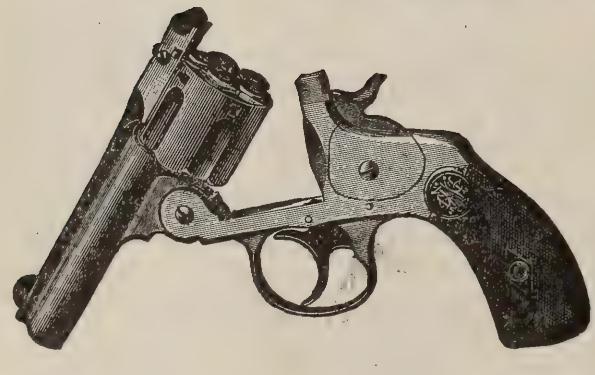

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Perfect in Finish

Unsurpassed in Accuracy

MADE IN 32 AND 38 CALIBRES, WITH 3¼ INCH BARREL

Blued or Nickel Finish

Send for Catalogue The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Any man who hunts should take Recreation, as it would cost him much more than the subscription price to learn, in the hard school of experience, many of the things learned by others and recorded in your magazine.
Louis Knowles, Minneapolis, Minn.

Recreation takes the cake and must make the porkers feel like hiding under their own shame when they read it. Am glad to see you hunt out the right rib and jab them deep.
F. M. Stevens, Dover, N. H.

Recreation has been the principal means of our organizing a club to protect small game. It is a valuable magazine and I think all sportsmen would be at sea without it.
John Smith, New Castle, Colo.

Recreation is all right and I don't have to do any talking to get the old sportsmen's names when I have a sample with me. Those fine illustrations do the work.
E. J. Hoyt, Lima, O.

I enclose you $1 for another year's subscription to Recreation, the greatest value anyone can get for the amount. I would not miss one copy for twice the cost.
Dan Wogaman, Quincey, O.

Recreation is all right, and it seems a long time between the numbers. I would like to see more interest taken in amateur photography, as that is my hobby.
C. T. Smith, Chanute, Kansas.

I have taken Recreation for the past six months, and think it the best of all sportsmen's papers. I appreciate the way you give it to the game hogs.
A. A. Scudder, Taunton, Mass.

To me and my family Recreation is a source of great pleasure. Each number is eagerly looked for. If we miss one you are sure to hear of it.
F. A. Hodson, Toronto, Ont.

Your magazine is a good one. I cannot get along without it. Continue the good work of roasting the game hogs, and may success be with you.
Thos. Atkinson, Markesan, Wis.

Of the five periodicals I take Recreation affords me the most pleasure, and by this I do not mean that the others are below the standard. C. A. Swope, Kansas City, Mo.

When I sit down to read Recreation I can hardly quit long enough to eat. It is one of the best sportsmen's publications I ever saw. E. J. Barkdoll, Garrison, Iowa.

Recreation is the nearest to a sportsman's heart of any magazine printed. I long for the time when it comes out each month. F. L. Taft, So. Framingham, Mass.

For the past year I have read Recreation and am delighted with it. It is the right thing in the right place.
C. L. Saunders, Omaha, Neb.

I cheerfully enclose $1 to renew my subscription. Don't see how I could get on without Recreation.
J. H. Lamsey.

I have been a reader of Recreation for the past year, and could not do without it.
M. J. Moffett, Syracuse, N. Y.

Recreation improves every month. All the boys are well pleased with it.
Henry Patterson, Wellsville, O.

Recreation is the best magazine of its class published in any language. W. H. Tippetts, Lake George, N. Y.

No one interested in fishing or hunting should be without Recreation. A. M. Dunham, Norway, Me.

Recreation is the best periodical of its kind published.
I. J. Engleson, Watson, Minn.

I cannot do without Recreation so inclose check for 2 years' subscription. I congratulate you on your success in filling a long felt want. Recreation is the best periodical of its kind I have ever seen and I would rather give up any other magazine I take than it.
C. W. Pritchett, Mexico, Mo.

It is hard to find words to adequately express our appreciation of Recreation so I will send you a more substantial token in the shape of a P. O. Money Order for $4, for which please send Recreation one year to each of the following. J. V. Cole, Marysville, Mont.

Please continue sending me Recreation for another year for which I enclose $1. Like friend Sheard, I like Recreation because it contains game notes instead of love stories. F. Warner, Cascade, Mont.

I am more than pleased with Recreation. I take another magazine and pay $3 a year for it but I would not give one copy of Recreation for the whole year of the other. E. M. Loeffler, Keokuk, Ia.

Will do all in my power to help Recreation, for I think it the best sportsmen's journal published. I have taken others and they are not to be compared with Recreation.
J. E. Bercaw, Dingman's Ferry, Pa.

I heartily endorse Recreation to all sport loving people. No other magazine of the kind gives half so much for the price. I subscribe for 3 copies, 2 of which I send to friends.
W. H. Black, 607 Forsher St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Recreation pleases me very much. I read it from cover to cover. No other sportsmen's journal can come up to it. It is the king of sportsmen's publications.
O. Fischer, Philadelphia, Pa.

My husband eagerly devours each Recreation, but not more eagerly than I do. He is an enthusiastic sportsman and we welcome Recreation as a warm friend.
Mrs. H. D. Heywood, Leadville, Col.

I read advertisements and all and can hardly wait for the next number. Recreation is the best magazine of the kind I know of, and I would not be without it.
E. H. Beardslee, Thomaston, Conn.

I enclose herewith Post Office order for renewal of my subscription. I am much attached to Recreation, and consider it the best of its kind.
E. V. Rubottom, Great Falls, Mont.

I gave a friend a copy of Recreation to look over last night and this morning he told me to send in his subscription. H. G. Sheldon, N. Billerica, Mass.

Recreation is the best journal I have ever seen and should be of interest not to sportsmen alone, but to everyone. T. C. Johnstone, Regina, N. W. T.

Please send me Recreation for another year, for which I enclose $1. Your magazine is too interesting to be without. W. C. L. Gill, London, Ont., Canada.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal printed. Its only fault is that it does not come often enough.
James Flanagan, Fair Haven, Conn.

Recreation is the greatest periodical of its kind published. It is 100 % above them all.
James T. Barry, Lawrence, Mass.

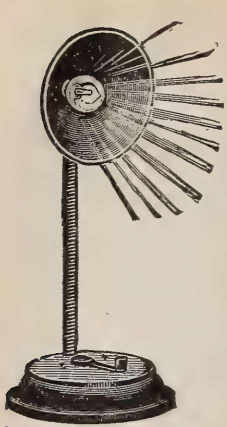
Recreation is growing better with every issue. I only regret it does not come oftener.
Walter S. Marden, Keene, N. H.

It is no trouble at all to get subscribers for Recreation. It speaks for itself. J. M. Conley, Kansas City, Kans.

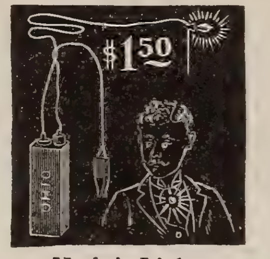
People who seldom if ever read a sportsmen's paper like Recreation. A. W. Lawrie, Port Dover, Ont.

Recreation is the best periodical of its kind I have ever seen. A. E. Campbell, Avalon, Pa.

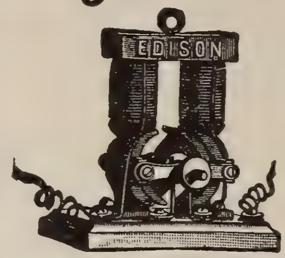
The 4 Leading Electric Novelties



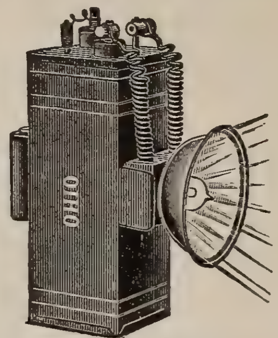
Battery Table Lamp
$2.75 complete.



Necktie Light.



Dollar Motor.



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The lakes and ponds teem with the most gamy of game fish, the speckled square-tailed trout, salmon, pickerel, and togue.

The Big Game Region of the United States, acknowledged to be in that part of Maine reached by this road.

Shipped in October, November, and December, 1897, Deer, 2,940; Moose, 139; Caribou, 78. (The moose shipments are from October 15th to November 30th.)

Through trains with Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars into the very heart of the wilderness.

Our Big Game and Fishing Guide will be out in the early spring. It is pronounced by the press the most complete work of the kind ever published for free distribution. A copy will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage.

GEO. M. HOUGHTON

Bangor, Me. **Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agt.**

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

I have taken nearly every sportsmen's paper and magazine published, and I never saw the equal of RECREATION, nor ever expect to. How any lover of rod or gun can do without it is a mystery to me. Long may you live!
W. H. Reightmyer, Richmondville, N. Y.

Enclosed please find $1 to renew my subscription for your magazine. It is worth double. Contains more information regarding hunting, fishing, and everything pertaining to guns, rods, tackle, etc., than any periodical I take.
C. R. Richards, Rochester, N. Y.

I take several sportsmen's journals but like RECREATION best of all. Carl McIlrath, Cleveland, O.

There is a great difference between a sport and a sportsman, and I have yet to find a sportsman who does not say RECREATION is the cleanest and most up-to-date journal published. E. K. Lent, Otsego, Mich.

What will RECREATION get to be, if it keeps on improving? It is a sportsmen's encyclopædia now.
J. V. Burr, Fort Dodge, Ia.

I like your magazine very much, and wish you great success in your warfare against game hogs.
J. T. Barry, Lawrence, Mass.

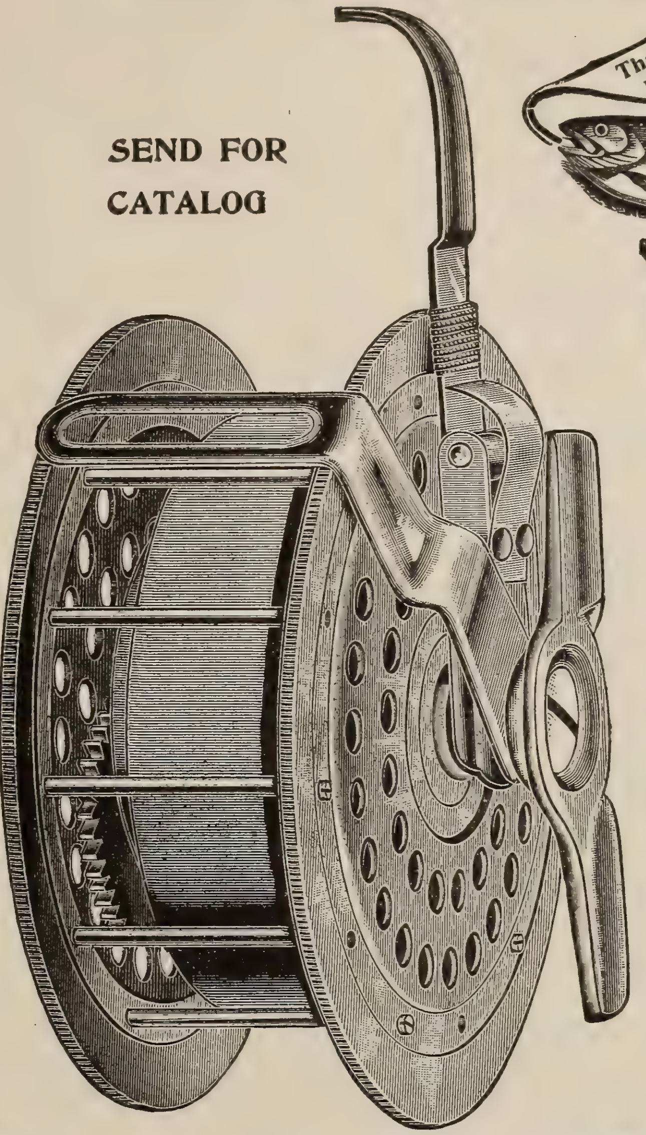
RECREATION is far superior to other sportsmen's periodicals I have been taking.
J. W. Walker, Gerrardstown, W. Va.

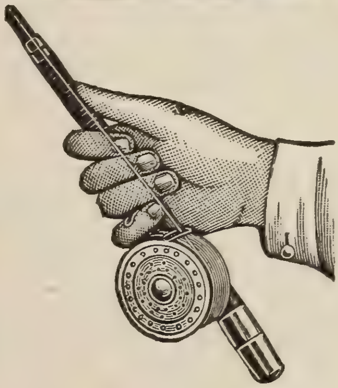
"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT"

The Fisherman's Automatic Reel

That Little Finger Caught Me
THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL

SEND FOR CATALOG





What we claim for the Automatic Reel

FIRST—It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world.

SECOND—It will wind up the line slowly if the angler chooses.

THIRD—No fish can ever get slack line with it.

FOURTH — It will save more fish than any other reel.

FIFTH — It will prevent tips, lines, and snells from being broken by large fish.

SIXTH — The reel is manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

SEVENTH—It enables the angler and makes it desirable to use lighter tips.

Manufactured by
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344 No. St. PAUL Street,
ROCHESTER, N.Y. U.S.A.

Every Sportsman Should Have One

Mention Recreation.

Of Special Interest To Actual Subscribers for "Recreation"

Careful readers of RECREATION are not wholly uninformed as to the extraordinary claims made for the

ZON=O=PHONE

THE IMPROVED GRAMOPHONE

although they may not be aware how utterly impossible it is to obtain an adequate idea of this truly wonderful invention, except by personal knowledge of its results.

Regarding it as at once the most curious, the most interesting, the most varied, and the most satisfactory source of **In=door Recreation** of which I have any knowledge, it is with pleasure I announce to my subscribers an arrangement I have made with the NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE COMPANY, 874 Broadway, New York, whereby their latest and most successful style of instrument—No. 25—complete, with new sound box, etc., can be bought on the instalment plan, giving immediate possession and enjoyment at an outlay that will occasion no inconvenience, and will never be regretted.

This arrangement is for the special advantage of actual subscribers to RECREATION, and must be availed of before May 1, 1898.

While the ZON-O-PHONE, the improved GRAMOPHONE, is not the only "Talking Machine" in the market, it is

THE ONLY ONE	with carrying power and utterance sufficiently distinct to be heard (by actual test) in every part of the Metropolitan Opera House — the largest auditorium in New York; and out of doors (as I know by personal experience) for nearly half a mile.
THE ONLY ONE	in which every inflection and accent of the speaking voice is accurately and distinctly reproduced, so that individual peculiarities are instantly recognized.
THE ONLY ONE	so far as I can learn, recording the illusive high C.
THE ONLY ONE	using indestructible records of hard rubber.

As a Source of Never=Failing Amusement and instruction the variety offered by the ZON-O-PHONE is limited only by the supply of entertainment of every sort and fashion appealing to the Ear.

If it's Anything to HEAR, the ZON-O-PHONE will reproduce it. For instance:

Songs in all languages
Lullabys, yodels, "coon" songs
Solos, duets, quartets, choruses
Arias from the operas
After=dinner speeches
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Portable—weighing, complete and ready for shipment, only 22 lbs.; simple beyond belief; easily kept in order—no battery, no electricity—there are many reasons why I believe the ZON-O-PHONE will be found of special service to **Recreationists.**

This is why I have entered into this arrangement.

For evenings, and rainy days in camp, on yachts, and wherever you may go, on your vacation, it will take the place of piano, banjo, cornet, and trombone, for it is all these instruments, and many more, played, not by amateurs, but by world-renowned performers.

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"Do you think," asked the intellectual young woman, "there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small ones?"

"Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."—Life.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

I have your book, "American Game Fishes," which I think every sportsman should have.

G. N. Bulley, New Haven, Ct.

I have read W. T. Hornaday's book, "The Man Who Became a Savage," and have greatly enjoyed it. It is a book for these times. Everyone should read it.

Geo. Hayden, Jacksonville, Ill.

"I see your son has turned out an artist, Mr. Gibbs. How did that happen?"

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Just wait 'til you see my Bristol Steel Fishing Rod. You may keep your wooden rods—and have mine too, for with 2 or 3 'Bristols' I am fixed to tackle anything that swims; and when the season closes, I don't have a bundle of splinters to patch up and call a 'rod.' Neither do I sit up nights trying to get the 'set' out of the whole parts. I have a rod just exactly as good, after the fishing campaign as before it."

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A. J. Durand, Moorestown, N. J.

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F. B. Fleming, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

I take great delight in RECREATION. It is the best periodical of the kind I ever read, and the information it contains is of great value.
G. M. Soule, Stoneham, Pa.

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C. L. Sperry, Sparta, Tenn.

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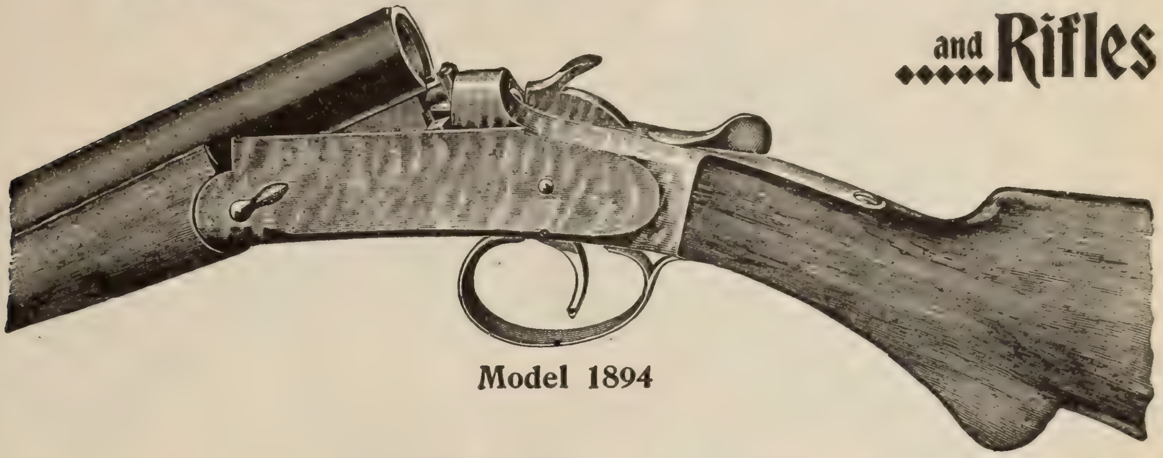

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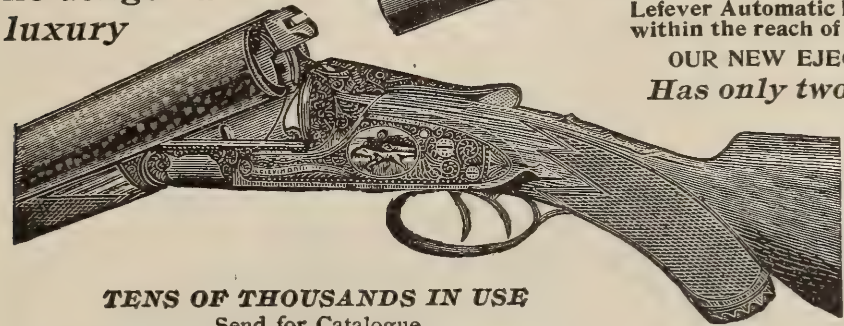

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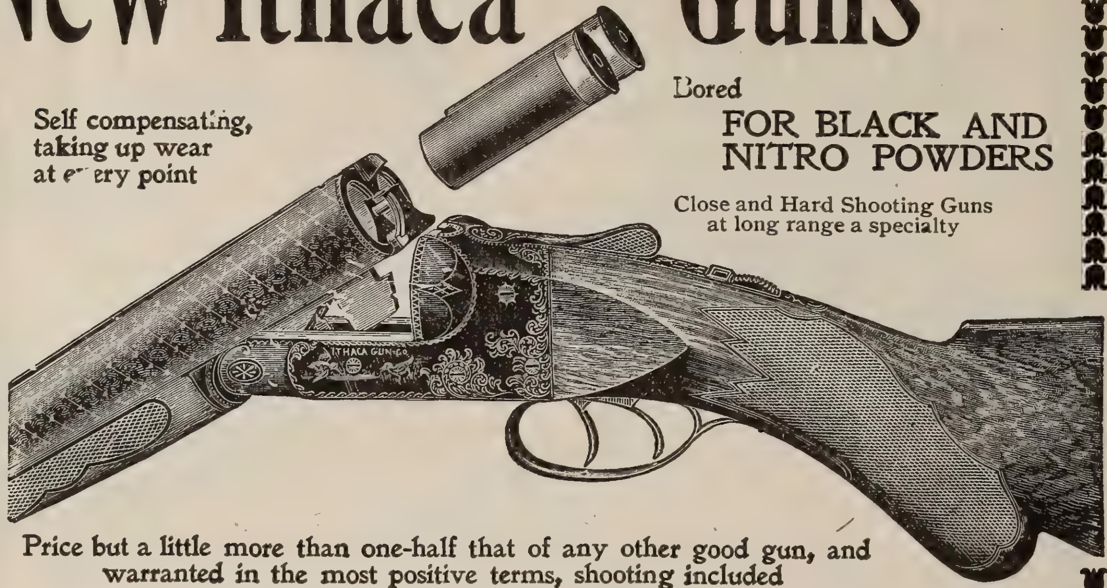

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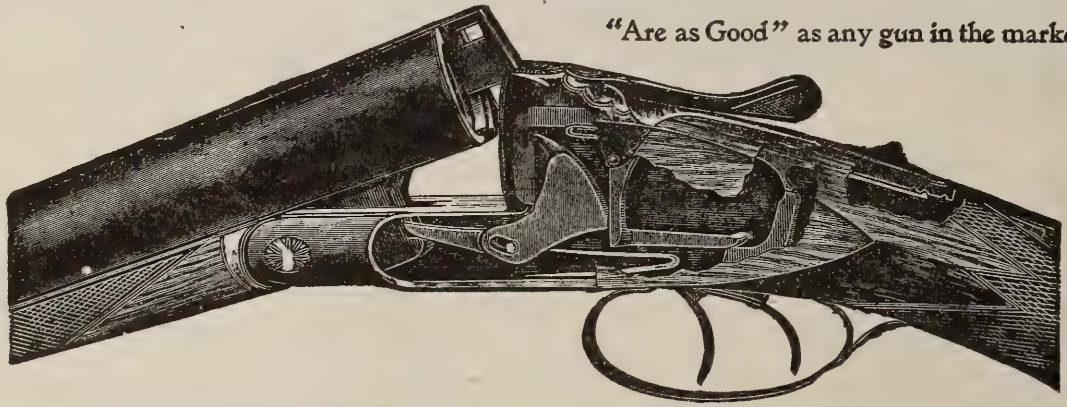

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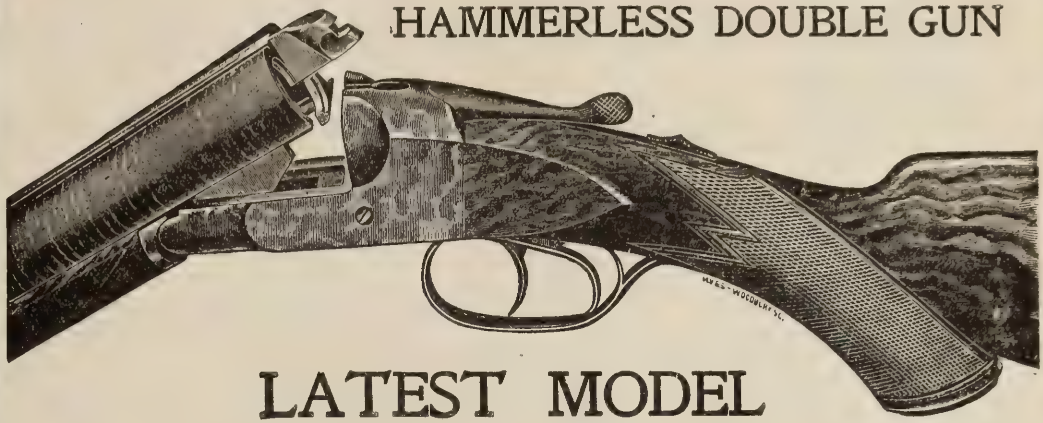

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Read what men say of the Forehand who are using it

Hadensville, Todd Co., Ky.

Forehand Arms Co.,
Worcester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:—Please send me one of your catalogues. I bought one of your No. 1, full choke, hammerless, non-ejector guns last fall, and have killed a good many ducks, squirrels, some rabbits and quails with it. I consider it the best gun I ever owned, although I once owned a Rigby that cost $300.

R. C. Hollins.

Am well satisfied with the Forehand gun you sent me. Have done some remarkable shooting with it on wild geese and ruffed grouse. My gun not only looks well but is a hard shooter. All the subscribers are highly pleased with Recreation, and several have told me they will renew next year.

A. T. Baker,
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FOREHAND ARMS CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Recreation is the best sportsman's magazine I ever read. All the fault I find is that it does not come often enough. I am delighted with the way you roast the game hogs. I wish I could give you the names of a party who caught 400 black bass out of the Susquehanna river last week. I should like them to hear from you. I do not think they would be at all proud of their record after reading your opinion of them. Success to Recreation.
Frank L. Haight, Luzerne, Pa.

The Marlin rifle you sent me as premium came to hand, and is a beauty. Accept thanks for it. My friends all admire it greatly. They say you were very generous to me, and that they don't see how you can give such premiums with so good a magazine. I feel sure that if sportsmen knew how easy it is to secure a first class gun or rifle you would have more orders than you could fill.
E. J. Johnson, Reeds Ferry, N. H.

We are more than pleased with your "Camping and Camp Outfits," and regret we were not in possession of it before we commenced camping, years ago. We are now to profit by your experience. I have my eye on your "Cruisings in the Cascades," and for that production of the pen of a sportsman, I enclose a $5 postal note for 5 subscriptions. Fred. W. Black, Brighton, Mass.

I received the pocket kodak from the Eastman Kodak Co., which you sent me as a premium for 8 subscriptions to Recreation. Many thanks to you for the prompt and business like manner in which you attended to my subscriptions. I think I can get enough more subscribers for Recreation to get another premium, for it is well liked by all who read it. R. D. R., Dodge City, Kan.

Recreation comes regularly, and is a welcome visitor Its main feature to me is its fragrance of outdoor life. I am living in the mountains. My nearest neighbor is 2 miles away. My circle of acquaintances is small, but in going among them I find Recreation on their tables. It is not a premium I am after, but to help my friends to the good things I have. Wm. W. Coleman, Carson City, Nev.

The Bristol steel rod has arrived and it fills all my expectations. I shall endeavor to break my record this year, of 35 pounds, which I made, 2 years ago, in Georgian Bay. The fish, a muskalunge, measured 4 feet in length. The subscribers whose names I sent in are well pleased with Recreation. Hyatt W. Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Kenwood sleeping bag came to-day, and I am pleased with it. It is certainly a fine article; much better than I had anticipated. I thank you for it and its prompt delivery, and will do all I can for the prosperity of Recreation, which is by far the best sportsmen's magazine I have ever read. George E. White, Montpelier, Vt.

I always herald with delight your magazine when it arrives at the news-stands. I have learned a few things that are of more value to me than the meager price Recreation costs. I hope you may prosper constantly, and help all honest sportsmen in the interests of game protection.
H. C. Conrad, Atlanta, Ga.

I received my camera last Wednesday, the 2d inst., for which I wish to thank you. It is one of the finest things out, and I cannot see why Recreation should not have the largest circulation of any sportsmen's periodical in the world, with such liberal offers as you make for subscriptions. F. E. Candee, Angola, N. Y.

I received the watch which you sent me, as a premium, and it is a beauty. Am extremely well pleased with it. I commenced getting up a club on August 13th, and by August 24th had 90 subscriptions. Should like to hear from anyone who has beaten my record.
W. R. Gilbert, Green Island, N. Y.

I have read Recreation nearly a year, and it is the best magazine of the kind published. It don't come often enough to suit me. Felix W. Beecroft, Flushing, N. Y.

The bicycle you gave me as a premium, for subscriptions, gives perfect satisfaction. I have had many pleasant rides on it already. W. T. Sawyer, Elizabeth, N. J.

I am more than pleased with Recreation. I subscribed just to help a friend get a good gun, and now I would not begrudge twice the amount I paid for Recreation. He got $20 worth of rifle for getting up the club of 20 subscribers. E. Slee, Warren, Minn.

The camera you gave me for a club of subscribers came promptly and is O. K. This is the first day of open season for chickens. I hear the shooting now, and I should judge, by the number of shots, there were plenty of birds. Col. A W. Oxley, Ossian, Ia.

Recreation leads them all. Some of the boys have shown me copies of other publications they are taking, of this class, but they don't begin to compare with Recreation, in my estimation, and I think I know a good thing when I see it. Piatt Carnahan, Carthage, Mo.

Recreation reaches me each month. The reading matter is compiled so nicely that it is a welcome periodical. Its advertisements are read by myself and household quite as carefully as the literature, for in them much amusement is secured. S. A. Matthews, Buffalo, N. Y.

I received the camera you sent me as a premium for a club of Recreation subscribers, and am very much pleased with it. It is a beauty. I feel well repaid for the little work I did for Recreation, as I got fifteen subscribers in less than 2 weeks. Albert Schaller, So. Natic, Mass.

The Marlin rifle you sent me for 20 subscribers has been duly received. Please accept my sincere thanks for your promptness in sending it. It is a beautiful gun and cannot be beaten for shooting qualities or in finish.
H. W. Maynard, Vancouver, B. C.

The Monarch wheel you gave me as a premium for 75 subscriptions to Recreation arrived all right and I am very much pleased with it. You have more than kept your part of the agreement.
Mrs. Rathbun, Seattle, Wash.

I have received the gun from the Forehand Arms Co., and am very much pleased with it. It is a fine piece of work, and I thank you for having enabled me to obtain so fine a gun for so little outlay of time.
James H. Miller, Louville, N. Y.

My little daughter is proud of the gun you sent her for 35 subscriptions. She killed a rabbit yesterday, and can hit 60 per cent. of tin cans thrown in the air.
Mrs. F. Cauthorn, Portland, Ore.

The Ithaca gun, which you sent me as a premium for 35 subscriptions, came all right. I am more than pleased with it in every respect. Recreation cuts its own ice.
Mark A. Harding, Chatham, Mass.

I received the Marlin rifle you sent me for a club of subscribers, and am well pleased with it. Showed it to some of the boys and they think it a fine rifle, and a great premium. P. H. Baugher, Salem, O.

The Bristol steel rod arrived safely, and I had the pleasure of landing a 2 pound rainbow trout with it, on the Boardman River.
Dr. H. B. Osborne, Kalamazoo, Mich.

I received the Manhattan hand camera as a premium for Recreation subscribers, and it is equal to my greatest expectations. Recreation is strictly O. K.
E. T. Hawkins, La Junta, Col.

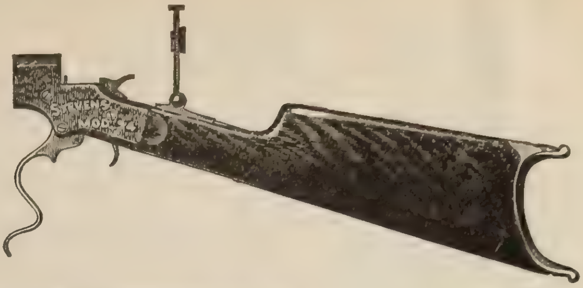
I have tried my camera and it is a beauty. Am still at work for you. Got 8 subscribers yesterday, and while I was on duty, too. Arthur Dorman, Sioux City, Ia.

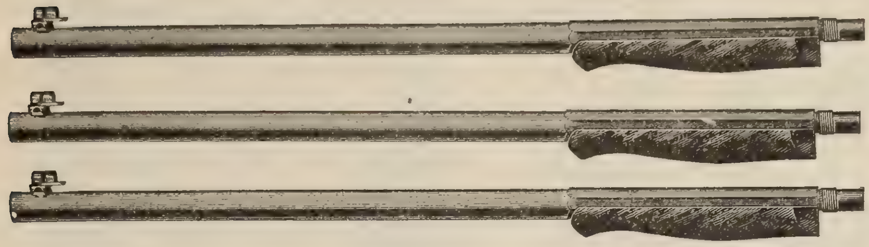
I received the Davenport gun sent me for 15 subscriptions, and am very much pleased with it. Please accept my thanks. Edwin F. Fowler, W. Upton, Mass.

Recreation is, in my opinion, the best sportsman's magazine published. E. W. Kepner, Washington, D. C.

"American Game Fishes" is hot stuff.
Raymond Cummings, Deadwood, S. D.

Take Down Rifles





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How?

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I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

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New York

Recreation is without doubt the best sportsmen's journal extant. I take 2 others but they are not nearly so fine as Recreation; they devote too much time to such sports as cricket, foot-ball, etc. We can get lots of such books. What we want is a journal for the hunter and the angler and I hope Recreation will continue to be for these people exclusively. Also keep it up against the "game hogs."
A. R. Smith, Pottsville, Pa.

I cannot praise Recreation too highly. It is clean, crisp and original, reflecting every shade of life with the gun, rifle and trap. It is doing great missionary work among all grades of sportsmen, by educating them up to a higher level of sport and a keener observance of the game laws. Chas. A. Sykes, 30 E. 14th St., N. Y.

I took Recreation a year, which ended in the fall. I thought I would do without it, but when I saw it at the news stand I would buy a copy each month, till I said to myself, "I must have it and might as well renew my subscription." Dr. A. W. Hopkins, Ashtabula, Ohio.

I cannot do without Recreation. It fills a long felt want. I especially enjoy the Guns and Ammunition department. Am anxious to get subscribers, as it is selfish to enjoy your magazine and say nothing to others about it.
J. M. Smith, Chicago, Ills.

I would as soon have but one meal a day as live without Recreation. I can hardly wait until it comes and have dropped all of my sporting papers for it. I bought the first copy that came to this place. It was love at first sight.
Elmer Breckenridge, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Have scarcely been in sight of water this summer, much less fished, but after I have read Recreation from cover to cover I feel as if I had caught a whale. Your make up is artistic and I am glad of your success.
S. B. McManus, Lima, Ind.

I congratulate you on your fair and vigorous policy. I heartily endorse honest game laws and give them all the support I can. I do not believe in killing everything that lives. Chas. Newell, W. Newbury, Mass.

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TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Marlin Repeating Rifle, listed at $14 or less; or a No. 4 Bullseye Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $12; or a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, with open sights, listed at $8.50.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 4 Bullet Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $15; or a Gramophone, listed at $25; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $25; or a Marlin Repeating Rifle, listed at $18 or less; or a Shattuck Double-barrel Breech-loading Hammerless Shot-gun, listed at $25; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9.00; or a Water-proof Tent, 9¾x9¾, made by Derby, Abercrombie & Co.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, a New Haven Arms Co.'s Double-barrel Breech-loading Hammerless Shot-gun, listed at $30; or a Marlin Repeating Rifle, listed at $21 or less; or any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions, at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing-Machine, worth $19.50.

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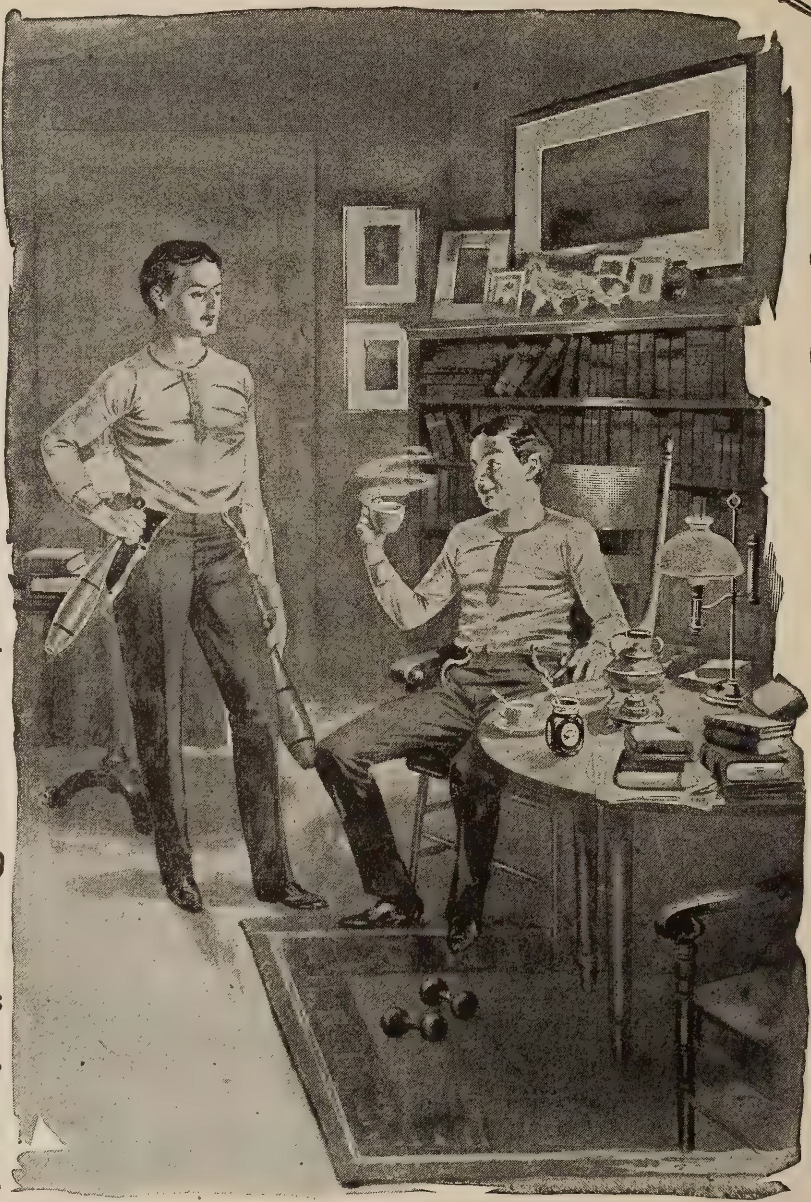

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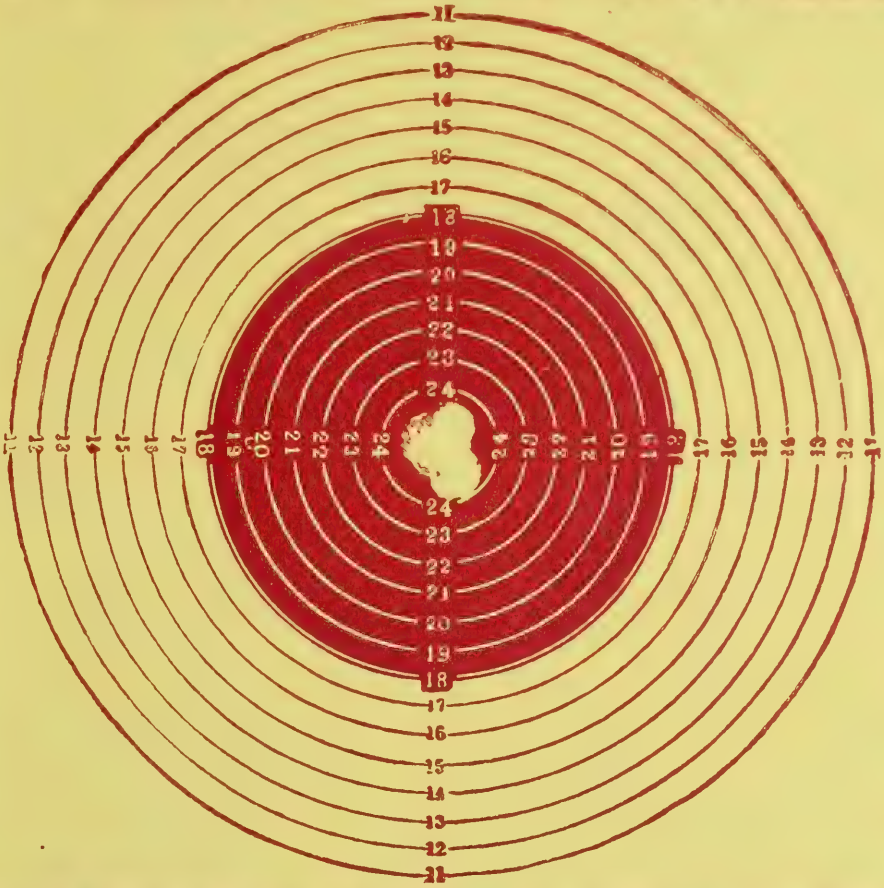
AN INCIDENT OF THE CONTINUOUS MATCH



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January 13-22

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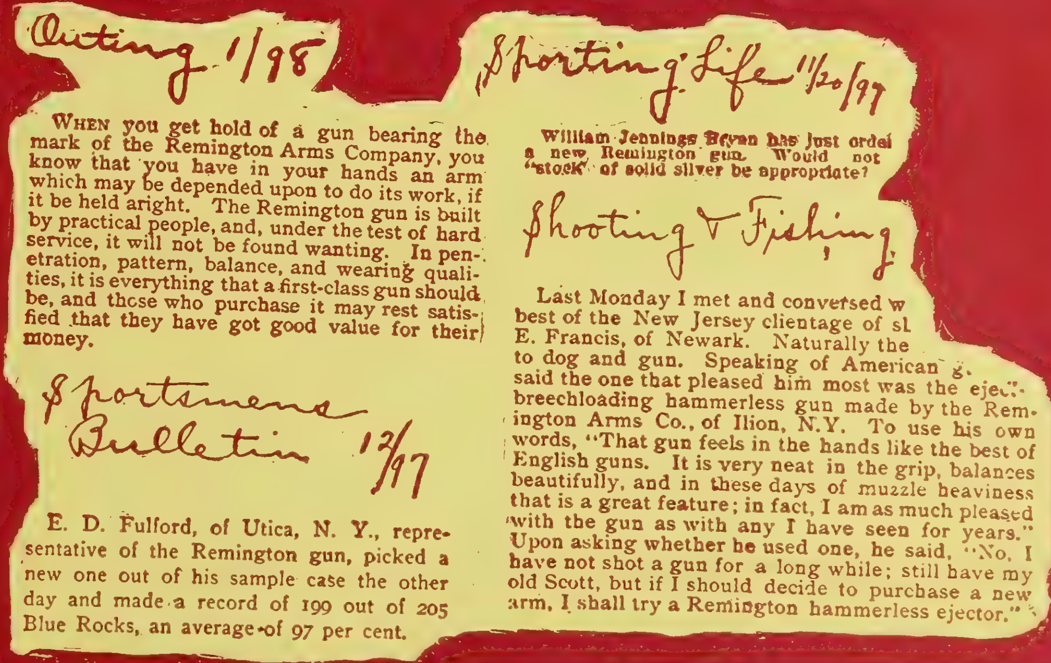

Outing 1/98

WHEN you get hold of a gun bearing the mark of the Remington Arms Company, you know that you have in your hands an arm which may be depended upon to do its work, if it be held aright. The Remington gun is built by practical people, and, under the test of hard service, it will not be found wanting. In penetration, pattern, balance, and wearing qualities, it is everything that a first-class gun should be, and those who purchase it may rest satisfied that they have got good value for their money.

Sportsmens Bulletin 12/97

E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., representative of the Remington gun, picked a new one out of his sample case the other day and made a record of 199 out of 205 Blue Rocks, an average of 97 per cent.

Sporting Life 11/20/97

William Jennings Bryan has just ordei a new Remington gun. Would not "stock" of solid silver be appropriate?

Shooting & Fishing

Last Monday I met and conversed w
best of the New Jersey clientage of sl
E. Francis, of Newark. Naturally the
to dog and gun. Speaking of American g
said the one that pleased him most was the ejec- breechloading hammerless gun made by the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N.Y. To use his own words, "That gun feels in the hands like the best of English guns. It is very neat in the grip, balances beautifully, and in these days of muzzle heaviness that is a great feature; in fact, I am as much pleased with the gun as with any I have seen for years." Upon asking whether he used one, he said, "No, I have not shot a gun for a long while; still have my old Scott, but if I should decide to purchase a new arm, I shall try a Remington hammerless ejector."

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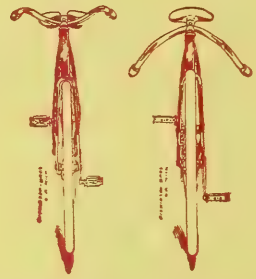

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NUMBER 4

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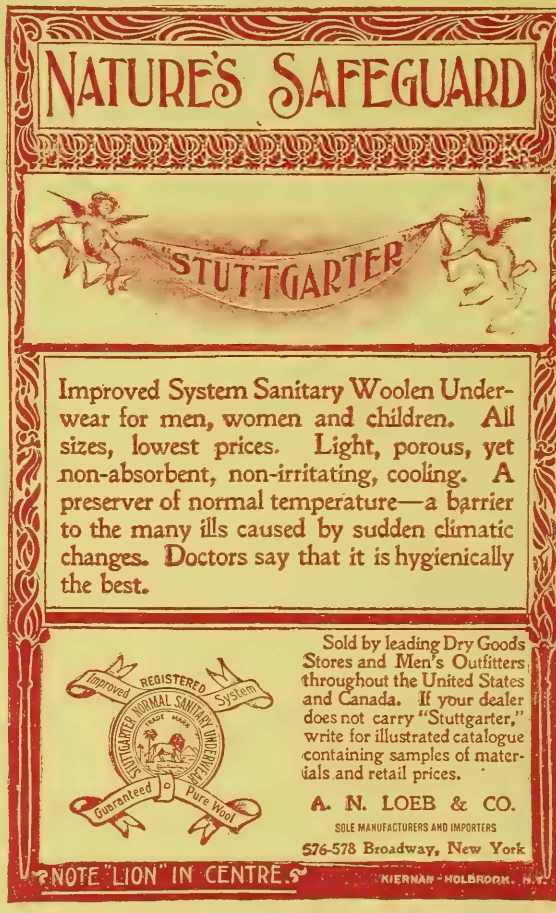

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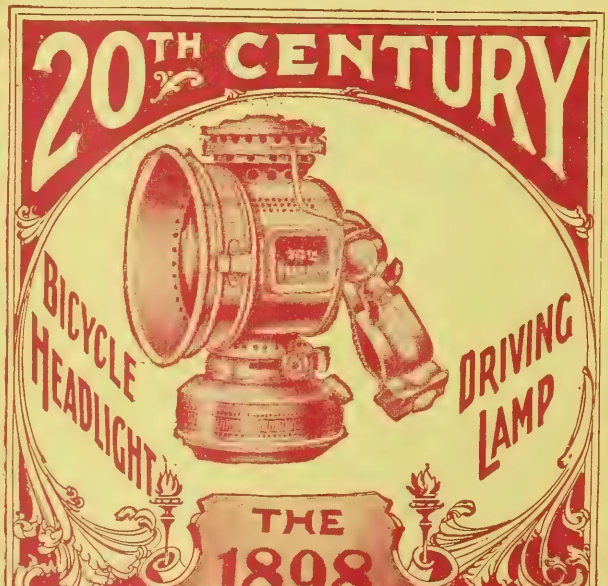

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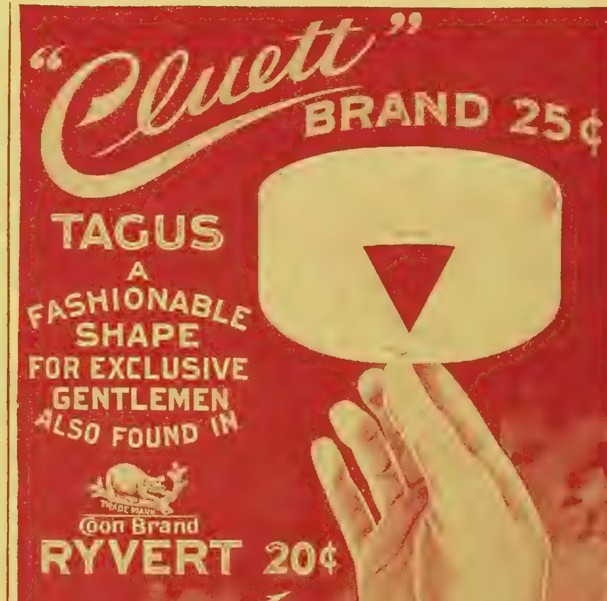

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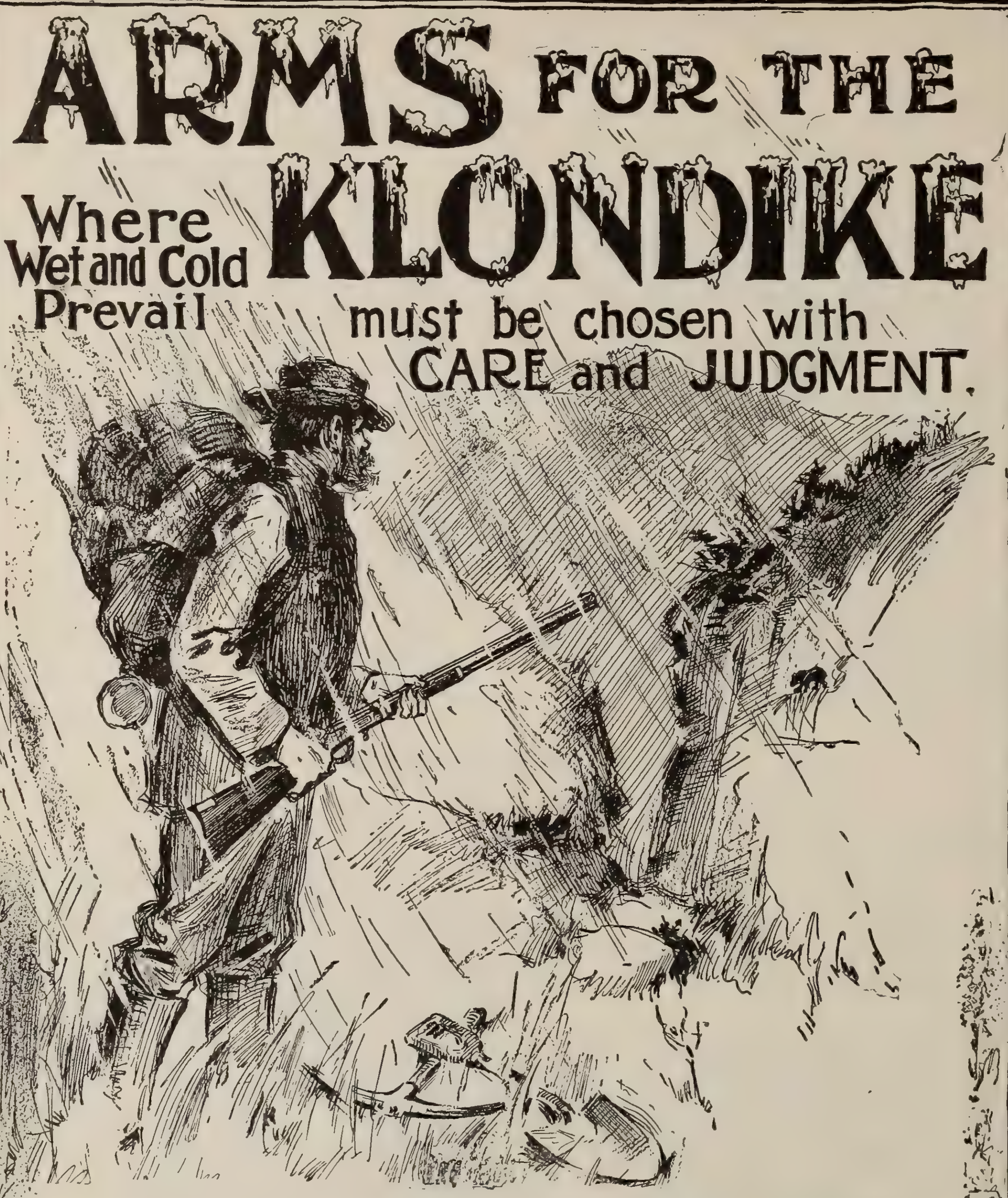
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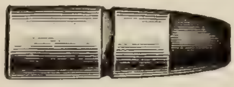

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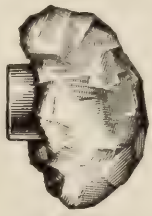
30-30-170 Marlin.



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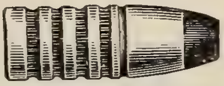

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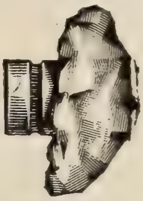
32-40-165 Marlin.



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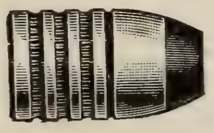

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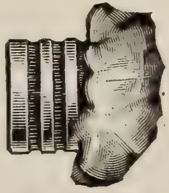

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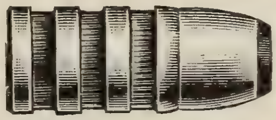
45-70-432 Marlin.



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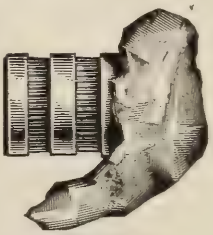

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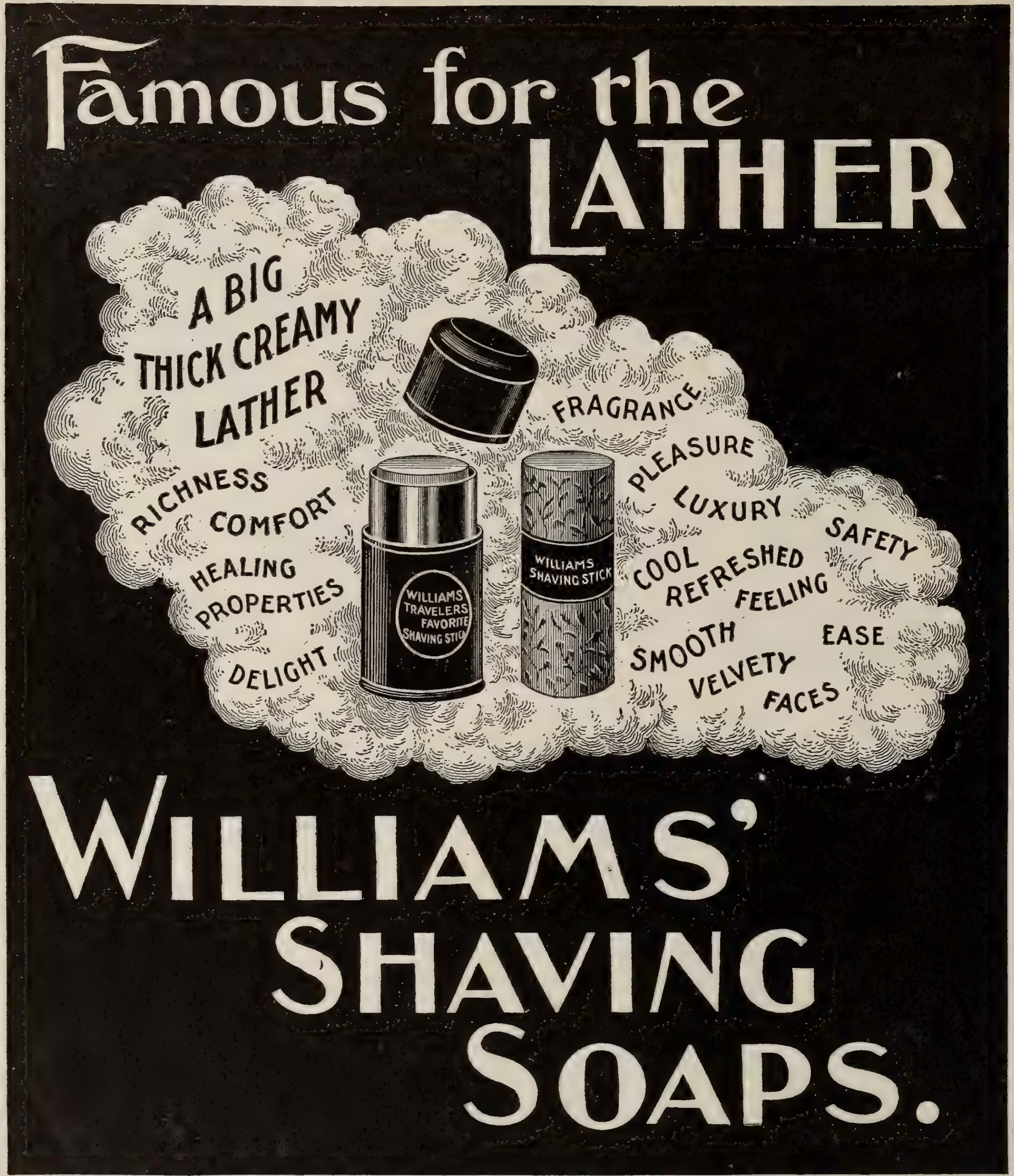
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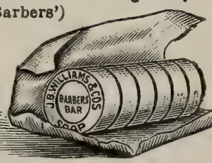
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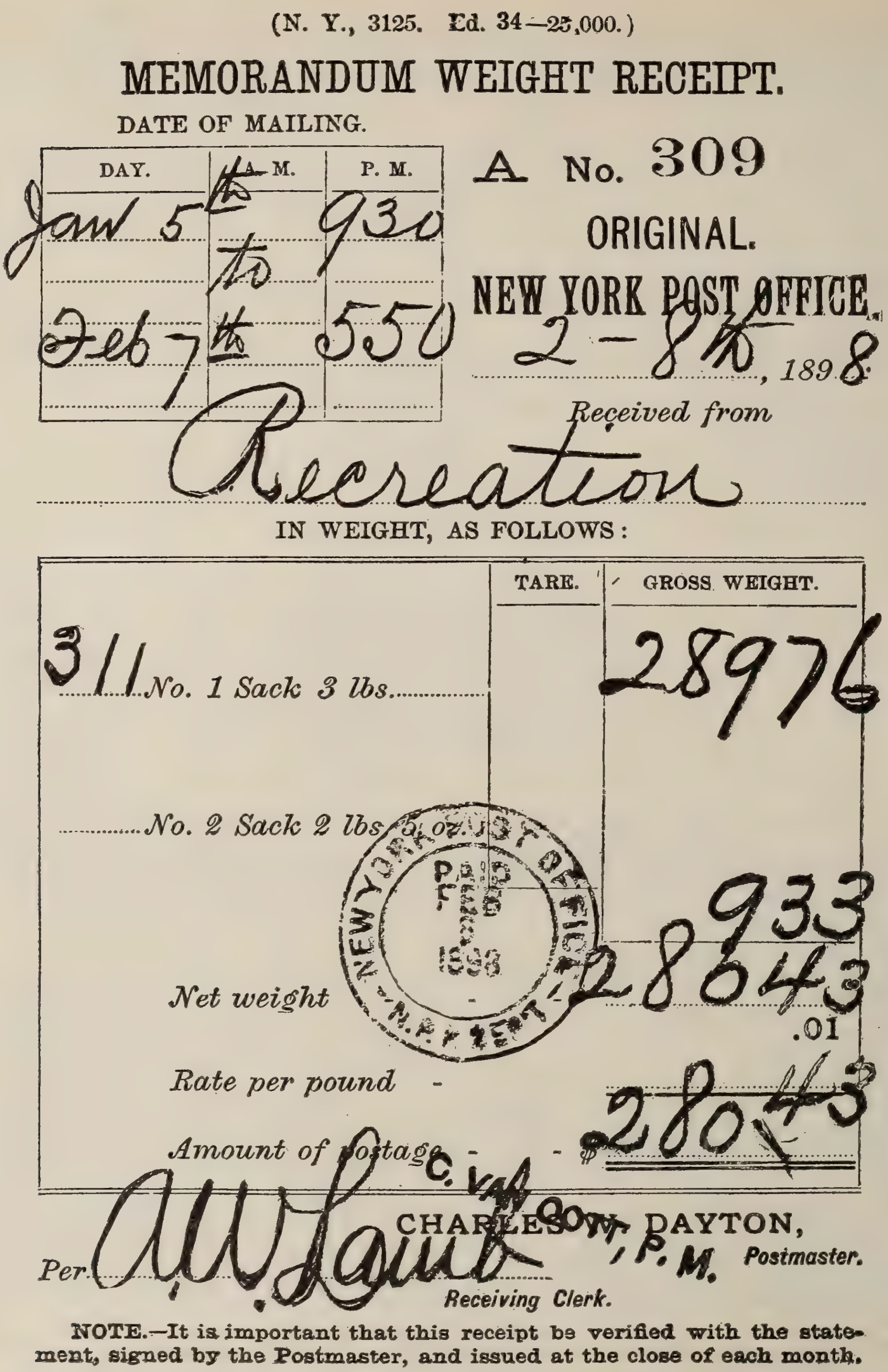

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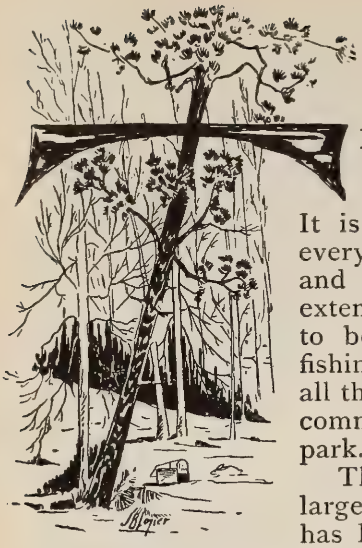
THE AMERICAN SPORTSMEN'S GAME PRESERVE.



THIS is the largest and will be the finest of its kind in America. It is within easy reach of every true sportsman's gun and tackle. To a certain extent this preserve is meant to be a public hunting and fishing ground; yet having all the conveniences and accommodations of a private park.

The rapid extinction of large game in this country has led to considerable discussion, from time to time, among lovers of the chase, as to the feasibility of establishing a game preserve, on an extensive scale. Many propositions have been made to form syndicates, to select, in the Western part of the United States, great expanses of territory and to close them to all but members and their friends.

The difficulty of finding tracts of land fully adapted to such purposes; the great cost of the land, and of stocking it, and the subsequent cost of maintenance, have stood in the way of these numerous schemes; so that none of them have been carried out.

True, there exist in different parts of this country several small preserves; but these are comparatively few in number and are almost worthless when extent, quantity and quality of game are considered. Thus they fail to meet the wants of the true sportsman.

A DENIZEN OF OUR FOREST.

The American Sportsmen's Game Preserve syndicate has acquired the territory, fully stocked, and has pushed the project of establishing a club hunting ground, almost to conclusion.

A territory of over 300 square miles, with all its native fauna and flora, has been acquired from the Canadian Government. Under the terms of acquirement, the syndicate has absolute control of the section, with all rights and privileges thereto, guaranteed by the Canadian Government and will, if necessary, be officially sustained by it.

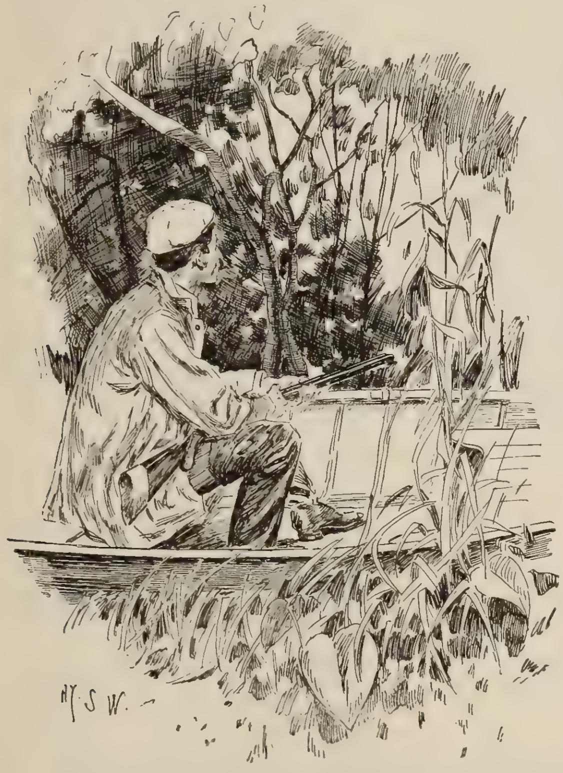
This wilderness is as wild as the most ardent lover of nature could desire. It has hardly, if at all, felt the axe, nor, until recently, heard the report of gun or rifle. Those who have gone through it claim that, without artificial stocking, and by properly restricting the shooting, game sufficient to last for years exists. Furthermore, it will, when properly protected, rapidly multiply and replace itself. As the Government has excellent game and fish laws in force, the club park could not have been better located. The tract is broken up into hills and level reaches of woods and waterways, with an abundance of food, natural to the moose, deer and other denizens of the forest.

ON THE DUMOINE.

Another natural advantage, and one that completes the list of desirable superiorities as a hunting ground, is its convenient location to populous centres, yet leaving it isolated to its purpose. This tract is only 24 hours from New York, and many other large cities of the States. It is within easy reach of the big centres of the Dominion and of the great lakes. It is reached by one of the most picturesque routes on the continent. It is in Pontiac county, Province of Quebec, several hours off the line of the Canadian Pacific railway. The daily mail of the most devoted business man can always be had and answered here as promptly, almost, as within his private office.

Starting from the Grand Central station, New York, the route lies by way of Ogdensburg, via the New York Central train, across the St. Lawrence to Prescott, thence by the Canadian Pacific to Ottawa, and West 180 miles. Here the door of this great hunting ground is reached. From here by canoe up the Dumoine river, 17 miles, and you are in the heart of this great game preserve, which stretches away to the West, in inviting and seductive freshness of natural vigor.

Accessible as is this great forest, there are no settlers along its borders; probably because the route of the Hudson Bay Company lies considerably to the East of it. Nor have carry trails and roads been made through it. To-day it exists a great island of wildness; but not hopeless wildness. Its surrounding waters are the Dumoine river on the East, a chain of something like 100 lakes on the North and North-west, 2 of which are said to be 10 miles long; the Ottawa river and a Dumoine branch along the Southwest and South. These rivers and lakes, and their feeders, abound with some 15 different kinds of gamy fish, among which are the black bass, gray, brook and lake trout, pickerel, salmon and white fish. So broad are all these water courses that fishing may be done with a fly in any of them.



OUR KIND OF SPORT.

Owing to its situation, the climate of this region is extremely mild, even during the latter part of the Fall hunting season. The atmosphere is healthful and invigorating. Several physicians, who spent September and October of '97 in the section, are enthusiastic in their commendations of its general salubrity.

Of large game there is plenty and variety. Among these are the moose, deer, and black bear. Of smaller game there are foxes, rabbits and such fur bearers as otter, mink, lynx, etc.

The lakes are the resting places of all migratory birds, being especially favored by the wild duck on its flight from the North. As early as August these birds begin to reach this section, where they linger and are reinforced by other flocks, enticed by the wild rice which grows along the borders of some of the smaller lakes, and fulls about the time of the first arrivals. These fowls remain until snow begins to fall, the last flocks not leaving until December. The swan, the wild goose, teal and widgeon, curlew and such epicurean game as the ruffed grouse, woodcock, snipe and plover afford busy shooting.

In the early spring, the management will erect, on the banks of the Dumoine, a large and commodious club house and will equip it with the many necessities requisite to such a home.

The 15 camps established by the management, last Fall, will be enchained by others along the boundaries and elsewhere, at intervals of 5 to 10 miles, and will be in charge of guides or keepers. These camps will be fitted to accommodate about 10 persons each, and will afford bases for supplies, camping outfits, canoes, guides and other requisites.

The custodian of the club house will be in charge of the entire tract and the men at the different stations, all of whom will act under his orders as game protectors, guides, etc.

A person going into the Dominion cannot hunt except as a guest or member of some club, or by a Government permit, which costs $40. This license is now practically worthless, as nearly all desirable hunting sections are now under lease.

The syndicate's rights to this section, however, are such that it shall have sole authority to say who shall and who shall not shoot within its borders, which right is granted by membership in the club, at a fee said to be about one dollar a day and which will include accommodations, canoes, camping outfits, etc.

While the headquarters of this association are at 333 West 32d Street, where their books are open for membership, other offices will be established in other large cities. The membership will be limited, in number and personelle.

C. N. Smilley, I. E. Booth and E. Tompkins are respectively the President, Secretary and Treasurer of the association.

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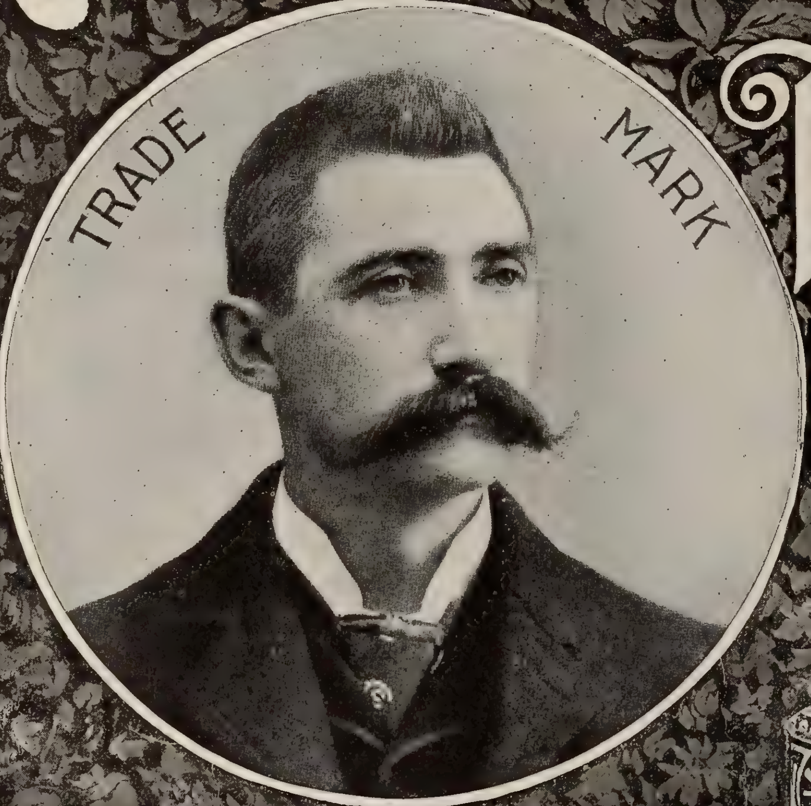

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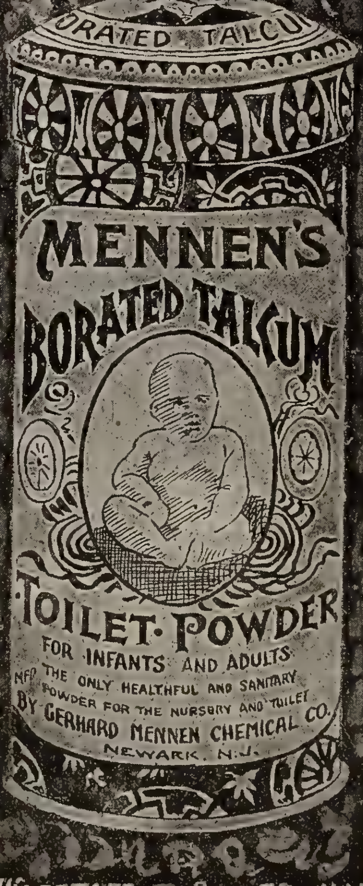
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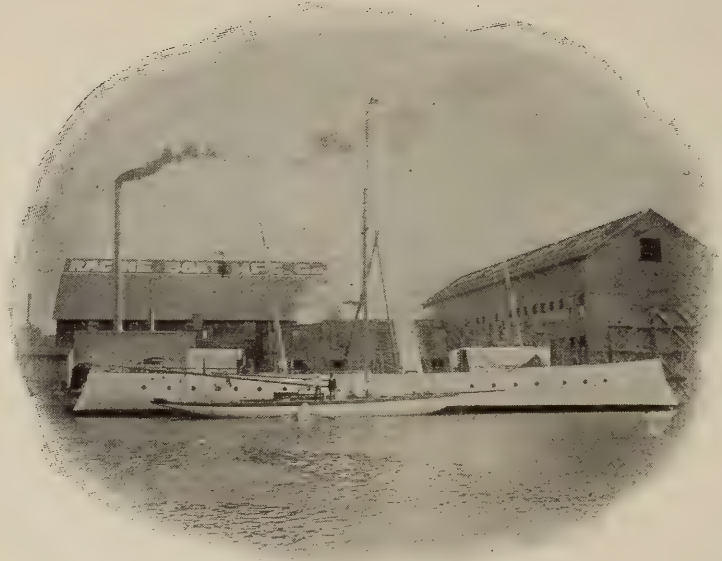

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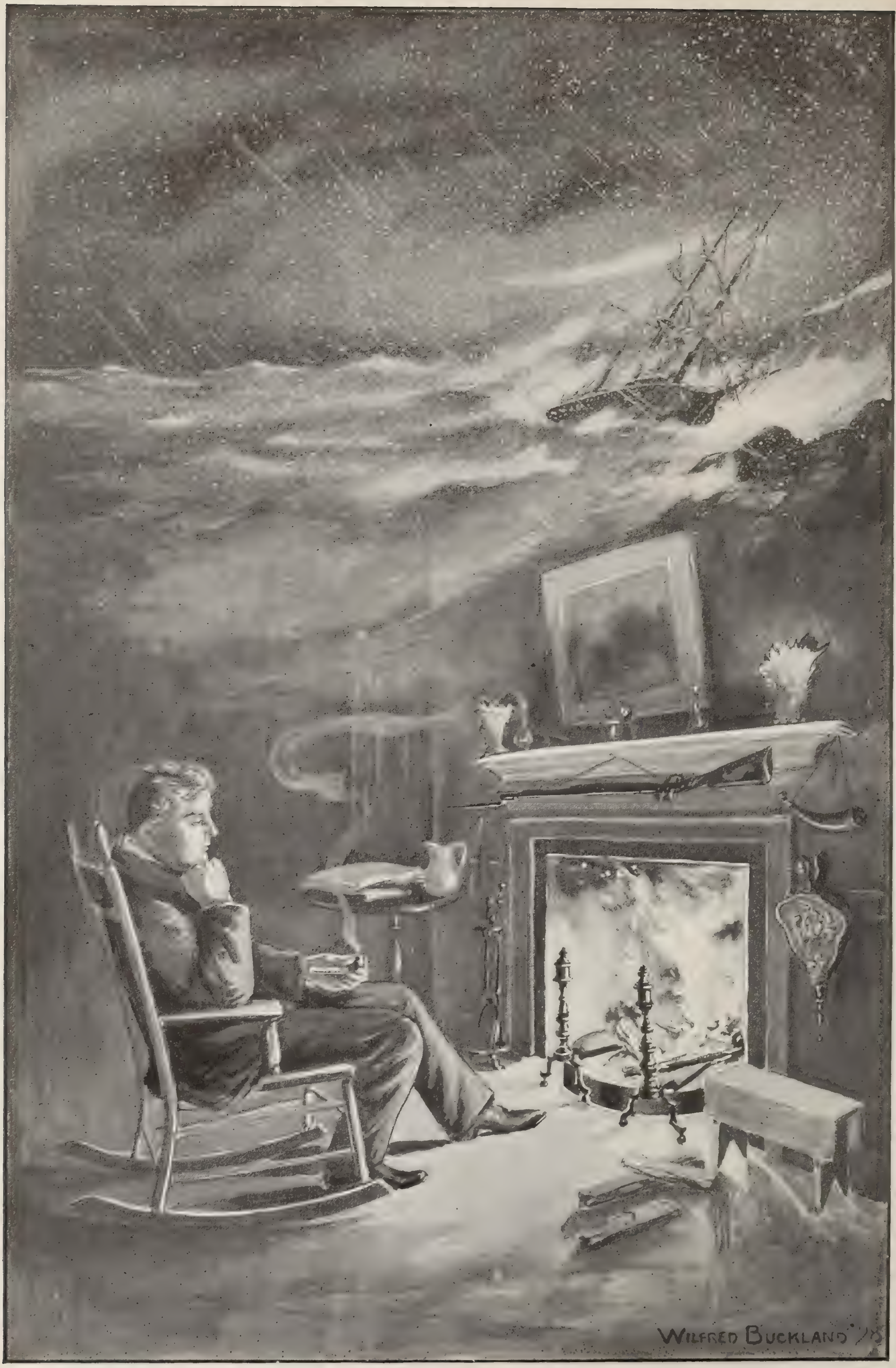

WILFRED BUCKLAND '98

"THE SHIP FORGED AHEAD BEFORE THE EVER-INCREASING GALE, INTO THE WASTE OF UNKNOWN WATERS."

RECREATION.

Volume VIII. APRIL, 1898. Number 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

DREAMS OVER A DRIFTWOOD FIRE.

CHARLES PRYER.

I am sitting in the old homestead by the sea, watching the driftwood on the firedogs. Jets of iridescent flame ascend from half-decomposed, copper-encrusted planks that once were parts of a noble ship, and soothe me into a tranquil day dream. The curtain of forgetfulness shrouds the reality of my surroundings. The blue flames turn into the azure of the ocean, and the white oak and hackmatack into a gallant ship with bulging canvas. The room and furniture disappear into the films of white smoke slowly rising, and I feel the ocean breezes fan my face. The crackling of the logs turns to the shouts of the mates as they send the crew aloft to make sail. Yard after yard is hoisted into place; sail after sail is loosened and sheeted home, until everything is drawing that can in any way contribute to the speed of the ship. I seem in this vessel, yet scarcely of it. I take no part in the stir and commotion, and yet all is as clear and as real to me as to the commander himself.

Without rousing myself from my day dream, I take up from the wood basket what was once apparently a part of the deck beam of a vessel, intending to throw it on the fire. My eyes catch a little carving on the under and polished side of the wood, and I see the inscription, "A. H. S. Ship 'Hρα 1787. Bunk No. 27," evidently carved by some old tar to while away an idle hour. I at once drop back into my dream. "If it were only the log!" But possibly it is better as it is, for I am not confined to prosaic facts. I can let imagination rule the voyage.

For some days we sailed in smooth and placid waters, fanned by favorable breezes. The gentle breathing of the ocean bore the picturesque ship of a former generation easily onward, and although the season was Winter the air was as balmy as in May. Scarcely a sail was shifted or even a brace touched, the wind remaining steady and from the same quarter for some time, during this eventful voyage.

I had no curiosity as to where we were going or whence we came, but one morning as I walked carelessly past the compass I saw we were steering a little South of West. I concluded we were from some port in England and bound for either New York, Boston or Philadelphia, probably the first.

Stranger than my indifference as to our course was the fact that no one seemed cognizant of my presence. Everyone went about his duties or pleasures, apparently without knowledge of my existence. I never seemed to eat or drink, nor to desire to do so.

The quaint sailors, in their last

century costumes, would relieve each other at regular intervals, and take their meals and their grog in the systematic way of sailors. I had no part in it, though I saw it all, as a matter of course, without surprise or question.

As we proceeded I noticed the temperature grew much lower. The air was no longer soft and balmy. The winds became irregular in force and variable in direction. The ship was not under the same sail for any great length of time. Sometimes she would be free under every stitch of canvas, even topsail and topgallant studdingsails; at others she would be braced up short, under courses and reefed topsails only. By these signs I came to the conclusion that we were well out of the Gulf Stream, and must be approaching the coast of America. My opinion was confirmed by finding it snowing when I came on deck one morning.

All that day there were snow squalls from the Northwest. The next day it was intensely cold, the mercury falling several degrees below freezing point. Spray froze in the rigging and on the deck until the ship looked like an iceberg. I knew from this that the coast must be near, but we saw no land.

On the third day the wind was Northeast and the snow fell steadily. The ship rolled heavily in a tremendous sea. Although she was almost before the wind she carried only reefed main and foretopsail and cap jib. I could see the sailors were anxious about approaching the coast in such weather, and a lookout was posted in the foretop. It was of little avail, however, for in that driving storm objects 2 ship lengths distant were invisible. As the day wore on the violence of the storm increased rather than diminished, and the sea rose proportionately. The ice on the decks and in the rigging was so thick that few if any of the blocks would render, and the ship was fast becoming unmanageable. Early in the afternoon the light began to fade, and soon after 4 o'clock it was quite dark. It would have been death to come in with the shore under such circumstances. The order was given to lay the ship to.

"Ease your helm, let go your weather braces and haul aft on your lee."

Slowly, in that awful sea, the ship began to round to, but not a yard moved. The blocks were so covered with ice that not one would render, even with the combined efforts of all hands at the braces.

As the ship came into the trough of the sea, the yards being still squared, the 3 reefed topsails began to flap violently in the fierce storm. A puff a little stronger than usual burst the main and mizzen topsails into ribbons and sent them scurrying off to leeward like a flock of sea gulls eager to reach the dismal stormbound coast before the ship. Relieved of all her after sail the vessel paid off again before the wind and ran on her former course.

The crew made another attempt to bring her to. The mizzen and main topsail yards were lowered on their caps and secured, the large halyard blocks having been kept more or less free from ice by the slight working of the heavy yards. The foretopsail yet remained, and to bring the ship to the wind with that sail drawing was simply impossible. To furl the frozen canvas was equally so. A number of men sprang into the rigging to cast away the foretopsail. Soon the sail, released from its holding, followed its fellows out of sight in the foam and snow to leeward. Relieved of her headsail the ship slowly began to mind her helm and to accelerate her motion. A main spencer of heavy canvas was set on her mainmast and she was at last head to the wind. She was then motionless, so far as passing through the water was concerned, but she was far from motionless as to pitching and rocking.

All through the dreary, dismal night we lay in this way. The snow fell and the wind howled without the slightest intermission. Morning brought no improvement. Of course it was somewhat lighter, but the thickly falling snow made a haze almost as impenetrable as night, and any object more than a length distant was invisible.

At 10 A.M. the main spencer burst and the ship began to pay off again in spite of all effort. One or 2 storm stay-sails were set, but no sooner did they feel the force of the wind than they, too, burst off, and the ship forged ahead, before the ever increasing gale, into the waste of unknown waters.

This continued without change until about 3 in the afternoon, when suddenly the lookout forward shouted:

"Land ho, dead ahead."

Scarcely a ship's length away a perpendicular mass of rock, nearly a hundred feet high, loomed up through the driving snow, but we had no time to contemplate this. Scarcely had the voice of the lookout died away when the ship struck with a fearful crash.

So hard was the blow that the man in the foretop was hurled far out on the cliff, with a portion of the spar to which he was clinging. The vessel herself was torn open almost to her foremast, and sank instantly with all on board. The man in the top was landed in the soft snow and practically unhurt, but the terrible blow received by the storm-tossed ship roused me from my dreams. In my struggles with the sailors I had kicked over my writing table, and the final crash was produced, so far as I was concerned, by a pitcher of ice water which had been standing on the table and which by the fall was thrown into my face. The old piece of board on which the name of the ship was carved had slipped from my hands, the fire was low and smoking, the romance was over.

A few days later I showed the bit of board to an old man of these parts who said,

"I remember hearing my father talk of that wreck. It happened when he was a boy. But one man was ever heard from. He was thrown from the rigging just as the ship struck."

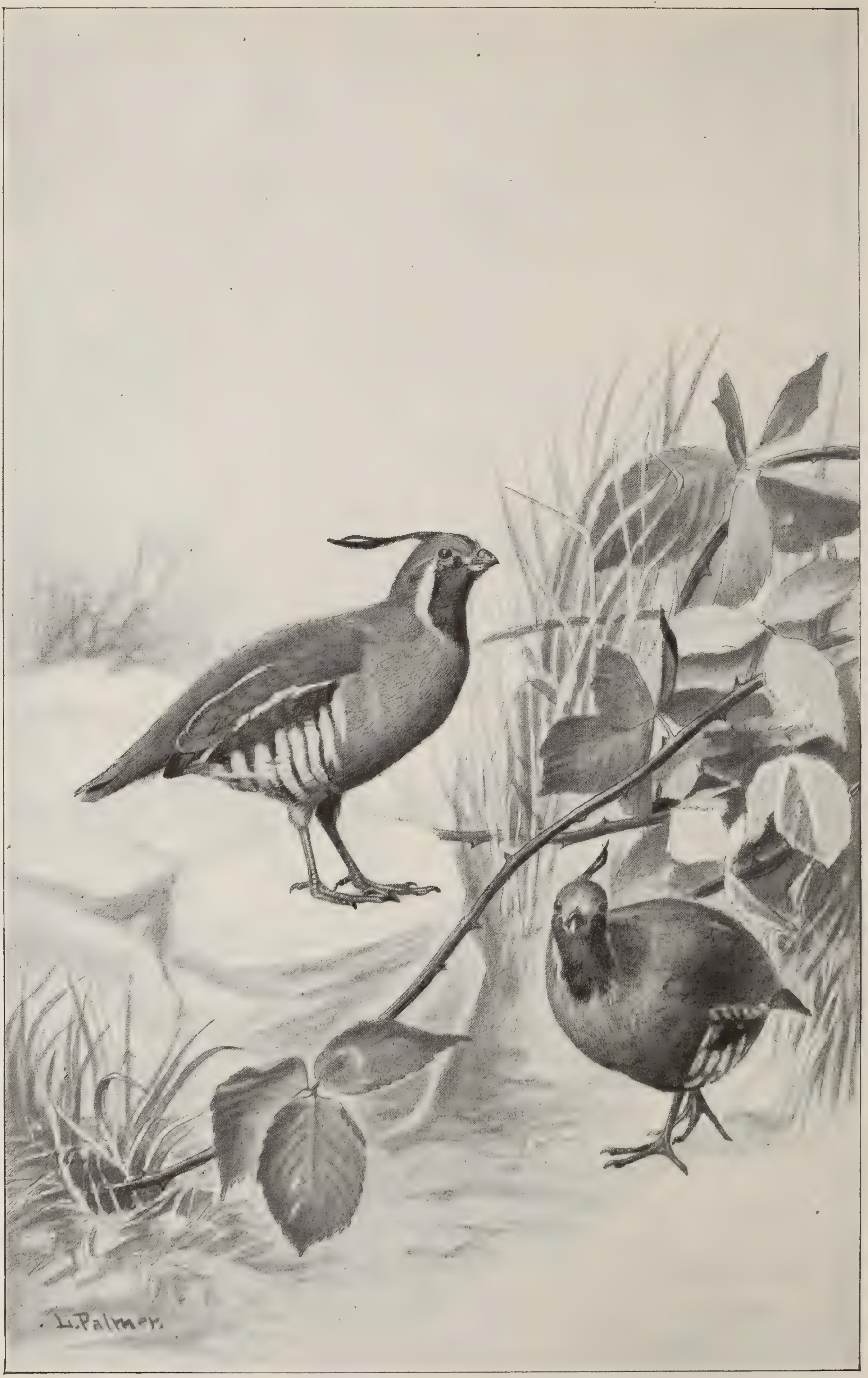
Why tell the tale again? He repeated my dream almost as I had appeared to see it. I leave it for those who can explain.

FROZEN OUT.

"Jack broke his engagement with that Boston girl and went to the Klondike."

"What for?"

"He said he wanted to get warm."



CALIFORNIA PLUMED QUAIL.

THREE GREAT APES.

I.

THE GORILLA.

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

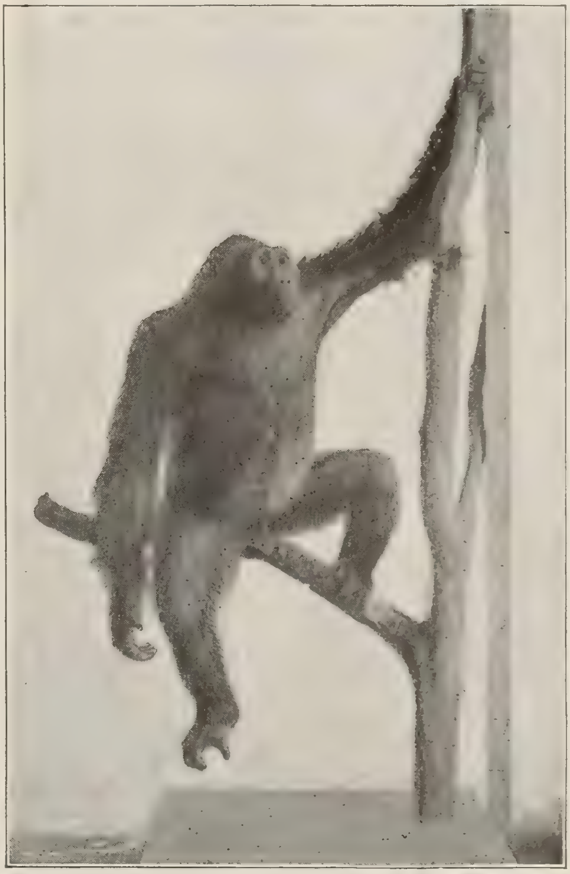
Most zoologists throw all races of men, apes, baboons, monkeys and lemurs into a single order of the mammalia, and call them Primates. Like thousands of other matters in classification, it is merely a question of individual preference, concerning which life is too short and too busy to dispute. One thing, however, is certain: The fence that marks the boundary between man and the higher apes is neither so high nor so strong as that between the apes and the baboons.

What I mean by this is that, excepting spoken language, the brightest of the apes are almost as intelligent, and quite as handsome, as the lowest races of men. The respective languages of the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Fuegians of Terra del Fuego, and the native Australians, each contain hardly more than 200 words. The Veddahs do not comprehend the meaning of "day-after-to-morrow," and cannot count beyond ten. Sally, the famous "bald chimpanzee" of the London Zoo, could count up to five, just as accurately as any person living. Joe, the wonderful orang utan owned by the Edwards Brothers, understands, with perfect clearness, the meaning of the words involved in about 50 different commands.

It is a great pity that the three highest apes—gorilla, chimpanzee, and orang utan—are not sufficiently robust and long-lived in the temperate zone that they can be seen alive and studied by everybody. In spite of all that can be printed concerning them, interest in them never flags for a moment. It is because they are "so much like folks!" In a zoological garden, and with the best of care, a chimpanzee will sometimes live 6 years, or even 8; but that is about the limit. The more cheerful disposition and lively habits of the chimpanzee enables him to outlive the more lymphatic orang utan, and the sullen and morose gorilla.

During the last two years I have been greatly interested in the work of two ape-fanciers, the Edwards Brothers, who for several years have wholly devoted themselves to the care, training and exhibition of anthropoid apes. They began on the Pacific Coast, with "Joe," the educated orang utan, whose fame has now traversed the width of the continent, and quite surpasses that of Crowley, the chimpanzee who once held court in the New York Menagerie.

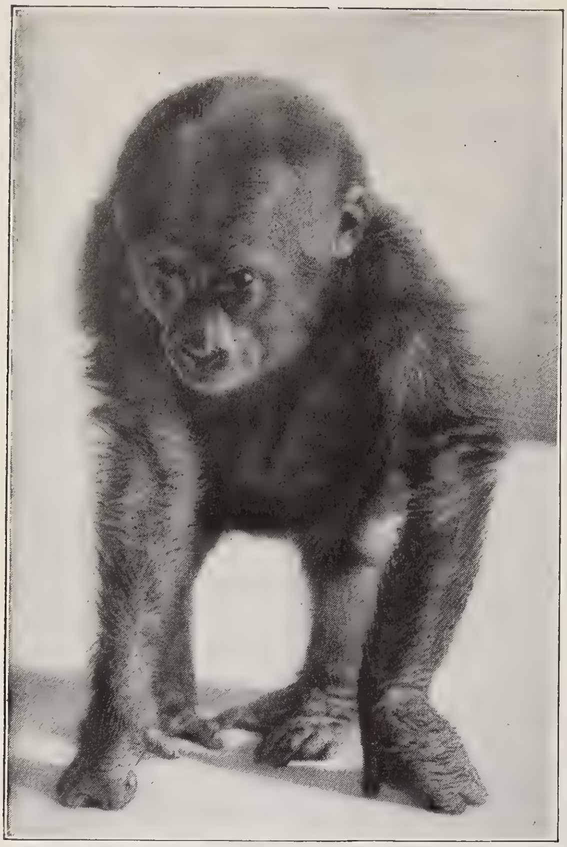
Until the advent of Joe, the superiority of the intelligence of the chimpanzee was accepted as a fact not to be disputed. Because of the more man-like proportions of its arms and legs, hands and feet, the gorilla is accorded the place in nature next to man himself. In spite of this, however, it happens to be true that the brain of the chimpanzee resembles that of man far more closely than does the brain of the gorilla; and in native intelligence and teachability—if I may coin the word—the chimpanzee and orang utan both are far in advance of the low-browed and brutal gorilla.



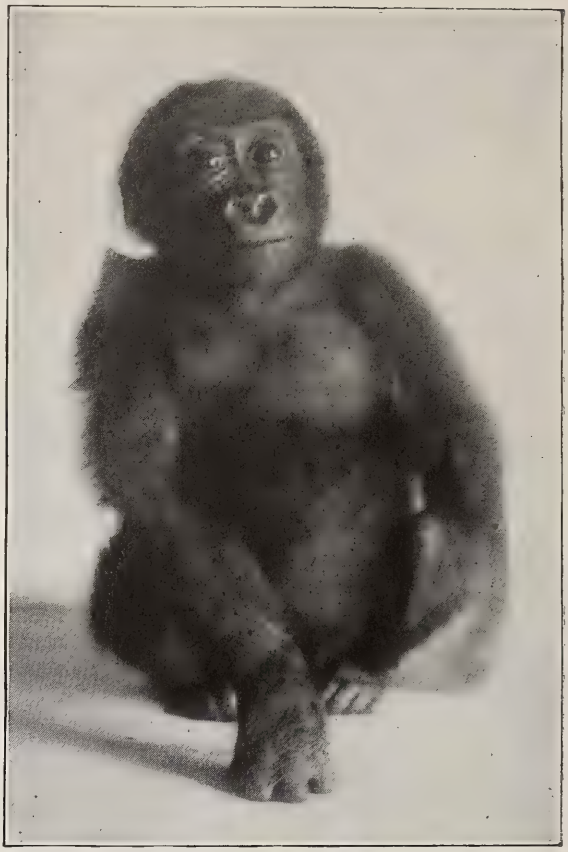
GORILLA.

Now at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Harvard University.

In captivity, the gorilla has ever been so sullen, morose and intractable that no specimen ever taken has lived longer than a few months; and so far as I can learn, only three have ever reached Europe alive. Until the spring of 1897, not a specimen had been landed in America. Many a



GORILLA; IMPORTED BY EDWARDS BROS.



GORILLA; IMPORTED BY EDWARDS BROS.

showman has picked out a particularly large and ugly old baboon—with a tail 18 inches long—put him in a cage by himself, and labeled him conspicuously, "Gorilla, or Lion Slayer."

But every showman knows better than to do so; and whenever any person attempts to pass upon you a gorilla *with a tail*, tell him it is counterfeit, and make him take it back!

Early last year, one of the Edwards Brothers went to England in quest of talent for their galaxy of anthropoid stars. At Liverpool, he found in the possession of Mr. Cross, a dealer in live animals, a genuine baby gorilla, which had just arrived from the Gaboon country, equatorial West Africa. The price of the little creature was $500, but Mr. Edwards paid it, and on May 2 landed in Boston with the first and only living gorilla ever seen in America, up to this time. It was 20 inches in height, 15½ pounds in weight, and its portrait is reproduced herewith.

The sailor who procured it informed Mr. Edwards that its capture was due to an accident by which a tree fell on its mother and killed her. I strongly suspect the mother and her babe were chased by the natives into a tree from which she could not escape, and which was chopped down by her pursuers, just as happens in Borneo in the capture of many a baby orang utan.

When first captured, the little gorilla was fed on plantains and boiled rice, but its civilized owners taught it to take milk, dry bread, apples, oranges, figs, bananas, and other things that children like. Although it was a hearty eater, an energetic fighter, and apparently anxious to live to a ripe old age, its span of life proved all too brief. For such a delicate and sensitive animal, its voyage across the Atlantic was made a little too early in the year. On the way over, it contracted a severe cold, which resulted in its death only five days after its arrival in Boston. But we are not wholly bereft. Its untimely death was an opportunity long awaited by Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, whose special studies are of the brain. To him the mortal remains of little *Troglodytes gorilla* were promptly consigned for permanent preservation in the University museum, and of them we will undoubtedly hear much more anon.

Of the two gorillas that have been exhibited in the London Zoo, I had the pleasure of seeing one, in the summer of '96. This was a female, about half grown. She hated visitors, and nearly all day long kept herself completely covered with the heavy gray blanket with which she was provided. In order to see her, I was obliged to appeal to her keeper, Mr. Mansbridge, a very intelligent and obliging man, who has charge of the most valuable collection of apes in all

Europe. He procured an apple, approached the bars, and said, in a most friendly tone, "Here, old lady! Come and get this apple! Come on, now!"

Instantly the blanket began to heave, it was thrown off, and up rose my lady of the tree-tops. Slowly and majestically she marched down to the bars, waddling on unsteady legs, and reaching out for things by which to steady herself, like a fat man in a moving street car. Her hair was the color of soot, and her skin looked as if she had been carefully blacked all over with stove blacking. If she had not been well fed, she should have brought a libel suit against her stomach; for it looked as if she had just swallowed a Hubbard squash.

Her face was ugly, but very interesting, especially when brought into direct comparison with those of the gorilla's nearest allies—the chimpanzee and orang utan. The chimpanzee has enormous ears; the orang utan has ears that are entirely too small, and both are without elevated noses. The ears of the gorilla, and the size of his eyes, most nearly approach those of man, and the end of his nose is almost as high as that of some of the savages of Africa. In fact, his nose is decidedly suggestive of the nose that obtains in Ethiopia, quite capable of being improved in shape by a pinch at the end.

When Du Chaillu returned to the United States, with the first and the finest gorilla skins and skeletons ever made, and offered his entire collection for $5,000, his statements regarding the gorilla were doubted, and his offer was flouted. Disgusted by his reception, he left the United States, and Europe secured his matchless collection.

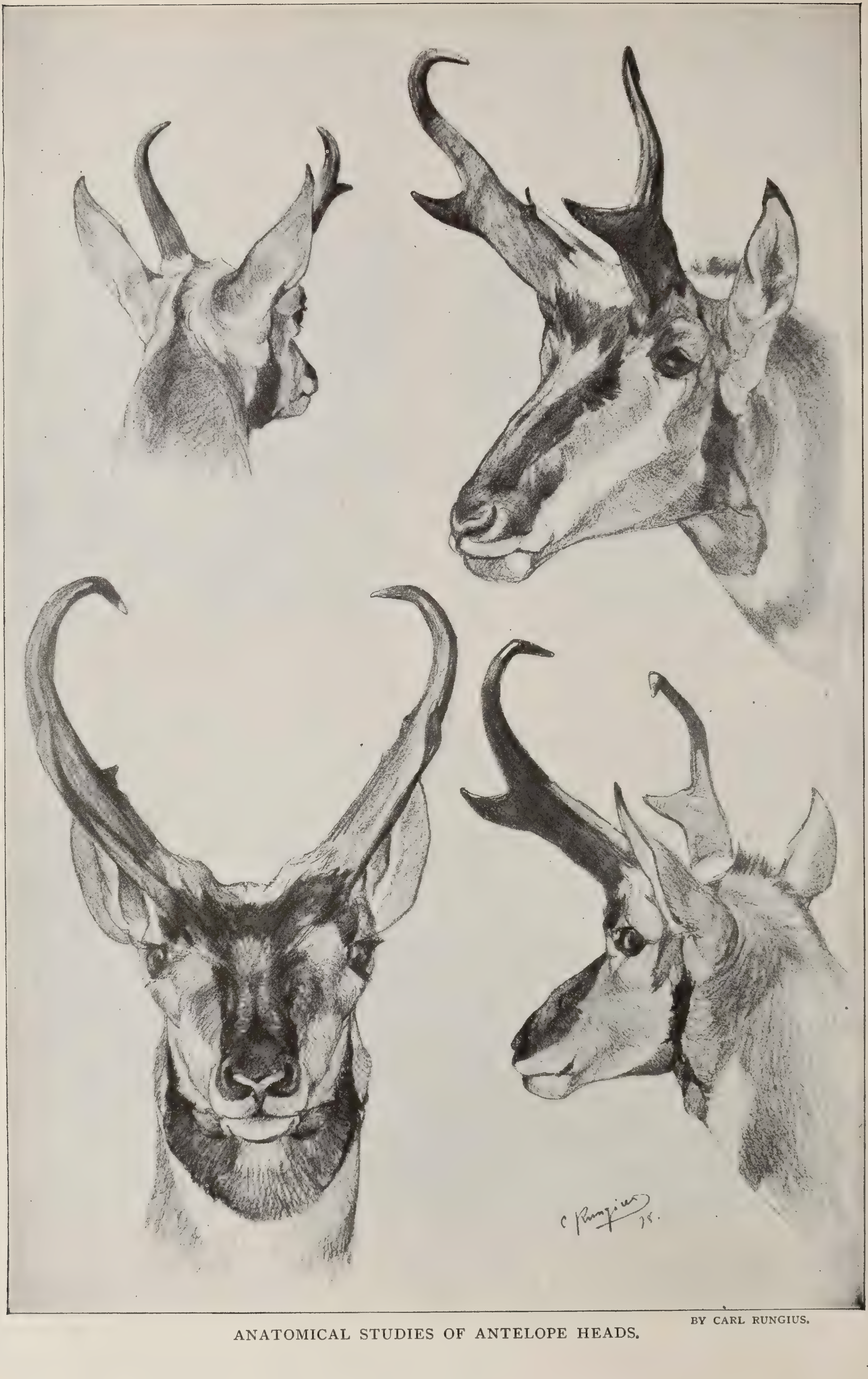
For my part, I have always considered Mr. Du Chaillu an ill-used man. I remember that his statement regarding the gorilla's habit of beating his own breast when angry, has ever been for the doubting Thomases a particularly shining mark. Judge then of my interest in one thing which Mr. Mansbridge told me of the temper and habits of the gorilla in the London Zoo. Said he, "She dislikes the crowd of visitors very much. She often gets quite angry at them, and beats her breast with her fists—quite hard."

"Does she really beat her breast?"

"Oh, yes, indeed she does; sometimes a dozen times a day."

Could I have reached any of Du Chaillu's detractors over the telephone, at that moment, I would have said, with great unction: *He told you so!*

A SCENE IN THE PECOS VALLEY.


C Rungius 95.

BY CARL RUNGIUS.

ANATOMICAL STUDIES OF ANTELOPE HEADS.

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

Was there ever a boy who had not an instinctive longing to go hunting? Who has not felt the intense enjoyment in all the circumstances of the pursuit, aside from the fact of gratifying a deeply rooted instinct? The life in the open air, the exhilarating exercise, the matching of one's own skill, pluck and endurance with those of the animal, all are fascinating beyond expression.

On the other hand all thoughtful boys must realize that hunting is always more or less cruel and unnecessary. It also gives full rein to the brute part of our nature, and usually ends by turning a harmless and exquisitely beautiful creature into a useless, filthy, lump of carrion.

But science has provided us with a new kind of hunting which offers all the fascination, the exercise, and the open air surroundings, the competition, and the triumph of the chase, with a superb trophy to show, and yet without any of the attendant cruelties.

It is hunting with the camera, and it has become a leading pursuit among those who 50 years ago would have been mere butchers of wild creatures. And many of the trophies of their hunts are among the most precious treasures of the camera and are full of scientific and pictorial value.

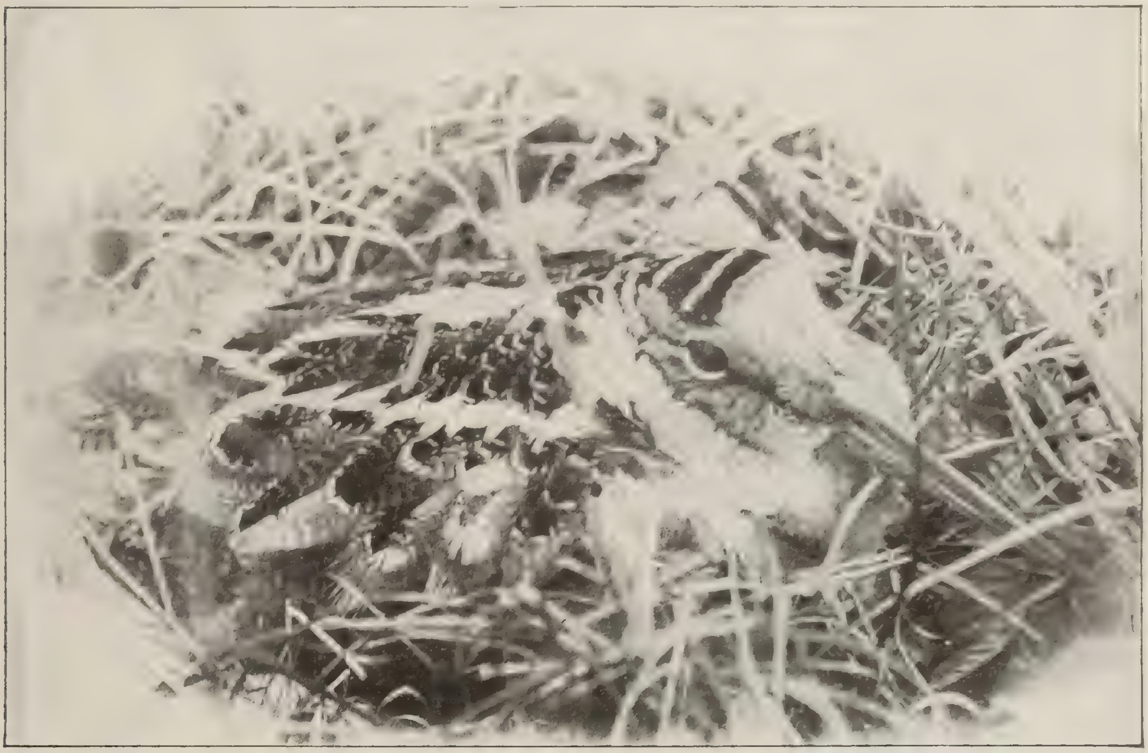


PHOTO BY J. H. NEALEY.

MRS. WOODCOCK AT HOME.

Think of the many advantages in this kind of hunting, in addition to those already cited. It is not expensive. There is no close season. You do not extirpate your game. There is room for all. You do not make enemies, but rather friends, of those whose lands you trespass on. You are sure of a measure of triumph. It may be indulged in anywhere; even the city man will find that the cats and sparrows on the roofs will afford excellent sport when he has not the time to go farther afield. And lastly the hunter knows he is doing good work for art and for science and may some day secure a negative that will actually make him famous.

Not long ago, an enthusiastic camera-shot found a woodcock sitting on its nest in the swamp. After much patient contrivance he secured a most successful photograph of the devoted mother. It is today framed, in his study, and copies have been given to his most intimate friends. Whenever he looks at it he enjoys it as a photograph and as a souvenir of an experience of unalloyed pleasure—the trophy of his most exciting hunt. And it will be so to the end of his days, while the photograph will give pleasure to those who see it, as long as it exists.

A month later a gunner came that way, flushed and shot the poor woodcock. It was at short range and the victim was so mangled that he did not even take it home for food.

The momentary thrill of triumphant marksmanship was all he bought at the cost of so much cruelty and destruction.

It is hardly necessary to point the moral of these 2 incidents. They give a fair picture of each pursuit set side by side; their costs and rewards. Which pays best?

Worcester, Mass.

For 2 years the readers of RECREATION have been treated to a discussion as to who owned the largest buffalo head. While some of the heads you have illustrated have been fine specimens, the owners seem to ignore the fact that there are other features which constitute a fine specimen, besides an abnormal size. There may be finer heads than the one I own, but I send you a photo of it, and your readers can judge of its merits.

BUFFALO HEAD OWNED BY MR. S. FOREHAND, OF THE FOREHAND ARMS CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

This is said to have been the last buffalo killed in Dakota. He was found October 12, 1888, in the big Coteau hills, near Ellendale, and several hunting parties started in pursuit of him. After chasing him all day he was finally brought to bay and killed near Oakes, 30 miles from where he was first started, by B. F. Roodle, Sam Cosel an H. H. Kenkell. He was a magnificent specimen, and is said to have weighed 1,900 pounds.

S. Forehand.

New Whatcom, Wash.

I enclose a photograph, of a Enoch Rollins, of this city. This "mighty hunter" slaughtered 34 ducks, at 3 pot shots, and the town has ever since been kept advised of his butchery by seeing his photographs posted in many conspicuous places. I happened into our leading gun store, a few days ago, where I saw a copy of this photo in the show case, and had no trouble in getting it to send to RECREATION. I trust you will add this specimen to your corral of game hogs.

E. H. D.

A FAIR SAMPLE OF GAME HOG.

MY ADIRONDACK LODGE.

L. C. WHITON.

Far from the city's strife,
  Here I rejoice,
Hushed by the wildwood life,
  Lulled by its voice.

Mine's not the merriment
  Of gay resorts;
Not heart and soul intent,
  In social sports.

But this my forest home
  Is my delight,
Its roof is heaven's dome,
  Boundless in height.

When daylight gives its cheer,
  Pass I the hours,
Watching for antler'd deer,
  'Neath wooded bowers.

Then at the twilight hour,
  At babbling brooks,
Testing the angler's power,
  With feathered hooks.

And, when the day is done,
  Then free from care,
Kissed by the setting sun,
  To God the prayer.

Give me my wildwood home,
  Release from care,
Far from man's haunts to roam,
  Free as the air.

GUESS WHAT IT IS AND YOU MAY HAVE IT.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. C. BARTLETT.

SOLVING THE WOLF QUESTION.

GOATS AND ROCKS.

DR. ARTHUR A. LAW.

In September, 1895, I joined a hunting party bound for the Bitter Root mountains. There were 4 of us; Mr. O. D. Wheeler, Mr. W. H. Wright of Missoula, as guide, Mr. Havelin, as cook, and I.

Leaving Missoula we pushed on 15 miles beyond the terminus of the Bitter Root valley railroad, Southward, to Wood's ranch. Here we completed our outfitting and started with pack train, by way of Lost Horse canyon, for Moose creek, across the Idaho line. The creek is one of the tributaries of the Clearwater river.

In 2 days' time we had crossed the divide, and were camped in a beautiful clearing on Moose creek. On Saturday, the 28th, I awoke at 6 a.m. to find it bitterly cold.

After breakfast, Wright announced that the sport for the day, would be goat stalking. Wheeler, being somewhat under the weather, decided to remain in camp; so Wright and I started for Moose canyon.

I carried an '86 model, 40-82-260 Winchester repeater, and Wright, a 45-70 Winchester single shot. We struck across the clearing; skirting the creek until, at the edge of the woods, we crossed it on a fallen tree.

On we went, through the wet bottoms where moose and elk tracks had cut deep in the mud. We reached the first ascent of the mountains, and made our way over windfalls and rocks and through thick alder brush. Then over a hog-back, and down into Moose canyon, which ran into our camp canyon almost at a right angle. Up Moose canyon we went, through the timber on the mountain side, over horribly rough ground and through the interminable alder brush.

Here we found game signs in plenty. Great moose and elk tracks criss-crossed in every direction the smaller, more dainty foot prints of deer. Here and there we saw old bear sign.

We struck the trail of a big bull moose, apparently made that morning and pointing up the canyon. We followed it as best we could, over rocks and logs, through the brush and in the open; and in high brush grass we found beds where the beasts had lain. Finally, we lost the trail in a wilderness of alder brush; the growth was so thick we could not see 30 feet ahead of us and it was useless to hunt there. We went down and across Moose creek, and then up the canyon; hoping to jump a black tail deer or an elk.

The canyon turned slightly to the right until it ran parallel to our own, separated from it by a mighty and forbidding range. Moose creek grew smaller and noisier as we got higher, until it became but a tiny stream trickling over the rocks.

We found Moose canyon a blind one, ending in a pocket surrounded by jagged, rocky ridges. Up the end of it we went, until we got above the timber line; here we followed what seemed to be a game trail to the summit, and reached it, at last, out of breath but happy.

We worked along the ridge, over rough rock, for about a mile, moving back in the direction from whence we came.

Coming to what looked like an ideal goat country, we descended some distance and reached a spot that repaid us for all our toil. There were narrow benches, carpeted with a luxuriant growth of green, and studded with tiny springs of ice cold water. The benches afforded good footing, which was a relief after our arduous climb. Great masses of granite were grouped in picturesque profusion all about; some of the blocks symmetrical, others rent into fantastic shapes. Here we saw old and fresh goat signs in plenty, proving that we were in a splendid goat country.

While working our way over a strip of slide rock, a block of stone tilted under me and I went down. My Winchester flew from my hand, falling muzzle down upon the rock, then exploding and bounding into the air, and finally bringing up in a crevice.

Happily the force of explosion spent itself on the granite beside me; doing no damage aside from blowing particles of powder, mud and snow into my face, and scaring Wright out of a year's growth with the belief that I was shot. We went ahead, thankful it was no worse, and determined not to leave a cartridge in the chamber in future. This resolution nearly proved my Waterloo.

At a little pool, we saw tracks that were very fresh, and so large that they looked like those of an elk calf. Wright said, they were the tracks of an enormous old goat.

We went on again, talking and laughing, for perhaps 100 yards. Glancing up, I saw a goat rise slowly to his feet. He had been on a shelf not 50 yards away, lying down for an afternoon's siesta when our noise disturbed him.

He lurched up in an awkward way, looking as big as a buffalo, with great shaggy mane, big black horns and long, venerable beard.

"Look!" I yelled, and threw up my rifle. Snap went the hammer, but no explosion followed; and I remembered, with a feeling of dismay, that I had left the chamber empty.

Wright, hearing my gun snap, and seeing

"A NOBLE OLD FELLOW HE WAS, WITH MAGNIFICENT HEAD AND HORNS."

that the old patriarch was going over the rocks at a rapid rate, fired, and caught him just over the shoulder, knocking him down.

The goat regained his feet, and started to run. I threw another shell in my rifle and blazed away at him. In my hurry I shot over. Again I tried, ripping the fur from his mane, just as he went behind some rocks which hid all but his hump. I cracked at this, and caught him across the neck, throwing wool 20 feet in the air.

Still he went on and out of sight into a little draw that led down to our ledge, and we ran around the point of rocks to meet him. There in the tiny canyon, not 30 feet away, stood the old goat, his black eye blazing, his mane awry, and his venerable beard trembling with pain and rage.

Wright yelled, "Take him under the chin." I fired, and the goat dropped dead in his tracks.

A noble old fellow he was, with a magnificent head and horns.

We left him where he fell, intending to go back the next day and photograph him.

We were far above the timber line, the snow lying in patches everywhere about us; but between us and our camp was the still higher summit of the range. Through the snow, and along the brink of a precipice, we clambered to the top. The descent was horribly steep; we could not go directly down, but quartered back and forth over the slide rock. We reached the trail, and level footing, and at last arrived at camp, tired, but exultant.

"Do you think finding a horse-shoe brings good luck?"

"Not much; I found one not long ago. That night I threw it out the window, at a cat, and hit a policeman."

A NORTH CAROLINA QUAIL HUNT.

H. B. H.

A friend living in North Carolina recently gave me a kind invitation to visit him, and shoot quails. With 2 days' leave of absence, I took my Baker hammerless and boarded the train for Battleboro, N. C. There I was met by my friend, Mr. A. J. Hobgood, and his 2 boys. The eldest, Wilson, 14 years of age, was to accompany me on my rambles. After breakfast we started off, and just outside the town both dogs began making game. Ben, the red Irish setter, going in one direction and Jack, the young pointer, in another. I followed the old dog, but on looking back saw Jack pointing. We hurried to him, but when within 30 yards of him, the birds flushed. I killed with first and missed with second. We marked one down, which Wilson grassed nicely. On going about 100 yards in the direction we thought the birds had flown, both dogs pointed, and instead of a single, a covey arose. I killed with first and missed with second. Wilson knocked his bird down, but we could not find it. The rest flew into a thicket and we left them. Soon Ben hit a scent and followed it some distance, pointing repeatedly, he then went back and out of our sight, and in a few minutes flushed the covey. We marked them down. As they arose, Wilson got one with each barrel and I missed 2. Before we finished getting them up, the dogs ran into another covey, 50 or 100 yards from us. We marked them down scattered all around. Dash pointed, up the bird went and I tumbled him over. Wilson shot the next and crippled it badly, I fired at it, and we saw it come down. Thinking it so badly crippled that he could catch it, Wilson tried to pick it up; however, it arose and I killed it. Going back to the scattered birds, we got up only one more, which I killed.

We proceeded some distance, to a wheat stubble field; sure of finding a covey there. Ben went out about 50 yards in this stubble and pointed. With a whirr the birds arose. I killed with first. Wilson also killed one. We did not follow them, as they went into a thicket. Ben struck another covey of 15 or 18 birds, and we got 3 on the rise. We thought we had them marked down in a clump of bushes, but could start only one, which Wilson missed and I killed. A little farther on a covey flushed wild, and flew back down a ditch, out of sight. Thinking probably they had gone over a knoll, we went that way. One got up, flew over my head and I scored a clean miss. Over the knoll on the edge of some bushes, both dogs pointed. I looked ahead, saw the covey on the ground, and a beautiful sight it was. Up they went. Two fell to my first, but one recovered sufficiently to rise again, when I got him with the remaining barrel. Wilson also bagged his bird. Seeing where they had been scratching, we knew they were not the covey we had started a few minutes before; so we went to where the ditch joined the woods, and there they were. Wilson missed, then tumbled one over, which, with a broken wing, ran in thick briars, where we could not find it. Dash pointed, and a bird rose. I fired and killed it. Dash pointed again, and we both fired simultaneously. Over the bird went, in the thick briars, and no amount of hunting would find it. We then turned our steps homeward, not having been over a mile from the station, at any time.

When nearly in the town limits, we started another covey. I missed with both barrels, and Wilson with one.

After eating dinner and resting awhile, I suggested we get a few more shots before nightfall. Going a short distance, someone flushed a covey which alighted near us. We walked into it. I killed with first and missed with second, but Wilson stopped him for me. It was now getting dark and we started home. When crossing a pea-patch a single got up and I grassed it before Wilson could spring his gun.

Arriving at the house we counted our birds, and shells brought back. I had shot 24 times and had 14 birds. Wilson 15 times and had 6 birds, with 2 more that we could not find.

During the day we started 9 coveys. There are plenty of birds there, and they are hunted but little.

ANDREE'S BAD EXAMPLE.

"What skinned Dickie's nose and chin so dreadfully?"

"Well he tied himself to a lot of toy balloons and jumped off the back porch."

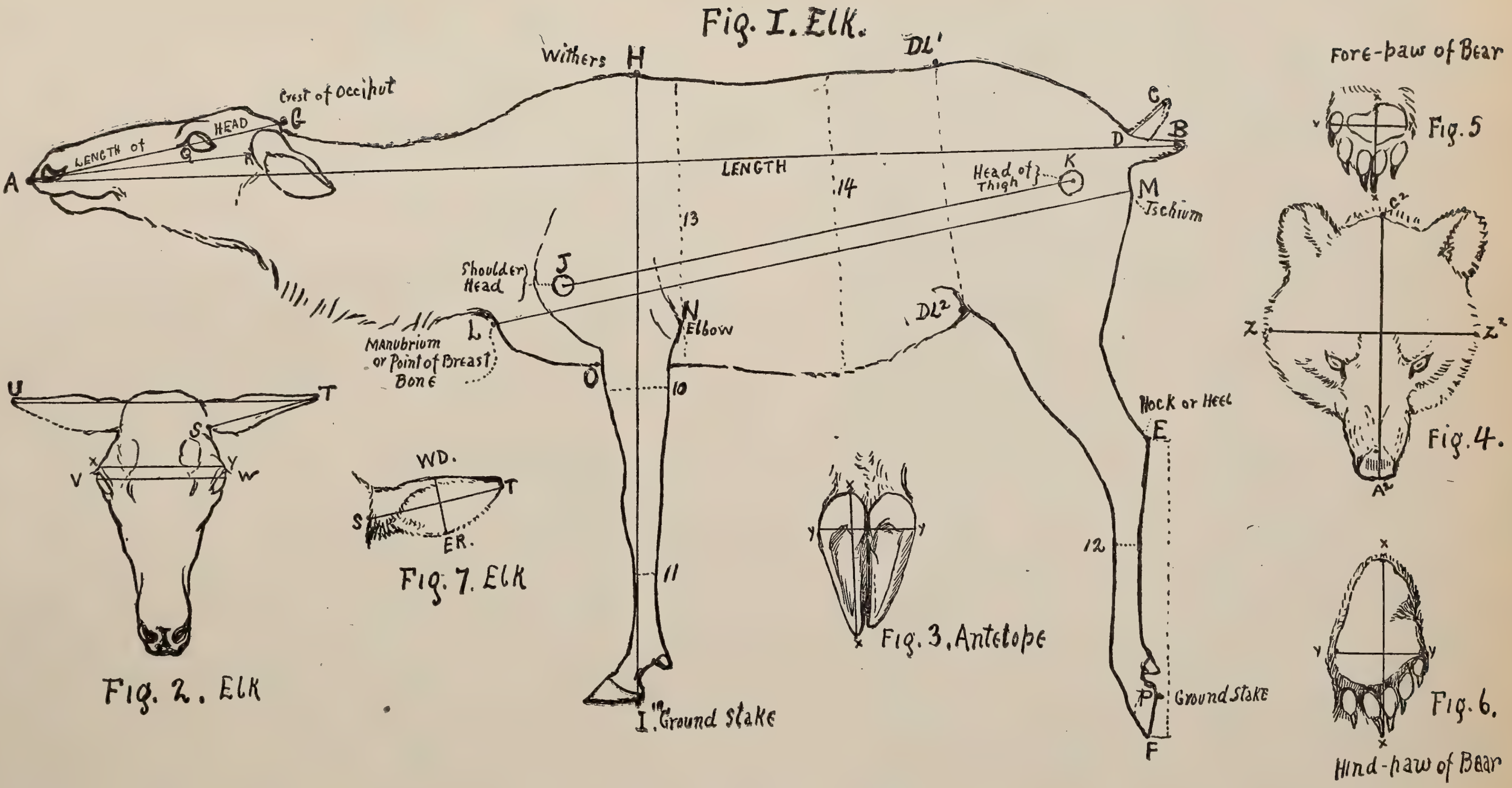


Fig. I. Elk.
Withers
H
DL'
Crest of Occiput
G
HEAD
LENGTH of
A
Q
R
LENGTH
14
13
C
B
D
Head of Thigh
K
M
Ischium
Shoulder Head
J
N
Elbow
DL²
L
Manubrium or Point of Breast Bone
O
10
11
I
Ground stake
Hock or Heel
E
12
P
Ground stake
F
U
T
S
X
Y
V
W
Fig. 2. Elk
WD.
T
S
ER.
Fig. 7. Elk
X
Y
Y
X
Fig. 3. Antelope
Fore-paw of Bear
X
Y
Fig. 5
C²
Z
Z²
A²
Fig. 4.
X
Y
Y
X
Fig. 6.
Hind-paw of Bear

HOW TO MEASURE AN ANIMAL.

HOW TO MEASURE AN ANIMAL.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

Although a complete series of observations, on the Big Game of our country, is urgently needed and continually demanded by the taxidermist, the painter, the sculptor, and the scientist, as well as the sportsman, it is a remarkable fact that no such thing exists. Even such common species as the Virginian, or White-tailed Deer have escaped full and careful observation.

The readers of RECREATION have unusual opportunities to gather the necessary information, and for their guidance the following scheme of measurements is presented.

At the outset, it cannot be too emphatically laid down that guesses, estimates, etc. are not wanted, and that extraordinary measurements can scarcely be accepted without extraordinary proof. A series of measurements is all the better if attested by 2 or more witnesses.

All measurements should be in a straight line, excepting where otherwise stated. Calipers are best, but a 2-foot rule and a tape are more likely to be handy and can be made to answer. Here is a general formula for measuring mammals:

Name of animal......................
Sex ....
Age ....
Condition ....
Where killed ....
Date ....
Who measured it ....
Witnesses ....
Live weight (on reliable scales, or not at all) ....
Dressed or gutted weight (ditto)......

1. Length.—Lay the animal flat, stick in a straight, sharp peg, at right angles to the ground, at the point of the nose, A. Then pull the nose, the back and the tail out, as nearly as possible in a straight line, and put another peg where the bone of the tail ends, B. Measure in a straight line between these points. This is the length of the animal. AB, Fig. 1.

2. Tail.—Turn the tail straight, at right angles to the back, along a rule or stick held firmly down on the upper side, and mark where the bone ends. Note that as "length of tail," CD.

3. Hind Foot.—Measured in a straight line from the top of the hock, or heel, E, to the point of the longest hoof (or claw), F. This is the length of the hind foot.

4. Length of the Head.—This is best measured with calipers, but it can be done with the pegs. Peg A is still in place. Put another, G, at the back point of the skull, that is just on a line with the back of the ears. This point is called the hind-head point or occipital tuberosity. See also Fig. 4, A2 G2.

5. Height at Shoulders.—Put in a peg, H, tight against the withers. Put the foreleg at right angles to the axis of the body and push it up toward the spine, so as to get it as nearly as possible in the ordinary position of standing, in life. Put a peg, I, at the heel—i.e. the ground line. The distance between the pegs is the height.

6. Length from Shoulder Head to Thigh Head.—Measure as nearly as possible from the middle of the head of the shoulder bone, J, to the middle of the head of the thigh bone, K, where it joins to the hip bone. Make sure, by working it, that you get the thigh bone.

7. Length of Body.—Put a peg in the ground, tight against the manubrium or front point of the breast bone, L; another against the ischium, or bone that is felt on each side below the tail, M. The distance between is length of body.

8. From the breast between the forelegs to the ground stake, I.

These are the important measurements, but the following are also desirable:

From elbow N, to ground stake, I....
From wither stake H, to breast stake, O
From hock E, to ground stake at hind foot, P ....
Girth of chest, behind forelegs (snug), 13, Fig. 1 ....
Girth of belly, at biggest place (snug), 14, Fig. 1 ....
From point of snout to nearest edge of eyeball, AQ, Fig. 1.................
From point of snout to front edge of base of ear, AR, Fig. 1.............
Greatest length of eyeball.............
Length of ear, ST Fig. 2 and ST Fig. 7
Greatest width of ear, Fig. 7, WD, ER.
Width across ears, from tip to tip, TU Fig. 2 ....
Greatest width of the head, XY Fig. 2
In bears, wolves, etc., this will be below and behind the eye, Fig. 4, ZZ2.
Width between the outside of each eyeball, VW Fig. 2.....................
Girth of front leg, above knee, at thickest part, 10 Fig. 1..................
Girth of shank, below knee, at thinnest part, 11 Fig. 1.....................
Girth of hind shank, below hock, at thinnest part, 12 Fig. 1............
Depth at loins, from stake DL 1 to stake DL 2, Fig. 1.................
Thickness from one shoulder head, J, through to the other on the opposite side ....

Thickness from one thigh-bone head K, through to the other on the opposite side ....
Width of fore foot or hoof, YY Figs. 3 and 5 ....
Width of hind foot or hoof, YY Fig. 6.
Length of fore foot or hoof, XX Figs 3 and 5, measured from where the hair ends behind to the point of the longest claw or hoof..............
Length of hind foot or hoof, XX Fig. 6 (see above) ....
Length of longest claw, measured from the base above, following the curve to the tip.........................
Length of horns, from base to tip, following curve ....
Spread of horns, that is, the widest place horizontal and at right angles to the line of the neck..............
Girth above burr or base.............
Number of points on each............

The horn measurements are usually the only ones taken, and are of the least importance, because the horns are usually there to speak for themselves, to taxidermist or artist.

For small mammals, such as moles, mice, squirrels, prairie dogs, rabbits, etc., it is enough to take the first 3 measurements.

In all cases, hunters who wish to do service to science, should preserve the skull of the animal, with the skin. In some cases it is of more value than the latter.

COLOR.

Another important matter that can b settled only by examination of the fresh specimen, is the color of perishable parts. There is at present almost nothing published on this subject. How rare it is to see the colors properly reproduced. For example, how often we see an otherwise well-mounted animal spoiled by having the eye of another species.

Colors are difficult to describe in words, but it can be done if we use several well-known objects, held beside the color to be described, and compare the color of the eye with that of other eyes. Thus we might say a coyote's eye is a brassy gray, like dull bronze, or like what would be hazel in a human eye. It is much darker than the eye of a lynx but lighter than that of a gray wolf, etc.

WHEN GOES THE ICE.

F. C. R.

To boat, to boat, the winter's fled—
The gorge is gone at last,
And over by the harbor bar
The gulls are sailing past.

Yet, while we hail the quickening breeze
From sunny climes, and know
The pleasures of the woodsman's heart,
Who would a-camping go—

The river, wrapt in rising mists,
Reverberates the boom
That marks the heartless hunter's post,
And sounds the mallard's doom.

Alack for shame that men should seek
To slaughter and molest
The birds, defenseless in their flight,
To find their summer nest.

Not any plea of poor defense,
Though poachers may deny,
Such travesty of sportsmanship
Can ever justify.

TWO PEAS.

H. W. DRESSER.

They were twin-like in appearance, twin-like in tastes, and twin-like in intellectual capacity. This was unfortunate. Had the brothers, Jack and Harvey Prentiss, been nothing more than twins, scores of embarrassing mistakes would never have been made; but, alas, they were as alike as 2 peas. Indeed, some one dubbed them "The Two Peas," and the name clung to them.

The friends of the twins were in a continuous state of confusion. The greatest trial that a Newberry hostess had to face was that of introducing the twins to a guest. After the introduction, the guest invariably went through a similar ordeal.

Dorothy Trumbull could distinguish them apart; but she had an ordeal of a more serious nature. The young men having twin tastes, saw the same amiable qualities in Dorothy. Other people undoubtedly recognized these qualities; but the brothers thought her adorable because she possessed them. Each regarded the other as a man whose thoughts and feelings perfectly coincided with his own; and, as a consequence, each was aware the other loved Dorothy. There was plenty of good-natured chaff between the brothers, regarding the matter in which they were both deeply interested.

"Say, Jack," Harvey would exclaim, in an unmistakable tone of triumph, "Dorothy gave me a rose last night, when I said good by to her."

To which Jack replied she probably mistook his brother for himself. Then there would be a laughing discussion of the question of Dorothy's preference. Each would enumerate the favors she had shown him, and each claim to be the more deserving of her affection.

They continually plotted against each other, in a harmless way, and on this account Jack said nothing of his intention to take Dorothy to the Fairchilds' dance. Harvey called on the young lady the evening after Jack, and begged to be her escort. Then he discovered his brother had the advantage of him. Disappointment ignited a little spark of mischievous jealousy, which Jack's happiness fanned into flame.

"I can stand it," thought Harvey. "Jack may take her to the dance, but I'll have some fun out of it."

Then he evolved a scheme that caused him to chuckle with glee. Had Jack heard that chuckle, he would have trembled.

"Do you mean to say you're not going to the Fairchilds' dance?" asked Jack, when Harvey said he had sent his regrets. "Why, man, you'll miss half the fun of your life!"

When the evening of the reception arrived, Jack was surprised to find Harvey arraying himself in evening dress.

"What are you dressing for?"

"Going to call at the Fullers," returned Harvey, glancing complacently at his reflection in a mirror. As he turned to go down stairs, he added, "Joy to you at the dance. Tell Mrs. Fairchild I'm awfully sorry I can't come."

Harvey, on leaving the house, walked rapidly to a livery stable, where he found a carriage awaiting him. The proprietor, with whom arrangements had been made, smiled knowingly as Harvey exchanged his overcoat for a threadbare coat of livery. This done, he stowed his own under the coachman's seat, mounted the box, flourished the whip, and drove into the street. In a few minutes he stopped before his own house.

Jack Prentiss appeared and, scarcely glancing at the man, told him to drive to Colonel Trumbull's, in Hooker Street. At the Colonel's, Jack rang the bell and vanished within. Then the door opened again, and 2 figures hurried down to the carriage. One of them was bundled from head to foot in an opera cloak; the other little imagined the coachman to be head over heels in love with his dainty companion. After seeing Dorothy safe within the carriage, he gave the order:

"Drive to Mrs. Fairchild's. It's about a mile out, on the turnpike; large, colonial house on the left side of the road." Drawing nearer, he lowered his voice. "Here's a quarter for you, and a cigar. Drive slowly, all the way."

Jack failed to notice, in his own embarrassment, the strange effect of his words. The driver shook as one afflicted with ague. He took the coin and the cigar, and muttered a hoarse "Thanks," as Jack slammed the door. Then he did something a well-trained coachman never does. He burst into a fit of laughter, none the less hearty because it was subdued. He bent and swayed and shook in the exuberance of his merriment. It was fully a minute before he gained sufficient control of himself to say "Git up" to his team. As the carriage rumbled along, Harvey began to wonder whether the joke was not on himself, after all; but his innings were to come. He laughed again in the ecstasy of anticipation.

On reaching the outskirts of the town, Harvey drove into the turnpike, followed it for a short distance, then turned down a country road. This was a bold venture, but he shrewdly reasoned that his brother was too much engrossed to notice the direction he was taking. Driving with one hand, he slipped out of his livery and into his own overcoat. The carriage entered a dense wood. Now was his chance. He stopped the horses, leaped to the ground and hid behind a pile of brush.

A few seconds elapsed, then the door opened, and Jack angrily demanded of the driver why he had halted. Receiving no answer, he stepped out, expressing his astonishment, on looking about in vain for the coachman. Finally he thrust his head into the carriage, and seemed in earnest conversation with Dorothy.

"Most likely she's frightened," thought Harvey. "I'm mighty sorry about that. Well, her fright won't last long, and she'll laugh when she discovers the joke."

Soon Jack withdrew his head. In the dim light Harvey could see him climbing reluctantly to the box. Harvey crept stealthily around, softly opened the door and closed it after him. Jack was fumbling over the coat, to ascertain whether the driver had not fallen against the dashboard in a drunken sleep.

Within the coach, Harvey endeavored to soothe Dorothy's alarm. By daylight, she would have recognized him, but he was now safe, for a time at least.

"I thought that miserable cabby had disappeared entirely," he explained; "but just as I was about to take the reins myself, I saw him. He lay under the seat asleep. He is intoxicated. I poked him once or twice and brought him around. He'll be able to drive us to the Fairchilds, I guess. When we get there, I'll telephone for another coach. I hope you haven't been frightened, Dorothy."

"No, indeed. I—I'm sure I've been real brave." Her voice was tremulous, but she added, with a sweet tenderness that nearly drove Harvey distracted, "You don't suppose I'd be timid with you here to protect me, do you, Jack?"

"I don't think you ought to be," Harvey responded, absently. He was beginning to hate himself. In a vague way, he had half expected to reveal his identity as soon as he entered the carriage, trusting Dorothy to forgive him and to enjoy the joke; but the words of the girl he loved sent a chill to his heart.

"Surely," continued Dorothy, "you wouldn't have asked me to be your wife, if you hadn't felt confident you could take care of me; and I wouldn't have accepted you, had I not trusted you implicitly."

A little gloved hand stole out from the folds of the cloak, and gave a gentle pressure to his own. Harvey sat as one petrified. His lips moved, but no word escaped him. What was to be done? Should he confess the deception, so innocently planned, but so unhappy in its result; or should he avert a nervous shock by keeping Dorothy in ignorance? Knowing the worst had come, he decided to adopt the latter course. So he held the little hand and made an attempt to appear as light hearted as a newly appointed fiancé. Harvey showed himself a good actor; though he followed the art because of no love he bore it.

It was a trying half hour for Harvey Prentiss. Indeed, it was a trying half hour for The Two Peas. Jack did not relish driving a coach with his sweetheart inside. Dorothy was the only one who was happy.

"When we reach the Fairchilds'," said Harvey, "we will hurry into the house. The driver might indulge in language unfit for you to hear."

When the coach stopped, Jack, who was preparing to alight, was spellbound to see the door swing violently open and Harvey and Dorothy emerge. Before he could collect his senses, they had reached the house. Jack stood on the box for a moment, speechless. A friend who happened along was equally surprised to see Jack, with the reins in his hand, staring blankly at the house.

"Hi, Jack, what's this? Paying off an election bet? How long are they going to make you stay up there?"

Then Jack jumped down from his perch, and leaving the horses in charge of a boy, walked arm in arm with his friend, toward the house. Suddenly it all dawned on him, and he broke into a peal of laughter.

"Ha! ha! The joke's on me! Oh, it's too good to keep. Come up to the dressing-room later, and I'll tell you."

The Two Peas met in the dressing-room. When Jack entered, Harvey was nervously pacing the floor.

"Hello, Jack! Thank Heaven you got rid of the horses! I was afraid you weren't coming in. The dickens would have been to pay then. I can't tell you why now, for you must brush up, and meet Dorothy when she's ready to go down. Make believe you were with her all the time. Don't breathe a word about having been on the driver's box."

Harvey breathed a sigh of relief. Then, to quiet his nerves, he smoked the "perfecto" his brother had been kind enough to give him.

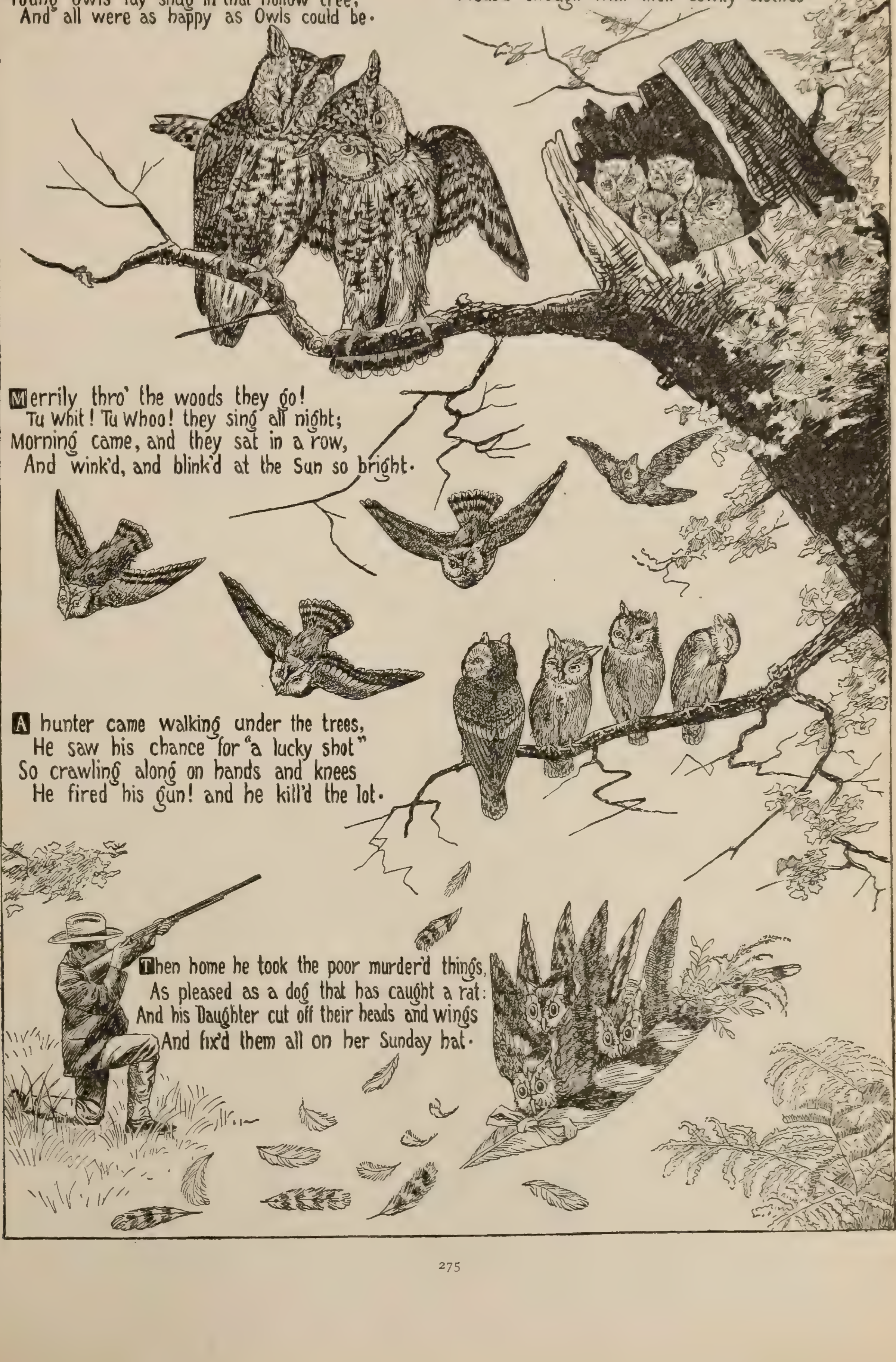
Mrs Fairchild was greatly pleased to see the twins, when she expected only one. She hastened to assure the wrong pea his presence was as much a pleasure as it was a surprise. Dorothy was surprised, too, for she had not expected to see him. To this day, she does not know she murmured tender words to the man who is now her brother-in-law. If she should be told the story, she would probably laugh merrily, because it happened so many years ago.

THE·STORY·OF·A·HAT

By David Bruce

Two old Owls sat up in a tree,
  And they were as happy as Owls could be;
For their eggs are hatch'd
  And four well match'd
Young Owls lay snug in that hollow tree,
  And all were as happy as Owls could be.

Days passed on, and the feathers grew,
  From the top of their heads to the top of their toes;
Till one fine evening, off they flew,
  Pleas'd enough with their downy clothes.



Merrily thro' the woods they go!
  Tu whit! Tu whoo! they sing all night;
Morning came, and they sat in a row,
  And wink'd, and blink'd at the Sun so bright.

A hunter came walking under the trees,
  He saw his chance for "a lucky shot"
So crawling along on hands and knees
  He fired his gun! and he kill'd the lot.

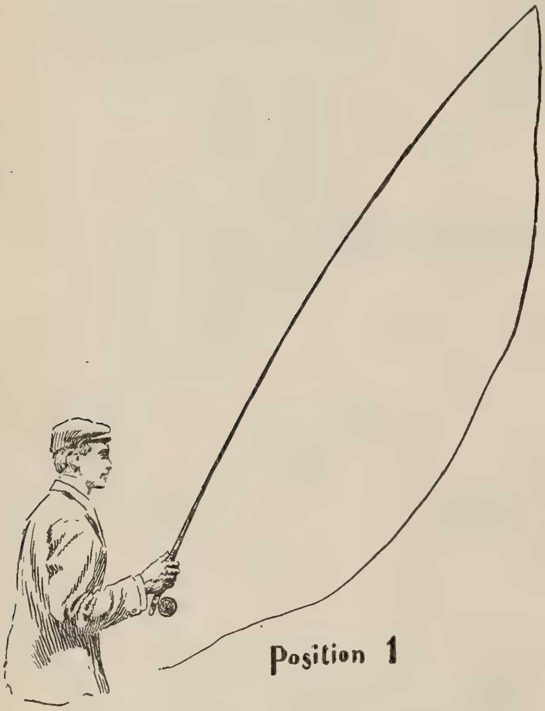
Then home he took the poor murder'd things,
  As pleased as a dog that has caught a rat:
And his Daughter cut off their heads and wings
  And fix'd them all on her Sunday hat.

FOR NEW FLY CASTERS.

RALPH L. MONTAGUE.

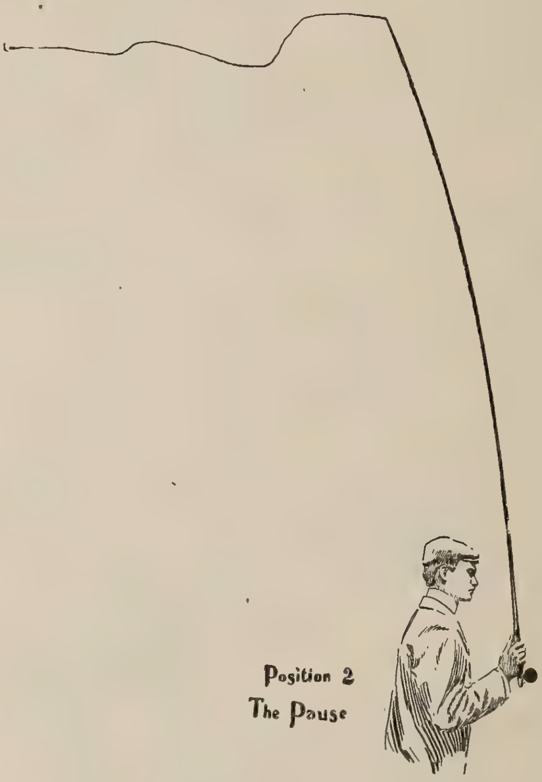
In a recent issue of RECREATION a correspondent asks for information about fly casting.

It is a difficult task to explain, on paper, how to cast a fly. A half hour's practice is worth more than months of theoretical study. However I will try to make F. C. a fly-fisher.


Position 1

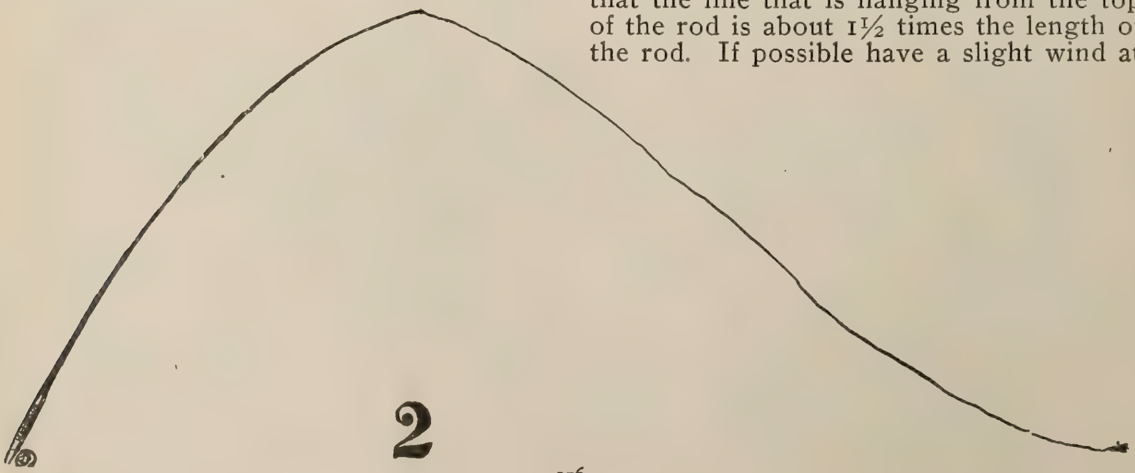
To become an adept one must have proper tools. I know of no better rod than a first-class split bamboo. Avoid cheap rods. A really good split bamboo costs from $10 up. Then the length is another vital point. For large streams, where you must cast 50 to 60 feet, get a powerful rod, about 11 feet long and weighing possibly 9 ounces. For smaller streams, where one rarely has to cast more than 10 yards, a shorter and lighter rod may be used.

Do not get a heavy line; although a heavy one is much easier to cast than a light one. Above all do not get a line that is too heavy, or too light, for your rod. A light click reel is best.


Position 2
The Pause

Presuming the tyro is properly equipped, let him go to an open field, or yard, that is level and that has no brush or trees to catch the line.

Draw off from the reel enough line so that the line that is hanging from the top of the rod is about 1½ times the length of the rod. If possible have a slight wind at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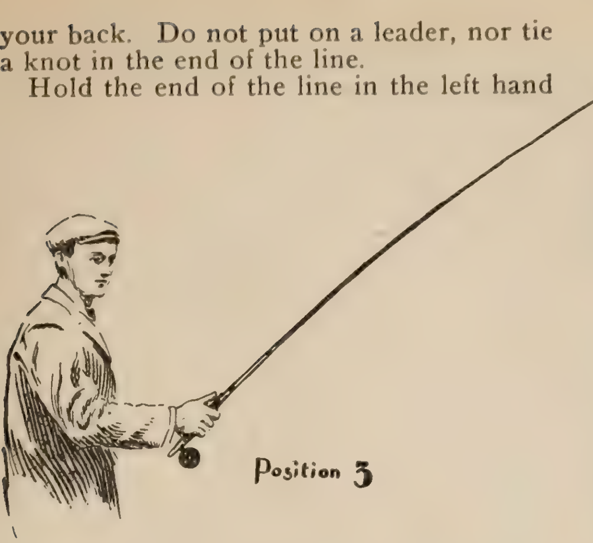
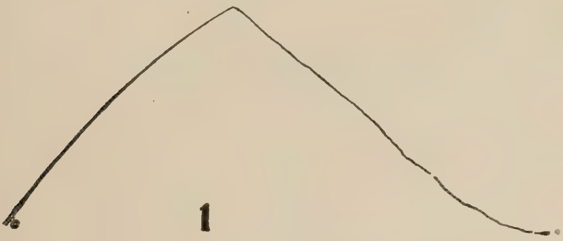
your back. Do not put on a leader, nor tie a knot in the end of the line.

Hold the end of the line in the left hand and let the slack line hang free between your left hand and the top of the rod. The rod should be held at an angle of about 45° and should point slightly to the right.


Position 3

Keep the elbow of the right arm as close to the body as possible, but do not cramp the muscles of the shoulder, in so doing.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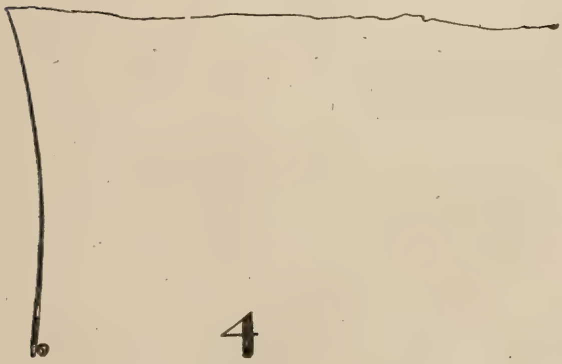
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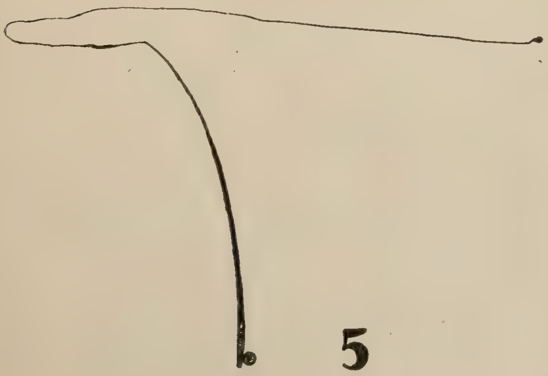
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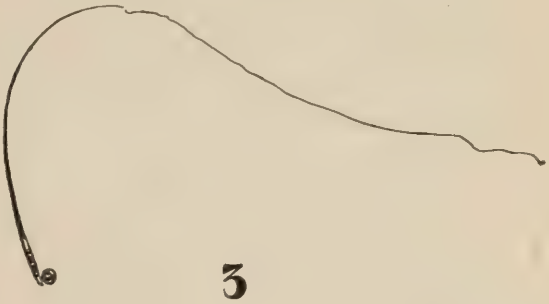
Now bring the rod up until it is perpendicular. At the same time let go the end of the line that was held in the left hand. This motion must be made quickly. The end of the line swings out in front and rises. The spring of the rod throws it behind you. Let the wrist and forearm do this work. The line, at this instant, is behind you and the rod is curved over that way. Now bring the rod down to about the first position again, with a smart motion. This makes the line shoot out in front of you and drop on the ground.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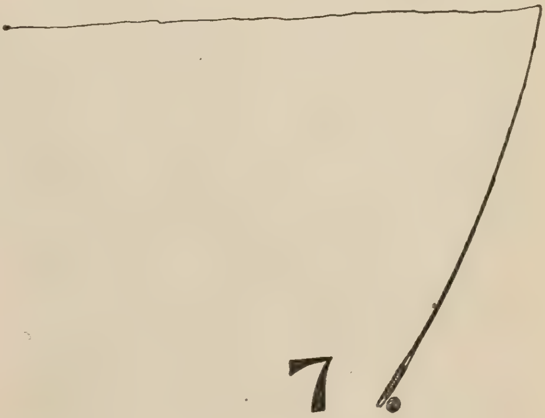
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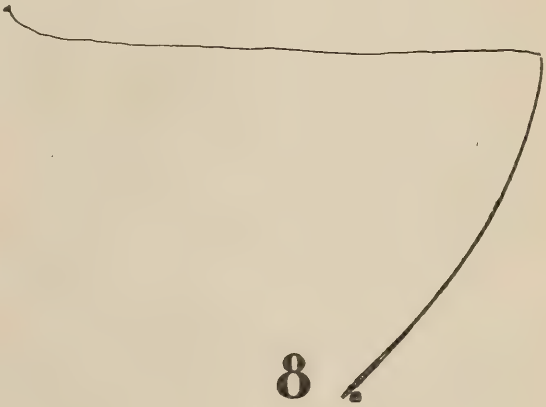
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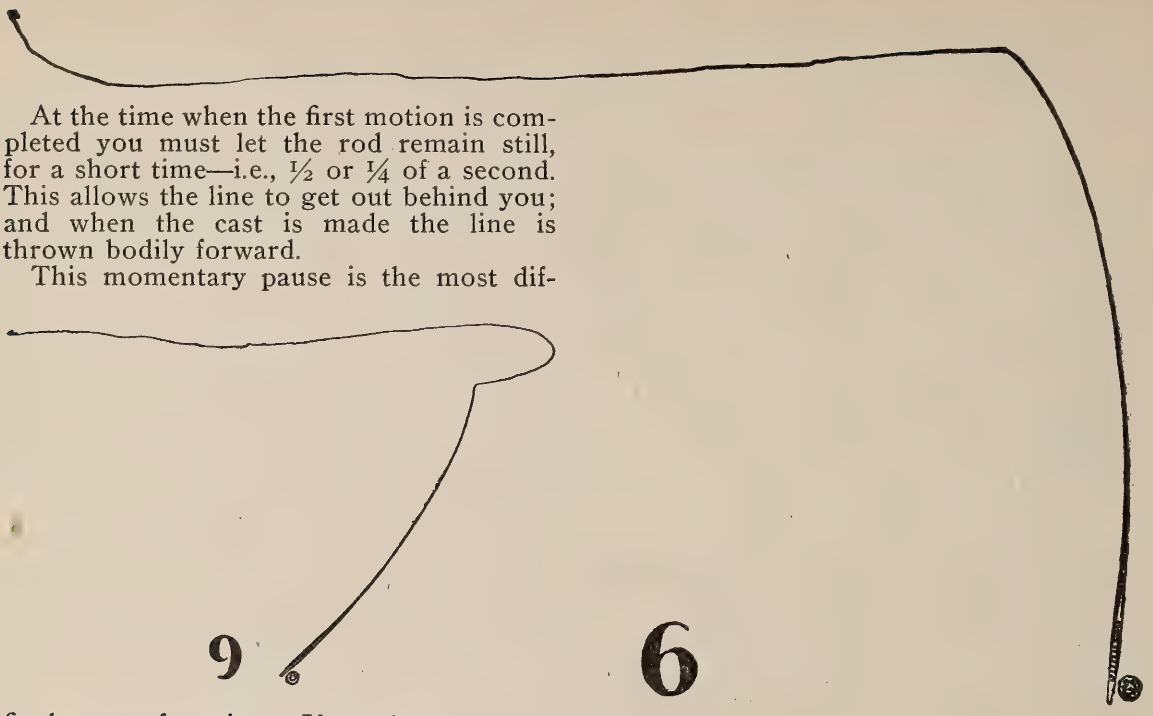
There are but 2 motions in fly-casting—the "lift," which raises the line off the water, or from the hand, and the "cast," which propels it back again.



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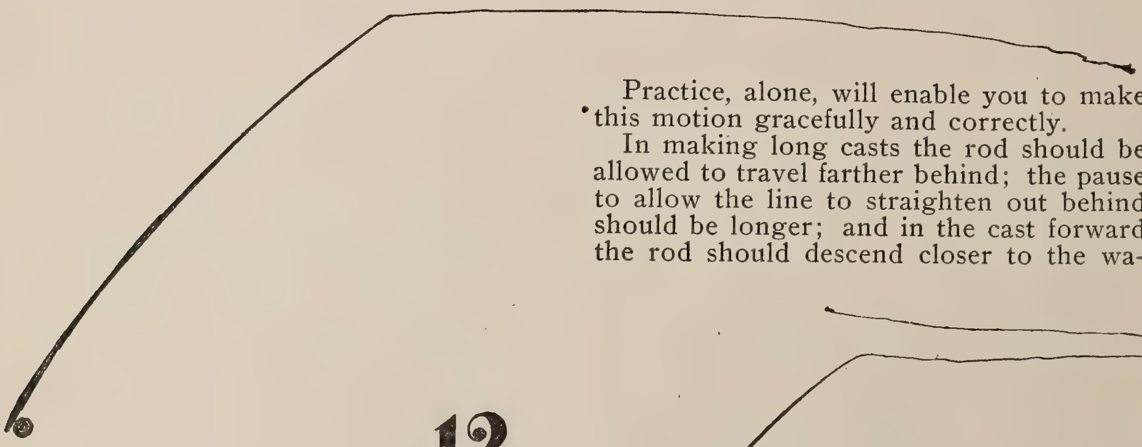
At the time when the first motion is completed you must let the rod remain still, for a short time—i.e., ½ or ¼ of a second. This allows the line to get out behind you; and when the cast is made the line is thrown bodily forward.

This momentary pause is the most difficult part of casting. If too long the line drops downward and the cast is spoiled, as the line then shoots up and drops close to the end of the rod when the cast is made. If time enough is not allowed the line travels out but does not fall straight on the water. It is apt to fall in curves, or in a bunch.



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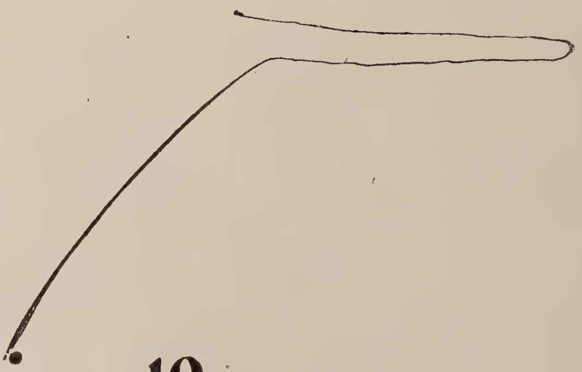
Let the spring of the rod do most of the work. When the cast is made do not bring the rod down too low; and do not try to make the cast reach out by pushing the rod out from you.

The lift is done by bringing the rod to position 2. This motion is quite as important as the cast. It should be done by beginning slowly. The line is lying on the ground and must be lifted off. You move the rod backward, gradually quickening the motion until position 2 is reached; then a short pause and cast forward, moving slow at first; then quickening and coming suddenly to a stop when the rod has gone as far down as necessary.

Practice, alone, will enable you to make this motion gracefully and correctly.

In making long casts the rod should be allowed to travel farther behind; the pause to allow the line to straighten out behind should be longer; and in the cast forward the rod should descend closer to the water. Always try to cast about a foot above the water. By so doing the line reaches the place and drops lightly down on the water.



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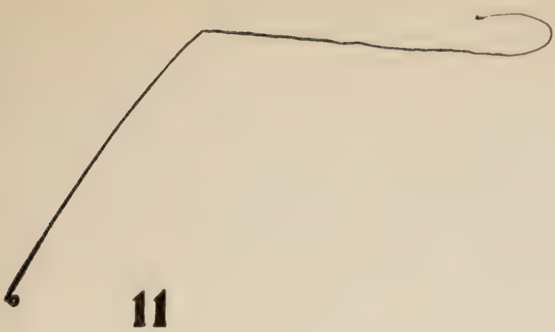
When you have reached a point where you can cast out a given length of line easily, try to make the line drop where you



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want it. When you can cast within a foot of what you aim at, then let out a little more line.

When you can manage say 40 feet of line, without trouble, reel up your line, put on a leader and flies, and go and catch some fish; but put back all the small ones.

Cuts show position of rod and line during cast. Figs. 1-5 "lift;" Fig. 6 "pause;" Figs. 7-12 the "cast."

HOW TO CAST A FLY.

R. F. SHAFFNER.

Having noticed requests in Recreation for instructions as to how to fish with the fly, I will endeavor to give some points, which, if followed closely, will bring success.

I will not describe the tackle required. Any responsible dealer in fishing sundries is able to advise you, and supply just what you need.

Having been properly equipped, go to a stream, taking with you some one who knows nothing about fly casting, and begin operations.

It might be well, at first, to put a book or block under your right arm, in order to keep it close to your side; as the casting is to be done not with the arm, but with the wrist. Always remember that "it is not muscle, but 'gentle art' that is required," and that it is not your, but the rod's sinews that must do the work. At first use but few feet more of line than the length of your rod, and then cast. Recover the flies from the water with a quick jerk of the wrist, letting the rod go back with decreased motion, until it has reached the perpendicular; pausing long enough to give line and leader time to straighten out behind you, and no more. Then make the forward cast with the same motion of the wrist, as that with which you made the backward cast. Don't stop the rod suddenly, in doing so; but allow it to go forward, decreasing its motion, until it has reached a horizontal line about the height of your chest; being sure to put your line and leader straight and lightly on the water. If you see the line is going to drop curled up, or in a heap, it might be well, just before the flies touch the water, to gently raise your rod. This will straighten the line, and allow the flies to fall in proper position. Then draw your flies along the water toward you, at any angle you wish, but not too far, or you will be unable to retrieve your line for the next cast. If your rod be raised too near the perpendicular, it will be impossible to lift the line quickly enough to carry it back with sufficient force to straighten behind you; and the result will be a dropping of the line in a heap, perhaps enveloping you in a most undesirable tangle. Always endeavor to have enough line tension to drive the line straight backward; bring the rod backward and forward in a line parallel with the side of your body, and don't be afraid of scraping your ear.

Now station the person with you, somewhere in your rear, out of reach of the flies. Let him tell you, as the line comes back, whether or not it has straightened out, until you are able to tell that yourself. If you make the forward cast before the line is straight, you will lose a fly; if it begins to drop before you make the forward motion, the cast will be a failure. It is difficult, at first, to tell how long to pause when the line is behind you, as the space of time varies with the length of line, and the wind. This you will learn gradually, but much sooner, if you have some person behind you to keep you posted. For ordinary casting some casters count (when the rod is pausing in the perpendicular position), one, 2, and then make the forward cast as they say 3, or longer, according to the amount of line out.

When you can place your flies on the water properly with 20 or 25 feet of line out, you are on a sure road to success. As you continue to practice, you will be able to cast 30 or 40 feet with as great ease; but it is by far better to cast a short line well, than a long one badly.

When you wish to increase the length of line out, take it off the reel with your left hand, give the rod a little more impetus in making the forward cast, and, as the line goes forward, let slip 2 or 3 feet of it from your hand. No more, however, at each cast than will permit of the flies falling smoothly. Never, in putting out line, cast the flies directly on the water, but 2 or 3 feet above the spot where you desire them to go. When the force of the line is spent, they will fall lightly at the desired place. It might be well also to observe this in ordinary casting, as it will insure a more gentle landing of the flies. In fishing in the wind I always cast my flies at least 3 feet over the spot to which I would have them go, and let them drop. I find this prevents the wind from threshing them on the water with a splash.

Now, as to hooking a fish when you have a rise. This should be done as soon as you feel the fish strike. You cannot jerk too quickly; because it takes but an instant for the fish to discover the fraud and spit out the fly.

To strike your fish, give a quick jerk of the wrist, a motion similar to that made in casting; but don't let it be too violent, or your tackle will suffer. It is not a pulling motion that does the business, but the quick twitch of the wrist. It is seldom that a fish hooks itself, and rarely when the line is slack.

In regard to casting in the wind, I will quote from Reuben Wood: "In casting against the wind you must lift your line from the water so that it extends behind you at about an angle of 45 degrees, and then bring your rod down sharply right onto the water, and straight against the wind; this makes the line cut through it, and extend out straight onto the water. The secret is to keep the line well up behind, and then continue the forward impetus sharply until the rod tip touches, or nearly touches, the water."

There are other and more difficult methods of casting; but the 2 described (overhand and wind casts) will answer the beginner's purpose, and are the ones commonly used.

Now just a word to the tyro. Don't be discouraged if, at first, your casting does not meet your expectations. Make haste slowly, and your day will come. Let your ambition be, not to see how far, but how well, you cast your flies. Of course, it is an advantage to be able to make a long cast, say 60 or 70 feet, but few anglers regularly employ that length of line; and most fish are caught within 40 or 50 feet.

A LESSON IN FLY CASTING.

In a recent number of RECREATION, some one asks how to learn to cast a fly. The following is a good method: Put a B.B. shot on end of the line. Be sure the reel is in good working order; and with left hand feed out a few yards of line, but no more than you can handle easily. Place a tin can, or any small object, on the ground 20 feet from you. Then, using the whole arm in the swing, try to hit the mark with the shot.

In making this swing with the whole arm, the head must be bent to the left, as the line passes over the right shoulder. As you become proficient, increase the distance to 30 feet. Then remove the shot and cast with line alone, at a shorter range. Be sure the line passes over the right shoulder. It can be again brought to the proper position for casting by steadying the body, holding the right forearm as immovable as possible, and using the wrist to do the swing.

After this, practice with a leader on the line, and blunt hooks—that you may not fear their catching in you.

F. G. R. Cole, Wellsville, N. Y.

"What is a pigeon-hole, Uncle Julius?"

"A pigeon-hole is a hole that never had a pigeon in it."

Always mention RECREATION when answering ads.

HER ANSWER.

EDITH BROWNLEE.

Let us be friends. I cannot offer more
Although I know that friendship makes but poor amends
For thy warm love. Ah! be as you were before;
Let us be friends.

Love to my heart its fire no longer lends.
It burned there once—burned out its very core;
No quickening beat of heart thy presence lends;
That throb comes only at the dream of yore.
So, now that Fate has worked its cruel ends,
Put love aside—for my sake—I implore;
Let us be friends.

DANGER OF COLLISION.

"What are you doing with your football armor on?"

"I'm going shopping, and I don't want the bargain-women to break every bone in my body."

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

MY FIRST COON HUNT.

H. L. KRUEDER.

A few weeks ago my friends Mr. P and Mr. S. and I were basking in the rays of a warm autumn sun, while watching the play of a litter of Beagle puppies, by Ch. Roy K. and Lonely II., when the oft referred to sport of coon hunting was brought up and we then and there agreed to undertake such an event.

The details were left in my charge and I at once sent for Snyder, the best all around hunter in this section of the country, and arrangements were soon completed. For two weeks we discussed the probable hardships and chances for accidents, with considerable real apprehension. At last however the time for starting arrived. Snyder with his two record breaking coon dogs, called Carl and Scot, led the march. A young man nearly 6 feet in his stockings, with a pair of tree climbers and a lantern came next. My friends and I followed with two lanterns, a gun and 5 sandwiches.

We headed south and after a sharp walk for 15 minutes Snyder gave orders to light up, and in the woods we went. We had hardly proceeded 500 feet when we heard the greatest scrambling and crackling of twigs, without being able to detect the cause. Snyder said it was a herd of young cattle. We accepted the explanation, asked no further questions and soon moved on toward timber land, on a ridge.

Snyder had hunted the coon in these woods, many times, and apparently knew all the wood-roads and cross cuts in them.

The dogs here gave tongue, at least Scot did, but Snyder did not appear to take much stock in his say-so without the endorsement of his old reliable Carl.

The tramping in these woods was dry and clear underneath and barring fallen trees, rocks and stumps, comparatively little inconvenience was experienced excepting by my friend Mr. P. who was carrying the gun and who was perspiring freely.

Snyder said he was making for a favorite coon tree and we naturally expected to find Mr. Coon and family at home awaiting our visit.

The climber here adjusted his irons and up he went. Repeated knocks and calls, at various holes in the tree, failed to bring any response.

Just then old Carl began to give tongue, about a quarter of a mile distant. Everybody up and away.

Now Scott was saying something in another direction and Snyder said he must be monkeying with rabbits.

Carl's voice sounded soft and not eager, yet we heeded it and followed. Now the roads and paths were practically ignored and the pace grew stronger through bushes and briars and barb wire fences. Carl kept on tonguing and we did not appear to get any nearer. Snyder seemed troubled and began speculating as to what it was Carl had ahead of him and where he would land it.

About an hour and a half was consumed like this, it being then about 11 o'clock, when we came within easy distance of Carl and found him occasionally tonguing, on the banks of the Pascack Creek, with pasture land on either bank. Now Snyder said it was a mink who was crossing and re-crossing the stream. Here Scot joined old Carl and together they were evidently trailing something.

We sat down on moist leaves and waited. In a little time both dogs returned to the woods and were coming towards us. Right here we detected the peculiar and not particularly pleasant odor of a skunk and found the dogs were trailing the animal.

When the dogs were within 500 feet of us, then going with much more vim and voice than at any time previous they turned and led off to the right.

We reached a high knoll in the woods, with a small valley below us, and sat down to listen to the dogs, who were now apparently very much excited and constantly giving tongue. They travelled clear around and below us and then about 100 yards from where we sat, they began barking sharp; and running around. Everything was bustle and excitement in a moment, when we realized that the game was treed and all kinds of game was mentioned and thought of as being what the dogs had up.

Snyder was first at the particular tree and urged the dogs on to show him the correct one. Both dogs barked up a certain tree, about 30 inches in diameter. We backed away and by holding lanterns behind us, we were enabled to make out a "bunch" about 40 feet up, in a smaller tree.

Snyder called for the gun, aimed steady and long and then banged. All was quiet, when he banged again. I thought I saw the eyes glisten, and then thought the bunch moved. Snyder banged again and then declared it was funny. Our boy climber was then ordered up the big tree to see what the smaller one had in it. When about 30 feet up he shouted that it was a bunch of dry leaves. Then everybody felt blue and our chances for getting a coon appeared very slim.

Snyder however ordered the boy to go further up the big tree, which he did slowly and carefully. When up about 75 feet he straddled a crotch in the tree and with a whoop and a yell declared he saw a coon on a limb over his head.

Snyder then declared he knew all the time he was up there, as his old dog Carl never lied. Then the boy let down a ball of heavy twine after first retaining possession of one end.

I slipped in two shells and Snyder tied the gun on end of string securely and up went the gun. The boy was quite shaky by this time, partly owing to his height and partly owing to his fear of the coon.

However he got the gun, aimed at its head and fired. Nothing dropped, but the boy yelled down that the coon was moving. Again the report was heard and again nothing dropped. Down came the gun again, for reloading, as the boy had taken no shells up with him.

All was commotion and excitement, particularly so as we could now make out the genuine bunch at the end of a limb in the large tree. The dogs were keeping up a constant barking and momentarily anticipating a drop.

The gun went up again and we saw the boy quickly grasp it, as quickly take aim, flash, bang. "He's coming down," shouted the boy; and sure enough down he came kerplunk, between Snyder and his two dogs. Old Carl was the first to bound on him and he fairly hugged him for joy. There was no fight left in the coon, however, as its entire head was shot off, down to one ear.

The boy quickly descended and all gathered around the much coveted prize. Up went three rousing cheers in honor of our first coon. My friend P. producing his pocket fish-scale, we found we had just 10½ lbs. of coon, without the head.

Snyder then declared that our coon was a young one, that the others were not far off, and away we went again.

It was then just midnight and we found ourselves about ¾ of a mile from where Mr. S. resided. On his mentioning sweet cider, all voted him the right sort and we headed for his house.

In a short time however the dogs again opened up and soon became quite interested in their work. Snyder moved up toward them and then began running. We followed as fast as we could, considering our tired condition, and before we could get to him he sang out "all right, I've got him." Then back he came with a fat possum which the dogs had cornered and nearly killed.

Mr. S. went on ahead and was barely in the house, when Carl opened up again and in a few minutes was at a stone wall directly in front of the house.

Snyder said it was another possum as he heard him snarl, and he was permitted to remain on his stone house.

Now 1 o'clock and sandwiches with sweet cider was in order. Leaving Mr. S. we started homeward, on a 2 mile course, and Mr. P. and I were soon lost in the deepest and soundest slumbers.

THE GREAT NORTHERN DIVER.

J. A. MACKENZIE.

Last April I secured a good specimen of the great Northern diver, or loon, from some boys who caught it in the village of Springfield, Ontario. It was sitting on the bank, at the edge of the water, into which it dove upon being disturbed. At that point the creek is only 2 or 3 yards wide, and a foot or 2 in depth, with occasional riffles and wider stretches.

Whenever the loon showed its head above the surface the boys pelted it with sticks and stones, and thus kept it diving and dodging for some time. At last one of the youngsters hit upon a scheme, to capture the bird alive. Placing some fence-rails across a shallow place, the largest boy lay down full length upon them and when the bird was driven under by the other boys, he caught it.

In spite of a great deal of squalling, flapping and pecking the prize was carried home and safely housed. When brought to me the following morning it was still lively, and ready to strike at everybody and everything that came within its reach. My old pointer soon found out that it was wise to keep out of range. Evidence of the force with which the loon could use that long, sharp bill covered my thumb for weeks afterward. The boys were glad to get 50 cents for their troublesome prize, and I was equally well pleased with such an opportunity to study the habits of this wonderful diver.

To fit the bird for diving, its feet were placed so far back that it could not stand erect, much less walk, but only managed to progress by a series of hops, raising itself on its feet and falling forward on its breast. The 3 toes were fully webbed, and so constructed that when closed for the forward stroke, they presented a sharp, narrow cutting surface to the water.

When placed in a tub, the loon instantly put its head under water and eagerly searched about for something to eat; but being unsuccessful, it finally raised itself, and fell heavily over the side on to the floor. Meat and bread it would not touch, but fish it seized greedily, tossing them up, catching them head first, and swallowing them with one or 2 gulps, even though some of them were 6 or 8 inches long.

Only a few times, during its short captivity, did my loon utter its wild, dismal call, often heard on stormy nights coming from the dark bosom of a lake, in a distant wilderness. About a month before that, on a wild and stormy night, when the wind was roaring about the eaves, I heard one of these birds going up the creek. The creek had risen the day before, and was washing through the lower corner of the garden. Impressed by the wild beauty of the scene I stood on the back stoop watching the rushing flood as it swept on to the lake. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, when from down the valley came the wild call of this strange bird, mingling with the roar of the waters. Nearer and nearer it came, and then presently died away as the bird swept onward toward its Northern home. The night before my bird was captured, another was heard as it passed over Springfield—perhaps this same bird or his mate. The weird, uncanny cry of the loon made me think of the witches in Macbeth, and of Blanche of Devon, "Lady of the Lake," as she warned Fitz James of the treachery of his guide. The same wild, dismal wail must have been uttered by the Indian maiden who, as tradition tells us, leaped from a tall, rocky cliff into the dark depths of a mountain lake to stifle the cry of her broken heart.

Anxious to see how the loon would perform in its native element, I tied a small but strong cord around one foot, above the tarsal joint, and to this attached a ball of coarse twine. Thus secured against loss, we put the bird into the creek, and immediately there followed an exhibition of fancy diving that beat everything in that line we had ever seen. It would dart down stream for 20 or 30 yards, and upon finding itself checked would dodge back, without coming to the surface, only occasionally sticking its bill above the surface to breathe. Presently, however, the loon found that its efforts to escape were of no avail, and immediately decided to do some fishing. Swimming slowly along, with its head under water, it would peer into every nook and cranny, for fish or crayfish, and woe betide the unfortunate creature that came within range of those sharp red eyes. Once I saw the loon follow a fish 3 times round a circle, only 6 or 7 feet in diameter, then straight up stream for about 20 feet, until at last he caught it, and swallowed it before coming to the surface. In the last stretch it made use of its wings, driving its body forward with short, quick strokes.

Out of one school of minnows the loon took 6 before coming to the surface. Whenever it caught a crab, however, it would come to the surface, toss the crustacean into the air, bite it in 2, or snap off the pincers, then swallow the pieces. Once he got a crab that was too much for him, and after trying several times to break its hard shell, he let it go. Large fish were in like manner brought to the surface, tossed into the air and swallowed head first. So far as I could see, the loon never used his bill to spear the fish, but always seized them between the open mandibles.

The third day after getting this loon, the weather turned very cold and fish were scarce. He did not seem to care to fish, but sat on the sand, by the water, quiet enough. Gradually he drooped, grew weaker, and by 4 o'clock he was dead. He was a beautiful male specimen, in almost perfect plumage, and in size nearly as large as a goose. When I skinned and mounted him, I took from the upper part of the neck and head 13 pellets of shot, mostly No. 6, but some were No. 1. The wounds were entirely healed up, and the shot lay just under the skin, some of the pellets having been a little flattened against the skull. Evidently he had carried this extra ballast for some time, and seemed none the worse for its presence.

The shape of the body of this bird strongly resembles the shape of the modern racing yacht, minus its keel or centreboard, rounded in front and with no sharp cut-water, the greatest beam abaft the centre and a long, easy run. The wiser men get, the nearer they keep to nature.

Perhaps no bird is more difficult to shoot than the loon. When once started, it dives and swims several rods under water before coming up to breathe, and even then it puts only its bill above the water, for but a few seconds. However when found on a small lake or pond, and several persons attack it from different directions, the odds are against the bird. Even in such tight corners as this, it has often taken a long time to effect its capture.

BLACKFISHING ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

E. M. LEETE.

The tautog, or blackfish, of the New England coast while not strictly a game fish, is yet quite a fighter. A day spent in its successful pursuit, is one to be remembered. The tautog fisher must be something of a boatman, or have with him some one accustomed to the management of a boat. Water is treacherous; and many times a man's life may depend on his getting ashore in the teeth of a strong Northerly wind. He may have a thunder squall to contend with, or have to slack down to 2 reefs, and run in before a Southeaster. In any case he must know the ropes, to feel safe. But when the boat is safely anchored to the leeward of a good rock; with a smooth sea, plenty of bait, and the fish hungry, one should be happy.

In June, 1895, my friend Harry, and I, went blackfishing to 2 small rocky islands about 5 miles off shore, East of New Haven, Conn. With our lunch baskets, packed the night before, we started at 3 a.m. through the deserted streets for the wharf. The streets were deserted but not the trees. One must listen to a New England bird concert, at daybreak, to appreciate it. The audience was rather small in this case, but there were plenty of performers; and the concert was in full blast when we reached the water. Our little 18 foot sloop, swung peacefully at her moorings. The water was like ebony in the shadow, and like burnished silver in the first rays of light. We put our lunch baskets aboard, and made sure that the fiddler crabs, clams, and our rods and lines were as we left them the night before. Harry casts off the lines, and we take the oars for a 5 mile pull.

Dropping down the creek, we followed the channel banks to where they widened into the sound. There was some fog outside, and we made a guess for Riding Rock, and from there to the fish pounds. These we followed out to the deep water; then shaped our course by compass, and the fog horn at the light house, out to sea. It was like working for a living, to stand up and push a 10 foot oar. The fog grew thinner, and we felt a breath from the Southwest. This increased, and with mainsail and jib set, and with the help of the strong flood tide, we made a fair wind of it. It was light at first, but grew stronger as the fog lifted. Our little boat heeled over, and the water rippled along her sides as she pushed through it. Our breakfast at 2:45 was light and hurried and we now improved the opportunity to take a bite. The fog had about gone, and the island, with its white light house showed plainly ahead of us. About a mile to the West were the 2 small islands where we proposed to fish. We stopped just East of the smaller of the islands, and tied up our sails. Drifting down with the tide, we threw over an anchor and as we swung to it, cast another astern. By this time we were within good casting distance of a grand fishing rock, and we made our lines fast and stopped her.

Harry baited with clams, while I put a clam on one hook and a fiddler on the other. We cast our lines in the eddy near the rock where the water was about 4 feet deep.

My companion caught the first fish.

His rod bent like a bow as the line cut through the water. The strength of the fish was no match for that of a good linen line, with an expert fisherman at the other end. The fish was soon brought to the surface near the boat, and was lifted over the side. Harry took the floor, for a while, and did what seemed to me, much unneccessary talking. His remarks on my way of fishing, were not complimentary. I gently reminded him, of the time when I beat him badly. Incidentally I spoke of the large fish, I caught years ago. My remarks did not, however, seem to impress him. He baited up and tried again in the same spot. Then I caught a fish, and while I was putting it in the car, Harry hooked another. We went on in this way for some time. Now one would lead, and then the other, until we had 56 fish in the car. The sun was now well up in the sky, and a fresh breeze was blowing from the Southwest. The fish had nearly stopped biting, and we sat idly watching the water, when there was a savage tug at my line. I gave Harry a gentle hint that perhaps he had better attend to business if he was going to fish with me. By this time my fish was thoroughly awake, and my rod bent nearer and nearer the water, as I vainly tried to check him. The spring of the rod was too much for him, however, and he neared the surface. I could see his broad black back and fan-like tail, as he circled through the dark water. My hook was well set in his tough jaw and after a few more runs, his struggles grew weaker. I brought him, at last, to the boat, and Harry lifted him in. No frying fish this; but one to stuff and bake —one to put on the top of the basket, and talk about. It weighed 7½ pounds. This was more encouraging; and we fished with renewed interest for awhile. It was blowing a good sailing breeze, and boats began to come off from the shore. One boat, the crack of the fleet, was just poking her saucy white nose around the island. A pretty picture she made. Her white hull heeled over until her washboard touched the blue water, as her sharp stem cut through it. Aloft were the yellow spars, hung with snowy canvas, and stayed by taut rigging. Surely a sailing vessel is one of the most graceful creations of man.

The water by this time was much too rough for fishing. We set our mainsail, got our anchors, and as she swung off, we put up the jib.

As the boat felt the full force of the wind, we lay over to it, and started on our homeward way. Captain Smith, from the lighthouse, was just outside of us, hauling his pots. We flattened the sheets down, and made a stretch to windward, to get a mess of lobsters from him. It was glorious sailing, with just wind enough to bring out the good points of a boat. The Captain's little dory, danced over the waves like a duck, as we rounded to, under her stern. The boats lay like a pair of seagulls while the captain weighed the lobsters and passed them to us. We trimmed in our jib, swung off before the wind and again headed for the shore. With boat well washed out, and lines coiled away, we lay back in dreamy comfort and enjoyed the sail. Half an hour's run brought us to the dock, and our trip was over.

TWO MOOSE NEAR MT. KATAHDIN.

ELFIR.

As September approaches, I am always attacked with that fever for which the only remedy—and that but temporary—is a month in the woods. Two years ago, as this season came around, I decided on a trip to Maine.

My previous trips had been made into Washington county, but this time I decided to visit the vicinity of Mt. Katahdin. I was not going especially for big game, but for a good time; so my old guide was engaged, although he knew no more of this part of the country than I did.

On September 12 I left Boston for Norcross, Me. At Old Town the guide joined me, and on the day after reaching Norcross we packed provisions for several weeks into my canoe, and started up the lakes, on a tour of discovery and adventure.

Not knowing where to find fish and game, we lived on " store goods " for the first 2 or 3 days. Then we found a lake where fish and ducks were plentiful; and from that time we fared sumptuously.

During my stay in the woods, I saw few ruffed grouse. Deer signs were numerous, and occasionally a deer would be seen on the shore of lake or stream. The bottom of one stream we ascended was all tracked over by deer and moose.

On September 22, while on this stream, fishing for trout, we were surprised by a bull moose, which we saw standing in the edge of the timber, not over 50 yards away, watching us intently. This naturally made our nerves tingle.

I had never before seen a moose in the woods, and the guide had not seen one since boyhood.

A lively discussion followed, whether or not to make the moose our meat. Finally, it was decided to let some one else have him, when the law should be off.

All this time the big animal remained motionless, with the exception of his head, which he moved about, trying to wind us. Evidently not succeeding, he took several steps in our direction, to satisfy himself by a nearer view.

As I did not desire a closer acquaintance, we shouted. This turned but did not scare him; for he walked leisurely toward the woods. He was in sight fully 20 minutes.

On 2 occasions deer seemed anxious to make the acquaintance of the campers, coming at night to the tent and snorting until frightened away.

One day, along after October 1, the beginning of the open season, we started in search of a bog I had learned of at Norcross, which was a resort for moose. The place was found about noon, and as we were hot and tired we seated ourselves for a rest on a hummock in the bog, 200 yards from the edge of the timber.

While resting, taking our ease and talking, I looked toward the woods and saw a bull moose approaching, across the bog.

There was no question now as to whether we would, if we could, make him our meat. It was agreed to let the moose approach as near as he would, when we would fire together. He came within 100 yards before seeing us. At the double salutation, he turned and started for the woods at a lively gait; nor did the arguments we brought to bear stop him.

He disappeared around a point of woods projecting into the bog. We followed as rapidly as possible, and soon came up to him. Two more shots were fired when he fell dead.

The antlers, though small, were perfect, and had 7 prongs on one side and 6 on the other. The most noteworthy feature was the bell, which was 24 inches long and well haired its entire length. I have been unable to discover any record of its equal.

Nine shots had been fired at the moose. On skinning him, we found 8 of them had taken effect. Of the first volley, one bullet hit under the left eye, ranged downward and smashed the lower jaw. The other bullet struck the breast, but too far to one side.

We marvelled that the bull moved at all, after the first shot. One of the last bullets struck the heart, as near the middle as possible.

Before we got the animal to the railroad station, I repented having shot him; for we had to pack him on our backs—cut up, of course—over 2 carries, 3 miles in all.

OUR ALASKAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

HUNTING THE BIG HORN IN THE CHEE-ON-NEES.

A. J. STONE.

I will not narrate the details of our journey to the hunting grounds in the Chee-on-nee mountains.

We reached the high open country at the upper limits of tree growth; and camped among small scrub pines, beside a little stream. We did not carry any tent, nor did we need one, as it was in August and the weather was fine. When night overtook us we gathered spruce boughs, on which we spread our blankets, and camp was pitched. There we camped 2 days in a well protected little cove, and after retiring each evening, lay and watched a beautiful auroral display.

We took little grub with us.

The first day in camp we killed a large fat porcupine and we lived principally on this meat. Beside this we had a few crackers and plenty of tea.

The following morning we were off bright and early, determined to reach the summit of the highest ridges in the vicinity of our camp. Following up a long deep canyon to its head, we found ourselves shut in by almost perpendicular rocky bluffs. After considerable prospecting we came to a steep slide that seemed climbable and gave us renewed hope of reaching the high country we were desirous of hunting.

After a long hard climb we reached the edge of a small field of snow and ice extending to the summit of the ridge, some 300 feet above. It was very steep, and we could see at the top an overhanging rift, that in places looked exceedingly formidable. I was much fatigued and in poor condition to attempt such a climb, but John, our Indian, said he thought we could make it and I agreed to try. He climbed ahead, cutting foot holds in the hard packed snow and ice, with my big buffalo knife. Ed and I followed, working our way slowly. We did not dare to look back, but leaned forward against the ice wall; steadying ourselves by planting the sharp heel of our rifle butts in the crust.

Every thing went well until we reached a narrow bench 4 feet below the projecting comb, where we were compelled to crouch in an awkward and dangerous position.

John finally found a place in the crest where it did not project so much as elsewhere, and managed to climb over.

Then taking our rifles, he helped us up. The climb had been a severe strain on my nerves, in my then weak condition, and I stretched at full length on a bed of dry shale to rest. I at once fell asleep and slept for half an hour. When I awoke Ed and John were gone, and I followed down the ridge. Soon I saw them; Ed coming toward me and motioning me to stop.

They had discovered several rams feeding below, and Ed wished me to remain where I was, while he made a detour; so when he fired, they would come my way.

I sat for a few moments, then commenced moving down the hillside. I had not gone far when I heard a whistle, then another; looking to my right several hundred yards distant, I saw the Indian, hat in hand, trying to wave me down, from behind a ledge of rock.

Dropping quickly and glancing to the left, I saw a large ram standing on a knoll; but before I could shoot he jumped down the other side and out of sight.

I quickly reached the point, but could not see him. It was out of the question for me to follow, and I sat down to think.

My reverie was soon broken by the appearance of a younger and smaller ram, not more than 200 yards from me. He stood broadside, looking at me.

I raised my rifle and fired, but he never moved. I fired the 2d, 3d and 4th shots before he ran, and did not touch him. During this time I had heard repeated shots fired by Ed and John, and felt sure they had made a killing; but they soon after came up, each reporting having missed every shot.

After a short rest we started for camp, making a long circuit rather than attempt to descend the ice wall.

We had gone but a short distance when 2 rams appeared 400 yards ahead of us, and stopped for a minute to eye us. One of them was the finest and largest specimen I ever saw. We stood and watched them but did not fire.

We decided to move camp further into the mountains and were up for an early start. Our packs were adjusted and every thing ready, when I saw Ed raise his rifle and fire. Looking in the direction he fired, I saw a young ram wheel around, give 2 or 3 bounds and fall dead, not 100 yards away.

It proved to be a 2 year old and an excellent piece of meat. I carefully measured it and when it was skinned, added the skin and head to my pack. I was yet weak, but determined to keep at work. We had not gone more than a mile, however, when I was compelled to surrender my pack; hiring John to carry it on top of his. We proceeded slowly until afternoon, when we found a comfortable camping place, convenient to the high hills we desired to hunt.

We buried most of our meat in a large snow bank for safe keeping. All the afternoon we rested and feasted and after a good night's sleep, I felt almost my usual self. Taking some roast sheep and our blankets, we left camp the next morning, determined not to return without trophies. We followed a well defined sheep trail to a high rocky point from which 3 sharp ridges extended. Here we lunched and each took a position to watch one of the ridges for sheep; our positions not being more than 100 yards apart.

We had been watching for an hour when I heard John whistle, and saw him motioning me to come to him. On reaching his position, he pointed to a patch of snow almost a mile away on which were 2 animals, one lying, the other standing.

We decided to stalk them and at once started, travelling below the backbone of the ridge in order to keep out of sight of the quarry.

We had proceeded some distance that way, when we discovered the same 2 animals coming toward us, not more than ¼ of a mile away. We were in plain view and lay down on the rock to keep them from seeing us. On they came, first trotting then galloping; one stopping to nibble a bit of grass and then the other.

They again found a patch of snow and down they both went. "Heap fat, afraid their glease will melt," said John.

One did not stay long on the snow, but went to feeding around. The other remained, his head toward us, and just out of rifle range. He would lay down on his side, then rise on his knees, continuing these movements for several hours.

We were almost paralyzed from lying on the rocks in such uncomfortable positions, yet did not dare to show ourselves.

Finally I wormed my way up the slide, crowding aside rocks to avoid raising my body above them. The boys followed, and just 4½ hours after we were first caught in this rock pile, we reached the top of the ridge. There we found easy positions from which to watch the game.

Soon after this, the ram left the snow and joined his mate and both went down the mountain. We watched until they disappeared over some benches. Then John and I started after them, at our best speed. Reaching the point where we saw them disappear we traveled on more cautiously, but kept up a good gait.

Carefully advancing in this manner, I saw one of the animals to the right, on the bench below and about 150 yards from us.

I touched John and he stepped back. I threw my rifle to position and as I did so the ram started to run, but was too slow. As he made the first spring I caught him fair in the shoulders and sent him down.

Turning quickly to locate his mate, I discovered him fully 200 yards to my left, running. Throwing a cartridge in my rifle, I took deliberate aim and fired, crippling the animal; but I could not tell how badly, as it kept going. I followed as fast as I could, stopping to shoot every time I came in sight of the ram; and not until I fired my 8th shot did I have the satisfaction of seeing him go down.

I was using the same rifle that I had used the entire trip; a Winchester single shot, carrying Sharps special ammunition, 45-100-550.

Ed hearing the shots, brought our blankets, frying pan and tin bucket, in which tea was made, to the canyon below, and prepared camp, while I got my measures and skinned the animals.

The next morning we started with our skins and heads for our little camp. We had gained the high ridge and were following a sheep trail, when I discovered, to our right and about 400 yards ahead, a large ram, standing perfectly still and looking at us. We all dropped to our knees, and I slipped from my pack and asked Ed and John to remain quiet, while I stalked the game. I started to place a cartridge in my rifle, when it dawned on me that I had done an awkward thing. During the jubilee in camp the evening before, I drew from the rifle, as I thought, an empty cartridge. In reality I had drawn the shell and powder, leaving the bullet stuck in the barrel.

It was not safe to return for one of the other guns, and yet what would be the result of crowding another cartridge on the ball now in the rifles. There was no time for reflection. Down went the cartridge, making a charge of 100 grains of powder and two 550 grain bullets. I conjectured that the 2 bullets would separate on leaving the gun and go wide of the mark; and as a precaution I held 2 cartridges in my left hand.

On reaching a little wall of rock about 150 to 200 yards nearer the ram I saw him, standing motionless, watching Ed and John.

Taking careful aim, I fired, and was surprised to see him make 2 short leaps and go down. To get his measure and his coat, his head and hams, was a short job. Then on to camp, where we put in a day cleaning our specimens and preparing for our trip back to the river.

Both balls passed through the ram; one through the heart and the other about 6 inches above.

Four friends joined us for another trip in these mountains in the latter part of September.

The party consisted of a Mr. Seeley, an Englishman, Capt. Cole, a pioneer, James Callbreath of the Diamond C. Co., Johnny Highland, of the Highland Mercantile Co., Ed and I.

Although late in the season and bad weather brewing, we took no tents, but carried 2 small flies.

It was a jolly party that pitched camp among some small pine trees, about a mile below our previous camping ground.

The weather was fine and cold. We decided to hunt in pairs, as follows: Seeley and Cole, Callbreath and Ed, Highland and I.

We did not see any game the first day out. The other parties did, but failed to score, and we had to be content with bacon.

The next morning the clouds hung heavy and threatened storm, but we all started for the hunting grounds.

Highland and I had gone only about a mile, when we discovered the fresh sign of a small band and followed carefully but rapidly.

One half mile further, we saw 2 large rams lying down. Highland fired at one of them, crippling it. As the other sprang to his feet, a bullet from my rifle caught him, turning him nicely. Following Highland's cripple we discovered 3 other rams, all large, running ahead of us.

I could not keep up with Highland but saw him stop and fire, finishing his cripple. The 3 other rams wheeled to take a last look at us, from the top of a high hill about 400 yards distant.

Highland raised his rifle, saying, "Just one more." I begged him not to shoot, as I did not think his 38-55 would reach.

He pulled the trigger just the same, and one of the big fellows came tumbling down the hill with a broken back. We did not follow further, but were quite satisfied and set to work to measure and skin our specimens.

It was snowing fast, and by the time the animals were dressed, we were standing in snow 8 inches deep and it was so dark we could see but a short distance.

Marking the location of our trophies as best we could, we took a pair of hams each and started for camp. Seeley and Cole soon joined us, coming in empty handed. The camp looked desolate.

The wind howled with fury and the snow piled up and curled around us, but we were hardy and accustomed to out door life and consequently happy.

Ed and Callbreath failed to show up and we fired shots at intervals of about 15 minutes for some time, but got no response. Finally we gave them up for the night and crawled under our blankets.

They showed up the next afternoon, having spent the night, in a deep canyon several miles away, walking around a camp fire. They had not secured game and were a pretty hungry pair of boys.

The trophies and meat were brought to camp and taken care of. After nearly a week of exposure to the fury of an unbroken storm, we decided to return to Telegraph.

Not a single crippled animal was left in the mountains by any of my party, during the entire season.

I like the Chee-on-nees and am looking forward to the time when I can spend a month in those mountains, and make complete the collection of specimens desired from there.

MARY HAD A LITTLE CALF.

DAVE CORY.

Mary had a little calf—
(So I have been told)
A modest girl was Mary;
Not the least bit bold.

So when the cycling fad came out,
She sighed, then quickly said:
"As bloomers don't become my shape,
I'll wear long pants instead."

A TURKEY HUNT IN VIRGINIA.

E. D. CHRISTIAN, JR.

By an Act of the State legislature, the quail season in Virginia had been closed for 2 years; so my cousin and I decided to camp out for 2 weeks, hunting turkeys. After all arrangements had been made I left home November 7, with tents, provisions, 2 setters and 2 pointers, for Caroline county, Va. My cousin, whom I shall call "Pat," met me at the station. After seeing everything loaded on the wagon we started on the 2-mile drive to Pat's farm.

I arose early on Monday and was told one of the negro hands had, the evening before, flushed a flock of turkeys in the pine woods behind the house. I sent for the "cullud gentleman" and asked if such was the case. Receiving an affirmative reply, I jokingly accused him of lying.

"Boss," said he, "I was settin' down thar by a stump, tendin' to my business, when I hear a pow'ful scratchin' back of me. Den I look and see an ole gobl'r rite at my side, an' I was jus' fixin' to cotch him by de legs, when I hear a 'put, put,' an' I look 'roun' an' seed de whole gang; and fo' God! I los' my chance, caze wen I look 'roun' at de odder turkeys, dat ole gobl'r took out and run, an' de res' of de gang took arter 'im."

I decided to saddle up and go over for "Sandy," who lived about 2 miles from Pat's house. He was to act as guide and "yelper" for us, during our camping expedition. After telling him where the negro had seen the game, he got his gun and pointer, and off we started, on foot.

We had not gone into the woods more than a mile when we heard the dog bark, which meant he had flushed the turkeys. He then returned and we cut pine boughs and made 2 blinds, one of which Pat and Sandy occupied, while I, with Bang, used the other.

In about 30 minutes Sandy took out his "yelper," made from the wing bone of a wild turkey, and commenced to yelp. He had not made more than 2 calls when we heard an answer. It was not long before we saw the turkey coming. After another yelp, he was within range. I let him have my left barrel and he was my turkey.

We killed 4 more after this. On our way back to Sandy's house, "Bang" flushed a turkey that lit in the top of a pine tree, right over me. Pat and I both shot at once, bringing him down with a thud.

The next morning we started early for our camping-ground. As we passed by Sandy's, we stopped long enough to get him and his pointer. We arrived at camp about 2 p.m., and after unloading the wagon set to work to put up the tents. Having finished, we left our negro cook in charge, while Pat, Sandy, and I started for a near-by pond, where, Sandy said, a good many ducks stayed.

We had only reached there when we saw 6 wood-ducks swimming around leisurely. I got one and Sandy 2.

We got some brush and made a blind, Sandy and I on one side of the pond, and Pat on the other. Just before sunset the ducks commenced to return, in flocks of 5 or 6, and we had good shooting for half an hour, killing 9 mallards and 5 wood-ducks.

We could sleep little the first night in camp, thinking of the numerous turkeys we anticipated killing. The next morning, after breakfast, we started for the turkeys. We covered considerable ground but did not succeed in finding any game, though plenty of signs were found, where they had been scratching. We reached camp about 6 o'clock.

The next day we took a different route, but had the same luck; plenty of signs, but no turkeys. On our way back to camp, "Pic" came to a point at the side of the road, backed by the other dogs. Pat walked in and flushed 2 grouse, getting one with each barrel. A little farther on Dick and Bang each found 2 woodcock, in a small slash. Sandy got 2 and Pat and I one each.

We went over the same ground the following day and succeeded in flushing a flock of turkeys, about noon. After making 3 blinds, about 100 yards apart, we got to work and by dark, when we started for camp, had "yelped up" and killed 4 birds.

The next 2 days we did not find any turkeys, so decided to try the ducks once more, and then move our camp to a better locality.

The following evening we killed 8 ducks, as they came in to roost. While waiting for them, we noticed a great many woodcock coming out of a "slash" of bushes, at the head of the pond. They appeared to light on the top of a hill, in a broom-straw field. The next day, after packing, we started for the head of the pond, where we had seen the woodcock. Thirteen were flushed, of which we bagged 11. We returned home that afternoon, having killed all the game we wanted.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

A SYMPOSIUM ON ADIRONDACK DEER.

Mr. E. A. Pond, of the Pond Music Co., this city, has lately done an excellent piece of work. He has, for years, taken a deep interest in game protection—especially so as to the Adirondacks. In order to find out what effect our new laws are having on deer in the Adirondacks, Mr. Pond sent out, in December last, a circular letter to some 60 guides, hotel men, postmasters and others, in the Adirondack region, in which he propounded the following questions:

Are deer in your locality increasing or decreasing?

Were there more or less deer killed this year than last, in your vicinity?

How did the deer killed, this season, average in size, as compared with those killed in the previous year?

These questions are asked in order to ascertain what legislation, if any, is necessary to still further protect the deer.

About 45 answers were received, all of which contain valuable information. I wish I had room to print them in full; but have not. Here are a few which show the trend of opinion among the people who live with the deer, so to speak.

Chief Game Protector J. W. Pond says:

"I note you are desirous of obtaining some authentic information about the deer of the Adirondacks, and an opinion as to what changes are desirable in the law governing the taking of same.

"This Department is not advocating any change, with a slight exception, namely: to regulate the possession of venison, which measure failed to become a law in 1897, when the open season was changed for the killing of deer. We think the deer will thrive fairly well under existing laws. The indications are that deer are on the increase, as few were killed this year, in comparison with former years. This Department has not as yet received statistics from the Adirondacks, as to the number of deer killed in 1897."

H. D. Stevens, Editor of the "Malone Farmer" says:

"I believe the deer in this locality are increasing, under the present law, though it has not been tried long enough yet to show results. We cannot go into the woods and catch and count every deer to see how much they have increased, in a single season; but next fall, when the hunting season comes on, we shall know more about it. I think the deer are increasing rapidly because so few were killed in this section this fall, as compared with previous years. The rate of slaughter of a year ago, and the years immediately preceding, could not be kept up without utterly exterminating the species. I think the law should not be changed from its present form, for 4 or 5 years, except to shorten the open season at both ends, perhaps. From September 1st to October 1st is long enough. By cutting off the first 15 days so many does would not be killed. By cutting off the last 15 days tracking on the snow would be stopped. I believe that when a start is made to protect the deer, we should protect them; though I like to hunt with dogs as well as anyone. In fact I cannot do much at hunting in any other way; consequently I had no regular hunt this year.

"After we have protected the deer for a sufficient time they will become plentiful enough so that it will be as easy to get one without hounding, as it was with the aid of dogs before that method was prohibited."

Mr. A. M. Church, Secretary of the Adirondack Guides' Association, writes from Old Forge:

"Three things are necessary if the deer and other game of this State are to increase, or even continue to exist:

"1st. Better protection.

"2d. Absolute prohibition of the sale of game killed in this State.

"3d. More food.

"By better protection I mean a shorter season for hunting, and more capable and efficient game protectors. We must have men who are acquainted with the country they are to cover, and who are willing to work. Those we have are wholly useless, so far as deer are concerned.

"The present market law is thoroughly a pot hunter's law, and no one not on the line of a R. R. leading out of the woods, can realize the number of deer and other game that is carried to market.

"The last requirement must of necessity come slow if at all, and is only to be brought about by the cutting out of the mature spruce and hemlock trees; thus allowing the rays of the sun to penetrate to the ground and warm and light the millions of seeds that lie dormant, so that they may grow, and form an undergrowth which deer can reach and feed on. It is a well known fact that in a primitive or virgin forest there is little undergrowth, and consequently little food for deer.

"The present law is satisfactory to our people, except that the open season is too long and that it allows the sale of game."

A. F. Down, express agent at Beaver river, says:

"Deer are not increasing. Fewer were shipped in '97 than in '96. More large bucks were killed this year.

"A large portion of the surrounding country was originally Dr. Webb's private park, and was protected. This property was purchased and thrown open to the public, during the season of 1896. The deer, having been unmolested for 5 years, were very tame and were slaughtered like sheep, by the game hogs. This season, however, the deer were more wild, and under existing laws are bound to increase.

"I am deeply interested in the efforts being made, by true sportsmen, to protect the deer from extinction, in this state.

"The prohibition of hounding and jacking is the most important step yet taken, and meets the approval of every guide in this section of the Adirondacks.

"The next step to be taken is to change the season to run from September 15th to December 1st. A deer killed during the month of August, or the first part of September, is unfit for food and a loathsome object as a trophy of the hunter's skill. If it be a doe then one or 2 fawns are left in a condition that the first severe winter weather kills them. If a buck the horns are soft, rendering the head unfit for mounting. During the months of October and November the deer are in the best condition of the whole year, and the sportsman who kills his buck then can feel justly proud of his skill. Of course this kind of a season would not meet the approval of the 'hot house' sportsmen; but to the real sportsmen the months of October and November are the ideal.

"A great cry was raised, a year ago, that none but an expert hunter could kill a deer without the use of dogs. This is not true of the hunters that come here during the season. Not one in 10 are 'experts.' One case in particular. Three young boys, from some little hamlet in the Southern part of the state came, and each killed a large buck; yet neither of them had ever hunted deer, or been in the Adirondacks before.

"They had no guides to assist them.

"The requirements of a deer hunter are a steady nerve and an immense amount of patience."

A. H. Thomas, Secretary of the Moose Pond Club, writes from Warrensburgh:

"Ten years ago we had no deer in this vicinity. Now they are quite plentiful here. I was at our Club house from about June 20th to August 20, 1897, and was in the woods, near our preserve, a good deal. More deer were killed in the month of July than I ever knew killed on the same territory, in a full year, and all on account of the present law. I am informed, from reliable sources, that in many parts of the Adirondacks the same thing was done—deer were killed for spite."

From J. S. Kirby, Lower Chateaugay Lake:

"The law is all right if enforced. Last fall was an exceptionally good one for still hunting; consequently there were more deer killed than there will be ordinarily. A good many deer are killed in winter, on the crust. This should be looked after better, by the State game constables. Not one local game constable in a hundred is good for anything. They don't try to prevent violations, and if they know of any they keep quiet."

From W. A. Alfred, St. Regis Falls:

"Deer have been growing smaller, for several years. This is probably caused by their being killed before arriving at maturity.

"In my opinion the last 15 days should be taken from the open season. This would stop the snow hunting, which is mostly pot hunting.

"The law against hounding is all right, and if enforced will result in a large increase of game.

"If this law is left as it is, in 5 years there will be plenty of deer, and hunters generally will be satisfied."

From Robert Kibby, Supt. North Woods Club:

"The members of this club are not much on hunting, but could kill any number of deer if they wanted to. There has not been as many outside hunters in the woods since they stopped the use of dogs; although we did hear some dogs running last fall, on State lands adjoining the club lands. The law is all right if it were put in force."

From E. J. Lobdell, Lake George:

"The present law regulating the killing of deer seems efficient, and I think will grow in favor with the people, especially the true sportsmen. I think it an act of great cruelty, and inhuman and uncivilized, to pursue and kill deer with dogs. After the lapse of 5 years any true sportsman would be ashamed to be seen hunting a deer with dogs."

From Fred W. Chase, Loon Lake:

"With the law as now stands it would be a calamity to in any way alter it. Sentiment is generally in favor of it, save a few who always are against law, order or improvement of any kind. Actual patrons of the woods do not complain. It is the poacher, market hunter and those from other States beside N. Y."

From B. H. McCollom, State Game Protector, Oswegatchie:

"I think the game laws, in regard to deer, are about right if enforced, all over the woods. I should like to see a law to stop the killing of does, for about 3 years. Then I think it would be impossible to kill them off without using hounds, or hunting with jack lights."

From H. H. Conly, Big Moose:

"The law is about as near perfect as it can be made. Were I to suggest any amendment, it would be to prohibit hounding forever, and to put a $50 fine for killing a doe. However that is not necessary, providing a little more energy is put forward in enforcing the present laws."

From G. A. Stevens, Lake Placid, N. Y.:

"Owing to the extended season the natives killed more deer than usual, as they had good snow to do it on.

"Should the season not be changed it will confine the killing to the professionals and pot hunters. Season should be from September 15th to October 15th.

From George C. Lewis, Secretary Granshue Club:

"The present law is good for the protection of deer if properly enforced. The great trouble is it is not. You would not think of hiring a blacksmith to set type; but this is a fair comparison for the majority of those appointed as game protectors."

From Allen Olmsted, Potsdam:

"We have but very little protection in the East end of the county. We have laws enough. What we want now is men to execute them. I never saw deer as plenty as they were last fall, and I have hunted for over 50 years."

From E. P. Gale, Gale P. O.:

"Prohibit jacking and hounding deer forever. It is the best thing that ever was done in the way of preserving deer. The game law is as near right as can be."

From Wm. Humes, Port Henry:

"I think the present law is as good as could be made, unless hunting were prohibited entirely."

In answering the question in the printed blank "Are deer increasing" nearly all the above, as well as some 25 which I have not quoted say "Yes." Altogether the result of this circular of Mr. Pond's is most gratifying to friends of game protection.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

PEMIGEWASSET.

In the November RECREATION Mr. Charles Payne's advertisement of his plan "to kill one of the largest and finest buffaloes in the United States, and to dispose of the meat for the Christmas holidays," aroused my interest to such an extent that I write for more direct information. The wording of the notice was such that it appeared as an appeal to a singular and, I trust, rare type of sportsman.

Can it be possible that, after all the efforts to preserve and propagate the limited remainder of so rare a native animal, and after a realization of the alarming nearness of its extermination has been borne in upon us by much writing, that a buffalo bull, in the best condition, can be thus marked for slaughter and delivered like an ox from the pen? Not to assume too hastily a critical attitude toward what appears a poor piece of business at best, I beg Mr. Payne, or whoever has killed this "royal game, now almost extinct," will favor us with the circumstances of his hunt.

I admire your magazine; its spirit, its subject matter, its illustrations. The first for its discountenance of unsportsmanlike methods; the absence of even a hint of professionalism; its absolute adherence to a high moral standard in sport. The second for its thorough readability and general authority. The last for their excellence, original selection and abundance.

Personally it is a great pleasure to read articles from such men as Selous, Mather, Hornaday, Carlin, especially if one has an acquaintance with their previous work and a knowledge of their authority.

Another delight is the work of Mr. "Wolf" Thompson, whose devoted admirer I have been since "The King of Currumpaw" appeared in a bygone Scribner.

If I could get a carbon print of his "Wolf on a Hot Scent" I would pay well for it. Nelson's tribute, "To Coquina," was a nugget, in both spirit and execution.

And so it goes. Each number is admirable in every way and I hope its marvellous growth will continue.

Your courtesy in the treatment of suggestions leads me to make one which my individual effort in securing subscribers, in this locality, has prompted me to. Can you not find some one more frequently to sing the praises and dilate upon the charms of our Eastern hunting. Would that I had a literary ability equal to my sensibility of the charm of our Eastern days afield! I have had no experience with the big game of the West; and sigh for none, interesting as are the accounts of its pursuit. All the requirements of my hunting nature are met in the seeking of our kingly grouse, the tender quail and the erratic woodcock. The charm of the pastoral New England landscape, the very habits of the birds partaking of it; the relative sufficiency of the game for all modest demands, and its nearness to a busy life, make a day afield, in this vicinity, all that is necessary for my pleasure. And I know I speak for a large body of Eastern sportsmen. Who will champion the East, in fitting words for RECREATION?

In contrast to the general attitude of RECREATION'S subscribers, on the subject of what a "fair bag" should consist of, I will make a few quotations from another sportsmen's journal, of recent date. The article referred to is signed by a staff writer, but I take decided issue with him on the attitude he assumes here—the attitude of the game butcher.

After describing the incident of the day's shooting, he writes:

> At night we counted up our birds and found we had 26 in all, 5 ruffed grouse and 21 quail. We thought we could have killed 50 birds, between us, if we had cared to hunt quail. Two other gentlemen were shooting at the same place, and one, Mr. Davis, with his guide, killed, if my memory serves me, nearly 50 quail that day, so that all in all we had a grand lot of game.

And of the succeeding day:

> Our bag that night was 5 grouse and only 16 quail, I think. Mr. Davis and his guide had top bag, about 60 quail. The total was a very large one that night, and showed plainly that we were in a remarkably good game country.

Soon after this the correspondent was forced, reluctantly, to leave this "remarkably good game country"; but appends extracts from his companion's subsequent letter, as showing what he missed. It gives an interesting side light on what his shooting companion's nature really is, albeit a mayor and a gentleman (?). This friend ("Pirate Bill," in the language of the narrative) writes:

> We put in our time just the same, making 4 days, and we divided our birds fair and square last night, and had 62 quail and 4 partridge each, that is, for each of the 4. The rats or cats had gotten at one of the strings, in the barn, and must have used up a dozen of them. Pretty nearly slaughter, wasn't it? But the birds were there just as thick when we quit as in the beginning, and we can do it all over again another year, and I hope you will be able to enjoy some of it.

And again:

> We were shooting fast and furious; I never had anything like it. I have forgotten just how many the 3 of us trimmed out, but think it was 71 birds that we had in our pockets that night. At any rate, all told, the party had 96, and I am quite certain I had my share of them.

Further on this same writer naively remarks:

> Throw this little country open to all the guns, and half a dozen birds to the gun would be above the average. The shooting there is still good because the market hunting has been stopped, but I do not think the locality can stand even so heavy a drain as is above mentioned, for many seasons.

Now I don't want to let loose all the epithets which come to my mind, in characterization of such reports. They would not look well in print; but I do want to say that the admissions made above seem indicative of a pretty low moral status, to be in the ownership of any true sportsman!

Furthermore, as a staff writer for a journal of sport, which has always had the flag of game preservation nailed to the mast, the above quotations seem rather inconsistent, to say the least. How does it sound to others?

Here is a choice brace of quotations from the same letter:

> Warden Loveday, when interviewed to-day, was pronounced in his opinions in regard to the lethargy of sportsmen in practical protection. He thinks the sportsman prone to lie supinely on his back and ask for the good things of shooting and fishing, without getting up to help corral them.

Now observe this second one, wherein this same warden Loveday prominently figures, in company with a Governor!

> Gov. Tanner, Clerk Van Cleave, Warden Loveday and 2 local shooters, of Wayne county, Ill., had 2 days' shooting at quail this fall, with the extraordinary result of 360 quail to the 5 guns. These birds are abundant in Wayne county, this year, and numbers of prairie chickens were also seen. Mark this down in your note-book for next year.

Nothing supine in his position apparently! No need of any very active search for helpers to corral these 360 quails, was there? I should like to ask the correspondent, or Warden Loveday, whether the hopeless moral condition of a game warden, who would be party to such slaughter, is not enough to induce "lethargy" and "innocuous desuetude," and "early senility" in any true sportsman?

God speed the L. A. S., well conceived of Mr. Lydecker, well advanced by the editor of RECREATION, and well received by the earnest advocates of true sportsmanship all over this country. Make it apparent, through your magazine, as you have so well done heretofore, what it is, what it is for and how to achieve its end, and a universal sentiment to its furtherance will be the initial step. This city is ripe for such agitation. An association already formed for the protection and propagation of our fish is in active work, and a healthy spirit is evident among the sportsmen.

A STREAK OF LUCK.

Akron, O.

Editor RECREATION: I have discovered, by years of observation, that it is dangerous for a man to try to handle a subject with which he is not familiar. Of course we must make allowance for hunting stories; but when a man tells me he shot a deer through the heart and that it fell dead in its tracks that spoils the story at once. Of hundreds I have seen shot that way, I never saw one that did not run at least a few rods, and I think the same will prove true in the case of nearly all wild animals.

I have heard some good hunting stories, years ago, which might be old enough to be new to some of the younger readers of RECREATION. I have one in mind which I will give you as Bill told it:

"D' I ever tell ye 'bout what a streak o' luck I run into one fall, up on the Beaver? Wall, ye know I were camped up thare, trappin', and one mornin', thinks I, Ile jis' slip up the crick un' see if I can't git a pa'tri'ge, er suthin', fur brukfus. Wall, I hadn't got fur, til' I see a par o' ducks lite in the crick, a piece furder up. Thinks I, b'gosh mebby I kin git one of 'em; so I jis' slipt up easy like, 'hind a log, un' peeked over; un' thar tha' wuz settin' in the crick. So I jis' slipt the ole gun crost the log un' wuz jis' pullin' down on one of 'em, un' b'gosh a big buck jis' kum down on t'other side o' the crick to drink.

"Now thinks I, Ile jis' cacilate a little, an' see if I can't git both of 'em. So I pulled in on the duck's neck an cacilated the ball 'ud hit the water an' sorter glance up an' hit the buck. So I pulled away; an' ye never see nothin' wuck slicker an' that did. Thar the duck wuz, floppin' aroun' in the crick, an' the buck kickin' things loos' on t'other side.

"Well, thinks I, Ile hav' to git acrost thar an' tend to ye. So I jis' piled in an' waded an' pick'd up the duck; an' b'gosh the trout rushed up my britches laigs til' tha' bust a buton off; an' it flew up the crick 'bout 10 rods an' killed anuther big buck that wuz crossin'.

"Wall, I got out o' the crick an' got the fish out of my britches, un' hall'd the bucks together, an' thinks I wonder whar that ball went to. So I got the range un' foller'd up till I cum to a big holler sicamore un' thar she wuz; a hole big ez yer thum', un' honey a runnin' out full sige.

"Thinks I, that won't do, to let that honey go to waste; so I grabbed down to git some leaves to plug up the hole, un' b'gosh I got hold of a rabbit thet wuz sittin' thar; an' it made me so durned mad to be disapp'inted thet way, that I throw'd it, hard 's I could, an' it struck into a flock of pa'tri'ges an' killed 13 of 'em.

"Wall, I plugged up the bullet hole, an' gethered up my game un' carried it to the shanty an' got suthin' to eat, for ye can bet I wuz hungry.

"After brekfust I tuck sum buckets an' went over an' cut the big tree un' tuck out 4 bar'ls o' honey. Figgerin' up one duck, 2 bucks, 2 bushels o' fish, one rabbit, 13 pa'tri'ges an' 4 bar'ls of honey waren't bad fur that mornin', wuz it?"

And Bill didn't call himself a game hog either. G. B.

TIN PIGEON SHOOTING, IN WILD AND WOOLLY WYOMING.

Wind River, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: There are 4 of us. We thought we could shoot. The ducks that went South last fall know better. Four men, 4 guns, 1,000 cartridges gone up in smoke and 100 ducks down in our pockets. That's the summary of 2 months' work.

We reflected; cast about for ways and means, and made soft remarks to ourselves, when out of ear shot of the ladies.

Empire targets and traps? Excellent; but, then, we are 1,000 miles from anywhere, the last 150 being over a Klondike snowbank, with corresponding freight rates.

Then we remembered RECREATION, September, 1897, page 218 and Mr. Lowe's home-made trap. We got out our logarithmic table, Chauvenet's "Least Squares," Analytical Geometry, and Analytical and Applied Mechanics; but were immensely relieved on discovering that to construct the trap, these works were not necessary.

The trap built and pigeons made, we went to work. We made a few "possibles," consisting entirely of misses; but finally hit the right trail and occasionally made a score. We hunted up all the literature available; read "Wild Fowl Shooting," "Wing, Cover, and Trap Shooting," and other discussions, as to the correct methods.

Some say one eye open, others say 2. Like David, we said in our haste "all men are liars," and concluded that 1½ eyes were more nearly right. The only level headed fellow on the subject was the chap who said, "The best way to shoot, is the way you can shoot best." He was a RECREATIONIST, too. Any way that was the method we finally adopted—each fellow as he saw fit, keeping either one or both eyes open; looking at the bird only, or sighting along the gun at the bird. The results were about the same; it being merely a matter of practice.

Shooting at these tin targets is very instructive, if rightly followed. There is a time in the flight of nearly every one of them when it stands almost still, relatively to the shooter. If you are out for record, shoot then. If for instruction, take the bird in the quartering or rising flights. When we finally quit shooting, we were fairly proficient, being able to get 8 to 10 birds out of 10 shots. Now, when the ducklings homeward fly, let them beware of the tin pigeon sharp; who is out with his gun and his appetite. Siwash.

FOR UNIFORM FISH AND GAME LAWS.

A most important convention was held in Chicago, in February last. It was composed of delegates from Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, and its object was to plan and work for the enactment of uniform game and fish laws, for these 4 States.

In attendance were 2 Representatives and one Senator from each State, game wardens, and members of the State Game and Fish commission, and delegates from several sportsmen's organizations. Senator J. H. Green, of Wisconsin, was made chairman, and S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Minnesota commission, acted as Secretary.

A committee was appointed to outline the work for the body consisting of Representative M. R. Bortree, of Illinois; Representative W. H. Flett, of Wisconsin, Representative W. B. Douglas, of Michigan, C. E. Brewster, Deputy State Game Warden of Michigan, and W. H. Loveday, Game Warden of Illinois.

The following resolution, offered by Senator Potter of Minnesota, was adopted:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that trout and white fishing should be prohibited on the great lakes, during the spawning season, being from October 15th to December 1st."

A resolution was also adopted recommending that laws be passed in the several States prohibiting the capture of any fish with hook and line, or any other device or means, within 400 feet of any dam, during the period from April 1st to July 1st in each year, consecutively, for the 5 years next following, and to prohibit the sale of fish in the markets of kinds and less than sizes as follows:

	Inches.
Black bass	11
White or striped bass	8
Rock bass	6
Black river crappie	8
White river crappie	8
Yellow ring	6
Wall-eyed pike	15
Pike pickerel	18
Buffalo	15
German carp	13
Native carp	12
Sun fish	6
Red-eyed perch	6
Catfish	13
White perch	10
Lake and brook trout	6
Grayling	6
California trout	6
Land-locked salmon	10

Several important measures were recommended to the legislatures of the several States, which it is hoped may be favorably acted on during the present sessions.

Those in attendance at the meeting were:

Michigan—Senator Preston, Lapeer; Representative F. C. Chamberlain, Gogebic; President Horace Davis, State Fish Commission; C. E. Brewster, Deputy State Game and Fish Warden; Colonel E. Crofton Fox, John Waddell, of Grand Rapids Sportsmen's Association; A. S. Lakey, of National Bird, Game, and Fish Protective Association, Kalamazoo.

Minnesota—Senator E. G. Potter, Minneapolis; Representative W. B. Douglas, Moorhead; Representative A. F. Ferris, Brainerd; S. F. Fullerton, St. Paul, executive agent Minnesota State Game and Fish Commission; C. S. Benson, St. Cloud, secretary Minnesota commission; T. E. Byrnes, Minneapolis, attorney Minnesota commission; W. G. L. Tucker, St. Paul, secretary Sportsmen's Association; Uri L. Lamphrey. President Sportsmen's Association.

Illinois—H. W. Loveday, Chicago, State Game Warden; S. P. Bartlett, Quincy, United States Fish Commissioner; M. H. Cohen, Urbana; M. R. Bortree, Deputy Game Warden and deputy for Representative D. R. Campbell; C. D. Gammon, Charles E. Felton; A. H. Noel, Fish Warden, Cherry Valley; Representative G. R. Lyon, Waukegan.

Wisconsin—Senator J. H. Green, Milwaukee; Representative Henry Overbeck, Jr., Sturgeon Bay; Representative W. H. Flett, Merrill; H. D. Smith, Appleton. J. J. Hogan, La Crosse, Fish Commissioners; J. T. Ellarson, Madison, State Game Warden.

ANOTHER HERD OF SWINE.

The Circleville Gun Club has chosen sides and expects to start out Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, on a hunting expedition. Each hunter is allowed to choose his own territory.

The club will assemble at Hennessey's Hotel, at 7 o'clock in the evening, and the side having the most game will be furnished a supper by the losers. Foxes will count 5 and other game one each. The winners will have their entrance fee returned.—Middletown (N. Y.) Times.

Here is another proof that the hogs are not all in Lebanon and Leominster. We have a herd of them here in the Empire State. Will not some reader of Recreation send me the names of the men who participated in this butchering contest? I should like to put them all on record, where they belong.—Editor.

GAME WARDEN'S WORK.

Lansing, Mich.—The annual report of Game and Fish Warden Osborn shows a total of 579 cases for violation of the game and fish laws, prosecuted during 1897, as against 503 for 1896 and 504 for 1895, a grand total of 1,586 for the 2 years and 11 months that Mr. Osborn has held office.

In addition to the number of cases prosecuted, a great many fish ladders were put in dams, work of a nature to prevent violations was conducted in all parts of the state, and a great fight was successfully made to sustain the new commercial fish laws.

This record is said to exceed that of any state game and fish warden in the United States, and it is now claimed for Michigan that it is in advance of all other states in the work of protecting fish and game. This is conceded by authorities, enthusiasts and journals devoted to that work.—Detroit Journal.

This shows that game protection does protect, if you enforce the laws. That's what the L. A. S. is for—to help enforce the laws.—Editor.

GAME NOTES.

With reference to the side hunt: More than half the names on the "circus poster," as you term it, were put on for a joke, I think, by the projectors of the hunt. Some were lawyers, some doctors, and I am not sure but that some ministers' names may have been on it. All this was without the knowledge of the parties, but they let it go as a joke, I dare say. It may have been a bad joke, and, as I have said before, there is no good excuse for the whole thing; but in justice to those persons who took no part in it, I ask you not to include them in the list of butchers. I will take my share of the medicine with the rest, although I killed mighty little. All the sportsmen here, with whom I have talked, are sorry they ever had any part in the affair, and several have said it was the last time they would ever engage in a hunt for points; so write some of us down as at least repentant, and remember "the devil is not always so black as he is painted." For the sake of all who did not take part in the hunt, especially, kindly drop all reference to the affair and we will try not to offend again.

C. M. Hoffman, Lebanon, N. H.

Mr. J. S. Askey, of Pekin, Md., writes to deny the killing of 400 squirrels by himself and Messrs. Bradley, Pollock, Somerville, Spears and Lander, as charged in December Recreation. The report of this killing was clipped from a local paper, by a subscriber who lives in Lonaconing, and sent me with the request that I expose these men. Assuming the information thus given was correct, I did so. Mr. Askey states that the party killed 168 squirrels instead of 400, as stated by my correspondent. Even this number is excessive; and in this day of the rapid extermination of game 50 squirrels would have been an ample number for this party to kill. However, sportsmen everywhere are being rapidly educated to the necessity of moderation in the killing of game, and it is hoped these men have now had a lesson that will prevent them from ever again killing more than a reasonable quantity of game, even though they find it abundant, in rare instances.

We are in that part of Ohio known as the Black Swamp, where the country is level and the leading industry, outside of the oil business, is farming. Most of the land is under cultivation, hence our outdoor sports are decidedly tame, compared with those of more favored sections, where the hunter is monarch of all he surveys. However, rabbits, grouse and quails afford good sport.

One morning last week I heard my dog barking, back in the woods. Calling Dean, we were quickly on the ground. After discovering the tree and circling it several times, we saw among its topmost branches 2 little balls of fire, glowing down on us. I steadied the lantern on Dean's head, while he took careful aim and fired. After a moment of suspense a coon fell to the ground, hit squarely between the eyes. We then looked for smaller game, and bagged 8 large fox squirrels, on our way home to breakfast.

E. B. White, Rollersville, Ohio.

Quails are fairly plentiful in some parts of Indiana. The birds seem unusually large and strong. No big bags have been made. A letter to a sportsmen's paper, from a town in this State, tells of the killing, by one man, of 57 quails, in a day. No reasonable man would continue shooting, after he had made a fair bag. No gentleman would take more than his share of game. And no man with the faintest conception of sportsmanship would kill 57 birds in a day, when game is as scarce as at present.

Light guns appear to be taking the place of the 10 bores, so popular a few years ago. The best quail shot in Marion shoots a 5½ pound, 20 gauge gun, using ½ oz. No. 8 shot.

If game does not increase rapidly, we will soon have to depend for our sport on the festive clay target. I predict that trap shooting will grow in favor as game becomes scarcer.

Will F. Jones, Marion, Ind.

For the benefit of Mr. Homer Raleigh, I will relate my experience in learning to hit moving objects with a rifle. I first suspended a square target, by strings, from the upper corners, so it would swing freely. I practiced at this target, at 20 yards, and gradually increased the distance as I became proficient. Then I made a deer, of wood, and fitted it with wheels from a toy wagon. This I would put on an inclined plane; and by an arrangement of trigger and string, which I pulled with my foot, would suddenly release the target and away it would go down the slope.

Dr. P. Barron, New York City, asks how heavy a trigger pull to use on a sporting rifle. I recommend a pull of 2 to 3 pounds. That is safe; and after a little practice, will be found as light as any set trigger. Too many jerk, rather than pull, the trigger. Place the trigger finger so that it rests on trigger between the first and second joints, and it will be found to release the mechanism easily and gently.

H. W. M., New Orleans, La.

After reading numerous articles in RECREATION regarding our game laws, I want to ask one question. Why is it we can never elect men who will do their duty? We have a law in Missouri prohibiting the shipment of game from one county to another, and we have had several prosecutions here during the last 2 weeks. John Kreiger was arrested and plead guilty to shipping quails out of the county. He was fined $100 and costs, which was about right; but they gave him a stay of execution on payment of costs, which were light in a justice court. That is the way our game is protected. I say prosecute such men to the full extent of the law. Quails were plentiful here last season and it was easy to buy a few hundred dozen and ship them out. A man could make money by shipping them, even after paying the costs of a suit.

J. T. Gale, Bethany, Mo.

Charles Wells, of this place, while out hunting, saw 2 foxes moving toward each other. When they were about to pass, he fired, killing both at one shot. They were about 6 rods from him, and his gun was loaded with No. 6 shot.

One morning this fall, while out after squirrels and grouse, I noticed a dark bunch near the top of a large pine. After watching a moment, I saw it was a coon; so changing the No. 8 shot in my gun, for No. 5, I let go. Down came the coon. A few moments later, I saw a second coon, a little higher up. Another charge of No. 5's killed him also.

My gun is one received as a premium for a club for RECREATION. Neither gun nor magazine can be beaten, and I am proud of both.

W. R. Sanders, M.D., Derry, N. H.

I am with RECREATION, heart and soul, in its crusade against the game hog. Let me give my experience with one of those animals. While hunting in this vicinity some days ago, I had occasion to pass through the village on my way to a patch of woods beyond. At the village hotel my dog came to a dead stand, pointing to a farmer's wagon drawn up before the door. My curiosity being aroused, I investigated, and found the wagon nearly filled with an assortment of game. There were grouse, quails, woodcocks, rabbits and squirrels. All had been trapped, and bought from farmers, to be resold in the city. How long will it be, at this rate of slaughter, before game will be as scarce as hens' teeth? It is the duty of true lovers of sport to insist on the prohibition of the sale of game.

N. K. Morgan, Hartford, Ct.

My friend and I spent 10 days in hunting deer this fall, at a small lake in Hamilton county, N. Y. We had some rough experience, sleeping out in the rain, etc., but were repaid for our trouble. One morning I espied a buck. He was standing quartering, and looking straight at me. I fired, and the bullet passed through his heart. Another morning, we were in a swamp; he with a shot gun, and I with a rifle. We sighted a bear. A rifle ball broke his hind leg, and my friend finished him at 10 yards, with the shot gun. We had a fine time, and secured all the game we could use in camp. We shot many ducks and rabbits.

My brother is delighted with the camera you sent him, for getting subscriptions.

D. Simmons, Troy, N. Y.

Sportsmen did not, last season, visit this section so much as formerly.

The crop of fawns appears to have been good. They are seldom shot by white people. The deer are beginning to travel to their winter range, to be killed by the Utes. The head game warden is reported as saying that he will stop the slaughter, but other game wardens have said the same thing.

The local game warden, Mr. Lyttle, appears to be trying to do more than some of his predecessors. Elk seem about as numerous as usual, and grouse also. Bear are, I think, increasing. On the lower White, wolves seem to hold their own. The open season is too short.

J. M. Campbell, Buford, Col.

I am a travelling man, and always make inquiries along my route as to the quantity and kinds of game within my territory. South Dakota protected her large game for 5 years. The law expired October 1st, 1896. Since then deer have been plentiful. This season there are many deer; but as little snow has fallen, few have been killed. Sportsmen are waiting for a good fall of snow.

The deer ranges of the Big Horn mountains, back of Sheridan, Wyo., were destroyed by fire last fall.

I expect to have a few days among the ducks in Colorado before the last take wing for their winter quarters.

E. H. R., Newcastle, Wyo.

In December Recreation, some one speaks of the game law of Pennsylvania. It is a law that should be copied and enforced in every State in the Union. This law would be perfect if it carried with it an appropriation to pay wardens. Our club employs 3 wardens at its own expense. There were a few parties who shot grouse, and one or 2 who bought and sold game. They did not advertise, and offer premiums for birds, as in other seasons. Game was plentiful last season in and around our park, and strict watch was kept over it.

We poisoned foxes, wildcats and skunks, to save our grouse and young deer.

Supt. Spruce Run Club, Pine Glen, Pa.

I am a member of a small camping club here. There is not much game in this locality but we are careful of what there is and kill only what we can use. Our club has been in existence about 7 years and each fall we spend some days in the Shaw bottoms. Wild turkeys are the largest game we have and they are not plentiful, yet we manage to enjoy ourselves. I have a good camera and a complete outfit in the way of tents, etc. I am satisfied when in the woods and the most of my pleasure is derived from simply being there. Of course, I enjoy shooting also, in season, but only what I wish to use.

Charles F. Emmel, Vandalia, Ill.

A few years ago, the rivers and forests about Dunango were full of fish and game. The streams swarmed with trout. On the hills, deer, elk, sheep, bears, grouse and pigeons were plentiful. Now all is changed. The energetic work of pot hunters and hogs has depopulated the waters and coverts. Eighty miles Northeast of Dunango is the Pedra river, and in its vicinity are a number of smaller streams. All still afford good trout fishing. Deer, grouse and other game abound in that region.

Success to the L. A. S. It will receive hearty support from this part of Colorado.

Frank H. Sandford, Durango, Cal.

Last season I had 3 weeks on the Comanche and Apache reservation, after turkeys and quails. The district is ordinarily closed to hunters, consequently quails are there in countless numbers. The law forbids shipment, so our party of 5 shot only such birds as we wanted for our camp table. We spent 5 days after turkeys, during which time no shots were fired at any other kind of game. We bagged 6. Those experienced in turkey hunting, as far North as we were, will appreciate the labor involved.

J. B. Sanborn, Chicago, Ill.

Nothing you do is more worthy of commendation than is your roasting of game hogs. This subject is one in which people must be educated. Some years ago I did not think it wrong to shoot all the game that came my way; but now I see where I did wrong, though I never got the big bags that many claim they get. Keep right after the people and educate them to the fact that game will soon pass away unless protected. Roast the game hogs, good and brown, and we will all help keep up the fire.

L. D. Hack, Livermore, Ia.

I have just returned from a 3 months' trip through the upper part of the Colville Reservation, which was opened for mineral purposes a year ago. The Kettle river, its Northern boundary, is the best trout stream in Washington. All the small streams in that region afford good fishing. Deer are plentiful, and there are a few bears on the reservation.

If any reader of Recreation wishes any information about the Colville Reservation I will gladly give it.

J. B. Liptrap, Clover, Wash.

I have read with a great deal of interest your articles on "How to Outfit for Alaska" but I believe it remains for me to solve the question.

1st. Take no salad dressing, Worcester sauce, pepper, salt, etc.

2d. Take a large supply of game hogs, for they can walk.

3d. Take one copy of Recreation. One is plenty. It will roast the hogs to such a finish as to make an epicure's mouth water. I think you will now see my reason for not taking any salad dressing, etc.

J. G. L., New Hampton, Ia.

I believe, after enjoying a hunt in Maine and learning the condition of things, that the laws of Maine are faulty in many ways, especially in regard to birds. No grouse are seen where a few years ago there were many. This, undoubtedly, is due to the foxes. They were so plentiful that after a snow storm there were many tracks. Deer are also abundant, but moose and caribou have left that part of Maine. This is caused by lack of food, owing to the large number of deer.

W. W. Sargent, Fitchburg, Mass.

Last fall I camped with H. M. Norton, of this city, and 2 others on Orn Brook, ½ mile West of East branch of the Penobscot river, 10 miles West of Staceyville, where we had good success with deer. We took all the law allows but saw no moose or caribou, and grouse were scarce. The largest deer, a fine buck, with a good set of antlers, was killed by C. T. Bordwell, of Bear Lake, Pa. At the station it was said this was the largest buck brought out. He weighed 214 pounds.

Wm. L. Marsh, Corry, Pa.

I have, for the last 10 years, spent part of each autumn hunting and fishing, in the Allegheny mountains.

During the past hunting season, my brother and I were very fortunate. We killed 8 wild turkeys, some grouse, quails, squirrels and rabbits.

Large game is getting scarce in that section. Once in a while a bear or a deer is shot; but seldom within the last 4 or 5 years. S. H. Lemon, Harrisburg, Pa.

At the first annual election of officers, of the "Recreation Rifle Club," of Illinois, the following were chosen:

President, J. G. Holding, Chicago.
1st V. Pres., L. K. Warren, Chicago.
2d V. Pres., Q. D. Murson, Chicago.
3d V. Pres., P. P. Sullivan, St. Louis, Mo.
Treasurer, C. R. Wagner, Oak Park, Ill.
Secretary, F. B. Kimball, Streeter, Ill.

Correspondence should be addressed to the treasurer, C. R. Wagner, Oak Park, Ill., and will receive prompt attention.

"A Bangor (Me.) man drove out to look for deer. He tied his horse to a tree, in the woods, and sallied into the forest, where he circled about for an hour. Then, after firing at what he thought was a bull moose, he came up to find he had killed his horse."

Until I saw the above item, I thought all such idiots had slid off the earth, gone to a hotter climate! Yet it seems there is one left to serve as a warning.

Reader, Lynn, Mass.

Saturday night, December 11th, the Rahway Coon Club hunted in the fresh meadows, about 3 miles from Rahway. The dogs, Rocks and Rush, struck a track about 10 p.m. The coon ran in a circle at least 3 times through the middle of the woods. Finally, the dogs got him treed, and we brought him down with the third shot. Then we had a regular circus before we could kill him.

W. H. K., Jersey City, N. J.

The Milwaukee and Shawano Hunting and Fishing Club has 25 members, a Club and Boat House, and 53 Acres of land adjoining Shawano lake. The lake is about 4 miles wide and 9 miles long, and is 170 miles North of Milwaukee. There are 3 rice marshes in the lake and thousands of blue bill ducks and mallards, late in October. Pike, pickerel and bass are also abundant.

T. P. McGrath, Milwaukee, Wis.

Good Ground, L. I., November 6—Shinnecock bay is literally alive with ducks and there are many shooters here, most of whom are from Brooklyn. W. J. Warner was here, during the week, and carried away 150 ducks. A. E. Parker, of Brooklyn, bagged over 200.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Bring on the branding iron and let us mark these fellows "G. H."—EDITOR.

Ruffed grouse, woodcock, and squirrels were plentiful here, last year; and ducks were in fair numbers. Fishing is poor, as we have literally no game protection. I have seen 7 different parties spearing pike, pickerel and black bass, on Port bay, in one night, in direct violation of the law; yet no one ever molested them.

R. H. H., Wolcott, N. Y.

We have a few fox squirrels, quails, woodcock and ruffed grouse.

I see you are not fond of pork. We have game hogs here. Give it to 'em.

I use a 12 gauge Winchester repeating shot gun, for hunting, and it is certainly the strongest shooting cheap gun ever handled.

Ed. Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

I note with pleasure the artistic appearance of the February number of RECREATION. Also the deadly parallel columns. Your success is deserved, although phenomenal. RECREATION is certainly eminently superior to any sportsmen's publication in existence, yet it improves with each number.

H. C. Wilcox, Friendship, N. Y.

Few ducks have been seen here this season; there has been no flight this way. Blue grouse were unusually scarce. Prairie chickens are pretty plentiful, and good sport was had with them, early in the season. A party of hunters returned, a few days ago, from the hills, with 4 bears and 2 deer. T. O. P., Helena, Mont.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine I ever saw. Game in this part of the country is plentiful. There are gray squirrels, rabbits, foxes, grouse, woodcock, ducks and geese. The fishing is good. Some fine catches of trout are taken. Deer are seen quite often, though but few have been killed. E. Casey, Bristol, Vt.

Quails, turkeys and doves are abundant here; also deer and smaller game in the Lake region, during the season. A month's visit there costs not more than $25.

Green and blue wing teal are plentiful in the marshes, in season, as well as some other ducks, snipe, and plover.

D. Burson, Seffner, Fla.

Quails are plentiful here. In driving across the country we see them along all the roads. A few weeks ago I noticed a large covey out among our grape vines and my pointer lay asleep in the sun, not 2 rods away, knowing nothing of the game passing so near.

John Sallman, Shelby, Iowa.

Enclosed find check for $1.00 for which send RECREATION for another year.

Your efforts for the better protection of game and your everlasting warfare on the "swine" are especially worthy features. May you live to drive the knife still deeper.

J. G. Ely, M.D., Hamburgh, Ct.

Have just returned from a short trip to the Big Horn mountains, with Milo Burke, whose address I obtained through RECREATION. I do not believe a more gentlemanly and competent guide than Mr. Burke exists.

F. C. Andrews, Detroit, Mich.

After my experience of last September I can heartily recommend Burton Harris, and his resort, to all sportsmen in search of an outing. We found game plentiful and I killed a fine bull elk 3 days after leaving the Hermitage.

W. H. Fletcher, Los Angeles, Cal.

Deer and grouse are plentiful in this section. Deer are killed by the Indians and whites, too, all the year round. If they could be protected out of season they would soon be more numerous.

R. E. Rosenberger,
Lac du Flambeau, Wis.

Several of us have organized a gun club, which we have decided to call "Recreation Gun Club."

Edw. Schirmer, Jr., White Plains, N.Y.

Thank you, cordially. Have sent you a flag properly inscribed.—EDITOR.

Did you ever know of a dog trailing and standing on a snapping turtle? My dog, a pointer, trailed one yesterday, about 60 yards, and I thought he was trailing a covey of quails.

H. Liming, Whitehall, Ill.

A swan with a broken wing can swim faster than a man can row a boat, and if a person were to be hit by its wing he would be badly hurt.

F. B. Guion, New York.

We have more birds now in the county than we have had since the winter of '91. We had deep snow then and lost nearly all of our birds.

C. B. Vick, Seaboard, N. C.

Game is unusually plentiful this winter, especially deer, grouse and ducks. Game laws have been rigidly enforced, during the past 3 years, for the first time, and results are quickly seen.
B. Chew, Upsala, Fla.

The law only allows deer to be killed from November 1st to 15th and no one is allowed to shoot more than 2, so a man has no chance to make a hog of himself.
M. Rymal, Hamilton, Ont.

There is a law here against killing game for market before October 15. On the morning of the 15th game began to arrive early, by boat and by train.
T. W. Dowling, Portland, Ore.

Quails are plentiful here, and Sandusky bay had more canvasback ducks, last fall, than at any previous time during the past 5 years. Wm. Hocke, Sandusky, O.

While in the Adirondacks last fall, for 5 days, we secured one bear and a fine 4 point buck. These were killed the first day. A. L. Martin, Otego, N. Y.

Rabbits, prairie chickens, foxes and wolves are abundant here. There are also a few coyotes and squirrels.
Michael Mead, Flandreau, S. D.

There are some game hogs here, the kind that for lack of brains cannot be redeemed.
E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

Five of us had a jolly time in Muskoka, for 2 weeks. Got 6 deer, wet feet, etc.
A. McKay, Seckerton, Ont.

This is a great game country, the American home of Chinese pheasants.
Frank Poindexter, Eugene, Ore.

I got plenty of small game and a fine bull moose in Nova Scotia, last fall.
E. J. Johnson, Reeds Ferry, N. H.

Quails are numerous and we have had some glorious sport.
Dr. A. W. Cassidy, Vigo, O.

Last fall I shot a harpy eagle, measuring 6 feet from tip to tip.
H. R. Severn, Burlington, N. Y.

Quails, turkeys and deer are abundant here.
H. E. Bugbee, St. Augustine, Fla.

Bear, deer and turkeys abound here.
A. W. Ivins, Chihuahua, Mexico.

I am just in from my 2 weeks' deer hunt. Killed 2 deer; one a monster buck, weight 286 pounds; one a big doe. Killed within 10 rods of each other, in 5 seconds; 2 shots in each. Geo. Hall, Tomahawk, Wis.

There is not much game in this part of the country, except rabbits and quails; but the few sportsmen around here are hoggish about even these.
Jas. L. Gardner, Yorkville, S. C.

Had a pleasant trip to Maine last fall. Our party of 3 killed 2 large bull moose, one caribou and, of course, 2 deer each.
J. W. Shurter, Gansevoort, N. Y.

Game is scarce here, especially birds, and the rabbit has to bear the brunt of the battle. Only a few are left.
H. J. Henry, MacDougall, N. Y.

Game is scarce here. A few rabbits and grouse are all we have. Pickerel shooting is our sport in the spring.
M. P. Edy, Clarenceville, Quebec.

Two of my friends report quails abundant around Stern, N. C., last fall. They found 33 coveys in one day.
J. T. Edwards, Richmond, Va.

Rabbits are so numerous here they are destroying all the young orchards.
Henry Patterson, Wellsville, O.

The outlook for deer is good here. Ruffed grouse are also plentiful.
J. D. Jones, Iron Mountain, Mich.

I was out rabbit shooting yesterday, with some friends, and we got 4.
Harry Culver, London, Ont.

Duck shooting was remarkably good last season.
G. A. Gibbs, Pasadena, Cal.

Quails were abundant here during the season.
John O'Kane, Van Buren, Ark.

We have excellent sport here; chiefly big game.
O. D. Hoan, Revelstoke Station, B. C.

Grouse and rabbits are plentiful.
F. B. Cortright, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Game is scarce here.
Ralph G. Goldy, Williamsport, Pa.

All who join the L. A. S. before June 1st will be enrolled as charter members. Send in your dollar at once.

FISH AND FISHING.

IS THE STURGEON A MIGRATORY FISH?

Glenn's Ferry, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: Two men were lately arrested here for catching sturgeon in Snake river, at a time forbidden by law. During the trial the contention was raised that our sturgeon is a salt water fish and that it migrates back and forth to and from the sea.

I should like to have your opinion of this; whether in many cases sturgeon are entirely confined to fresh water, as, for instance, the Lake Erie sturgeon. While we have no impassable falls between here and the Pacific ocean, to prevent the sturgeon passing up and down, still the distance is 400 to 500 miles, by water; and the sturgeon are always in the river—not like the salmon which only come in the fall of the year. What can you tell us of the natural history of the sturgeon?

With regard to our Pacific salmon *(Oncorhynchus tschawytscha)* did you ever hear of them being taken with a fly, in the rivers of the Pacific coast? I never heard of them taking a bait of any kind; though why they should not do so, like the Atlantic salmon, I do not know. Is there any book published that treats of the natural history of the fresh water fish of the Pacific slopes?

E. S. Craster.

Professor Barton W. Evermann, Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission, replies to these questions as follows:

The sturgeon found in Snake river is variously known as the Columbia river, Sacramento, Oregon, Pacific, or White Sturgeon, or *Acipenser transmontanus* of the books. It is abundant from Alaska to Monterey and is found far from the sea, in all the larger rivers such as the Sacramento, Columbia and Fraser. In the lower portions of these rivers it is undoubtedly migratory, running from salt water into fresh and back again. The principal fishery for this species is in the Columbia river, near its mouth.

That this same sturgeon is permanently resident in Snake river seems well established. I have seen it caught at Weiser, Glenns Ferry, Lower Salmon Falls, and Upper Salmon Falls; and from information obtained at those places, and from my own observations, I have no doubt it is resident there throughout the year.

This sturgeon is, in its habits, very much like the Great lakes sturgeon, which is more or less migratory in the St. Lawrence river, but permanently resident in all of the Great lakes.

This is the Lake sturgeon or Red sturgeon, *(Acipenser rubicundus)*. In the St. Lawrence river it may be somewhat migratory, but in the Great Lakes (in each of which it occurs) it is necessarily non-migratory. It is also found in the larger rivers of the upper Mississippi Basin and has never been known to run down to salt water. In the Lake of the Woods, on the Northern boundary of Minnesota it is very abundant and constitutes a fishery of vast importance. The sturgeon catch in this lake in 1895 amounted to 2,000,000 pounds. This lake is the principal source of the caviare made in this country, the shipments in 1895 having been 186,699 pounds.

The salmon which comes into Snake river is the Chinook or Quinnat salmon *(Oncorhynchus tschawytscha)*. At any distance from the sea it rarely or never takes the hook, but in the lower portions of the rivers it is said to do so frequently. Every year a great many salmon are caught in Monterey bay by trolling. The trolling is done from either sail or row boats, with stout lines and hooks attached to rods, or simply fished by hand, sardines being the usual bait. Some fine catches have been made here. The salmon are found in Monterey bay from June to September and there is no more delightful place to spend a few days or weeks, if one wants the best of sport with the trolling line.

At the falls of the Willamette river a good many salmon are caught with baited hook, and occasionally one with the fly. The same is true at the mouth of the Siuslaw river, Oregon. Many Chinook salmon (as well as silver salmon) are taken in Puget sound, in the same ways.

I have never known a Chinook salmon to take the fly or baited hook, at any great distance from the sea.

There is no book devoted especially to the ichthyology of the fresh water fishes of the Pacific slope. Various papers have been issued by this Commission, which treat of the fishes of certain special parts of the coast, but no one that covers the whole ground. I have sent Mr. Coaster a series of the reports referred to.

Barton W. Evermann.

BAIT *VS.* FLY FISHING.

J. W. HUNT.

Again the controversy as to the respective merits of fly and bait fishing starts in. It is in pursuit of that terrier among fishes, the black bass, that the disciples of the 2 schools of angling meet; for few real anglers would ever go after a trout with worms.

Although not bigoted on the subject, I must relate an experience which seems to me effectually to dispose of the claim advanced by the fly men (no slang intended) that the bait fisher loses half the sport through not seeing the strike.

It was an extremely warm day in August. The scene was a large shoal in Lake Ontario, near Stoney Island, a few miles off Henderson Harbor. The sun shone untempered by a single cloud. Not a ripple stirred the surface of the water. It looked like an immense sheet of plate glass. So clear was it that the top of the shoal was plainly visible at its varying depths of 8 to 20 feet. A craw fish crawling on the rocky bottom was as plainly visible as though only a highly-polished show window interposed. With the coming of the calm the fish, which had been biting freely during the morning, ceased to pay attention to the lure; and at a convention of the 5 boatloads into which the party was distributed, it was agreed, with one dissenting voice, that it was folly to continue fishing under the prevailing conditions, and an adjournment was had to a neighboring island for pipes.

I, however, refused to be bound by tradition. Besides the opportunity too well served for an experiment I had long wished to make; so, leaving the others to their fish yarns I rowed away to a fish experience which I would not have missed for a great deal. Under my direction the boatman pulled to a deeper portion of the shoal, where it was much broken, the ridges rising to within 12 or 15 feet of the surface and the jagged sides sloping away 30 feet or more. In the cool depths of these pools we could see schools of bass lying motionless, or lazily swimming about with a barely perceptible motion.

Unshipping the oars we paddled noiselessly about from pool to pool. It was like a visit to a mammoth aquarium. Great, full bellied, aldermanic-appearing fellows most of them were; looking even larger than they actually were, owing to the magnifying quality of the water. The bronze of their backs shone like burnished metal, glistening under the liquid glass.

We spent half an hour studying them, fascinated by the novel sight. We spoke only in whispers and scarcely propelling the boat. Then I removed the sinker from my line, selected a smooth, new mist-colored leader; thrust the point of the hook through the tail of a crawfish and gently cast to the edge of the pool, letting the bait settle slowly to the bottom. As the crawfish sank, with wildly waving claws, a 4 pounder swam lazily upward and scrutinized it. He seemed to me to cock his eye at it, for all the world like an epicure with sated appetite, gazing askance at some not very tempting dish that is set before him. The examination did not please him, evidently, for, turning about Mr. Bass swam lazily off, with something so suggestive of a swagger, in the wagging motion of his body, that both angler and boatman burst into a laugh.

The disdained crawfish was withdrawn and a helgramite impaled in its stead. These creepy, scorpion-like creatures are seldom met with in those waters; so it was with a high hope that I cast it carefully forth and watched it settle in the pool. At first its reception was most encouraging. My old friend the 4 pounder, seemed really quite interested, making a complete circuit of the be-legged and wriggling stranger, while 6 or 7 smaller fry—of one and 2 pound calibre—hovered about in a decided state of excitement. The result, however, was no more fruitful than before. One by one the fish withdrew and the scorned Dobson was in turn withdrawn.

The situation had become intensely interesting. To see these hearty beauties in full view and not to be able to induce a strike was, to say the least, mortifying. As a last resort I turned to that ever faithful friend of all fishers (even on occasion of certain fly fishermen whom I have known), "the meek and lowly angle worm." Selecting a particularly fat and lively specimen I festooned him in 2 loops and 2 flowing ends, carefully washed all bits of soil from hook and worm, and let fly.

The 4 pounder, looking more aldermanic than ever, had retired to a cleft in the rock at the other side of the pool. I have never seen a fish asleep. In fact I must plead a distressing ignorance on the subject, as to when and how, or, for that matter, whether they sleep at all or not. This fellow, however, seemed to be taking a nap. I cast the worm gently to the extreme limit of the pool and as it sank, drew it gently across so that when it reached the bottom it grazed the head of Mons. Bass, arousing him from his reverie, or siesta, whichever you please. He bristled up his fins, and looked very fierce; but was at once mollified on recognizing the nature of his disturber. He looked the worm over with a discriminating eye; nibbled in an indifferent fashion at the ends and at last drew the morsel slowly into his mouth. At this point I struck and the bass became keenly alive to the situation. He fought as only a game fish, bred in cold and exposed waters, can, and every detail of the battle was as plainly visible as the type on this page. The commotion aroused a decided interest among the other fish in the pool, and the hooked fish was attended, at a discreet distance, by 7 or 8 of his fellows, in his rushes to and fro.

At last the finny fighter lay safely in the landing net and the operation was repeated, this time the pocket scale registering 2 pounds. And so, for 2 hours, I kept at it and carried home 11 as fine fish as I ever saw in a "car." Not one weighed less than 2 pounds, every one of less weight, that took the bait, having been carefully unhooked and restored to the water, with mental thanks for having contributed to so exhilarating a confirmation of my contention that, under certain circumstances, bait fishing may afford even keener sport than the fly; for with the conditions prevailing at the time of which I write, one might have whipped the water with a touch of down, and never have gotten a rise.

MUST NOT SELL EVEN HIS OWN TROUT, IN CLOSE SEASON.

A reader of RECREATION asks this question: "Assuming that a man has received from the State trout to stock a pond, for his own use, can he legally catch and eat or sell the trout, thereafter, during the close season?"

I submitted this proposition to the Hon. John S. Wise, whose answer is printed below:

"In Hooker v. Cummings, 20 Johnson (N. Y.) 90, it was held that 'The Legislature has the right of regulating the taking of fish in private rivers, which are unquestionably private property.'

"In my opinion, the fact that a man received from the State trout to stock his pond, for his own use, would not affect the case. Even where a pond was exempted from the provisions of a general law, prohibiting the taking of fish from ponds, but where there was no grant of right to sell fish so taken, the party was successfully prosecuted for selling such fish. State v. Beal, 75 Me. 289. The State may regulate the time for taking fish in private as well as in public waters."

ANOTHER DEVICE FOR FISH HOGS.

> Dore Ogden, a local genius, has invented a fish-catching apparatus which promises to excel all previous inventions in that line. A fine wire extends from a battery, near the fisherman, through the fishing line to the hook. The fish are electrocuted the instant they touch the instrument. In a test in White river several hundred pounds of fish were caught in a few hours.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

It is to be hoped that the next time Ogden attempts to use this infernal machine, on fish, he will get it mixed up in some way, press the button while he has the hook in his hands and send himself where his wire, if he should take it with him, would melt.

FISH NOTES.

A party of picnickers were spending the day on the beaches, back of Croton Point last August, when their attention was attracted by the violent splashing of some white object in the water near the shore. Some of the party were bathing at the time and, becoming alarmed at what they thought a shark, went ashore, post haste. One of the bathers, Louis Pilat, a florist of Sing Sing, being more venturesome than the rest, swam out and captured a fine striped bass, in its last throes. When he got ashore the cause of the bass's demise was evident. A 6 inch catfish stuck head first, hard and fast, in the bass' mouth. This is a hint for bass fishermen in the finding of a new and effective bait.

Chas. Blandford, Sing Sing, N. Y.

Hundreds of trout are taken here each winter, through the ice, and more each spring, trolling. We catch some as large as 20 pounds, each, but more of them weigh from 2 to 4 pounds. We have white fish and salmon here. Perch, pickerel and bass are also abundant.

J. E. Hutchins, Laconia, N. H.

I have frequently fished in Keuka Lake, at the foot of which Penn Yan is situated, and have had some good catches of small mouth bass, caught mostly by trolling slowly with a 150 foot silk line, small swivel and 4 to 6 feet leader, and using minnows for bait.

Jos. T. Cox, M.D., Penn Yan, N. Y.

Fishing is not so good as formerly, owing to the seining done around here. Last summer I found one place where the fish would bite from 10 until 3 o'clock, in which time I could catch from 10 to 50, averaging about ¼ pound apiece.

Geo. M. Loosley, Jr., Rock Island, Ill.

We intend to take a trip to Canada and have been told that there is good fishing in Black lake. We should be glad to hear from any of the readers of RECREATION, who have been there or know anything about it. P. S. Duncan, Saltsburg, Pa.

I recently had an even half interest in a string of 6 bass, 4 weighing 3 pounds apiece and 2 of 4 pounds each. Our party one night found 5 coons up a tree and they all came home with us to roost.

Dr. Wm. A. Hastings, Owego, N. Y.

We are now settled for a season. The camp stands back from Green river about 500 yards. Trout are abundant in Green river and in the Gros Ventre, which is only a mile distant.

Mrs. A. C. Wallihan, Cora, Wyo.

We have just started a fish and game league here. Last year 70,000 young trout were shipped to this station and distributed in brooks near good trout ponds.

C. W. Tenney, Barton, Vt.

We have good fishing here in the upper and lower river, and in Lake Ontario. Bass, pike, pickerel, perch, etc., are plentiful.

M. V. Allen, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

E. W. Charles, of Minneapolis, holds the record for the largest muskalonge of last season. It weighed 40 pounds.

H. G. McCartney, Chicago, Ill.

We have the best trout fishing in New York, and good hunting.

F. B. Fleming, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

WHEN PASSIFLORA BLOOMS.

AGNES M. ANDREWS.

The little spirit under the purple flower had been busy all day; it had said many things to Laughing Moonbeam, and to-night the Indian girl had gone to the edge of the forest to listen to the sighing of the waters.

She was sorrowful with the mournful water-spirit, who wept and wept and would not be consoled; she laughed with the little nodding forest flowers, which bent and whispered among themselves, and pointed long finger-like leaves at her.

A black shadow fell across the path. With a glad cry Laughing Moonbeam sprang forward. A pair of brown, warrior arms held the maiden in their clasp. The fast paling moon drew a veil of cloud across its face. The Indian lovers stood alone in the shadow of the forest, where no mortal ears could hear; where only the spirit of the flowers climbed among the tree-tops and whispered the secret to the dancing leaves, the leaves to the summer zephyrs, and thence away, away, away to the genius of the forest, off to the pale lights in the North where dwelt the Spirit. The forest was full of the Indian lovers' secrets, and the whirling wavelets of the waterfall sang and sang with it. The little spirit under the purple passiflora was happy, but none heard its wee voice.

" Laughing Moonbeam, gleam from the North, child of the mighty forest, know that the Indian warrior loves thee; thou art the jewel of his paradise; thy smile is dearer to him than the scalp of his rival or the death groan of his foe. I will go forth, where the spirits of our fathers hold their dance, and I will bring thee, little Laughing Moonbeam, I will bring thee the heart of the white enemy—of the pale-face who steals the minds and binds the wills of our people. Thou shalt be the proudest among Indian women, and the warriors shall pray to thee, Laughing Moonbeam, child of eternal light! "

In the West the cold moon sank between an arch of giant trees; against its light the lovers stole, until their forms grew faint and blended into forest shadows.

" When the little purple flower blooms again—the sad little flower that makes thee weep, my Laughing Moonbeam — thou shalt see thy warrior lover. He will return to thee and thou shalt meet him in the shadow of the forest. Weep not, maiden; dream rather of the victory to come. In the skies shalt thou see the death-warning of the pale face! When the passiflora blooms again I will lay the crimson blossom of love on the white heart of my Laughing Moonbeam."

At dawn he went forth, and the dusky hand that plucked the purple forest flower was strangely cold. The spirit under the passiflora murmured softly, to itself, and caught Laughing Moonbeam's tears and hid them away under the soft earth, about the flower's tender, thread-like roots.

Far off in the camp of the pale-face, the settlers still dreamed of the day when the red-man should be driven from the forests; when his home should be forsaken and the gods of the Indian should be banished from the wilderness.

When the snow lay in a royal mantle over the forest world, Laughing Moonbeam chased the gray squirrels, frightened the timid deer that drank from the streamlets, and watched the giant branches of the trees that shook and shivered in the wintry chill. Day by day she longed for the little spirit of the passiflora; but it came not, and the heart of Laughing Moonbeam grew cold and heavy. She no longer heeded the gray squirrels, her old comrades; the deer drank by her side and she saw them not. The red foxes came to her and put their cold noses close to her face; but she only turned away, and their little foxy hearts were troubled, and they wondered at their playmate. Then they trotted back into the forest. Only snow and sleeping nature—Laughing Moonbeam was weary.

One day the white spirit was gone; the trees shook themselves and put forth their buds; and the little brooks began their old songs once more. By the fire in the tent of the great chief, sat Laughing Moonbeam's father, smoking his long pipe, brooding over the youth and the vigor that had gone before him into the Spirit Land. Laughing Moonbeam slipped forth away from the chattering women. She lay down on the moss under the shadow of a tree. A voice murmured to her. Close beside her the little passiflora smiled. Then Laughing Moonbeam knew her lover had returned.

By the edge of the forest, she found him; but no arrow, no visible sign of death-wound. In his stiff hand just a tuft of blood-stained flaxen hair, the scalp-lock of the pale-face. The heart of the white enemy was cold, and Laughing Moonbeam's lover had come back to her when the passiflora bloomed.

The gray squirrel stopped a moment by the fresh footprints in the damp earth; then he bounded away, for he was a wise squirrel, and he knew them for the footprints of no red man. The spirit under the passiflora was still.

RECKLESS SHOOTING.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

The number of accidents, fatal and otherwise, which result, yearly, from careless handling of firearms is startling. One can hardly pick up a newspaper which does not contain accounts of accidents of this kind. Even the most experienced, have their share of mishaps; and in these days of hammerless shot guns and nitro powder, the inexperienced sportsman should be extremely cautious. The new brands of nitro powder, need to be carefully studied and tested before being used. A wrecked gun, and perhaps fatal injury to the shooter, may be the result of inattention to the loading directions.

But it is of carelessness in shooting at objects not clearly seen, and of general recklessness in handling firearms, of which I wish to speak.

Several years ago I was employed in an Eastern gun factory, as inspector and tester of arms. My duties were the shooting of the guns, for pattern, and making sure that the mechanism was in working order. The factory cellar was used as a testing range. The building was only 100 feet in depth, so, to get the necessary range of 40 yards, I had to stand 20 feet outside the cellar door. There were several men employed in the cellar, and others were constantly coming and going through it. I had to warn them, before each shot, and several times accidents were barely avoided.

I recall a narrow escape I had while trapping clay birds, at a shooting match. I stood on a board, while setting the trap, which brought my head 6 inches above the screen from before which the clay discs were thrown. I had set the trap and was stepping down when—bang! went a gun; several pellets of shot going through my cap.

If I had been standing on the board, at the time, I would not be writing now.

Another time I was out with several others, hunting woodchucks. We were all armed with 44 calibre Winchester rifles. We walked up the railroad track; I being a few yards in advance of the others. Suddenly—bang! went a rifle, and a ball buried itself in a tie 2 inches from my foot! A careless shooter had accidentally discharged his rifle while working a shell into the chamber.

I remember some reckless shooting that 2 friends and I once did. Certainly we should have known better.

One of the party was a visitor at my house, and we concluded to try the chucks one afternoon. In company with my village chum we started. My visiting friend carried a Stevens' 25-20 rifle, fitted with a Mogg telescope. My chum's weapon was a Marlin repeater, shooting a 32 rim fire shell. I carried a Stevens' Favorite, 25-10 rim fire.

We sauntered leisurely up the track, to what we considered the best spot. Here we sat, while D——, who carried the telescope rifle, occasionally scanned the field below the track, through the 'scope, hoping to see a woodchuck.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "There's a big one—nearly black! Get ready fellows!"

We gazed below at the object. Yes, that was a big one, and he sat still; apparently surveying the field for his enemy—man.

"Give it to him, D——," I said.

The distance was about 30 rods. D—— fired and the ball struck about 20 feet beyond the object.

I then took careful aim and fired. My shot struck about the same distance short, as D——'s had beyond.

"Now B——," I said to my chum, "nail him dead."

B—— was an expert shot. He adjusted his sight and drew a bead on the distant object. His finger was pressing the trigger, when suddenly the supposed woodchuck stood up; and we made the horrifying discovery that we had been shooting at a man's head!

Scared? Three fellows never scattered miles behind them as we did.

That cured us of shooting at an object of any description unless we were sure what it was.

Lady (entering barber shop with skye terrier) "Mr. Barber, can you cut my doggie's hair?"

"No I can't, or rather I won't."

"Indeed: You seem to hold yourself pretty high; for one in your position."

"Perhaps I do, but I'm no skyescraper."—Truth.

SELECTING A RIFLE.

PENOBSCOT.

At the age of 15 I received an old muzzle loading shot gun. Its original design was almost obliterated by the nails, screws, wires and patches that had been added by its successive owners. How I ever survived that gun is a mystery. It is my dim recollection that the weapon suddenly collapsed in irretrievable ruin. Anyway it passed out of my existence, and for 15 years I had no gun.

A year's experience with a breech loader gave me an appetite for the chase, and an acquaintance with sportsmen that led to an invitation to go deer hunting, in New York. The prospective change from squirrels, rabbits and grouse to deer and bear, nearly took my breath away. Of course a rifle was the next thing to secure and I anticipated little difficulty in obtaining what was best suited to my needs. Alas for the ignorance of the novice! How was I to know that there is a crank attached to every gun? My first thought was to buy one that had been thoroughly tested. I called a friend to the telephone and explained my mission, humbly confessing my inexperience, and clearly setting forth my brilliant theory. " How many rifles have you? " I asked. " Nine," came the reply. I shook the telephone. " How many did you say? " " Nine." Here is my man, I hopefully soliloquized. " Do you care to sell one? " " No, I have use for every one of them." Whew! I certainly had had no adequate conception of the gun mania up to that time. I next went to the friend who had invited me to take the trip. I found he was also looking for a rifle—in fact had been studying the subject for months. With eager interest I listened to one of the most learned discussions on the subject I had ever heard. Reputation of firms, different models, degree of twist, top and side ejectment, lever or slide action, open or peep sights, calibre, black or smokeless powder, solid or express bullets, ad infinitum, until my brain was in a whirl. In the presence of such wisdom I surrendered, and told my friend to order 2 of the same kind. The next day, I met one of the expert riflemen of the village. In a moment of fatal confidence I told him my decision. A perfect inundation of contrary opinions came near sweeping me off my feet. After 2 more of the brethren had essayed the task of instructing me, my mind was brought to a dead centre, refusing to move either way. The result was my friend decided for me, and I bought a Winchester '86 model 38-56 calibre. I had the good fortune of shooting the first deer, and the guide estimated the distance at 35 rods. Here certainly was a success that should have settled the matter; but no, the gun was too heavy, the action stiff, the ammunition hardly the thing, etc., etc. In a party of 9 there were 7 different models of gun used, and the battle waged furiously about the camp fire. The next year 2 trips were planned, one to New York and one to Maine. Meanwhile, I had sold the 38-56, and had bought a 45-90 of the same model, so as to be well equipped for bear and moose. The prospective Maine trip brought out several more experts and the 45-90 was returned, and a 38 calibre '95 model with smokeless cartridges was secured in exchange. With this I shot a deer that got away. Of course the gun was to blame, and its banishment speedily followed. The Savage and Winchester 30-30 were looming on the horizon. New firms, more models, fresh regiments of gunatics! The prospect was appalling. I turned to one of the most successful sportsmen of my acquaintance. He put a beautiful Winchester 45-90, half magazine, in my hands and asked me to try it. After some unexpectedly good shooting at a target, I told him it was the gun for me, and asked the price. He made me a present of it, on the spot, and saved my life. We do not sell or give away our gifts—love for the donors preventing such base uses. To this alone I owe my escape from incarceration in the asylum for gun-cracked sportsmen. What has been the result or rather results? First: a gun that constantly reminds me of the giver; that excites the admiration of all who see it; that can clip the head off a grouse or duck or kill a moose; and that, in my 2 trips with it, has dropped 3 deer almost in their tracks. Second: a mind at rest, at least as regards rifles. Go on, brethren, with the interminable discussion. I have seen a deer shot with a 30-40 that traveled 100 yards with a hole large enough to put my hand in, and I have seen a black bear that was dropped with one shot from a 32. I have seen deer killed with every calibre, from a 25 to a 50-110, and have been told by a reliable party of a bull moose killed by a boy with a 22 repeater. I have a friend who took 3 rifles to camp; shot grouse with his 45-90, tumbled onto a bear with his 38 and, while carrying his 22, came within 50 feet of a monster buck. He is now using one gun, is tending strictly to business, and like myself has a mind at rest. From all of which I conclude: (1) That a successful shot is due to the gun plus the man. (2) The gun you are successful with is the gun for you. (3) That the expenditure of brain-tissue in discussing the merits of a half dozen equally good rifles, if turned in the direction of acquiring a mastery of any one of the 6, would give any man his fair share of the same.

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

Woodworth, Mont.

Editor RECREATION:- I send you by this mail a piece of a domestic bull's skull with a hole in the centre, made with a 25-35 Winchester bullet. The animal dressed over 1,000 pounds. The man who owned him thought my little gun was not large enough to knock the bull down, let alone killing him, but he dropped dead in his tracks.

I used a soft point bullet. It went clear through the head and lodged against the neck joint. If a 50-100-450 will do any better work they are made on a different plan than of old. You will notice that the skull is badly fractured.

I should like to ask Mr. Van Dyke if he has ever used one of the late improved small bore guns. I think not; for if he had he would not load himself with 12 pounds of gun, when 7 pounds will do the work just as well. I can go him one better on big guns; for I have used a 50-115-400 Bullard express, which is the largest repeater made, and it failed to do the work of the little 25-35. If Mr. Adams (see November RECREATION, p. 397) had been with me last fall he might have wished for his tree or his gatling gun; but I didn't.

While riding through the timber, one day, I came on a large silvertip, not more than 20 feet away. My horse stopped and the bear sat up to look. I dropped off and gave the bear one of the little "pencils" which did the work. It broke his neck, half way between the shoulders and the ears.

The hide is stretched nearly square and measures 6 feet 4½ inches long. I killed 2 bears last fall, and one shot was enough for each.

Now if Mr. Adams will take a 25-35 and a 50-100-450, go on a big game hunt, give both guns a fair trial and then, when he gets home, will say the 50 is the most desirable gun to pack, I will send him a good 6 point elk head, free of cost. I will trust to his honor as a sportsman to give an honest decision.

As for Mr. Van Dyke, he had not used a smokeless gun, up to the time he wrote in favor of the 50-100-450.

M. P. Dunham.

It gives me great pleasure to express to you my appreciation of your valuable magazine. I look forward with pleasure to the first of each month, when RECREATION arrives, and read it from cover to cover. Then I read it again, to see I have missed nothing.

I am interested in the articles on the 30 calibre rifle; more so perhaps because I own a Winchester 30-40, which I think the best gun made.

I admire the way you set the hogs down. Give them the "hooks," in good shape.

Roscoe, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GUNS FOR BOYS.

The kind of gun to place in a boy's hand depends on the kind of boy he is. If he be of a nervous temperament it should be rather long (for safety) and heavier than he çares to carry on a long tramp. A heavy, slow boy can better use a lighter arm. A sufficient drop to the butt of a gun is next in importance to its killing power. The tendency of all beginners is to look across the muzzle and fire with the breech low down. For successful shooting the gun must be properly loaded. There is no definite rule, as different arms require slightly varying loads. A good general rule may be stated thus: The weight of shot used should equal that of a ball of pure lead that will fit the bore. This will give a 12 bore, 1¼ ounce; a 14 bore, 1⅛ ounce; a 16 bore, 1 ounce; and a 20 bore, ¾ ounce. The charge of powder should equal, in bulk, the quantity of shot used. These rules apply to F.F. grain high grade black powder, and to all sizes of shot. Some guns may require a trifle more of both powder and shot. Cylinder bored guns will shoot larger loads with less recoil, and have more penetration than choke bores; penetration, in the latter, being sacrificed to concentration. I am aware that I am courting criticism, from high authority, but I base the statement on an experience of over 60 years. The longer a cylinder bore is used, the better gun it is, if properly treated. It is a common idea with small boys—and some bigger ones—that the larger the shot, the better it will kill. The size of shot must be proportionate to the size and vitality of the game. The same number of pellets of small shot will kill quail, rabbits and squirrels quicker than larger shot. Teal and some lesser ducks are more easily killed with No. 6 shot than with a larger size. Almost all sportsmen use too large shot. I have killed wildcats, lynx and foxes (animals of great vitality) with No. 6 shot.

L. A. F.

SMOKELESS POWDER IN THE 44-40.

The new smokeless full metal patch cartridge now made for the 44-40 Winchester increases its effectiveness a half. The velocity is greater, the trajectory less, and only a little below the black powder 40-82. The penetration is about the same as with the 40-82 lead ball, and considerably greater than that of the Marlin 45-70 lead ball. The 44 calibre is large enough without the upset gotten with the lead ball.

I shot, at 18 rods, a 5 point buck, in the neck, half way between head and shoulder. The ball passed back between the shoulders and out on the other side. The buck's neck was broken, and he died instantly. Another buck, running straight away, was shot at a distance of 43 rods, and fell dead. The ball entering under the ribs, passed between the shoulders and up the neck to the head.

This is hard enough shooting for any ordinary game, from deer down; and I should like to try it on a bear anywhere inside of 30 rods. I do not agree with a number of your correspondents as to the superiority of the Marlin. I never saw a Marlin pumped out that did not stick once or more during the operation. The side ejector is a nuisance to a left handed shooter, in that the shells strike him or fall on his right arm. Brooks, Olivet, Mich.

THE ALL-ROUND RIFLE.

For the benefit of L. E. Morris, and others who have made inquiries, I will give my opinion on this subject.

Strictly speaking, such a desirable arm as an all-round rifle has not yet been produced. By "all-round" rifle, I mean one that would kill a bear quickly, and yet not spoil a squirrel; and having sufficient accuracy for fine target shooting, with no unpleasant recoil.

The nearest approach to these requirements is found in a 32-40 Marlin or Winchester, repeater, when used with proper loads. For small game, and target practice, up to 150 yards, use 30 grains of f.f.g. black rifle powder, and a 117 grain sharp pointed bullet. This is cast in an Ideal mould, from a mixture of one part tin to 20 parts lead. An illustration of this bullet appears in Ideal Handbook No. 9, numbered 31,949. In an everlasting shell, this makes a fine load, with plenty of power. It is accurate at reasonable distances, and the sharp pointed bullet will not tear small game. Everlasting shells are not crimped on the bullet; therefore, the rifle should, with this load, be used as a single shot, especially if it be a Winchester. The regular factory load—40 grains of powder and a 165 grain bullet—is excellent for such game as foxes, wolves, etc.; also for target shooting, from 150 to 300 yards. At 200 yards it will shoot in a 6 inch circle with great regularity. The majority of expert target shooters have adopted the 32-40 cartridge for 200 yard work. The best load for large game is the smokeless cartridge as loaded by the U. M. C. Co., with metal patched bullet 150 grains in weight, having a hollow, soft lead point. This charge will do good work on deer, black bears and similar game. For grizzly bears or moose, a 50-100-450 is preferable.

Henry Fisher, Benicia Barracks, Cal.

TWIST *VS.* DAMASCUS, *ET AL.*

Will you kindly answer the following questions through Recreation? What is the difference between English stub twist and Damascus steel barrels, in shooting and wearing qualities, and in bursting strain?

How does the Winchester rolled steel barrel compare with either twist or Damascus, in above named points?

I. W. Fream, Harney, Md.

ANSWER.

An expert to whom above was referred replies as follows:

Stub twist was originally made from a very high quality of Norway iron strips and steel strips, twisted like Damascus. Genuine stub twist is no longer made.

It was originally a first class barrel; but no better than good Damascus, as to strength and wearing qualities.

The Winchester or the Remington rolled steel barrel is equal, if not superior, to any ordinary twist or Damascus barrel. They give satisfaction in every way.

REAR SIGHTS ON RIFLE BARRELS.

Evanston, Ill.

Editor Recreation: In your November issue I read a query as to the usefulness of a rear sight on a rifle barrel; when a peep sight on tang is used. After using a dozen different rifles in the last 25 years, and owning 6 now, all with the Lyman rear sight on tang, I can give only 2 reasons for the use of a barrel sight on a hunting rifle. It is of no use on a rifle used exclusively for the target, if you have a peep on tang.

On a hunting rifle you may, at times, need the rear sight on barrel. It is not possible to use a peep when shooting at dusk, or by moonlight. You will have to fold it down. At such times a barrel sight is what you will need. Or if by accident you injure your peep, you then have a barrel sight to fall back on. It will not be in the way if you cut it down below the point blank of your peep. It should lie as flat on barrel as possible, and should be a sight you can raise if necessary. On all my rifles I have a barrel sight for these 2 uses. I have adopted the Winchester Express sight, which is short, and has 2 small leaves to raise. When both are down, the plain notch is for 50 or 100 yards, according to the style of rifle. The first folding leaf up is 50 yards more; the second 100 yards more. Therefore in the woods or in poor light, you can use this sight up to 150 yards. It is by far the best barrel sight, and does not interfere between peep on tang and muzzle sight. But if you want a graduated barrel sight, to use for greater distances, put on the Winchester sporting leaf sight. File down the short notch to the hinge, and use the up and down slide notch, and it will not interfere with a Lyman peep. I never go out on an extended hunt without taking along 4 extras for my rifle so as to be ready for possible accidents. They are, one front sight, one Lyman rear, one extractor, and one main spring.

Hank Hunkamunk.

ITHACA GUNS.

In answer to Mr. E. R. Wilson's inquiry, in December RECREATION, will say I have used both 12 and 16 gauge Ithaca hammerless guns. Am now using a 16 gauge, 6¼ pound, 28 inch barrel, Ithaca ejector, and it is satisfactory. I have owned and used 8, 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns, by the best makers.

If Mr. Wilson will get a 12 gauge Ithaca, 7 to 7¾ pounds, 28 or 30 inch barrels, and use 2¾ to 3 drams of King's nitro powder and 1 to 1⅛ oz. of shot; or a 16 gauge, 6 to 6½ pounds Ithaca, and use 2½ to 2¾ drams King's powder and one oz. of shot, I think he will not complain of either gun, for field shooting. I have killed ducks with a 16 gauge 6¼ pound gun, at as great distances as I ever did with a heavy 10 gauge.

George Hayden, Jacksonville, Ill.

In December RECREATION I note E. R. Wilson's query as to the shooting of the Ithaca gun. My father has a 12 bore Ithaca hammer gun, that he used all of last fall, with fair success. It shoots too close for ordinary field use, but would make an especially fine duck gun.

The game in this vicinity, though plentiful, is being cleaned out by game hogs. One party killed 72 rabbits and another 30. I call that downright butchery.

Comet, Newton, N. J.

Mr. E. R. Wilson asks about the Ithaca gun. I bought one last summer and have used it at the trap and afield. It has given perfect satisfaction. My gun is a 12 gauge, 32 inch barrels, and weighs 8½ pounds. At 35 yards, with 2½ drams of Dupont smokeless, it put 81 shot in a space 3 x 4 inches; and many of the shot went through an inch pine board. With No. 4 shot, it has killed ducks at 65 yards. Mr. Wilson will make no mistake if he buys an Ithaca.

L. Van Buskirk, Angola, Ind.

AN ALL AROUND GUN.

Living near the mountains, and hunting mostly for large game, with a rifle, I have had little use for a shot gun. I used a 45-75 Winchester and found it quite effective. Recently I became interested in the study of birds; and wanted a shot gun to secure them in good condition for study and mounting. I sent for a Charles Daly 3 barrel gun, with 12 gauge barrels for shot, and a rifle barrel shooting the 38-55 cartridge. Left barrel is cylinder bore; and when hunting where there is large game I carry a cartridge of buckshot in it. It is very effective for deer at short range, running or standing. For longer range, I like the 38-55 mushroom bullet. I am not a professional hunter; but with this gun I have killed, and gotten, 11 out of 13 deer shot at, within the last 2 years. This gun is light, weighs 8¾ pounds, and suits me for anything, from a humming bird to a bear. With it, I am always ready for large or small game of any kind.

W. F. Dean.

LOADS FOR INDOOR SHOOTING.

Those who wish to charge the regular 45-70 shells for indoor, and short range shooting, will find the following load about right: Nine grains, by measure, of King's smokeless shotgun powder, and a 144 grain "collar button" bullet. Seat the bullet with the double adjustable chamber in an Ideal No. 5 tool. Use No. 3 W. primers in Winchester or U. M. C. shells.

For a light charge for a 25-20 Winchester, use a musket cap full of the same smokeless powder, and the regular 77 grain bullet, as cast in the Ideal No. 4 tool. Seat the bullet, about the regular depth, with the fingers. Both of these loads are satisfactory for indoor shooting. They make no noise, nor smoke; and the powder does not foul or injure the rifle barrel.

Bald Eagle, Buffalo, N. Y.

REPEATERS VERSUS DOUBLE BARRELS.

Wolcott, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I should like the opinion of some of your readers as to the relative penetration of black and nitro powders, in shotguns. Because a powder is quicker, will it necessarily give better penetration? I am a repeater crank and consequently favor nitro powder; but cannot make it penetrate equal to the black.

It has been my fortune to use some of the best American makes of both hammer and hammerless guns, including the Parker, Remington, Ithaca and Baker; but for actual use would not exchange my little 12 gauge repeater for any gun I ever saw. When it comes to getting game the repeater is as much ahead of a double breech loader as the breech loader is ahead of the old muzzle loaders. The repeater is the coming gun.

I should like to hear from others who are using them. R. H. H.

NOTES.

I spent my vacation with a party of 4 others at Attean Camps, Jackman, Maine. It is a first class place for hunting or fishing, and is well managed by Mrs. J. T. McLaughlin. Board and guides are good and deer are abundant in that vicinity.

I used a 30-30 Winchester, with the soft nose bullet, which I think is the best rifle I ever saw for large game. The first deer I shot at proved to be a doe. She was shot through the body. With any other bullet, in the same spot, she would have gone some distance. As it was, she did not take a step, but dropped where she stood.

The second one was a 2 year old buck. He was walking and was 18 rods away. The first shot killed him instantly and I think it would have done the same had he been 3 times that distance away.

I think the fishing would be first class there in the season, and any one wishing a pleasant place to go in the spring would do well to correspond with Mrs. McLaughlin. A. L. Bailey, Cobalt, Conn.

I am about to purchase a Stevens' rifle, but am in doubt as to the best calibre for my purpose.

I want a rifle that can be easily taken apart, and packed in a 24 inch case, or fitted to the frame of a bicycle. It must shoot cheap ammunition, be readily cleaned, and not liable to get out of order.

I shall use it for shooting small animals and birds, and for target work, at from 50 to 200 yards.

What calibre had I better choose? Is the use of a telescope sight an advantage in hunting small game?

O. R. Hartel, Philadelphia, Pa.

Are there not some of RECREATION's many readers who, like myself, admire Stevens' rifles? They possess 3 most excellent qualities; accuracy, lightness and takedown. Other 22 calibre rifles will go in your trunk, but the Stevens will go in your valise. Camping would lose one of its greatest charms, for me, if I should neglect to take along my Stevens. It is a fine little gun for squirrels, but best for target practice.

W. Scott Jones, Akron, O.

I have used a 32-20, a 40-60, and a 44-40, Winchester, and a 44-77-470 Remington. I got a fancy 30-30 Marlin last spring, and it is perfection for small or big game. For small game, I use a bullet 1 to 10 lead and tin, and various loads of black powder. In reply to S. D. Hubble, Hartford, Ct., will say, I have used all the revolvers he mentions. I prefer the 38-40, with 5½ inch barrel. I wish some brother sportsmen would tell us of their 6-shooters.

B. C., Barrion, Ore.

L. E. Morris asks what kind of rifle is best for shooting squirrels, rabbits and large game.

There is no all-round gun. For the uses mentioned, I advise Mr. Morris to buy 2 rifles; a 25-20, magazine Marlin or Winchester, and a 45-90 or 30-40 Winchester. The smaller gun is just right for target work, and for small game. It can be used in settled countries, where the larger weapons would prove dangerous.

W. A. B., Worcester, Mass.

If J. S. Estill, of Savannah, Ga., will try the following method of loading shells for his full choked gun, I think he will be pleased with the results.

Use 3 to 3¾ drams of nitro powder. Then put in ½ ounce of shot, and a thick card wad; then another ½ ounce of shot and another card wad. One ounce of shot in all will be enough. If this does not open the pattern sufficiently, load the shot in 3 compartments instead of in 2.

I have found this method of loading choke bored guns very effective for brush shooting.

Mrs. R. J. Draisy, Galt, Ont.

I have tried the plan mentioned by Ronimus, of Pendleton, Ore., of making large bullets explosive, by placing in them a 22 calibre cartridge. Would not advise anyone to attempt to cast the bullet over the small cartridge. The heat of the lead might cause an explosion. It is better to drill the point of the large bullet, and push a blank 22 into the hole. With bullets so prepared I have shot bears, at short range, with terrible effect.

I prefer ammunition loaded by Winchester Repeating Arms Co., for hunting game. Reloaded shells are all right for target practice, where no money or reputation is at stake; but for accurate shooting, always use cartridges direct from factory and freshly loaded. In testing an arm, use the cartridge the manufacturers recommend.

H. W. Mallory, New Orleans, La.

For a number of years I used Lyman front and rear sights. The front sight was perfect, but the rear, while admirable, did not suit me. In place of it I tried a buckhorn, or Rocky mountain sight; removing the small elevating block, and replacing it with another having a 1-16 inch hole instead of a notch. This, especially when shooting with both eyes open, is perfect for running game, and for use in poor light. The small hole, being placed farther from the eye, does not give so large a field in which to centre the front sight; and I found that, after a few shots, one instinctively covered, without losing, the object.

J. L., Philadelphia, Pa.

I agree with Mr. Adams, of Utah, that a bone smasher is needed for grizzlies. I have good luck with the 30-30 Marlin on large game, but I sometimes wish for a 45-90 and feel like climbing a tree for the lack of it. The 30-30 is all right for antelope on the plains, and is good enough in the mountains for everything except the Old Gal that travels from Black Mountain to the Holy Cross, and whose hind foot is 14 inches long. Many an old hunter has seen her, but none seems anxious to fire at her and take chances.

Will Howard, Colorado Springs, Colo.

I note what Mr. Parkham writes about killing a snipe at 127 yards. I have a hammerless shot gun, 10 gauge, that I would put up against any shot gun made, and I never made such a shot as that in my life. I think if Mr. Parkham would measure that shot he would fall short about one half. Estimated shots are usually long ones.

D. M. Hazleton, Corning, N. Y.

Will some sportsman kindly inform me why it is, that though some rifles were built to be used with the ordinary bullet of pure lead, the rifling is not injured when metal-patched or steel-jacketed bullets are used?

Have any readers of RECREATION used the 22 calibre short cartridge, with mushroom bullet? If so, with what result?

40-82, Dickinson's Landing, Ont.

I have used many kinds of rifles, and prefer the 303 Savage and the 30-30 smokeless. The shooting qualities of these guns, both as regards accuracy and effectiveness, are all that can be desired. With them, I have killed a big buck, a doe and a black bear, and all 3 fell dead in their tracks.

Asa F. Hodgins, Everett, Wash.

Please give your opinion of the rifles using 25-36 smokeless cartridges. Are they suitable for turkey shooting? Can they be used with any success for deer?

I should be glad to hear from others, through RECREATION, on this question.

H. W. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I heard a sportsman say, "Anyone using a repeating shotgun, for hunting, is a game hog." What is the editor's opinion?

F. R., Elkhart, Ind.

Well, that depends. If he quits when he gets enough he is no more a game hog than his neighbor who uses a double barrel gun. If he kills more than a reasonable quantity of game he is a hog anyway, no matter what gun he uses.—EDITOR.

I own a Remington 12 gauge single shot gun and I could ask no better. At 35 yards it will throw 260 No. 12 shot in an 8 inch 100 shell box. It has 32 inch barrel and I use it as a pet. Last fall I shot a rabbit at 65 yards.

Albert Suderley, Marlboro, N. Y.

I have quite an arsenal, for a peaceful person, and all my arms are made by people who advertise in RECREATION.

Chas. F. Emmel, Vandalia, Ill.

I should like to say to J. V., that if he wants an accurate rifle, he will find the Stevens' a fine little gun. I have one—a 22 Ideal—and do not want a more accurate arm. It is a handsome rifle and has a good, solid breech.

P. K. R., Washington, Ct.

I use nothing but a 40-65, '86 model, Winchester. Have used it 4 years, and believe I can kill as many deer, in a season, as any man who shoots a 30-30 smokeless.

O. E. Jones, Eden Valley, Minn.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRD LIFE IN NEBRASKA.

North Platte, Neb.

Editor RECREATION: It is safe to say that no State in the Union can boast a greater variety of bird life than Nebraska. Lying, as it does, about in the middle of the continent, it is the most Northerly limit for the migrations of many Southern species, such as the mocking bird, purple gallinule, ibises and tanagers. In winter such Arctic species as the snowy owl, hawk owl, American goshawk, Bohemian waxwing and crossbills are more or less abundant. It is also the dividing line between the Eastern and Western varieties of many species, for example the meadow lark, night hawk, great horned owl, red and yellow shafted flickers and numerous others.

Then again, its rivers and sloughs are the favorite feeding and breeding places of many of the so-called sea-birds, ducks, geese, swans, divers, gulls and terns.

It is therefore not surprising that Prof. Lawrence Bruner, of the Nebraska State University, has been able to publish a well authenticated list of 415 species and varieties of birds which have been observed within this State. Of these 227 have been found to breed, and over 100 are winter residents. This is truly a remarkable list, when we consider that only about 766 species and varieties are recorded as occurring in the whole of North America, North of old Mexico.

During the past 6 years I have observed that canvasback ducks and swans are quite common in the spring when migrating North; but I have yet to see the first one of either species about here during the fall or winter, and have often wondered what route they followed when returning South.

Most other migratory birds that visit us in the spring are equally common in the fall.

A most audacious little bird for his size and weight is the sharp-shinned hawk, one of which pounced upon a quail killed by a brother sportsman while hunting last fall, and was about to carry it away for his breakfast. When he noticed the dangerous proximity of the man with a gun he dropped his prey and flew to a tree near by, to watch his movements.

The hawk weighed less than the quail, but he would have carried it off had he not been frightened away. Finally, however, he followed the quail into the hunter's game pocket—but remained there as a much desired natural history specimen.

Great horned owls were abundant last fall and winter, and many fine specimens of both the Eastern and Western varieties were obtained. The latter seem somewhat in the majority, and all are fat, showing that they find plenty to eat.

M. K. Barnum.

SWIMMING POWERS OF THE SKUNK.

Tacoma, Wash.

Editor Recreation: I was interested in the testimony of 2 of your correspondents, in the July and October numbers of Recreation, controverting the generally accepted belief that rabbits cannot swim. This belief is also entertained in regard to other animals that are not naturally amphibious. Dr. Elliott Coues some time ago, in writing of the skunk remarked that they "neither climb trees nor swim in the water." Dr. Charles C. Abbott in a chapter on the same animal, in "A Naturalist's Rambles About Home," writes as follows: "While not exhibiting the aversion to water that characterizes our common cat, the skunk does not appear to take to swimming voluntarily, even when closely pursued. Thus, when trying to evade an enemy, if it comes to the bank of a pond or creek, it will usually turn from its course and seek safety in some other way than by flight. Occasionally, however, in the upper valley of the Delaware, where these animals are much more abundant than in the Southern or tide-water portion of the State, the heavy freshets of early spring will catch them napping, and then they are forced to seek safety by clinging to floating logs. In this position they take an unwilling ride, often of many miles, and if luckily they escape drowning, it is only to find themselves landed in a level, scantily wooded country, the very opposite in all respects to their original home. When their involuntary river-voyages are taken, it often happens that a short swim becomes necessary. This is always so clumsily done that, if a skunk has more than a few yards to go, it will probably be drowned."

Regarding the natatorial abilities of the skunk I once witnessed a very interesting instance. I was encamped on the banks of Beaver creek, in Columbiana county, Ohio. One evening in July, when the shadows were lengthening, I was in my boat, very slowly and quietly floating along where the stream was possibly about 125 feet in width. Presently I saw a mother skunk, with 6 young ones, almost fully grown, come down to the water's edge. They played about, for nearly half an hour, when the mother deliberately waded into the water and with the greatest ease swam entirely across the stream, passing within 10 feet of my boat. On reaching the shore, she quickly disappeared among the bushes on the opposite bank. I waited until it was nearly dark, watching for her return, but saw her no more. At last, with some reluctance, and with several well developed twinges of conscience, I raised my gun, fired into the group of infant chicken-thieves on the shore and killed 5 out of the 6. Frequent complaints from the neighboring farmers, on account of depopulated hen-roosts, furnished abundant reason for this wholesale "slaughter of the innocents" (?).

Meriden S. Hill.

INDIAN DOGS AND PONIES.

Editor Recreation: The Wyandot and other Indians, who ranged through this Maumee valley 50 and more years ago, were possessed of a peculiar breed of dog. Our oldest inhabitants now living, who had dealings with these Indians for a period of about 20 years previous to their removal to the Western reservations, agree in describing these dogs as all of one breed, uniformly about two-thirds to three-fourths the height of the wolves, *Canis occidentalis*, var. *ater and griseo*, then here abounding. Their bodies were not so much shorter or smaller than those of the wolves, but their legs were shorter, stronger, and somewhat bowed. In hair, color, nose, ears and tail, they greatly resembled the gray wolves, though occasionally one was darker, like the black wolf. These dogs were very courageous in hunting and attacking bear, and the Indians depended greatly upon them in the pursuit of this game. They did not bark like ordinary dogs, but snarled and howled very like the wolves. Where did the Indians first get this breed of dogs, and what was its origin?

These Indians had ponies also, small in size, with small, well-shaped heads, full manes and tails, and somewhat shaggy in appearance. They had great powers of endurance. They were mostly of a dun color, but some were darker, and many had a dark stripe along the back. An occasional one had a bald face, and such were ridden by the chiefs and other prominent braves of the tribes. What was the origin of these ponies, and where did the Indians first get them?

Charles E. Slocum, M.D., Defiance, O.

THE PASSING OF THE PIGEON.

F. C. KOONS.

I have been much interested in the discussion, in the columns of RECREATION, as to what has become of the vast flocks of passenger pigeons which were once so numerous, and which have vanished so completely. As a boy I remember having seen flocks of pigeons, from time to time, and I knew something of their habits. In fact I lived not far from a pigeon roost, and was told of the time when they came in there by the million.

This roost was situated in the knobs of Southern Indiana not far from Henryville, and in the autumn of 1881, I think it was, though I am not quite sure of the date, the pigeons came back to their old home in such numbers that they seemed countless. Although an ardent sportsman it was not granted me, by the powers in authority, to hunt except on Saturday afternoons (I would be glad indeed of that much time now) and I was not lucky enough to catch the pigeons flying my way every Saturday; still, with my old muzzle loader I managed to kill my share. You can imagine my feelings as I sat in the country schoolhouse day after day and caught glimpses of pigeons flying past by the thousand; and it is always with me a matter of deep regret that my school duties interfered with my visiting the roost, some 15 miles distant. I did not lose a single day at school, though I must say that was no fault of mine; but I did miss the opportunity of seeing a pigeon roost, and that opportunity will in all probability never occur again.

The flight to the feeding grounds commenced early in the morning, and at times the numbers were such as to almost darken the sky. In a number of instances I saw them alight on trees, in sufficient quantities to break off limbs an inch or so in diameter. I remember well one day, a holiday of some sort, when I was free and they were flying thick and fast. But it was not granted me to share very largely in their slaughter, for in my haste I lost nearly all my caps, and the remaining few were soon exhausted. I finally borrowed some old musket caps, which were so large that they would fall off the nipple unless I was exceedingly careful in handling my gun. Nevertheless I had sport such as will never come again, I fear.

Shortly after that they disappeared, and I have since seen but one. In 1892, while hunting squirrels in North Georgia, I saw a solitary pigeon. It flew close enough so that it was hardly possible for me to have been mistaken, and I was so intent on verifying my opinion that it really was a pigeon that I let pass the opportunity to kill it and thus settle the matter beyond a doubt. I am not skilful enough with a rifle to kill a pigeon on the wing, and I have never been sorry to think that the crime of killing the last one does not rest on me. I looked for others but saw only the one. Possibly there was a small flock in the vicinity and this one belonged to it; but I always think of it, as it flew off alone to the South, as the last pigeon; and I watched it out of sight with the feeling that I had bid a final good-by to an old friend of my youth.

WILD PIGEONS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Painted Post, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: Following are a few notes on the recent observations of the passenger pigeon in the Alleghany mountains of Northern Pennsylvania. That portion of Pennsylvania was formerly a noted nesting ground of the wild pigeon. The mountains are covered with a heavy growth of beech and hemlock. For a number of years past I have made diligent inquiries, of my numerous hunting and fishing acquaintances residing in that section, feeling confident that if the pigeons were not entirely extinct a few would be observed in that densely wooded region.

Until last fall my inquiries were fruitless. Then, however, I was informed by Mr. A. C. Kimball, of Westfield, Pa., and publisher of the Westfield "Free Press," that about the 25th of last October, while camping on one of the tributaries of Pine creek in Potter county, engaged in deer and bear hunting, he observed 2 small flocks of pigeons. Each flock contained between 30 and 40 birds. One of Mr. Kimball's companions, who was with him at the time, saw them and exclaimed, "There is a flock of pigeons —the first I have seen in several years." A few moments later another flock of about the same size passed by, going in the same direction. They were flying low, showing that they were merely shifting their quarters from one section of the woods to another. Both Mr. Kimball and his companion are old residents of that region, are well acquainted with the wild pigeon and its habits, and could not have been mistaken in the identity of the birds.

David R. McCoy, residing on the Cross Fork, in the same country, informed me that he saw 2 wild pigeons last fall which were the only ones he had seen in a number of years. He also knows what he is talking about. If there are any wild pigeons left in the United States, or in North America, I am confident that next season some of them will be found in the region above mentioned, especially as last season was a beech-nut year. In former years, a good crop of beech-nuts was a sure forerunner of pigeons, in the spring following.

A. H. Wood.

WOLF AND DOG.

W. MITCHELL, D. S.

For several years a female wolf, lame in one forefoot, was known to haunt a certain locality in Southwestern Alberta, a short distance North of the international boundary line, and isolated by several miles from her own species. Her destructive propensities, as the mangled remains of an occasional calf amply testified, made her unpopular and many were the expedients resorted to, by ranchers and others, to rid themselves of her.

Finally, however, the fact became known that friendly relations existed between her and an English setter dog, owned by a rancher near by, and that she was wont to visit his master's premises, during the early hours of the night, with considerable regularity.

Acting on this knowledge, on a recent occasion this dog in question was picketed out, within easy range of a neighboring calf corral—his owner meanwhile, gun in hand, secreting himself therein. As the stillness of night began to pervade the scene, the wolf was heard beckoning the dog, in a friendly way, to join her. She cautiously approached, and when within convenient range a bullet brought her career to a close.

The ensuing day, for the benefit of RECREATION readers, who reside in parts from which these animals have long since been exterminated, the following measurements were taken: Length, unskinned, from tip to tip, 5 feet 6 inches; chest, 27 inches; weight, 65 pounds. It will thus be seen that throughout she was an undersized specimen, and the fact that she had been a lifelong cripple, owing to the absence of all save one toe on the right forefoot, may have had something to do with this condition.

Within the last 2 years animals have occasionally been captured in this vicinity betraying unmistakable evidence of wolf and dog origin—but pursuing the habits of the former—and their maternity has been ascribed to this animal.

WOLVES IN COLORADO.

Jamestown, Col.

Editor RECREATION: In relation to the wolf question would say that according to such information as I have at hand, the animal is very nearly extinct in Colorado, excepting along the Eastern boundary, and even there they are scarce. During a 30 days' outing, through Middle Park, 2 years ago, I saw 2, and in this immediate vicinity but 2 have been seen during the past 5 years.

The coyote is quite abundant throughout Colorado, and in some parts very destructive to young lambs, calves and poultry. Even young colts sometimes fall a prey to this little animal when very hungry. For the past 20 years there has been one continuous war against the wolf and coyote, mostly by stockmen.

O. E. Du Bois.

NESTING OF THE GRAY-HEADED JUNCO.

In the spring of '95, near Manhattan, Larimer county, Col., at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, I found the gray-headed junco very abundant. On May 18, as I was following a deer trail up the side of a mountain I saw one fly from under a piece of building paper that had blown from the roof of a miner's cabin, near by.

The paper had lodged against a small shrub, forming a canopy about 3 inches high, and under this, with the top flush to the ground, was the nest made of coarse grass and weeds, lined with fine grasses and deer hairs. The nest contained one egg. After noting the location I left the nest and its precious contents until the 24th, when it contained 4 eggs, which I took. They are now in my collection. In color they are greenish-white. Three are faintly dotted with reddish-brown over the whole surface; but chiefly at the larger end. The fourth one has the dots restricted to the large end, in the form of a wreath.

William L. Burnett, Fort Collins, Col.

ANOTHER BIG MOOSE HEAD.

The Chicago Inter Ocean, of a recent date, gives a cut and description of another mammoth moose head, which a fur dealer of that city has lately received from Copper river, Alaska. It is reported the horns spread 73¼ inches, which I believe is 1 inch more than the largest head heretofore reported.

The reporter writes a typical dime novel story of the killing of this moose, and gives some extravagant guesses as to what the size and age of the animal must have been. He estimates him to have been at least 150 years old, 10 feet high at the shoulder and that he carried his horns at least 12 feet from the ground. Newspaper talk is always cheap, but whatever the facts may have been as to the size and age of this particular animal, it is interesting to contemplate this giant race of moose. It is also sad to realize that the rush of miners and hunters into the Copper river country, which will take place next spring, will probably result in the destruction of the last of these mammoth animals, before the end of the year. This prediction is based on the fact that the Copper river valley, in which timber grows heavily, is narrow, and but a few hundred miles long. The hills on either side are mainly moss-grown barrens, which do not afford cover for such big game; and, so far as known, these very large moose do not occur in any other portion of Alaska or in the N. W. Territory.

The Government should send an expedition at once to the Copper river country, to secure a full line of skins and skeletons of these big moose.

THIS TIME THE REMEDY FAILED.

Editor RECREATION: I do not remember ever having read, in your magazine, of an antidote for a rattlesnake bite, which the author himself has used. It seems to me that this is a very important matter, especially to the sportsman who is travelling in a "snake country," away from civilization. Whiskey is a remedy that many people advocate, but the event I am about to relate will prove it is sometimes worthless.

A man from the city was once spending a vacation in the mountains, and before returning he managed to capture a rattler which he wished to take to the city with him. He kept the reptile in a soap box, under his bed.

The night before leaving the country, our friend felt it his duty to bid his friends good-by in a generous manner. It was nearly morning before the bar-room was deserted, and the man from the city was one of the last to leave. After considerable difficulty he managed to reach his room, and decided to inquire after the health of his snakeship; which he did by poking his head into the soap box!

The next morning the poor fellow was found dead, having been struck in the forehead by the rattlesnake.

Beyond doubt his blood must have been saturated with whiskey, but it did not seem to counteract the poison.

H. T. Greene, Bethlehem, Pa.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

In the last number of RECREATION I noticed an article by Mr. N. B. Fuller stating that he had recently killed 21 snakes with one blow of a shovel. I can "go him one better!"

Two years ago while on my vacation in Abbot Village, Me., I was assisting my brother in plowing, when I happened to see a large snake in a furrow, a short distance from me. Seizing a stick near by, I struck the snake a heavy blow, which killed it.

On examination I found 21 little snakes concealed in the mother-snake, each measuring from 4 to 6 inches, and making 22 in all. Frank L. Carr, Springfield, Mass.

In January RECREATION, on page 53, I read what "Subscriber" says of the red squirrel. He calls him "innocent." I call him about the meanest little cuss we have. We all know he drives out gray and black squirrels and will break grouse eggs if he can.*

I do not approve of side hunts except for foxes, hawks, owls, red squirrels and other game destroyers; but I always waste a cartridge on a red squirrel when I get a chance.

E. S. Billings, Smyrna, N. Y.

A reader of RECREATION asks me to publish a correct drawing of the head of an antelope, for the guidance of taxidermists. On page 262 of this issue are 4 views of typical heads, sketched from life by Mr. Carl Rungius, a promising young artist of Brooklyn, N. Y. A careful study of these heads, in their various positions, should enable any skilful taxidermist to set up an antelope head with a fair degree of accuracy, even though he may never have seen one of these animals alive.

F. M. Hondlette, of St. Louis, has sent me a set of rattles numbering 43 and a button. The owner of this remarkable appendage must have been a patriarch among rattlesnakes.

The Ithaca hammerless gnu you sent me, for 40 new subscriptions for RECREATION, has arrived and I thank you very much for it. The Ithaca is as fine a gun as is made, and this one is a beauty. I have used an Ithaca for the past 5 years and it has given the best of satisfaction, in every respect.

RECREATION is the best magazine published, and shall do all I can to help it, and the good work it is doing.

C. E. Schultz, Waukegan, Ill.

Enclosed find $1 for renewal of my subscription to RECREATION.

I thank you for the Marlin revolver you gave me for 10 subscriptions. It is as good as any of them, and I ought to know; for I have owned and used all the best makes.

I cannot understand why the other revolver makers do not advertise in RECREATION.

Harry W. Bennett, Wheeling, W. Va.

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

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* This is the first time I ever knew of such a charge being made against the pine squirrel. Has any one ever *known* one to rob a bird's nest, or to drive a red or a grey squirrel? Hearsay evidence is not good.—EDITOR.

A FIGHT WITH A RAINBOW.

W. H. HOLLIS.

"Get your rod, your best and strongest line, and your most killing flies, quick, and come with us and we will show you a pool of water full of the biggest trout you ever saw in the water," was the welcome news brought to us one morning in July, 1896, by E. and H., while we were in camp on the Big Mashel river, Washington.

After repeated assurances that they were not "joshing," and that what they had been telling us was no "fish story," the camp was put in order and all hands, including the women and children, formed in line and moved, in single file, to the scene of action. The column was headed by E. and H., who were the scouts on this occasion. Twenty minutes of brisk walking landed us at the pool and sure enough, there they were, some 15 or 20 splendid specimens of trout that looked almost as large as full grown salmon. They were in a small circular basin of water, at the lower end of a rocky canyon of this branch of the Mashel river. Our game had actually been pointed out to us and now all our skill must be brought into action and at least one of those speckled beauties laid at the feet of our company. Rods were jointed, lines tested and adjusted, and the most seductive flies selected, all of which was the work of but a few minutes. The natural ease and grace with which the flies fell on the water was interesting to observe, and was calculated to delude the most wary old trout that ever went in search of a meal.

The expert angler of our party was a man whom we will call "Chappy," as true a sportsman as ever pitched a tent, or strung a reel. He was full of wit and humor and ever ready to bear his portion of the burdens of camp or the trail.

Placing himself at the lower end of the pool he began casting his line so that the fly fell slightly in advance of one of the larger fish. At the third cast and about the instant the fly touched the surface of the water a streak seemed to form from fish to fly. Simultaneous with the singing of the reel there was a splashing and thrashing of the water, and mingled anxiety and exultation were pictured on the countenances of the bystanders, as well as that of "Chappy."

The fish kept up a furious fight for several minutes when, suddenly, he changed his tactics. Then he sought repose at the bottom and sulked awhile.

"Great Cæsar's Ghost! how he pulls. He must be a young whale. Why I can't move him," said "Chappy."

"Look out for him when he starts again, or you'll lose him," said some one, "for he is planning some strategic movement."

And sure enough he darted forward and described a complete circle which would have formed a kink in the leader and caused it to part, on a slight strain, but for the fact that no slack was allowed to be obtained in the line when the forward rush was employed by the trout.

Another session of pulling and tugging, but, all the time the man at the end of the line was gently and carefully leading his victim nearer the shore. E. was standing by with a landing net, in readiness to lift the fish out of the water, but the first attempt was a failure. The trout was either too large or the net too small; for the fish shot out, and in the twinkling of an eye was making for the depths of the pool again. Thanks to the superior quality of the tackle he was still captive, and when exhausted was again brought within reach of the landing net. It was again placed under him and, supplemented by a pair of strong arms which encircled the fish with a sort of desperate affection, much as one would grasp a sick child. This time the rescuing party brought the fish safely to the shore, but not before he had received a thorough wetting.

The life of the fish was suddenly and mercifully ended, after which he was laid on the banks and his beauty and size, as well as the heroic battle he had fought, against heavy odds, were duly applauded.

He measured 28 inches in length and weighed, 3 hours afterward, in Eatonville, 5 pounds and 12 ounces. He was the largest rainbow ever caught in the Mashel river.

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

MISS A. M. MCDONALD.

The happy maid I took a wheeling
Is no longer full of weal,
She's "the girl I left behind me,"
When she tumbled off her wheel.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

OFFICERS OF THE L. A. S.

President, G. O. Shields, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

1st Vice-President, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Washington, D.C.

2d Vice-President, E. S. Thompson, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

3d Vice-President, Hon. W. A. Richards, Cheyenne, Wyo.

4th Vice-President, W. T. Hornaday, 69 Wall St., New York.

5th Vice-President, A. A. Anderson, 93 Fifth Ave., New York.

Secretary, Arthur F. Rice, 155 Pennington Ave., Passaic, N. J.

Treasurer, F. S. Hyatt, Clinton Bank, New York.

FIRST ON RECORD.

The L. A. S. has done its first piece of real, practical work in the interest of game protection. The President, the Secretary, and the Chairman of the Committee on Legislation went to Albany, February 22d, and made arguments, before the Assembly Committee on Game Laws, in favor of the repeal of the iniquitous section 249 of the New York game laws.

This law allows the sale of game at any time of year if the dealer can show that it came from some other State. Assemblymen John A. Weeks, jr., has introduced a bill to repeal this law, and it was in support of his bill that the officers of the League made their appeal.

Mr. Weeks has also introduced a bill to prohibit the hounding of deer on Long Island, and another to prohibit the netting and the pursuing of ducks by vapor launches, in Long Island sound. The L. A. S. delegation also earnestly advocated the passage of these bills. Mr. R. B. Lawrence, Secretary of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, also appeared before the Assembly Committee and ably championed all these bills.

It is expected that when these measures come up in the Senate that body will also give a public hearing thereon. If so the L. A. S. officers will again be on hand to advocate their passage.

EVERY MEMBER SHOULD WEAR THE BADGE.

A Michigan member thinks it would not be wise for League members to wear a badge. He says if they do, market hunters will soon learn who the members are, and avoid them.

That is just what we want. We want every friend of game preservation in the United States and Canada to join the League and wear a badge. We want L. A. S. badges to glare on market hunters and game hogs, at every turn. We want to see badges so numerous that game law violators will be afraid to show themselves, anywhere, with their illicit game, for fear of being reported to the authorities and prosecuted. We want to make it impossible for a man to take his game into town and sell it, or ship it, without being confronted, on every block, and at every door, by a League badge. Get this badge on to the lapels of all good sportsmen, and it will soon become such a terror to evil doers that they will reform and engage in some decent occupation.

COMMITTEES.

The following committees have been appointed to serve one year:

On Legislation and the Enforcement of laws: J. H. Seymour, E. A. Pond, Wm. Dutcher, Dr. J. A. Allen, Dr. Robert T. Morris, John B. Simpson, R. C. Alexander, J. D. Wright, A. F. Brownlee, Wm. H. Talcott, Harry Watkins, George Batten, F. Seaman, John J. Amory, W. A. Hoisington.

Rules and Regulations: W. E. Coffin, Dr. L. R. Morris, Harry Bentz.

Rights and Privileges: W. L. Beard, A. L. A. Himmelwright, T. H. Kellar.

Membership: H. C. Walsh, Dr. R. O. Stebbins, P. Kersting.

Transportation: E. F. Burnett, J. J. Farnsworth, Charles B. Hudson.

Auditing: James C. Young, G. H. Squires, Paulding Farnum.

Local Organization: L. C. Whiton, A. C. Wilmerding, R. D. Lydecker.

OPPOSED TO THE SALE OF GAME.

A friend writes me that he cannot endorse the plank in the platform of the L. A. S. which declares the League opposed to the sale of game at all times and under all circumstances. I have replied to him as follows:

There were about 140 men in the convention, representing 17 different States. When the clause you refer to was read it was received with a generous round of applause and when the proposition came to a vote, it was adopted without a dissenting voice. As you know, this principle has been advocated by the sportsmen's journals for many years past, and by Recreation ever since it was started. It is but rarely that any correspondent of either of the journals referred to has opposed the plan, although the columns of all are open to the discussion of both sides of the question. In my judgment, and in that of thousands of other men who have studied this question, the only means of preserving the game, for any considerable length of time, is to stop its sale entirely. We must either do that or submit to the total extermination of such species as the elk, the antelope, the mountain sheep, the wild turkey and the prairie chicken, within a very few years.

We advocated, in the convention of the State Sportsmen's Association, at Syracuse a year ago, an amendment to prohibit the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse, in this State, at all times. Several States have already passed laws shutting off the sale of certain species of game, for all time. You cannot legally buy a quail in Ohio, at any price, and this law has been in effect for 3 years. It gives almost universal satisfaction, and a rigid enforcement of this and the other game laws of the State, has resulted in the rapid increase of the quail there, during this period. If such laws are good in certain States, why not in all? I realize that the total prohibition of the sale of game means a hardship to certain people; but you will agree with me that the game justly belongs to the man who can go afield and kill it. In politics, the offices are secured by the men who hustle for votes. The man who stays at home and takes no part in politics does not get an office. True, he may buy one, but even then he must put in some hard work, along with his money. In the commercial world, the business and the dollars are obtained by the man who hustles—not by the man who stays at home and makes no effort. The principle that "To the victor belong the spoils" is as old as civilization, and in my opinion, the man who has not the snap and the energy to go into the field and kill his game, should be satisfied to chew beefsteak.

A NORWEGIAN VIEW OF IT.

Dear Mr. Kokaina:

I live up haar in Minnesoda Gountry State, und I read de Recreation und I tinks I vor up in de big voods, wit a gune wot skoot like all split. But ven I reads of some L. A. S. I daenk det mon Lydecker vor a buly goot vellor; and he yust ought do hafe some moniments ofer his grafe ven he gots dun skuting in dis gountrys.

I vos not so much a sporting mon mineselluf, but I am a crank py dot shmall size rifle gun; und I can skoot some many fence posts und stumps as de furst fellor.

I sees in Yanuary nombar a long line of names of some mans, und I spose day vos Mr. Big Gunners of New York Gountry state; and maby da daenk I vos not got de rite feders uf my pack for de L. A. S. But I skoll like to been on da list mit dem, all da sem.

I likes to tek me my 22 calibre rifle gun, on my bicycle back, und go me by da lak, und de voods, und hit some many fence posts, vot I can. Den I comes home und I has to tell my vomen some daengs boud de matter vos I don't con hit somedaengs; but I hafe a good laugh vhen I scare a squirrel or rabbit fon of his purch.

If you daenks I vos in de swim for de memborship blese let me know, und I send zyou de monay; und vhen any of dot big fellors by Noo Yark vonts to kome by Minnesoda, for fisk on the Big Minnetonga lak, I put a dem in de big holes var de bass and de croppies at, if da belongs to de L. A. S.

Von daengs more: Det mon vot he print de Recreation und send it to die Sportsman he vos a goot fellor; und I tris to ged some many mans to reads de Recreation, if he no kan skoot, or no kan fisk, or no, if he yoost got $1 for de jear.

Vel I daengs dis been all dot I kan say for now; but me broter Karl vos kome to go a fisking, on de ice, und den I kon tells you a ting or vone.

Yours to help mit de wheel to push, and long lif de Recreation und de American Sportsmanses League.

Bamboo Polenotsplit.

NOTES.

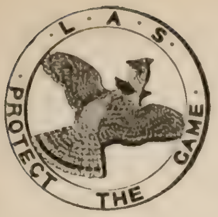
I am President of the Chase Benchman Gun Club and Game Protective Association, which is composed of 50 representative business men of this city, nearly all of whom take Recreation.

Am much interested in Mr. Lydecker's idea of a League of American Sportsmen. We will be in it, to a man. The protection of game is becoming more popular every year and our club has done good work, having kept a standing offer of a reward of $20 for information that would lead to the conviction of any person killing game out of season. There are still many deer, bear, lynx, ruffed grouse, foxes and rabbits here, and always will be if the game laws are enforced.

Dr. V. F. Godfry, Alpena, Cal.

I hereby apply for membership in the L. A. S. The protection of American game and game birds is now a national necessity. Indiana has struck the keynote in passing laws prohibiting the sale of game at all seasons, and I hope other States will promptly fall in line. While the epidermis of the game hog is well nigh invulnerable, I believe the well directed and persistent efforts of Recreation will reduce their number, and so improve the pigs that the future will have no hogs.

Thos. T. Barret, Henderson, Ky.



Here is a fac-simile of the L. A. S. badge. It is made in gold, silver, and bronze. Prices $2.50, 50 and 25 cents. Which will you have? Remit stamps, and badge will be sent at once.

Am much interested in the talked of L. A. S. and know there is opportunity for much good work in that line. There are laws enough, and in some cases too many. What is needed is for the public to stand by the wardens in enforcing laws.

Jas. E. Smith, East Killingly, Conn.

Put my name down as a member of the L. A. S. Although I am 67 years old my heart is young and I am with the boys in this undertaking.

S. L. Warner, Lanesville, Conn.

Constitution and by-laws, and blank applications for membership are now ready. If you are willing to hustle for new members send for copies of these.

It is hoped that every friend of game and fish preservation in the U. S. will avail himself of every opportunity to secure new members for the L. A. S. I hope to be able to report, in an early number of RECREATION, that the membership roll has reached 1,000. Who will send in the largest club of new members, within the next 60 days?

I cannot express my satisfaction at the movement for the protection of our fish and game. My experience as fish and game commissioner has disgusted me. Please add my name to the roll of honor.

Jas. L. Hoyal, Spring City, Tenn.

I am heartily in favor of the L. A. S. I am glad RECREATION shows neither fear of nor favor to game hogs. They deserve to share the treatment they deal out to the game birds.

J. W. Steward, Battle Creek, Mich.

All who join the L. A. S. before June 1st will be enrolled as charter members. Send in your dollar at once.

ZE WRECK OF ZE JULIE LA PLANT.*

(Old Canadian Boating Song.)

'Twas one dark naght on Lack Champlan, and de win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow, Julie La Plant, got scare an' run below.
For de win' she blow a hurrycan, by'me-by she blow some more.
Dat scow buss up on Lack Champlan, 'bout half mile from de shore.

De cap'n she walk on de front deck, he walk on de hine deck too,
He call de cook up from de hole, he also call de crew.
Dat cook she nam was Rosie; she come from Mo'real,
She was cham'er maid, on a lum'er barge, on dat big Lachine canal.

De cap'n den he trow de ank, but still dat wood scow driff;
De crew she can't pass on dat shore, fah 'cause dey loss de skiff;
Fah de win' she blow from de Eass, Nort, Wess and de Sout win' she blow too,
An' Rosie say "Oh cap'n dear what ever shall we do?"

An' still dat win' she blow, blow, blow, an' de wave roll high an' fass,
An' de cap'n he teck poor Rosie, an' he lash her to de mass.
Den de cap'n he put on a laff presev, an' he jump into de lack;
An' he say: "Good bye my Rosie dear, I go down for your sack."

Nex' morn' ver' early, 'bout half pass two—tree—four,
De cap'n, de cook, an' de wood scow, all lay corpse on dat shore;
For de win' she blow lack a hurrycan, by'me-by she blow some more.
Dat scow buss up on Lack Champlan, 'bout half mile from de shore.

Now all Lack Champlan sailor man teck warnin' by dis song;
Go marry a nace li'l French gal, an' live on a nace li'l farm;
Den de win' may blow lack a hurrycan, an' s'pose she blow some more;
You don't get drown in Lack Champlan so long you stay on de shore.

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* By request.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 2 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.
January	$379	$723	$2,146	**$4,059**
February ..	256	693	2,127	**3,562**
March.....	300	1,049	2,215	
April	342	645	1,921	
May.......	292	902	1,596	
June	307	770	1,402	
July.......	345	563	1,101	
August....	306	601	1,906	
September .	498	951	2,223	
October ...	438	969	2,586	
November .	586	1,054	2,440	
December .	652	1,853	4,760	
	$4,671	$10,773	$26,423	

February makes a good record, for a short month. If it had 3 more days, as January had, it would have shown at least $4,000. Look out for the March figures. They will interest you.

Gov. Richards, of Wyoming, has been unduly criticised, by a contemporary, for having given a permit to one H. K. Glidden to ship some elk out of Wyoming. I am in a position to say, authoritatively, that this permit was obtained by misrepresentation.

The facts are that Mr. Adams, who enclosed these elk in his corral a year ago, died some months later and left his widow in almost destitute circumstances. Glidden went to the State Game Warden and, by working on his sympathies, obtained a permit, in the name of Mrs. Adams, to ship these elk East. He also obtained, from the same source, an appointment as deputy game warden for Uinta Co. Then Glidden came East and immediately went to trading on the authority thus obtained from the chief game warden of Wyoming. He endeavored to make contracts with a number of wealthy gentlemen here to supply them with live elk, deer, antelope and other game animals, displaying his commission as game warden, and the permit referred to.

As soon as Gov. Richards heard of this action on the part of Glidden, he caused his commission as a deputy game warden to be revoked, and notified him officially that he would not be allowed to ship any more game out of Wyoming, under any circumstances. Both of these papers were officially served on Glidden in New York, in January last, by an officer of the law. Thus Gov. Richards is exonerated from all blame in this matter and has placed himself on record as a firm friend of game protection. He is one of the Vice-Presidents of the League of American Sportsmen, and is actively engaged in furthering the interests of that organization in his State.

Mr. Luther S. Kelly, better known in the West as "Yellowstone Kelly," who has been employed in the Quartermaster's office on Governor's Island, for a year past, has been detailed by the Secretary of War to go to Alaska. He has been appointed scout and guide for Capt. W. R. Abercrombie, who is in command of an expedition that is to spend the next 2 years in locating trails, building telegraph lines, establishing outposts, etc.

Mr. Kelly was formerly chief of scouts for Gen. Miles, in the Yellowstone country, and the General has not forgotten his valuable services. He ordered Kelly to Washington, some weeks ago, to confer with him regarding this Alaskan work, and the result of this interview was the order from the Secretary of War, mentioned above. Miles, like most other old soldiers, knows how to value a faithful and competent scout, and Kelly is one of the best that ever wore a spur.

A New York paper prints a dispatch from Richmond, Va., in which it is stated that Tom Savage, of that city, was out shooting robins, when a lunatic, named Bailey, who also had a gun, met Savage in the road, held him up and took his gun away from him. The dispatch says Bailey is to be arrested and tried, on a charge of lunacy.

After all it is not so certain this man is insane. If it be true, as stated, that Savage was shooting robins Bailey certainly evinced a shrewd bit of discretion in taking his gun away from him. He should have marched him up to some justice of the peace and prosecuted him for killing harmless birds. Bailey should be sent to the legislature, instead of to the lunatic asylum.

A few of the leading features of May RECREATION are "A Scouting Adventure," by Wm. Jackson; "Sunshine and Shadow Camp," H. Pearsall; "Uncle's Adventure," John Boyd; "Hunting with a Camera," W. E. Carlin; "A Tenderfoot in a Cow Camp," Paul E Vollum, and the continuation of "Elkland," by Ernest Seton Thompson.

There will be full page drawings in this issue by Mr. Thompson, Chas. B. Hudson and Miss Marie Palmer, as well as numerous reproductions of fine photographs.

The Natural History, Gun and Ammunition, Game Fields, Fishing and Photographic Departments will be full of good things, as usual.

A RECREATION RIFLE TOURNAMENT.

RECREATION will conduct a rifle tournament, during the summer months, under the following conditions :

Each contestant will be allowed to shoot 3 scores each month, at 100 yards. Any 22 calibre rifle, any ammunition, any trigger pull, any sights, except telescope sights, and any kind of rest allowed. Each contestant to mail such of his targets to RECREATION, at the end of each month, as he may desire to have entered for competition. All 3 may be entered, at option of shooter.

Each target to be certified by 2 witnesses, beside the shooter ; and the Editor of RECREATION reserves the right to call for affidavits, from shooters and witnesses, as to the conditions under which scores were shot. This provision does not imply any lack of faith in contestants or witnesses, but is made in order to avoid, as far as possible, dissatisfaction on the part of contestants who may not win.

Contestants must be actual paid yearly subscribers to RECREATION.

No entrance fee will be charged.

All scores to be decided by string measure.

Telescope sights positively barred.

PRIZES.

First prize a Stevens Schuetzen rifle, handsomely engraved and listed at $60.

Second prize a 22 calibre take-down Marlin repeating rifle, handsomely engraved and listed at $25.

Third, a gold hunting case watch, listed at $25.

Fourth, an Eastman photoret camera, listed at $22.

Fifth, a No. 4 Eastman Bullseye Camera, listed at $16.

Distances to be carefully and accurately measured. Not paced or estimated.

Awards will be made by 3 judges, to be appointed by the editor of RECREATION, none of whom shall be contestants.

Competition will open April 1st and close September 30th.

Winning targets to be published in RECREATION as soon as possible after awards shall have been made.

Target, 6 inches square, with lines drawn diagonally from corner to corner and crossing in centre, from which point measurements are to be made, to centre of break.

Targets are black, with white lines, and may be placed on any base or background, at pleasure of shooter.

Targets will be furnished from this office at 10 cents a dozen—a sum barely sufficient to cover the cost of making the cut, and of printing. Send in your order at once if you intend to compete.

In a tournament of this kind, ties cannot be shot off, for obvious reasons. All original scores will, therefore, be decided on their merits, and prizes awarded accordingly.

Sportsmen everywhere will regret to learn that J. Mortimer Murphy died at his home in Sponge Harbor, Fla., on the 19th inst.

He was a well known writer on field sports and has done more than any other one man to make known the advantages of Florida as a shooting and fishing resort. He leaves a family with whom all sportsmen will sympathize, deeply, in their bereavement.

Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout, left New York a few days ago for Alaska, accompanied by a party of hardy prospectors. He represents a corporation that is said to have plenty of capital, and which will grub stake these men for 3 years. They will no doubt locate some good mining property. Capt. Jack is an old time frontiersman; is accustomed to rough life and hard work, and if any man can succeed in Alaska he should.

It is a strict rule of this office not to insert any ad in RECREATION unless the advertisers are well known, or unless they are properly vouched for. I may be deceived occasionally, as any publisher is likely to be; but as soon as I learn that any advertiser is not worthy of a place in a high class family magazine, his announcement is dropped and thereafter rigidly excluded.

Study the result of Mr. Carlin's magnificent work, as shown in recent issues of RECREATION. Are not his pictures more beautiful, interesting and valuable than any you ever saw of dead game? Hunt with your camera next season, instead of with your gun, and see if you do not get better results, all things considered.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

A tele-photo lens worth $150 as a premium for 100 subscriptions. Who will be the first to earn it?

All who join the L. A. S. before June 1st will be enrolled as charter members. Send in your dollar at once.

OFFICERS OF THE A. C. A., 1897–98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.

Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Eastern Division, Francis J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.

Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

The following have applied for membership:

EASTERN DIVISION.

George B. Graves, 302 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
William E. Barton, Lakeside Boat Club, 23 High St., Worcester, Mass.
Henry Y. Simpson, Tatassit Canoe Club, 13 Waldo St., Worcester, Mass.
Roscoe R. Perry, —— 27 Pratt St., Allston, Mass.
Edward E. Eaton, Wawbewawa Canoe Ass'n, West Newton, Mass.
Lincoln D. Hatch, —— 7 Gannett St., Roxbury, Mass.
Willis G. Bancroft, Wawbewawa Canoe Ass'n, Auburndale, Mass.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

F. L. Danforth, 308 R.E. Exch., Buffalo, N. Y.
Chas. F. Kilhoffer, 62 Erie Co. Sav. Bk. Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

WAWBEWAWA SMOKER.

The Wawbewawa Canoe Association again entertained the local canoeists at its cosey club house, in Auburndale, Mass., on Saturday evening, January 29th.

The third smoker of the season was fully up to the Wawbewawa standard, and the 3 score canoe men who gathered for the occasion can testify to its success.

A fine blaze in the large, open fire place added to the general comfort, as the weather was extremely cold, and the interesting programme prepared by the entertainment committee was thoroughly enjoyed.

Two colored musicians afforded plenty of amusement, and Messrs. Louis G. F. Hoffman, R. A. Hines & Clarence B. Ashenden entertained those present with instrumental and vocal music; after refreshments had been served.

Out of town clubs were represented in goodly numbers and many well known A. C. A. men were on hand to participate in the merriment.

Ex-Purser R. H. Hammond came down from Worcester; Ex-Vice Commodore Raymond Apollonio, and Ex-Purser R. N. Cutter came from Winchester; Mr. Parry C. Wiggin, of the Executive Committee, and Fred Wallace came from Lawrence and Capt. J. Winn Brown, of the Innitous, came out from Woburn. Among the local men present were Vice-Commodore Louis S. Drake, Purser Francis J. Burrage, Wm. V. Forsaith, Louis G. F. Hoffman, Charles F. Dodge, Clifford Kimball, Harry C. Wiggin, T. A. Apollonio, Clarence B. Ashenden, H. Stewart Bosson, H. W. Langley, F. S. Ashenden, Louis A. Hall, Charles T. Estabrook, Ernest R. Adams, W. I. Hahn, F. R. Kimball and Lloyd E. Allen. These represented many of the important Eastern Division Clubs, as follows: Tatassit Canoe Club, of Worcester; Fish Brook Assn. and Lawrence C. C., of Lawrence; Shuh-Shuh-Gahs, of Winchester; Innitous, of Woburn; Wakefield and Dedham Clubs; Puritan C. C., of Boston; Waltham Club and the Wawbewawa Canoe Association.

The committee in charge of these "Smokers," which have been so successful, consists of Messrs. Louis S. Drake, Francis J. Burrage, Wm. V. Forsaith, Louis G. F. Hoffman and Louis A. Hall.

THE SPRINGFIELD'S ARE ON DECK.

A new lease of life was taken by the Springfield Canoe Club, of Springfield, Mass., in the form of a club dinner after the annual meeting, January 18th.

For the last few years interest in the club has been practically dead, and although the membership has remained well above 50, it has been a rare occurrence to find half a dozen canoes out at the same time, even in the height of the season.

Cycling, golf and other sports have been responsible, in part, and again the club has had no racing men. Now, however, indications point to a revival of interest in the sport, and a growing appreciation of the matchless river at our very doors. There is a growing sentiment that the club that at one time headed the Eastern division of the A. C. A., and that has 3 times sent winners to the national meet—such paddlers as Dr. Harry Rice, Emile Knappe and Clarence

Euson—should at least make an effort to regain its old prestige.

The business meeting resulted in the reelection of E. H. Barney, president; Jonathan Barnes, vice president; Henry Marsh, secretary and treasurer; John Goldthwaite, lieutenant and O. R. Vesper and T. W. Burgess on the house committee. New officers elected were Dr. Ralph Carleton, captain and H. P. Pieters on the house committee. The report of the secretary and treasurer shows a debt of $2,224, a little more than half of the original debt incurred when the present club house was built. The report also shows a slight increase in membership, the total being slightly over 60.

About 40 members sat down to dinner. The dining-room of the Cooley house was decorated with the club colors, banners and paddles, and an excellent menu was served, Landlord Marsh sprung a thoroughly appreciated surprise in what he termed "Cupid up to date" ice cream, in the form of canoes, each paddled by a winged cherub with the true paddler's costume, or rather, lack of it.

Impromptu speeches followed, with music and an entertainment. The supper was such a success that it will probably be an annual affair, hereafter. Great credit is due Messrs Gifford, Parsons and Hodgdon, the committee in charge.

It is hoped that this will prove an auspicious opening of a lively season. An effort will be made to send 2 or more men to the Eastern division meet, at Lowell, and if possible, to the national meet. The club is severely handicapped in so heavy a debt, and the fact that on this account it cannot stand back of its racing men is in part responsible for their failure to appear at meets. This year an effort will be made to overcome this, by means of private subscriptions.

TEMAGAMI CLUB.

The "Temagami Club," has been organized in Toronto. It is composed of men who have, from time to time, made canoe trips in the Northern lake and river districts of Canada. One of the objects of the club will be to preserve records of such outings, in the form of photographs and trophies, and written annals of hair-breadth escapes, big game exploits and scarcely credible fish stories. The club expects to give a public exhibition of photographs, in Toronto, some time during this winter.

The membership will number about 60, composed for the most part of law, medical and University students. Among the members are W. R. Wadsworth, R. S. Cassels, G. M. Kelley, Alex. Crooks, J. E. Jones, W. Finlayson, Martin Griffin, Glynn Osler, Rein Wadsworth, E. Burns, and W. Keith.

THE CANOEIST'S SONG.

WALDO.

Oh what care we for dashing wave
  Or flying foam or spray!
Or shrieking wind that beats us back
  And vainly tries to stay!
The crests of white may surge and swirl
  On starboard and on port,
But Davy Jones has ne'er for us
  His gruesome lockers wrought!

So Ho there! and Hi there!
  We're sailors every one!
And each one knows the more it blows
  The keener grows the fun!
So Hi there! and Ho there!
  We'll swing each sturdy blade
And laugh to scorn landlubbers' lore
  Who dare to be afraid.

The Holyoke Canoe Club, having found its present quarters insufficient, purposes building a new house at some point further up the river. This new house will be convenient of access by street cars or by wheel. A place will be provided for wheels and it is expected the wheeling members and their lady friends will make the club-house a rendezvous on summer evenings. A wide piazza and easy chairs will make it an ideal place to while away a summer evening.

Members who are fond of the water, yet who not fancy the canoe, will be provided for by a fleet of row-boats, open to the free use of all the members.

The social feature of the club will hereafter be cultivated. The new house will contain a small hall where parties and dances will be held.

Why don't members of the A. C. A. send in some of their good canoeing pictures for use in the official organ? Why don't you enter some of them in my photo competition? See full particulars on page 332. If your work is good enough you can earn a fine camera, or other valuable prize. Then you and your friends can have the pleasure of seeing your pictures reproduced in RECREATION, afterward.

The Brooklyn Canoe Club had a jolly dinner at Alligator Club Lodge, on Saturday, February 26th. A handsome silver cup has been presented to the club, to be raced for in open canoes during the season. Six races will be held to decide the winner. This club popularized the open canoe sailing races, and if the interest shown at this early date, by the members of this club, is any evidence you may look for a big fleet at the starting line, on events Nos. 14, 15 and 16 of the A. C. A. programme.

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 50 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Who will be the first to earn it?

TO WORK VIRGINIA'S CONVICTS ON THE ROADS.

A bill to be introduced in the Virginia Legislature, provides that all able-bodied male prisoners, sentenced to jail or penitentiary for more than 90 days, shall be subject to work on the roads. Those sentenced to county jails shall work on the roads of such counties, unless there be no immediate need of them, in which case they may be hired to other counties, for road work.

The convicts not required for services in the penitentiary are to be distributed among the counties, on application, and none are to be hired out for any purpose but road work. Not less than 5, nor more than 25, are to be assigned to any one county, every assignment to be made for a year, unless shorter time is requested, and then for not less than 90 days. If the number of convicts is not sufficient to fill the applications, they are to be supplied ratably.

Convicts are to be under the control of the authority of the officers of the counties in which they work; but, as prisoners, they are to remain in the custody of the State authorities as if they remained in the penitentiary, and transportation expenses, guarding, feeding, clothing and medical attendance are to be paid by the State, the counties to provide suitable shelter.

Each county is to adopt and put in operation a plan for working its roads by such prisoners in its jail as are available, together with those which may be secured from the State, and every county shall annually levy a road tax of not less than 15 cents, nor more than 30 cents, on every $100 of the value of the property, real and personal, assessed for taxes in the county, the proceeds to be applied to road improvement in said county.

L. A. W. Bulletin.

Ned—Your bicycle will only last a season.

Ted—Oh, no; it's good for many centuries.—Boston Courier.

ROUTES FOR CLUB WHEELMEN.

John Frick, director of the Morris Wheelmen, proposes to establish club stations, or rendezvous, at the 6 principal points which are outlets for wheelmen of New York City—namely, at Yonkers, City Island, Flushing, Coney Island, Bergen Point and Hackensack. These stations will be located in country club houses, or in first class hotels, arrangements being made for the placing of club registers in each. The route to be followed, from one station to another, will be clearly indicated on a map to be supplied to club members. Those desiring to make a run on a Sunday, or a holiday, instead of going to the club house at a specified time will go by the route mapped out to the nearest station to him, and by reference to the register placed there may ascertain whether any other club members have passed that point. If so he may learn their destination.

In other words, the purpose is to establish regular routes, to be known as the Morris Wheelmen Routes, on which arrangements may be made for regular repair shops, at various points, and for indicated places for rest and refreshment. The Morris Wheelmen have received the proposal with favor, and it will probably be adopted.

The club has already acquired a lease of the Eastern section of Belden's Point, on City Island, where a summer club will be established, which is likely to be included in the list of stations.

A SAD STORY.

The race track nearly "broke" him,
The press combined to "soak" him,
The "market" quickly "slumped" on him,
His enemies all jumped on him,
He took a despondent fit on him—
Now the coroner's jury sit on him.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

FOR GOOD STREETS.

"Good roads and safe streets for the wheelmen" will be the motto of the Associated Cycling Clubs, of the city of New York, under its present directorate. President Simms and his fellow officers purpose carrying on a more vigorous campaign for improved city pavements this year than ever before; and to this end a strong Committee on Streets and Roads has been appointed. Last year the associated clubs accomplished great results in the way of street improvement, in what are now the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx; but this year the association will extend its field of operations to include the entire Greater New York territory. All wheel clubs in the new boroughs have been invited to affiliate with the association, in order that all districts of the city may be represented on its working committees.

President Simms has announced the 2 most important of these committees. He has the power to add to them, from time to time, which he will probably do when clubs from unrepresented districts come into his league. The committees are:

Streets and Roads.—Dr. W. K. Doty, Morris Wheelmen; Dr. F. A. Myrick, Tourist Cycle Club; James O'Neil, Mecca Wheelmen; and C. P. Staubach, Triumph Wheelmen.

Rights of Wheelmen, and Legislation.—Frederick B. House, Harlem Wheelmen; R. E. Moran, Knickerbocker Athletic Club Wheelmen; Joseph Oatman, Manhattan Bicycle Club; W. H. Klinker, Century Wheelmen, and W. T. McConnell, Royal Arcanum Wheelmen.

UP-TO-DATE.

Said she, with a winsome, saucy smile,
As she made her cycle whirl,
And finished her two-thousandth mile,
"I'm a Twentieth Century girl!"

One bicycle maker who, in former years, sold his wheel at $100, and who will sell this year's product for half that amount, does not expect to experience any financial loss by the reduction. He says it is possible to sell a wheel of the highest quality material, and expert workmanship, at $50 and maintain a profit. With a view to reaching a major portion of the army of cyclists he says, "We are buying the very best material at about one-half the cost of 2 years ago, which, with improved machinery, better and more economical management, enables us to produce our '98 wheel at a cost far below that of previous years."

To show what has been saved this year so that profits are not wholly unattainable, the firm says it has stopped all "expensive habits" of the bicycle business, such as cycle shows, racing teams, art catalogues, souvenirs and other expenses seemingly necessary in building up a new business and establishing a reputation variously estimated in the cost of construction at from $5 to $25 a wheel.

Notwithstanding the fact that it has been time and again said the days of wheel-club life are few, all the wheeling organizations of the city are progressing so much in the matter of membership that in several instances it has been found necessary to limit the number of members. The club life has become popular, principally because of its social side. Club runs may be on the wane, but many clubs of Greater New York have already arranged big spring runs.

"Before we were married you said it would be your dearest joy to have me lean on you, through life."

"Yes, I suppose I did; but that didn't mean I wanted you to fall on me every time this old tandem gets to wobbling."

TWO CLUBS CONSOLIDATE.

At the last regular meeting of the New York County Wheelmen, held Wednesday evening, the members decided to disband that organization and to affiliate themselves with the Pierce Wheelmen, the newest cycling organization. The Pierce Wheelmen were organized at 1434 Broadway last Wednesday week, the majority of the enrolled membership showing the names of many members of the New York County Wheelmen. The well-known uniform, emblem, racing suit and colors of the defunct club were adopted, and the following officers elected to serve for one year: President, E. B. Ryder; Vice-President, F. Hildebrandt, Jr.; Recording Secretary, Charles Novotny; Financial Secretary, P. A. Hogle; Corresponding Secretary, E. Cochran; Treasurer, R. H. Burton; Captain, Chas. H. Hildebrandt; First Lieutenant, E. J. Duddenhausen; Second Lieutenant, Lee B. Blehl. The dues of the new club will be $1 a month, and for the present no initiation fee will be charged. The temporary quarters are 1434 Broadway, to which address applications for membership should be sent. The New York County Wheelmen ran off the first organized century run last season, and the Pierce Wheelmen intend to do so this season. The date has not yet been decided upon.

"Wonderful—these chainless bicycles."

"Oh, I don't know; we have had oysterless oyster soup, for years."

ANOTHER NEW CHAINLESS.

Still another chainless bicycle, with new driving gear device, has been placed on the market. It is similar in appearance to the bevel gear and roller gear machines, the transmission of power being effected by a revolving shaft connecting the sprocket wheels. The ends of the transmitting rod have roller pins engaging in the sprocket, the teeth of which are slightly curved and rounded. The roller pins have a taper, toward the free end, to allow perfect action when the wheel is in motion. The driving mechanism is entirely exposed, but the claim is made that it is self-cleaning, and therefore does not require to be enclosed. The wheel is listed at $100.

MANHATTAN'S MANY NEW MEMBERS.

The Manhattan Bicycle Club has authorized the Board of Trustees to hire new club quarters and to have the same ready for occupancy by May 1. At the last regular meeting, held recently, the following 21 applicants were elected to membership: E. J. Teepe, J. Marks, William Wickham, J. H. Campbell, W. Holden, E. C. Catford, Walter Wickham, F. C. Schmidt, L. Flynn, F. B. Clarke, A. Stafford, O. Klempfus, R. D. Cluff, W. G. Teepe, J. C. Byars, O. H. Voss, F. L. Flint, E. Boreham, R. J. Fooks, H. L. Fooks and James Loughlin. This gain in membership is the direct result of the dues having been reduced to $1 a month.

OUTFITTING FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Col. R. P. Elliott, a well known mining engineer, of San Francisco, started for the Klondike, via Seattle, on January 29th. His entire outfit was purchased from H. C. Squires & Son, Cortlandt St., N. Y.

His sleeping bag was perhaps the most expensive that has ever been made for the Klondike. It was made on the well known Johnson pattern, and consisted of an inner lining of the finest quality of Russian lynx. This was lined with extra heavy camel's hair velour; and this, in turn, backed up by a covering of water-proof canvas. The whole was put into a water-proof canvas bag, with grommets in the end, that could also be used as a hammock. His furs consisted of an entire suit, coat, vest, trousers, head-piece and extra cap of natural seal. Beside these, a coat of porpoise hide, lined with Russian lamb, and a Swedish leather coat; 2 pairs of Squires' Siberian moose boots; 2 pairs of Siberian moose shoes, ½ dozen pairs of arctic socks; a pair of hair seal "Mucker" boots; 2 pairs of rubber boots; a pair of Mackintosh wading trousers; 2 pairs of felt boots, with rubber overshoes; 4 pairs of extra heavy woolen shirts; 2 pairs of extra heavy wool trousers; 2 pairs of German stockings, 2 sets of camel's hair underwear; 1 kerosene stove; one aluminum camping oven; one full set of aluminum cooking implements; one heavy 12 x 12 10 ounce tent; one New Zealand mosquito proof tent; one small Shake Down tent; one '95 model 30 calibre Army rifle; 500 cartridges; one 44 calibre revolver; 500 cartridges; one Bowie knife; one hunting knife; one split bamboo heavy salmon rod; one salmon reel; lines, hooks, leaders, fly book, fishing knife, landing net, etc.; one compass; 2 eyeless picks; one set soldering implements; camp axes, 25 water-proof bags, for flour, beans, etc.; 15 large water-proof covers, for re-packing goods; pack straps, mail bag, gold scales, medicine cases, spirit thermometer, etc. The outfit cost, independent of food supplies, something over $1,500.

WESTERN LAUNCHES COMING EAST.

The Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis., reports having recently booked the following orders for vapor launches:

A. W. Bianchi, Newark, N. J., 16-foot launch.

J. W. Ridley, Lynn, Mass., 16-foot launch.

C. E. Huntting, McGregor, Ia., 20-foot launch.

W. H. Canon, Madison, Wis., 16-foot launch.

Melick & Sterrett, Henry, Ill., 16-foot launch.

C. A. Welch, Waukesha, Wis., 16-foot launch.

E. W. Kibby, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., 16-foot launch.

E. Schandein, Milwaukee, Wis., 25-foot launch.

C. H. Remington, Watertown, N. Y., 25-foot launch.

G. H. Mowe, Watertown, N. Y., 16-foot launch.

L. E. P. Smith, Boston, Mass., 16-foot launch.

N. D. Bill, Springfield, Mass., 14-foot launch.

F. E. Hunter, Indianapolis, Ind., 16-foot launch.

M. A. Knight, Flint, Mich., 16-foot launch.

John McDermaid, Rockford, Ill., 25-foot launch.

F. W. Burnett, Detroit, Mich., 16-foot launch.

C. E. Everett, Chicago, Ill., 16-foot launch.

It will be noticed that several of these launches are being shipped to the Eastern States. There must be something unusual about these craft to enable a Wisconsin company to sell them in New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey, in competition with the many good things in this line made here in the East. Write for a catalogue, and find out about it. Mention RECREATION.

GOOD RECORDS FOR GOOD AMMUNITION.

The Peters Cartridge Co. sends out a circular calling attention to the wonderful victories of Peters Metallic Cartridges at the Sportsmen's Exposition Tournament, Madison Square Garden, in January last. The shooting programme consisted of Individual Championship Match, Continuous Match, Target of Honor Match and Bull's Eye Target. Open to the world. Ranges open from 1 p. m. until 11 p.m. daily. There were hundreds of entries. The principal event was the 2,500 Continuous Shooting, 100 shots in strings of 10 each at 100 feet, with 22 calibre rifles. Prizes were awarded for 10 highest scores. Peters 22 Cartridges won 1st, 3d, 4th, 8th, 9th and 10th. Mr. H. M. Spencer, Scranton, Pa., won the first prize with 2,424 out of a possible 2,500. Peters cartridges also won or tied for first prize in every competitive event on the whole week's programme. The winning cartridges were their ordinary 22 short and 22 long rifle, the same as they are sending out by the millions.

This proves conclusively the strength, accuracy and cleanliness of Peters ammunition.

ENOUGH TO FENCE IN THE EARTH.

The Page Woven Wire Fence Company, Adrian, Mich., is sending out a new illustrated catalogue which shows many styles of their fences, and contains much valuable information about setting end and anchor posts. The cut of the factory gives one a good idea of the magnitude of these great works. This Company makes and sells, annually, more woven wire fence than all other similar works combined. Their fence is the standard, and is used in almost every country on the earth. They have, within the last 5 years, made enough fence to entirely encircle the earth, 12 wires high. This means that they have made over 500,000 miles of wire. Every person interested in game preservation should have a copy of this catalogue. When asking for it mention RECREATION.

A GOOD CIGAR.

There is recreation and solid comfort in smoking a good cigar. It is not necessary to smoke a poor one, or to pay an exorbitant price for a good one, when a cigar factory of the reputation that Julius Alvarez & Co., Allentown, Pa., enjoy, for their product, will ship genuine hand made Havana cigars direct to smokers, at factory prices. They make as fine a cigar as can be produced, of selected and well cured tobacco, especially Havana. They use no flavoring substances which others often substitute for good stock.

This firm is constantly receiving large orders from thousands of smokers, prominent clubs, etc., all over this country, and the many flattering letters, and duplicate orders they receive prove that their goods give entire satisfaction.

Accept my thanks for the valuable little Syracuse hammerless gun. It came promptly, and if it had taken 80 subscribers, instead of 40, I could have earned it easily. Every true sportsman's eye sparkles when you lay an open copy of RECREATION before him.

The shooting qualities of the Syracuse gun, and its neat appearance, cannot be beaten by any gun I ever saw, for the money. RECREATION will always have a place in my home.

Charles L. Bigart, Dunmore, Pa.

The summer is approaching. You will soon want a tent. You can get it by sending in a club of subscribers for RECREATION. Full particulars on application.

RHEUMATISM AND LA GRIPPE.

"5 Drops" is a remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrh, la grippe and kindred ailments. The manufacturers of "5 Drops" have many letters from those restored to health, of which the following is a sample:

Paris, Texas, Jan. 9, 1898.

Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago

Gentlemen:—I write to accept the agency for your medicines. Will send you the amount mentioned in your letter, and please send me the remedies to begin with. I have some orders already. Please send as soon as you can. With many thanks to you and God, I am enjoying better health than I have for years. I feel as if I am spared to do some one else good now. Yours truly,

Mrs. M. J. Jayroe.

During the next 30 days the company will send out 100,000 sample bottles, for 25 cents a bottle. From the past they know that even a sample bottle will convince one of the merits of "5 Drops." Not sold by druggists—only by us or our agents. Agents wanted. Write the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 167 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. This company is reliable and promptly fills every order.

Have just received the Pease piano you sent as a premium for a club of subscribers to RECREATION. The case is a lovely one, tone splendid and the action all one could wish for. I am very much pleased with it and thank you heartily for enabling me to get such an excellent instrument so easily. I feel amply paid for my work on RECREATION and shall continue to work for its success.

Elsie Bristow Cornell, Knoxville, Ia.

The Gramophone, which you gave me for 25 subscriptions, received and I am well pleased. I don't see how on earth you can give such valuable premiums.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine I have ever seen, and every one of my club is well pleased with it. Especially is this true of your fight on the game hogs.

I won't lose a chance to speak a good word for RECREATION and its editor.

Robert H. Searcy, Eufaula, I. T.

I have read the book, "The Man Who Became a Savage," and it is the best thing I have found, for many a day. I thank you very much for it. It is worth the $1.50 alone, to say nothing of RECREATION, which is worth the $1.50 also.

W. B. Cuckler, Athens, O.

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

POINTERS FOR TOURISTS.

Egin, Fremont Co., Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: I heartily endorse Mr. Lydecker's suggestion of a "League of American Sportsmen." We need something of the kind in this country to protect our game, or there will soon be none, either for ourselves or for Eastern sportsmen. Game is scarce now as compared with the quantities that could be found 12 or 15 years ago. In those days, Ed. H. Trafton and I hunted and trapped for a living. We worked all through Idaho and Wyoming, and had every opportunity of learning the amount and whereabouts of game in those States.

In October, 1883, I came from Jackson's Hole with 3 horses loaded with beaver and bear hides, and camped on the creek where Trafton's house now stands. Antelope were within sight of camp during all of our stay. Now one is rarely seen in that part of the country. Deer were plentiful, and a few still winter near there. There is yet game enough in this region. If it is protected, we will have good hunting for many years. The country is large, and affords plenty of range for game.

In RECREATION of January, 1897, W. L. Simpson says of the people who speculate in elk and other game animals, that they kill 5 for every one [illegible]ed. That is a low estimate. I think they kill 10 animals for each one secured alive.

Eastern sportsmen believe there is no game in this part of the country except in Jackson's Hole. There are more moose in Idaho than in Wyoming, and fully as many bears. In parts of Idaho, mountain sheep are abundant; and many of the elk and deer that summer in Wyoming pass the winter in this State. We have also good trout fishing, and plenty of small game.

Most Eastern men who come here want to get mountain sheep, elk, deer, moose and bear; and all within 2 or 3 weeks. This cannot be done anywhere. Such a variety of game is never found in any one place. I know that some guides, here and elsewhere, guarantee shots at all kinds of game, including grizzly bear; but guarantees can be had in this country with less exertion than grizzlies. We have many bears, though but few are grizzlies.

Ten or 12 years ago there was not a guide in all this region; now nearly every resident claims to be one. I remember the first party of sportsmen who passed through Egin, 14 years ago. They stopped at my father's house on their way to Jackson's hole. The man they had with them as guide, had been in the country but once before, and then only passed through it.

Egin is 30 miles from Market Lake, the nearest railroad station; and 90 miles from the upper firehole basin, in the Yellowstone Park. There is good trout fishing and chicken shooting all the way from here to the Park. Also lots of ducks and geese in season. Jackson's Hole is 80 miles from here. There is good fishing most of the way, and some small game. Sportsmen and tourists can obtain here everything needed to take in the mountains.

The best time to visit the Park is in the latter part of July and during August. Good hunting can be had any time from September 1st to December 15th. The best time to hunt bear is from April 1st to July 1st. Non-residents, hunting in Wyoming, are required to pay a license fee of $20. In spite of the various opinions advanced in RECREATION, I think the 45-90 Winchester the best all-round gun for large game.

I am prepared to furnish good covered mountain spring wagons, good teams, gentle saddle horses, tents and complete camp outfits for large or small parties. I can give good reference. Will meet employers either at Market Lake, or at Cinnabar, Mont. Would be pleased to furnish further information regarding this country and its game, to anyone who will write me.

Willis L. Winegar.

SPORTSYLVANIA.

H. H. RICHARDSON.

My love lives in a wonderful place
Called Sportsylvania,
He has half-forgotten his sweetheart's face
In Sportsylvania;
He would rather sail the ocean blue,
Or paddle about in a Rob-Roy canoe—
He never thinks of a wheel for two,
In Sportsylvania.

A childish dream is poor croquet,
In Sportsylvania,
And golf he would not stop to play,
In Sportsylvania;
I saw him once at a tennis net,—
The way he volley'd I'll ne'er forget,
But never a girl was in his set
In Sportsylvania.

He is quite polite to a grizzly bear,
In Sportsylvania,
Of an angry moose he has no fear,
In Sportsylvania;
But of a timid girl he is very shy,
She cannot stalk him howe'er she try,
Unless she ventures to do or die
In Sportsylvania.

I have bought me a lovely rod and gun,
For Sportsylvania,
And away to the forest and stream I'll run,
In Sportsylvania,
But cupid will hie along with me,
I'll be the dear my lover must see,
We'll build our home as near as can be
To Sportsylvania!

FOR 30 DAYS MORE YOU CAN TRY IT FOR 25 CENTS

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LA GRIPPE

CURED BY

5 DROPS

[TRADE MARK.]

"5 DROPS" is the most concentrated and powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. Relief is usually felt the very first night. We have letters of grateful praise from thousands who have been cured by "5 DROPS," and who recommend it to sufferers.

GOD BLESS YOU ALWAYS

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., CHICAGO. DEAR FRIENDS:—Yes, yes, I shall always think of you as my far-away friends, and thank God for directing your advertisement to this place. Yes! oh yes! I will gladly tell the whole world what your "5 DROPS" has done for me. It found me **racked with pain from head to foot day and night** and I had dreadful sounds in my head. I could not eat, sleep nor rest. The doctors gave me medicine and it would stop the pain for a short time, but it would come again. I could not have suffered much longer. At times I cared not what became of me, and my kidneys were in a very bad shape. Every doctor I went to told me I had so many different diseases in my body that it was difficult to tell where to commence. **I could hardly get across the room. Now I can walk one and a half miles and back, and God bless you always.** Oh, how gladly I would take the agency if it were possible, but I am poor and have no way of traveling around if I should take it. Gratefully yours, MRS. L. WALLACE, McGregor, Iowa, January 8, 1898.

I CANNOT PRAISE "5 DROPS" ENOUGH

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., CHICAGO. DEAR SIRS:—I thought I would write a statement of my case. I was taken in August with **Sciatic Neuralgia,** and was treated by two of the best physicians of our county, but they did not help me any. But happy for me I saw your "5 DROPS" advertisement and sent and got a bottle, **and it has cured me.** I was very bad, could hardly get around at all, but now I can go anywhere. I cannot praise "5 DROPS" enough for what it has done for me. **I am very, very grateful** for what you have done for me. Yours truly, SARAH E. WILSON, Spradling, Kentucky, January 2, 1898.

As a positive cure for **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Bachache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, Swelling, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc.,**

"5 DROPS" has never been equalled

"5 DROPS" taken but once a day is a dose of this great remedy, and to enable all sufferers to make a trial of its wonderful curative properties, we will send out for thirty days more 100,000 sample bottles, 25c. each, prepaid by mail. Even a sample bottle will convince you of its merit. Best and cheapest medicine on earth. Large bottles (300 doses), $1.00; **for 30 days,** 3 bottles for $2.50. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. **Agents wanted in new territory. Write us to-day.**

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167-169 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE SHIELD OF A
GREAT NAME PROTECTS THE
RIDERS OF . . .

Remington Bicycles

THE
REMINGTON
SPECIAL
104005
MANUFACTURED BY
REMINGTON ARMS CO
ILION, N.Y.
PATENTED OCT. 25.92
FEB 28.93 NOV.6.94
JAN.21. JULY 14.96
JUNE 8. AUG.14.97

Remington Special Light Roadster	$75.00
With Frost Gear Case	80.00
Remington Light Roadster	$50.00

**Have you seen the Remington Special Chain?
It reduces friction 25% and cannot stretch**

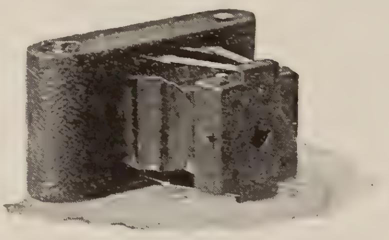
*New Illustrated
Catalogue Mailed
FREE*

REMINGTON ARMS CO.
ILION, N. Y.

1898 KODAKS

(There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.)

ALL Kodaks are made on the Cartridge System and **"Load in Daylight."** The 1898 improvements have been largely along the line of adapting this system to Kodaks of the highest grade having fine rapid rectilinear lenses and iris diaphragm shutters. The Folding Pocket Kodak, introduced in the latter part of '97, the 5 x 7 Cartridge Kodak and the Bullet and Bulls-Eye specials will be largely sought after by those who command the best. We shall continue supplying our standard Pocket Kodaks, Bullet, Bulls-Eye and Falcon Kodaks. The prices remain unchanged although a number of important improvements have been made.



Folding Pocket Kodak.

$10.00.

For Films.

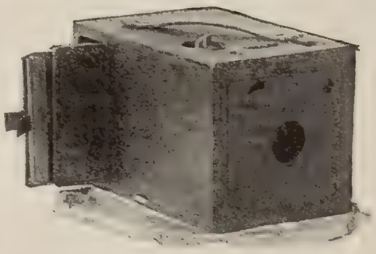
Only 1⅝ x 3½ x 6¾ inches when closed. Makes pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Strictly achromatic lens having 4-inch fixed focus. A new and simple shutter for time or instantaneous exposures. Two view finders. Made of aluminum. Covered with fine leather. **Loads in Daylight.**

No. 2 Bulls-Eye Special Kodak.

$15.00.

For Films.

For pictures 3½ x 3½ inches. Fitted with 5-inch fixed focus, rapid rectilinear lens, iris diaphragm stops and improved shutter. Beautifully finished. **Loads in Daylight.**



No. 2 Bullet Special Kodak.

$18.00.

Films or Plates.

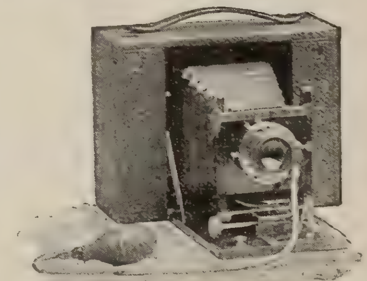
For pictures 3½ x 3½ inches. Fitted with 5-inch fixed focus, rapid rectilinear lens, iris diaphragm stops and improved shutter. Beautifully finished. **Loads in Daylight.**

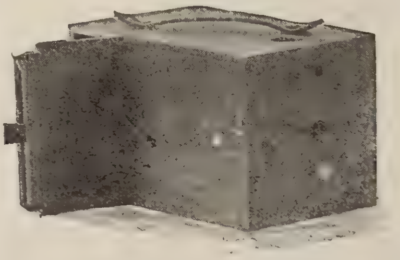
No. 5 Cartridge Kodak.

$35.00.

Films or Plates.

For pictures 5 x 7 inches. Rapid rectilinear lens, Eastman pneumatic shutter, iris diaphragm stops, rack and pinion for focusing, rising, falling and sliding front, focusing scale, two finders. Beautifully finished in Mahogany and fine leather with buffed brass and nickel fittings. **Loads in Daylight.**





No. 2 Eureka Camera.

$4.00.

Plates only.

For pictures 3½ x 3½ inches. Fitted with 4¼-inch fixed focus, achromatic lens, set of three stops and safety shutter. Covered with fine leather.

KODAKS IN 13 STYLES AND SIZES, **$5.00 to $35.00**

For sale by all dealers in photographic goods. Catalogues free by mail or at agencies.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

RECREATION'S THIRD ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 2 amateur photographic competitions, both of which have been eminently successful. A third one, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others, opened January 1, '98, and will close April 30, '98.

Following is the list of prizes as thus far arranged. Others may be added later:

FIRST PRIZE—A Folding Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $75.

SECOND PRIZE—$25 in cash.

THIRD PRIZE—A Cycle Korona Camera, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and valued at $22.50.

FOURTH PRIZE—An Adlake Camera, made by the Adams and Westake Co., Chicago, and valued at $12.

FIFTH PRIZE—An Amateur Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and valued at $10.

SIXTH PRIZE—A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., of Boston, and valued at $6.

SEVENTH PRIZE—1 Gross Blue Label photo print paper.

EIGHTH PRIZE—1 Gross Aristo Jr. photo print paper.

NINTH PRIZE—1 Gross Aristo Platino photo print paper, made by American Aristotype Company, Jamestown, N. Y.

The makers of the 15 next best pictures will each be awarded a yearly subscription to RECREATION.

The contest will close April 30, '98.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions:—Contestants must submit 2 mounted silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon prints, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture, to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Only one month more until RECREATION's photo competition closes. Send in your best work at once.

ANOTHER FORM OF INDEX.

I noticed an article by G. A. C., in February RECREATION, on "How to index Negatives." While G. A. C. is O. K. I think I have something a little more complete. By using a small book and ruling it as per inclosed sample one has no trouble. Use your plate boxes for the negatives. Put 12 in a box and letter the boxes from A up. The diagram explains the rest.

Title.	No.	Box.	Date.	Time Taken.	Time Exposed.	Plate Used.	Book Page.	Prints.	Paper.	Remarks.
Soldiers' Home	1	A	Jan. 7, '98.	12:00 M.	1/25	C. C.	47	2	Alb.	Good.
River Rapids.	2	A	Jan. 7, '98.	1:30 P. M.	1/5	Carbutt.	43	4	Risto.	Overtimed.
Dining-room.....	3	A	Jan. 15, '98.	9:00 A. M.	1/5	G. E. Seeds.	28	6	Sol.	Fair. Stop down and draw shades next time.
Snow Mon S. Ore.	4	A	Feb. 1, '98.	8:30 A. M.	1/25	C. C.	61	2	Risto.	Extra good.

During the coming season my camera will be with me as much as my guns; especially when I have my annual hunt, in the Upper Peninsula, next November.

If you care to have me may be able to furnish you something of interest, with photos, later.

Roscoe, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I should be glad to have the pictures; but don't let your subjects look at the camera.

Occupy them in some way—cooking, eating, cleaning game, making the fire, carrying wood, washing dishes—any old thing, so they are busy. Show action. Don't let them pose.—EDITOR.

SHE WANTS TO GET EVEN WITH HIM.

Dear Mr. Editor: What would you charge to print a picture of me, in your nice little book? I hope you will excuse my askin' this favor when you learn the reason.

I've ben married a long time, an' for several years my husban' an' I travelled along in perfek harmony, an' "honors were easy" so to speak. Then all to oncet Danl (that's him) got the fotegraf fever and got it bad too; an' ever since, there has been a "rift within the lute" as we read of in books. Danl steadily went ahead of me, an' put on airs over me, an' seemin'ly pitid me, because I couldn't appreciate the picters he made, enuf to admire them. But let me tell you; in all them picters, the glory was his'n—the awful muss mine. I tremble for them kodak men when I think what they'll have to answer for.

Then came the chance of his life—likewise for many othrs—to unload some of the best of their fotegrafs on a man what publishes the nicest sportin' magazine in the country. I didn't quite understand about it; but think 'twas run somethin' like the old-fashioned spellin' bee—the best to be first.

Now Danl is a great man to take holt of every opportunity what presents itself (if I do say it, who shouldn't). So he coaxed a friend an' the rest of the dogs out into the woods, one day; an' when they got home they were loaded—with negatives. Two of 'em he sent to that sportin' book man, who must have been awful short of pictures, for he kep' 'em both, an' if you'll believe it he printed 'em in his little book.*

Well, Dan'l was that set up, at seein' his own picturs in a book, that a body couldn't touch him with a 40 foot pole; an' his arrogance made it hard livin' with him; but I hoped that as "time heals all wounds," it might also bridge over the "proudest moments of his life" and restore him to me in his former meekness an' humility. An' I believe it would have, only a fresh impetus —I think you call it—or is it a relapse—was give him, by findin' them self same picturs of his'n, his friend an' the dogs printed in another kind of a book entirely,† an' copyrighted by some Turk of a man, who I reckon knows a good thing when he sees it. This is the last straw; fur if Dan'l was airy before, he's a whole cyclone now; an' in self defence I've got to do somethin' to even up with him; for it won't do to get left too far behind in this world of tribulation.

So Mr. Editor, if you'll print my pictur please let me know (I don't care about the cost). Also tell me how much a hundred you'd ask for the copies. I guess I'll be "as many" as Danl by the time I get through.

I used to be counted middlin' good lookin', an' I hain't no better now.

Yours to command,
Phoebe Phippens.

Send on your "fotegraf," Phœbe, and it will be printed. And where you'll get the best of Dan'l is in the fact that about 3 times as many people will see your picture as saw those of Dan'l and his friend and the other dogs and I'll send you 200 copies of the "sportin' magazine" and they won't cost you a cent.—EDITOR.

NOTES.

Mr. S. G. B. Gourlay, a Brooklyn amateur, had his hand torn off while exhibiting, to his family and a party of friends, a flashlight process.

All those who watched him were severely injured. The furniture in the room, as well as the camera and the flashlight outfit, were wrecked, and a young girl was saved by her corset from what probably would have been a mortal wound.

Flash powder is a dangerous substance and great care should always be exercised in handling it.

I am glad to see the "ad" of the Gundlach Optical Co. reappear in RECREATION. They make first class cameras. I have had 3 of them and they never fail to give satisfaction.

A. R. Randles, Seattle, Wash.

I would be pleased to exchange unmounted photographs of live game with some of your readers, and will guarantee to show them more game, in numbers, than they send me. S. N. Leek, Jackson, Wyo.

I would like to exchange prints, arrow heads, Indian curios, minerals, nursery stock, etc., for Indian curios, fine minerals, photos, etc. Would like to correspond with those having any of above.

G. E. Wells, Manhattan, Kan.

I have a good collection of 4 by 5s that I should like to send to some one, in exchange.

George B. Dicks, 84 Jefferson Street, Hartford, Ct.

Only one month more until RECREATION'S photo competition closes. Send in your best work at once.

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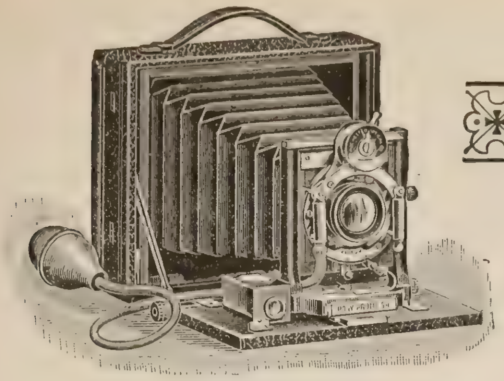
* See RECREATION for December, 1896, p. 303; February, 1897, p. 68.

† See Shooting and Fishing in the South, Comps. Southern Ry. Co., pp. 7, 15.



PREMOS
PRODUCE
PERFECT
PICTURES

Premo Cameras

Have achieved an enviable reputation the world over. Their PERFECT construction and ease of manipulation, combined with grace, beauty, and superb finish, have placed them in the front rank, and they are to-day the Favorite Camera with the foremost Amateur and Professional Photographers.

MADE IN 20 DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES

Special Designs for the Sportsman and Tourist

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE

Rochester Optical Co. 37 SOUTH STREET
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Mention RECREATION.

WHAT THEY SAY OF RECREATION.

I enclose herewith $1 for renewal of my subscription to your priceless magazine. Recreation has afforded me more pleasure than would a nugget from the Klondike.
Kenneth Fowler, Jersey City, N. J.

Enclosed please find N. Y. draft for 2 renewals to Recreation. You deserve great credit for publishing such an excellent monthly, and pushing it ahead of all others.
Aug. Gottschalk, Bozeman, Mont.

I enclose you names and address of 3 new subscribers to Recreation. If they think as much of Recreation as I do, they will continue to take it as long as they live.
Harry Lakey, Kalamazoo, Mich.

I consider Recreation the best sportsmen's magazine published, and enclosed herewith $1 for renewal of my subscription. No sportsman should be without it.
J. C. Keeler, Bethel, Conn.

Received the sample copies you sent me, worked 2 or 3 hours, and have 20 names for my gun and Recreation. All seem highly pleased with the magazine.
J. E. McLure, Troy, Ala.

Recreation, in a reading sense, is the same as Li Hung Chang was to the American public while on his recent visit, viz.: "The only pebble on the beach."
W. F. Holden, Worcester, Mass.

Recreation is all that can be desired, and I congratulate you on its success. It is always interesting, and I am glad to see each issue. J. D. Mickle, Portland, Ore.

Find enclosed $1 for my renewal to Recreation for another year. I cannot do without it. It is growing better with every issue. W. Snyder, Middleburg, Pa.

The boys are all greatly pleased with Recreation. I don't see how they can be otherwise, as every number grows better. R. A. Walker, Meriden, Conn.

I have read Recreation the past year or more, and do not hesitate to say it is the leading sportsmen's journal in this country. F. L. Shaw, Portland, Me.

Recreation is brighter and better than ever. May your shadow never grow less, and may success crown your every effort. Chas. Hyde, Connersville, Ind.

Reading Recreation is the next thing to being there yourself. I look for it for days before it comes, every month. Fred. H. Sprague, Cripple Creek, Col.

I consider Recreation the best sportsmen's journal I have ever seen, and I have taken nearly all that are published. E. Haeni, Freeport. Ill.

I have been reading Recreation only a few months but can hardly get along without it from one month to the next. C. L. Hazen, Brunswick, O.

I feel it my duty to my wife and self to renew my subscription. We would feel lost without Recreation.
T. R. Bower, Ronkonkoma, N. Y.

I commenced taking Recreation last May and am much pleased with it. I long for it to come each month.
Hope Ward, Platteville, Wis.

You have the best sportsmen's magazine in the country. The only trouble is it does not come often enough.
Will G. End, Sheboygan, Wis.

I have lately become a subscriber to your excellent magazine, which is the best in its line I have ever read.
Hubert Gage S. New Berlin, N. Y.

Though I have only taken Recreation a few months, I would not do without it for three times the price.
J. F. Stryker, White House Sta., N. J.

Yesterday I sent in subscriptions for Recreation. To-day I add a few more. I have little trouble to secure them. The magazine does the talking.
M. O. Newton, Massena, Ia.

I am so pleased with Recreation I cannot do without it. It beats every sportsmen's magazine I ever read.
Benj. Hanson, Butte, Mont.

I think more of Recreation than I do of any sportsmen's paper or magazine I have ever taken.
Austin Voss, Unionville, N. Y.

Recreation is the boss magazine. It beats anything I ever saw. Every sportsman must have it.
L. D. Goodenough, Tomahawk, Wis.

I have been a reader of Recreation a year, and consider it the finest sportsmen's journal printed.
E. H. Carroll, Kingston, N. Y.

I would not be without Recreation. It is the best sportsmen's magazine I have ever seen.
J. A. Duff, Kineo, Me.

I should think your magazine one of the best for advertising in all lines pertaining to sport.
H. C. Goodman, Denver, Col.

I am surprised that you can publish such a delightful magazine at such a modest price.
C. B. Hollister, Olney, Ill.

I think Recreation is a splendid magazine for women and children, as well as for men.
Edmund Graham, Winnipeg, Man., Can.

Recreation has but one fault; in speaking of it one must use so many superlatives.
William A. Wilkins, Jr., Troy Grove, Ill.

I could not do without Recreation. Success to it. Go for the hogs and pot hunters.
L. M. Taylor, Dayton, O.

Recreation is gotten up in better style than any magazine that comes to my table.
S. W. Owen, Hagerstown, Md.

Recreation is the best sportsmen's journal published. Wouldn't be without it.
E. M. Lambert, Young America, Minn.

I consider Recreation one of the best publications and fully up to the times.
J. A. Henochsberg, Camden, Mich.

I think your magazine takes the cake. It is the best for the money that is published. H. C. Akin, Maywood, Ill.

I don't think there is any better periodical of the kind printed than Recreation. Roy E. Taylor, Normal, Ill.

Would not be without Recreation if the price were 4 times what it now is. Fred. Naegele, Helena, Mont.

I read many different magazines but none of them comes up to Recreation. J. D. Ward, Wellesley, Mass.

I believe Recreation the best magazine a sportsman can subscribe for. A. W. Penney, Hamilton, Ont.

I enjoy Recreation more than I do any other sportsmen's publication. W. S. Story, Chillicothe, O.

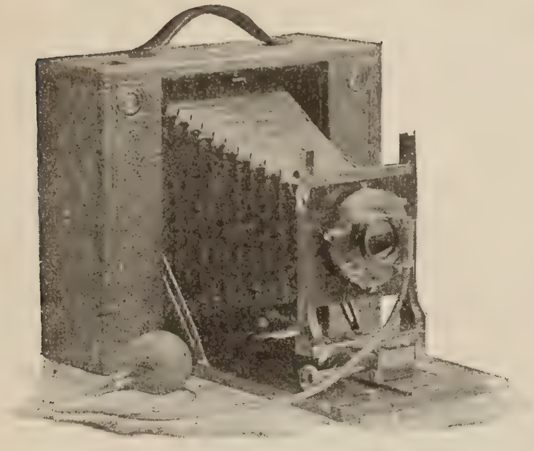
Recreation is improving monthly, and is the best publication of its kind. J. P. Cutting, Bloomington, Ill.

Recreation is always welcome and the best thing of its kind published. Vol. Babcock, Rhinelander, Wis.

When waiting for Recreation to come a month seems as long as a year. L. K. Ervin, Bear Creek, Miss.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

No. 5 Cartridge Kodak



For

5 x 7 Pictures

Uses Light-Proof Film Cartridges or Glass Plates.

A perfect instrument for the expert or the beginner, combining the simplicity of the daylight loading Cartridge System with a camera of the greatest capabilities.

The No. 5 Cartridge Kodak is equipped with the finest rapid rectilinear lenses, iris diaphragm stops, Eastman pneumatic triple action shutter, has rising, falling and sliding front, two view finders, two sockets for tripod screw, rack and pinion for fine focusing and is beautifully finished in highly polished mahogany with buffed brass fittings and covered with fine black Morocco. This instrument is the only 5 x 7 camera having the **daylight loading feature** and being but 3¼ inches in thickness when closed is perfectly

Adapted to the Wheelman's Use.

PRICE.

No. 5 Cartridge Kodak, rapid rectilinear lens and pneumatic release shutter, - - - - - - -	$35 00
Light-proof film cartridge, 12 exposures, 5 x 7, - -	1 60

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free by mail or at agencies.

The Willsie Cameras

THE CAMERAS OF THE FUTURE

Involve a new principle which does away with roll film, film holders, changing sleeve or bag.

THE WILLSIE POCKET CAMERA	$5	24 mounted flat films, 2″x 2⅜″ Time and snap-shot shutter. Meniscus lens, with 3 stops. A finder for locating the picture. Covered with morocco grain leather.
THE WILLSIE 3½ CAMERA	$10	36 mounted flat films, 4″x 4″ 6 glass plates in holders. Achromatic lens, with 3 stops. A view finder and tripod plate Time and snap-shot shutter. Accurately scaled focusing device. Covered with seal grain leather.
THE WILLSIE 4x5 CAMERA	$15	48 mounted flat films. 4½″x 5½″ 6 glass plates in holders. Achromatic lens, with 3 stops. 2 view finders and 2 tripod plates. Accurately scaled focusing device. Time and snap-shot shutter. Ground glass focusing screen. Covered with seal grain leather.

THE MOUNTED FLAT FILMS

are easy to put into the camera and do not require holders. Any film may be removed for development without disturbing the others. The exposed films can always be separated from the unexposed.

The subject, time of exposure, etc., can always be learned from the memoranda on each film; and the number of exposed and unexposed films in the camera can always be told at a glance.

Send stamp for booklet "Camera Information"

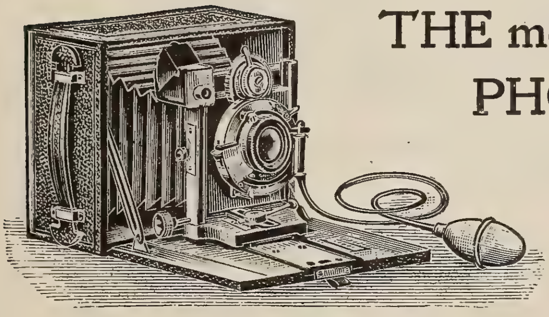
ROCKFORD SILVER PLATE CO. 202 WYMAN ST.
ROCKFORD, ILL.

Gundlach Optical Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Manufacturers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS



THE most IMPORTANT part of a PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT is the LENS. Our lenses are absolutely guaranteed. Our SHUTTERS lead.

Our Cameras are unsurpassed in workmanship or finish.

Our prices are very low.

The only concern in the United States turning out a complete camera, lens, and shutter, all of their own manufacture.

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...Send for Catalogue...

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GUNDLACH OPTICAL CO.

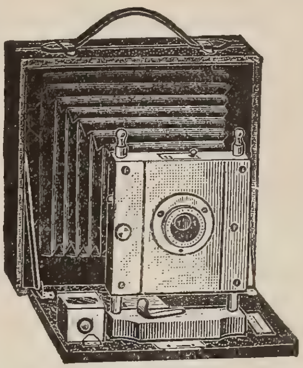
753 to 765 So. Clinton Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Weight 26 Ounces

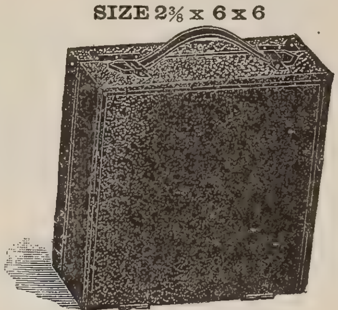
FOR 4x5 PICTURES,

SIZE 2⅞ x 6 x 6

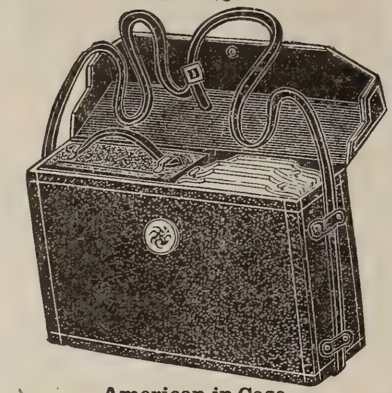
Weight 3½ lbs.



American Open.



American Closed



American in Case.

American Folding Camera

$8.00

Highest Grade Achromatic Lens.
Reversible Back.
Rising and Falling Front Spring Actuated
Ground Glass Back
Covered with Best Morocco
Guaranteed a Perfect Instrument in Every Respect

Camera and Double Plate Holder	$8.00
Extra Plate Holders, Double, Each	$1.00
Carrying Case for Camera and Five Holders,	2.00
Developing and Printing Outfit	1.50
Dry Plates 4x5 per Dozen	.50

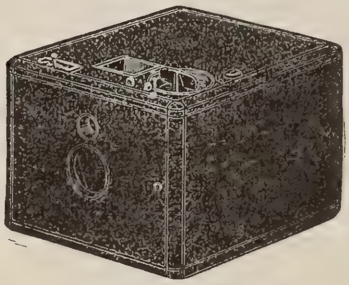
ALL THE POPULAR MAKES OF CAMERAS FROM $1—UP.

Photographic Supplies OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.—EVERY STANDARD BRAND.

Before Buying Elsewhere, don't fail to get our prices—We will save you money.

Catalogues free.
Inquiries Cheerfully Answered.

CHICAGO CAMERA CO.
58 FIFTH AVE., CHICAGO.



The Baby, $5

Size, 2 1-2 x 3 1-2 x 4 in.
Photo, 2 x 2 1-2 in. Weight, 7 oz.
Loaded with 12 exposures

Success in Photography

is only obtained by using an outfit well made, with high-grade lens, and reliable shutter.

The Hawk-Eyes

manufactured in various styles and sizes from the "Baby" up, can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight, can be used with film or glass plates and warranted to prove just as represented.

Why not make your Own Photographs?

A Guide-Book is furnished with each camera that will enable the novice to produce good results **from the start**

THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Mfrs.
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I took a man 4 different sportsmen's periodicals the other day and let him subscribe for his choice. Of course he took RECREATION. He knows a good thing when he sees it.

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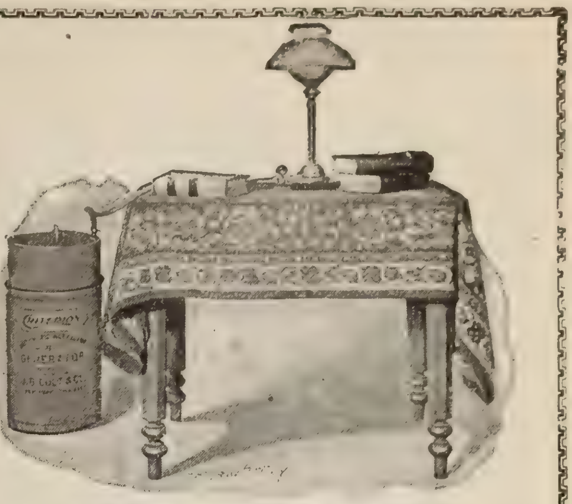

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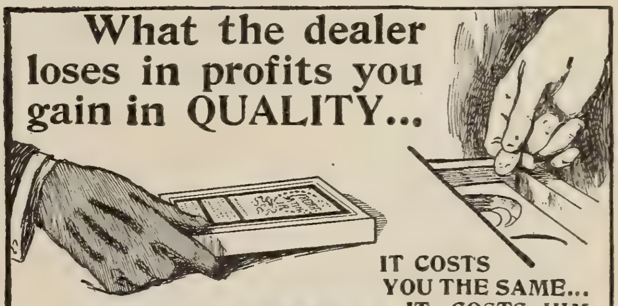

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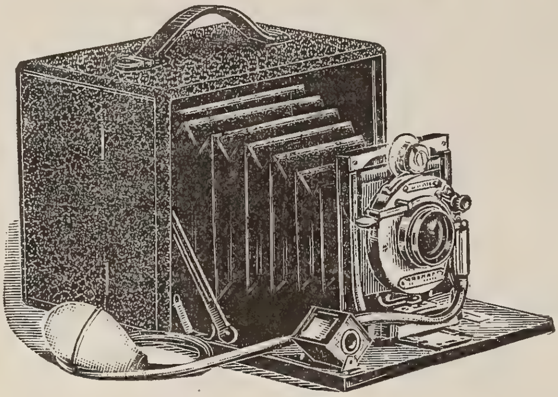

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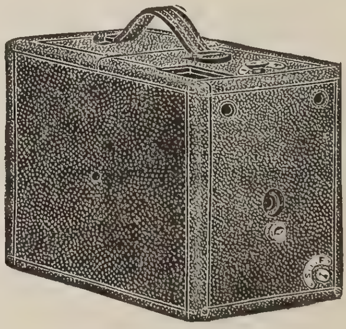

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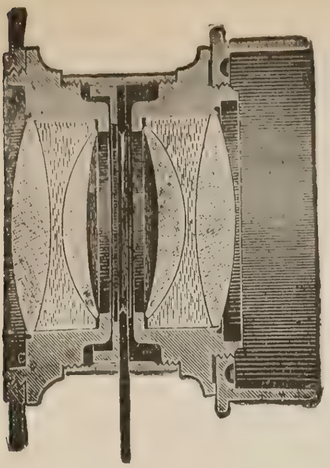

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The poet sat and wrote and wrote
By the lamplight pale and dim,
While the maiden sang 'till she strained her throat,
Who lived next door to him.

Then the poet rose with a visage grim,
And said, as he smote his breast,
The sweetest thing on earth to him
Was a maiden's voice—at rest.

—Up to Date.

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With its new patented Adlake devices—New principles—New possibilities—is declared by users as the *best* for *everyone* but professional photographers. It makes a successful amateur of every beginner.

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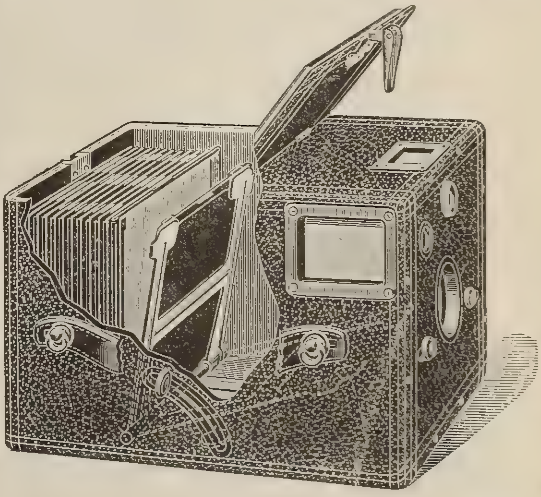

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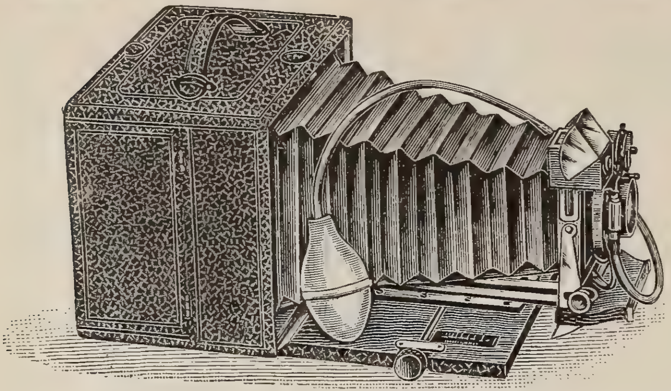

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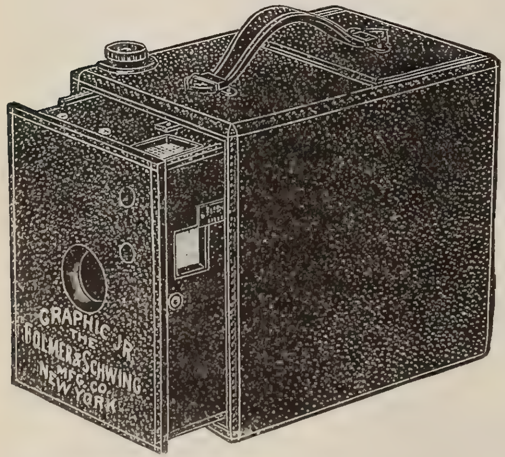

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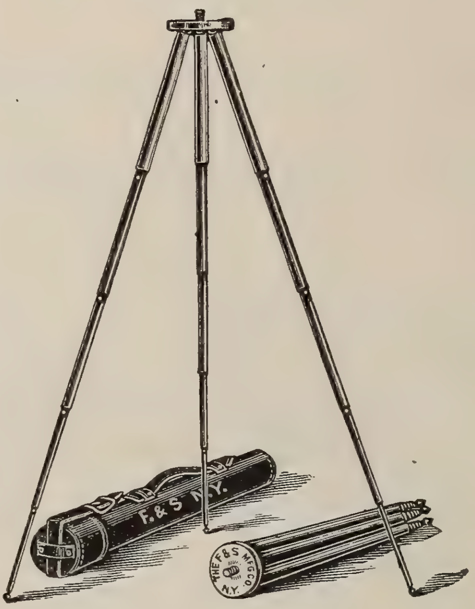

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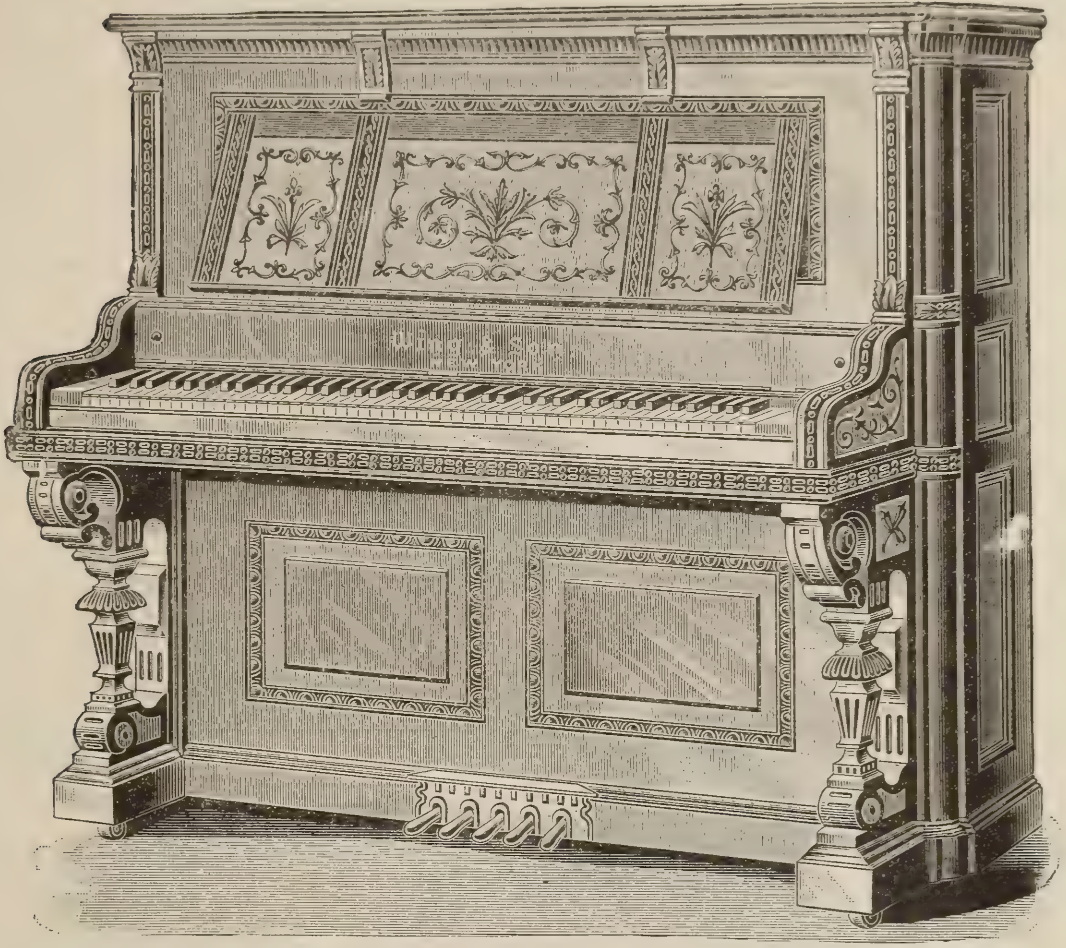

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imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. The sounds of these different instruments may be heard alone or in concert with the piano.

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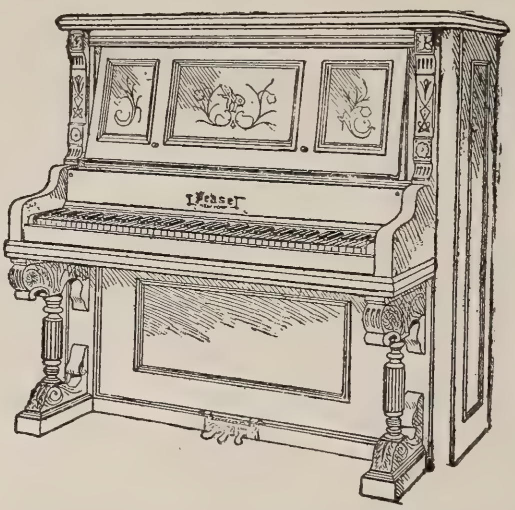

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[We guarantee the above firm will do as agreed.—EDITOR.

GAME NOTES.

This is one of the best game countries in the U. S., and one that is the least known. We are more than 100 miles from the railroad and sportsmen do not find their way in here so easily as to some other parts. We have elk, deer, antelope, bear, lions, coyotes, geese, ducks, sage chickens, grouse, and the best of trout fishing. The deer are so numerous we think it is a disgrace to shoot anything but a big buck.

A. S. Robinson, Craig, Col.

Snow geese are as thick in the Red river country as ever. If an international game law could be enforced we would have game for years. The Indians did, and I presume do yet, kill hundreds, as the birds alight in Hudson bay, and they take canoe loads of eggs as well. Millions of ducks breed in the big marsh, at the mouth of Lake Winnipeg, and their nests are robbed and the young killed wholesale.

Jas. Fullerton, Ten Sleep, Wyo.

I spent 2 weeks in St. Lawrence county in September. Got 2 bucks and plenty of birds. In Maine I got only 2 red deer and small game. I used a 30-40 '95 model Winchester this time, in place of my old 45-90, which I have sworn by since it became so popular. It is a thing of the past with me now. Will never use it again unless on the 4th of July I am taken with a boyish desire to make a noise.

E. W. Goodwin, Syracuse, N. Y.

Did you ever have a try at the California valley quails? It will take the conceit out of an Eastern man more quickly than California climate will. Thanks to Messrs. Candee and Beamer, of Riverside, I had 2 days' shooting at valley quails last season. They are always glad to take an Eastern man out, just to see him miss and hear him tell how he can kill Bob Whites in the East.

G. H. Perrin, Galesburg, Ill.

Three years ago 4 of us were out on the plains about 90 miles, and had fine sport after antelope. We killed 4, several ducks and a few snipe, around the waterholes. It is hard to get antelope, as one has to sneak along by the side of his horse for a great distance to get within range. We killed 2 rattlers and had a few shots at coyotes, also killed several jack rabbits and cottontails.

Will Howard, Colorado Springs, Col.

Something New

IN WINTER WEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

* * *

Squires' "Chamois=Buckskin" Suits . . .

"Chamois-Buckskin" makes the warmest of warm underclothing for every purpose where a combination of lightness and warmth is desired. It has all the good points of the popular Swedish dogskin, with the enormous additional advantages of being as washable as a silk handkerchief, and so strong and serviceable that there is practically no wear out to it.

For duck shooting, camping in cold climates, or for the Klondike, where the cold seems fairly to pierce one's marrow, nothing that we know of can take the place of a "Chamois-Buckskin" suit.

For trap shooting in cold weather, where the arms must be kept free, a "Chamois-Buckskin" shirt over the ordinary woolen undershirt defies the cold, and is the most valuable cold-weather garment any man can have. The shirts are made with turn-over collars.

For the Klondike these "Chamois-Buckskin" suits are simply invaluable. They are worn over the woolen underclothing and next to the furs, and simply prevent the cold from penetrating.

Price of the suit complete,	**$15.00**
Price of shirt,	**9.00**
Price of drawers,	**6.50**

Dogskin Fur Suits . . .

In making up our Johnson Sleeping Bags, we have had occasion to purchase a very large number of the finest quality, extra heavy dogskins, all of them from dogs killed above the snow line in the Himalaya Mountains. We are making these furs up into suits, for the Klondike trade and for driving, hunting, etc. Three-piece suits (coats, pants and headpiece), all lined with excellent woolen cloth.

Price per suit,	**$35.00**
Two=piece suits (coat with headpiece attached and pants), price per suit,	**32.50**
Coat separate, without headpiece,	**18.50**
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Johnson Sleeping Bags . . .

These are becoming the recognized thing for the Klondike, and we have sold more of them within the last month than we had any idea we could sell in a year. The reason for their success is because they are strictly sanitary, and no other Sleeping Bag that we know of is.

The No. 1 Bag is lined with Himalaya Dogskin, price,	**$18.00**
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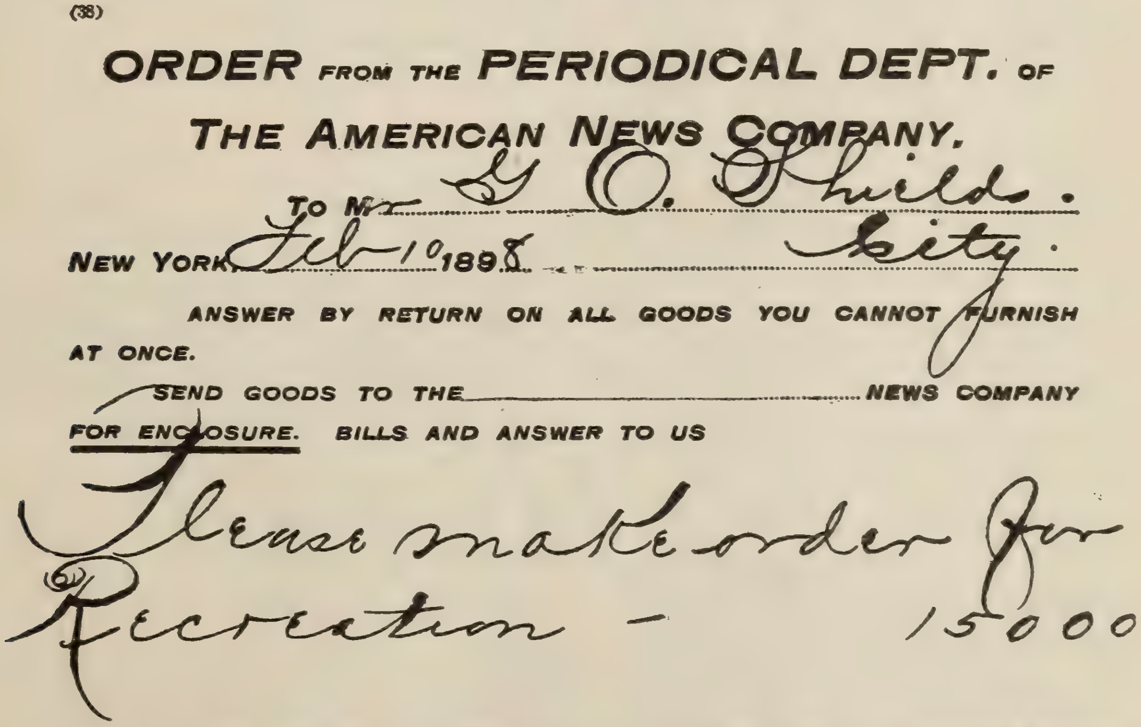
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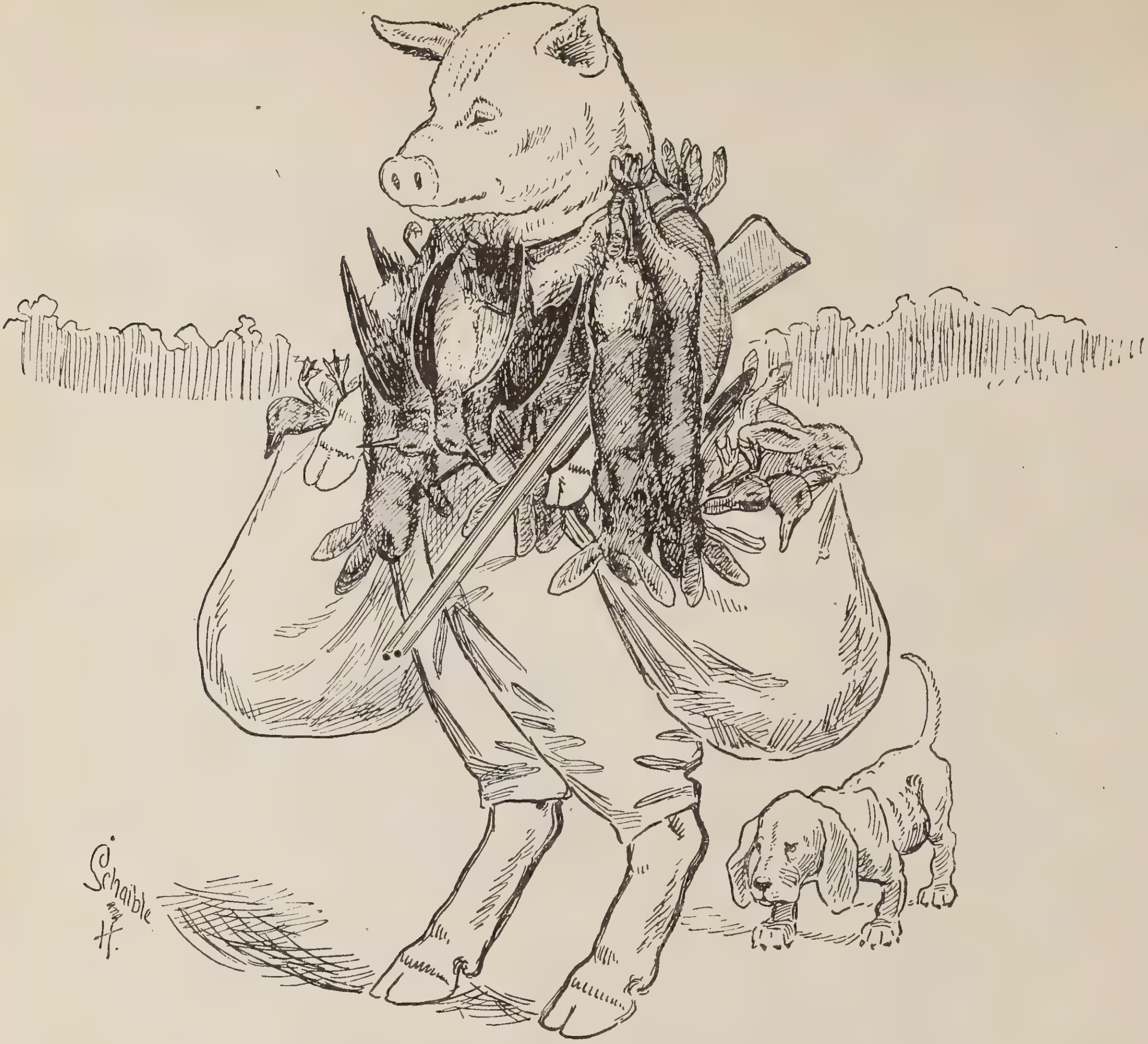

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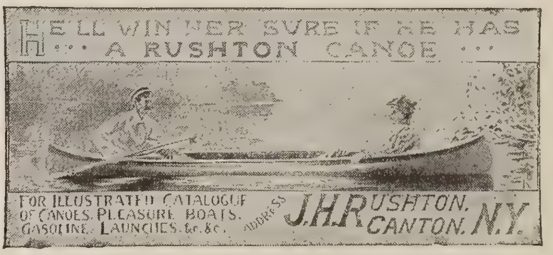
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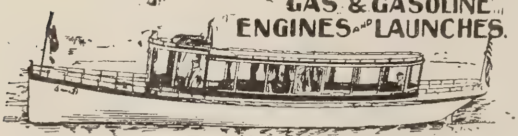
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Anyone refilling this bottle without destroying the labels is criminally liable and on detection will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law
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They say, has just invented
A bullet that will far go—
If 'tis as represented.
It beats all others hollow,
And a "long felt want" it fills it—
For 'tis warranted to follow—
The game until it kills it!

Leading Tragic Man—Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? By George, they were crying all over the house!

Stage Manager—Yes. They knew you weren't really dead.—Tit Bits.

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 50 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Who will be the first to earn it?

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

He—Don't you think Miss Plainly is the very image of her mother?

She—Yes, indeed; the resemblance is something awful.—Chicago Record.

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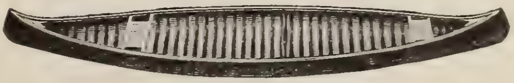

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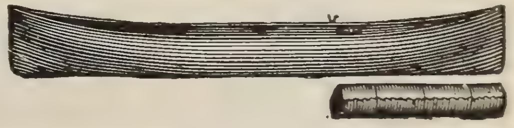

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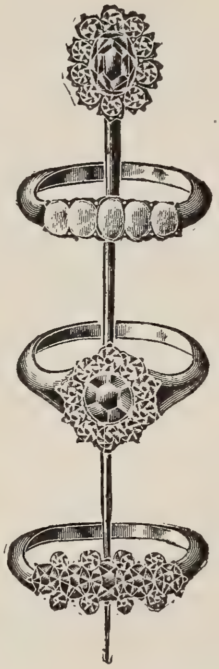

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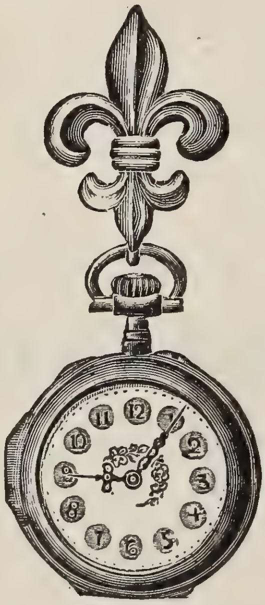

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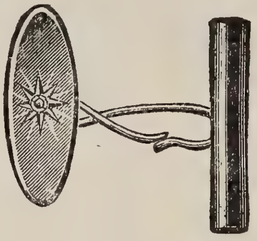

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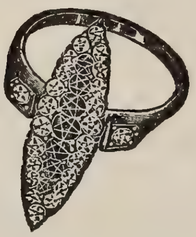

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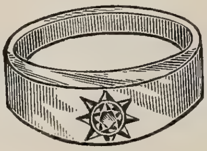

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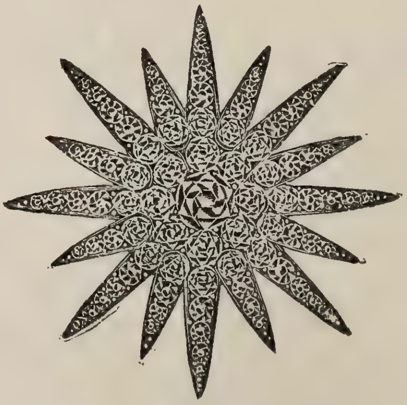

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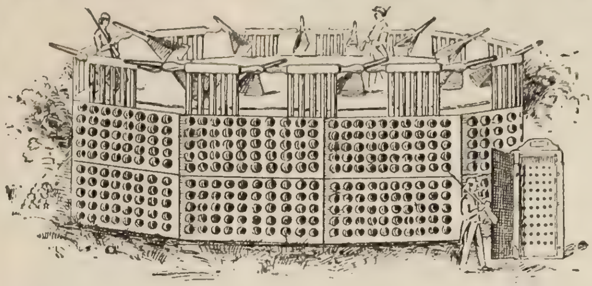

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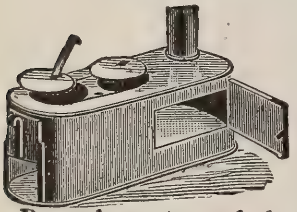

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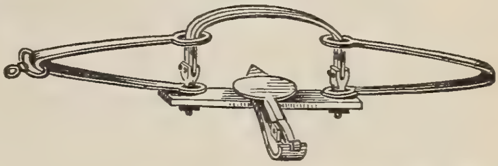

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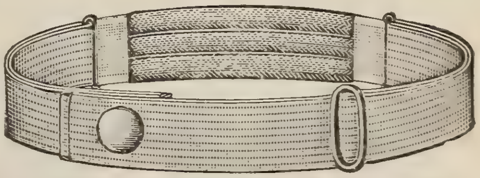

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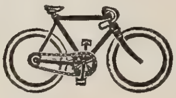
$27  **Buys**

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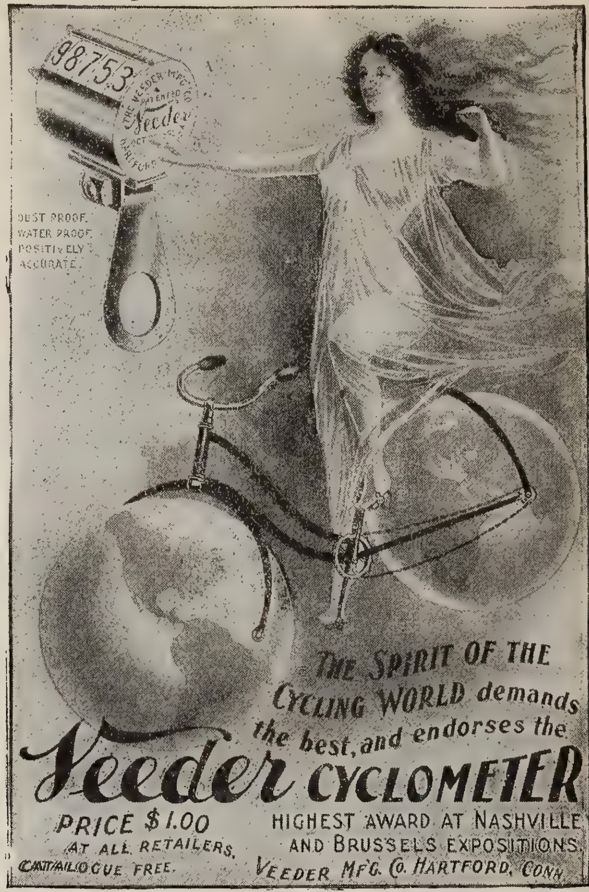
THE EDITOR.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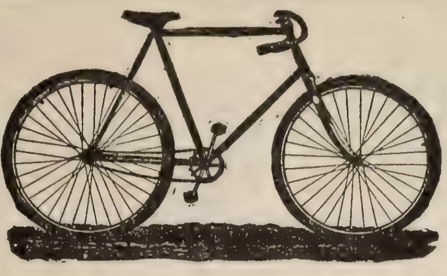

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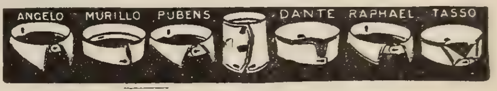

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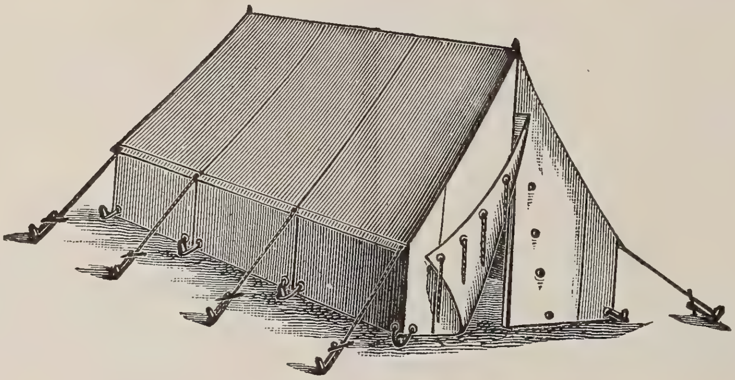

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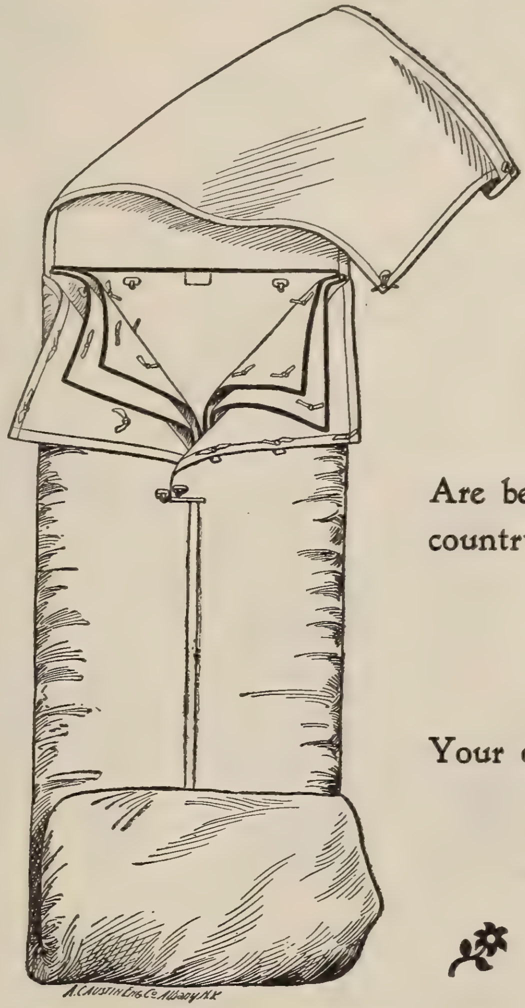
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The Kenwood Storm Hood

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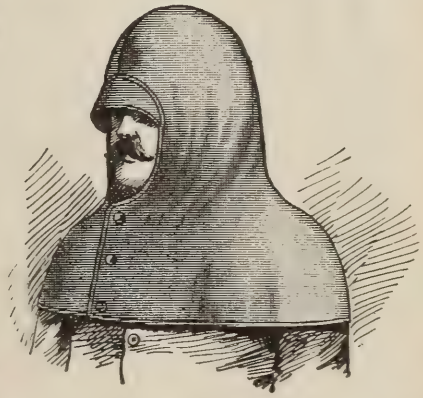
Is invaluable in ALASKA and a perfect protection for every man exposed to severe weather



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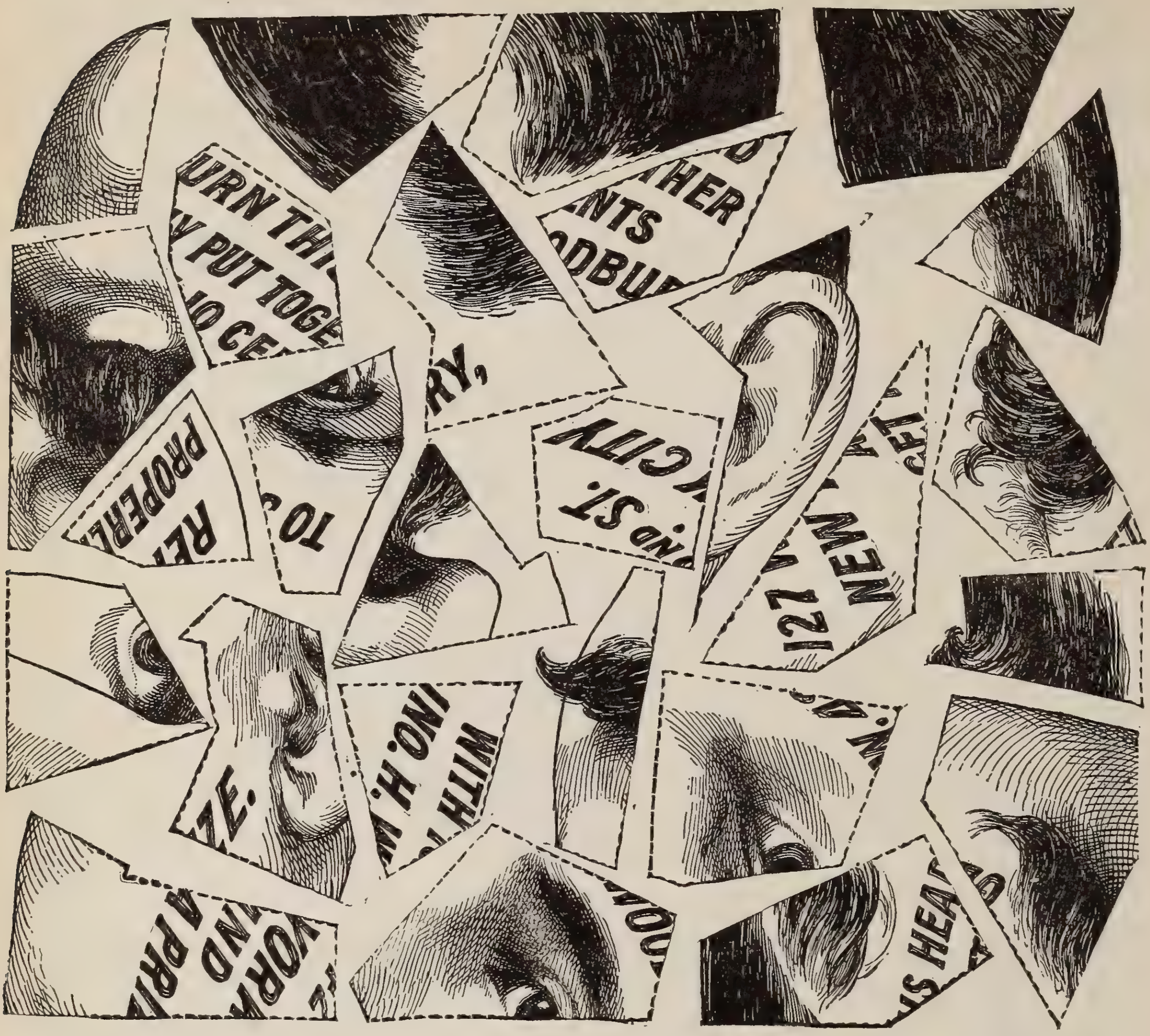
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Put this head together and...

GET A REWARD

Cut out the different pieces on the dotted line, then match together and form the head of a well-known man—when properly done it will tell you how to get a prize.

A Reward for Everybody

WANTS AND EXCHANGES.

I shall start on a tour of the big game belt next summer. Will leave here in May; go Northeast 150 miles; then East into Montana and Wyoming. Will spend next winter on Jackson's lake, trapping beaver, otter, martin, mink and other fur bearing animals. Have hunted over all this ground and know it like a book. Should like one more companion—one who is not a crank and who does not know more than the law allows—one who is agreeable and willing to do his part of the work. Address,

C. H. Olds, Weiser, Idaho.

To Sportsmen: I shall start for the Arctic Circle with a pack train, early in June, for the purpose of hunting fur bearing animals and making photographs. This is to be solely a pleasure trip, by a small party of sportsmen, and if any brother sportsman wishes to dispose of any guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, cameras, compasses, or anything partaining to such an enterprise he will hear of something to his advantage by addressing

G. W. Klassen, Box 201, Crawford, Dawes Co., Nebraska.

For Sale: Open paddling canoe, "Noyac;" cedar, Bowdish lock, dovetail joinings, mahogany stem decks, 15½ feet x 29 inches; varnished, natural wood finish. The "Noyac" has served me satisfactorily in a number of river and lake cruises, is practically as good as new, arranged for 3 passengers or 2 and duffle. Price, with double and single blade paddles, $25. Can be seen at Ianthe C. C. house, foot of Grafton Ave., Newark, N. J. Address,

P. W. Hart, Riverside Ave., Newark, N. J.

To Exchange: One combined shot gun and rifle (new), 16 gauge, 30 inch barrel. Rifle barrel is 32 calibre, octagon, 28 inches long. List $16. Also one Junior rifle (new) 32 calibre, round barrel; list price $8. Would exchange both for a good second hand Baker, or other long range A1 duck gun.

D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

Wanted: Agents who can devote all or part of their time to collecting curios and specimens of Natural History. You will find the work both pleasant and profitable. Address, enclosing stamp, The Atlantic Scientific Bureau, 1036 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford, Mass.

Ed. J. Martin, Scales Mound, Illinois.

Wanted: A good location for a Lock and Gunsmith Shop, the repairing of bicycles and all light machinery. Address,

E. G. Pettit, Zanesville, Ohio.

For Sale or Exchange: One fine Remington rifle, and reloading tools, 38-40-245, 30 inch half octagon barrel, fancy walnut checked pistol grip stock, with check plate and nickeled Swiss butt plate. Would exchange for a 30 U. S. A. calibre '95 model Winchester, or high grade repeating shot gun, or a first class typewriter.

Chas. P. Greer, Grant, Va.

Would like to correspond with some Eastern sportsman who would invest in cattle business, in a good game country. Large and small game plentiful. One of the finest summer resorts in the West. Excellent chance for game preserve. Trout fishing unsurpassed. Address

W., care RECREATION.

For Sale or Exchange: A 12 gauge hammerless shot gun, $85 grade; 30 inch barrel; weight 7¾ pounds. Good as new. Would sell cheap or trade for Remington or Smith Premier Typewriter. Would send gun on approval.

J. F. Cooley, Kenney, Ill.

For Sale: Ithaca hammerless; Parker hammerless; Winchester, '93; Burgess, 2 barrels; all 12 gauge, perfect order. Or will exchange for full-choked Lefever, 7½ pounds true to gauge.

S. Benedict, 219 Camp Street, New Orleans, La.

For Sale: Mounted buffalo head, in good condition. Spread of horns at top, 15 inches; spread of horns at widest parts, 18½ inches; length of horns, outside, 14 inches. Photograph furnished on application. Address,

E. J. Sellers, Kutztown, Pa.

Wanted: Position as superintendent of game preserve or shooting grounds; by a sober industrious man who will give satisfaction or ask no pay. Correspondence solicited. Address T. M., care RECREATION.

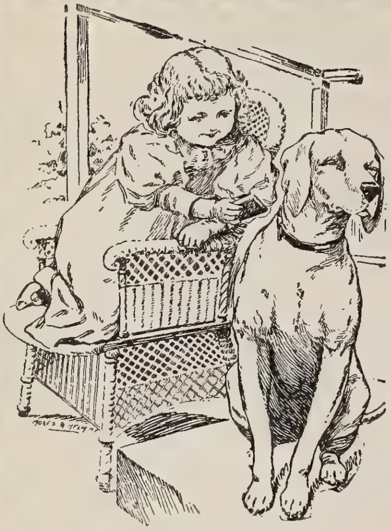
For Sale:—Highly bred Irish setter, partly broken for field. Will sell, or exchange for hammerless gun, in good order.

Chas. E. Powell,
P. O. Box 115, St. James, L. I.

Wanted: By man and wife, position as game keeper, cook, housekeeper, etc., for club, or gentleman who has club house and preserve.

J. B. Laraway, Ashboro, N. C.

For Sale: Three barrel leader gun, 12 gauge, 32-40, cost $65. Used only twice. Fine shooter. Reason for selling, have no use for same.



Loss of Appetite

A dog's appetite is a gauge by which his condition may be determined. When he refuses to eat there is something serious the matter with him. His system is not in good working order. He is sick. There is trouble in his digestive tract—trouble that may result fatally if permitted to remain.

If a dog won't eat—if he has distemper—fever, or suffers from general debility, his keenness of scent is impaired, and he loses much of his natural eagerness for the hunt.

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Washington, D.C.
And hundreds of others.

Sergeant's Condition Pills

are made particularly to correct all the above ailments. They are a scientific remedy, prepared from a formula by an eminent specialist. They are both an alternative and a tonic. Their action is mild, but sure. They restore the organs to a perfectly natural condition, increase the dog's strength, and impart vigor to the whole system. Appetite comes back, and with it the energy of youth.

Price, $1.00 per box. By mail, prepaid.

To Destroy Worms

The most critical time in a dog's life is the period when the puppy is from three weeks to six months old. That is the particular time when canine worms flourish. They are the greatest of all causes of mortality among dogs, especially when young.

Sergeant's "Sure Shot" is the one preparation that destroys worms in dogs. It completely drives them out of the system. It can be depended upon to do all that is claimed for it. If you want a bright, intelligent, alert, and strong dog, see to it that all worms are destroyed during puppyhood.

Price, 50 cents. Mailed anywhere (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Try **Sergeant's Carbolic "Soft Soap,"** 25 cents.

Polk Miller's new book on the treatment and cure of Diseases of Dogs will be sent free to everybody on request.

Manufactured by the

POLK MILLER DRUG CO. RICHMOND, VA.

"Crimped-Crust" Bread

Baked, in shops models in equipment to secure perfect cleanliness, by a process that retains all the richness and sweetness of the materials used, it makes a most delicious bread. To emphasize these qualities it's wrapped in clean white tissue.

Get the genuine. For 2 cents we send sample loaf and the shop's address that'll serve you.

The Asbury-Paine Mfg. Co., Phila., Pa.

THE ORIGIN OF MACHINE POETRY.

NIXON WATERMAN.

One time the poets struck and, say, 'twas really very funny,
Not one of them would write a line for either love or money.
And in about three thousand years the verses they had written
Had all been used and earth was with a poem-famine smitten.

And then, oh, what a fearful time! The editors were frantic.
They hunted everywhere for verse, from Maine to the Atlantic.
But not a couplet could they find, and people raved about it
And cried, "Oh, give us poetry! We can't exist without it!"

It's hard to tell what they'd have done had not a fellow clever
In making of machines, arranged, with many a wheel and lever,
A great invention that would make of verse a rod a minute,
And hand-made poetry, alas! since then has not been in it.

Of course the poets felt abashed to find their "trust" was shaken,
But they could ne'er regain the field the verse-machine had taken.
To-day its lines are everywhere, it's pretty hard to go 'em,
But oh, it's mighty seldom now you see a hand-made poem.

Elk were never in better condition at this time of year than they are now. Thousands can be seen on neighboring hills, quietly feeding or lying down, and they are all strong and lively. The prospect now is they will pull through the winter with no loss worth mentioning.

O. F. Bike, Jackson, Wyo.

Why not send in your dollar and become a charter member of the L. A. S.?

The Improved Boston Garter
Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
Finest Nickel Trimmings.
The Velvet Grip
Cushion Button
— CLASP —
Lies flat to the leg.
Cannot Unfasten Accidentally.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sample Pair By Mail Silk 50c. Cott. 25c.
GEORGE FROST CO., P.O. BOX 1604. BOSTON, MASS.

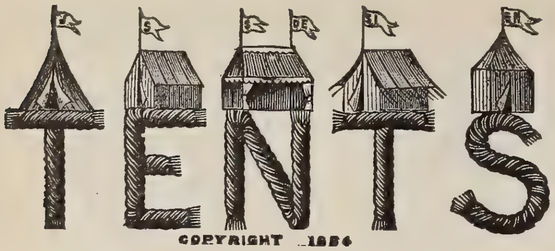
The Adlake camera, given me as a premium for a club for RECREATION subscribers, arrived O. K. and I am greatly pleased with it. Have shown it to one of our amateur photographers, and although he has one camera he is going to dispose of it and get an Adlake. Accept my sincere thanks, for this is certainly a grand premium for so little exertion.

Ed. C. Mahaffey, Mt. Vernon, O.

They say if you feed one tramp, a score
Will straightway hasten to your door.
But my landlady fed one of them once,
And no more came 'round that way for months.—Exchange.

"One swallow does not make a summer,"
But it is clear to all
If we drink enough of the dad-binged stuff
It is sure to bring a fall.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Are you going to the "Klondike"? Do you want to know how to get there? Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., D. & R. G. R.R., Denver, Col., for a delightfully illustrated pamphlet, devoted to this subject.



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We manufacture the largest and most complete line of tents in the country, and our goods are celebrated for their wearing and waterproof qualities.

Send 4 cents in stamps for our new 40-page illustrated catalogue showing all styles of Tents and Camp furniture.

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Peters Rifle Cartridges

Sportsman's Exposition Tournament
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January 13 to 22, 1898

They won 1st, 3d, 4th, 8th, 9th, and 10th Prizes in the principal event. Won or tied for first prize in every competitive event of the week's programme.

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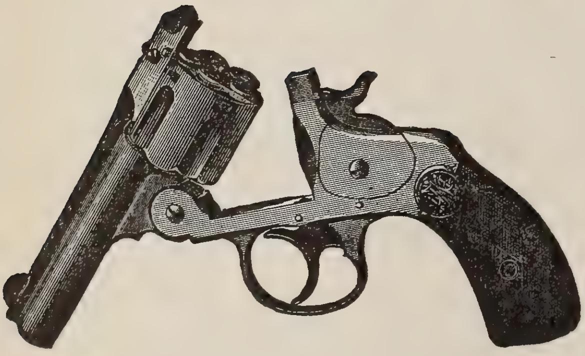

All Parts of DROP FORGED STEEL

Perfect in Finish

Unsurpassed in Accuracy

MADE IN 32 AND 38 CALIBRES, WITH 3¼ INCH BARREL

Blued or Nickel Finish

Send for Catalogue **The Marlin Fire Arms Co.,** New Haven, Conn.

Dog Book

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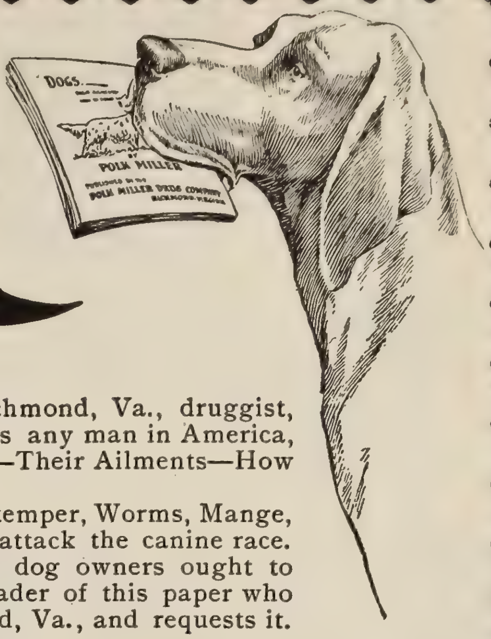

Mr. Polk Miller, the widely known Richmond, Va., druggist, who probably knows as much about dogs as any man in America, has just written a new book entitled "Dogs—Their Ailments—How to Treat Them."

The book fully covers the subjects of Distemper, Worms, Mange, Skin Diseases and the other ailments which attack the canine race.

The book contains information that all dog owners ought to know. A copy will be sent free to every reader of this paper who writes to the Polk Miller Drug Co., Richmond, Va., and requests it.

Sergeant's Condition Pills

While the book treats largely upon the diseases of dogs, it also sets forth the proper treatment of them. This naturally includes a reference to **Sergeant's Condition Pills,** which are just as widely known as Mr. Polk Miller himself.

This remedy restores luster to a sick dog's eyes—his appetite and ambition come back—he "braces up," as it were, and is himself again.

The good effects are apparent at once. Improvement can be noticed right away, and a complete restoration to health and strength follows.

Price $1.00 a box. At dealers' or sent by mail postpaid.

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Paul Francke, St. Joseph, Mo.
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Kit Killbird, Row Landing, La.
H. W. Fuller { Louisville, Ky.
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And hundreds of others.

Sergeant's Sure Shot

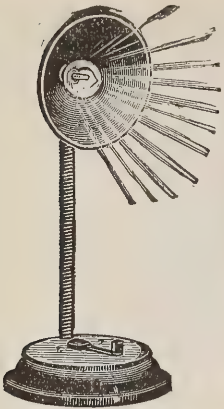
has been used for more than thirty years. There has never been a case where, if properly administered, this remedy has failed to destroy every vestige of worm growth in dogs. It has no equal.

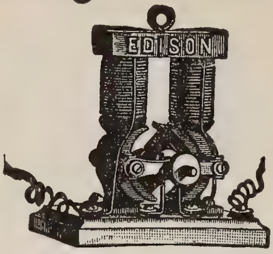
Price 50 cents. By mail prepaid.

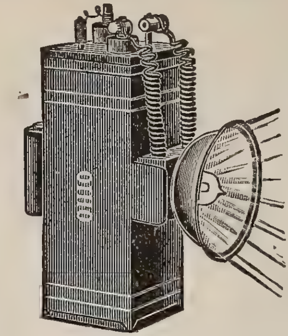
Sergeant's Carbolic Soft Soap

destroys that disagreeable mangy smell of closely confined dogs, and effectually rids their bodies of Fleas, Lice and other vermin. **25 cents.**

Manufactured by the POLK MILLER DRUG CO., Richmond, Va.







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We undersell all on Everything Electrical

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HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES

Battery Table Lamp
$2.75 complete.

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with a vise-like grip, and never tears the fabric. Lift the little lever and the jaws are released. No elastic band to bind the leg. **Improved Washburne Pat. Fasteners** also applied to Cuff and Necktie Holders, Suspender Buttons, Eyeglass Holders, and Key Chains. By mail, 10 cents each, except Aluminum or Phosphor Bronze Key Chains, which are 25 cents.

Illustrated Booklet for the asking.

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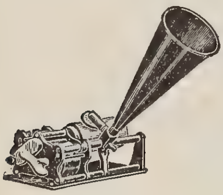

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The Latest Model.
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Price, with japanned tin horn, two-way hearing tube and aluminum reproducer	$10.00
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Records, 50 cents ; $5.00 per dozen

PARLOR KINETOSCOPE

Price, 10.00, complete with six Picture Belts. The latest machine for motion pictures. Send order in at once. Do not wait. Remit by Bank Draft, Express, or Post Office Money Order.

The City Electric Works, Little Falls, N. Y.

"Charlotte came back from Alaska very much disappointed."

"Didn't she find any gold?"

"Yes, lots of gold; but she didn't get a husband."

I have had one of Mullins' galvanized steel "Get There" boats 18 months, and am much pleased with it. I use it as a canoe. It is fast and a beautiful sea boat.

Charles J. A. Knowles, Tampa, Fla.

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The Best Hunting and Fishing Regions of Maine are reached by the . . .

THE AROOSTOOK LINE

Bangor and Aroostook Railroad

The lakes and ponds teem with the most gamy of game fish, the speckled square-tailed trout, salmon, pickerel, and togue.

The Big Game Region of the United States, acknowledged to be in that part of Maine reached by this road.

Shipped in October, November, and December, 1897, Deer, 2,940; Moose, 139; Caribou, 78. (The moose shipments are from October 15th to November 30th.)

Through trains with Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars into the very heart of the wilderness.

Our Big Game and Fishing Guide will be out in the early spring. It is pronounced by the press the most complete work of the kind ever published for free distribution. A copy will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage.

GEO. M. HOUGHTON

Bangor, Me. Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agt.

This is to certify that the undersigned, with party, has just returned from an elk hunt, planned and escorted by Burton Harris, and we all agree that he is the most competent guide we have ever hunted with.

Robt. B. Scott, c|o Sinclair Scott Co., Baltimore, Md.
E. W. Davis, Lincoln, Neb.
T. A. Scott, Cadiz, O.
R. P. Scott, Baltimore, Md.

RECREATION is the best journal I ever had the pleasure of reading. W. H. Allison, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Join the L. A. S. at once.

"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT"

The Fisherman's Automatic Reel

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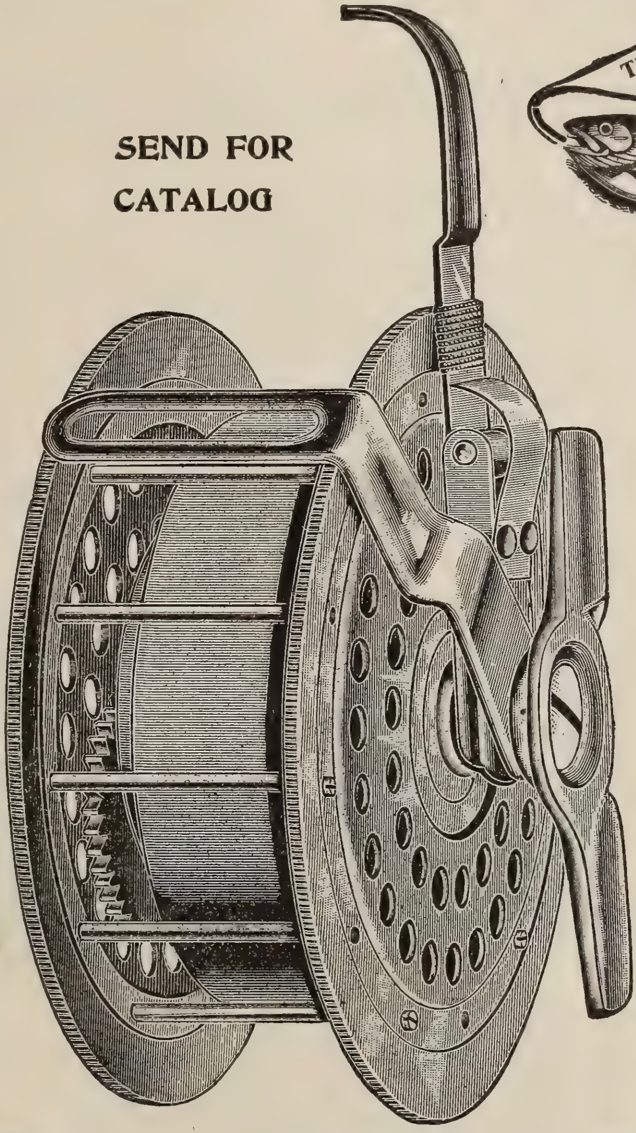
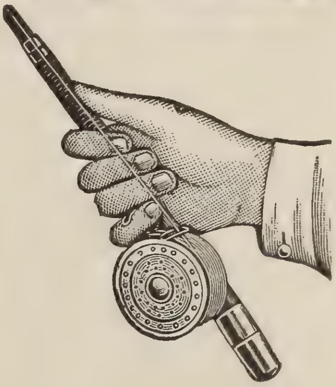


That Little Finger Caught Me
THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL



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Every Sportsman Should Have One

Mention RECREATION.

What we claim for the Automatic Reel

FIRST—It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world.

SECOND—It will wind up the line slowly if the angler chooses.

THIRD—No fish can ever get slack line with it.

FOURTH — It will save more fish than any other reel.

FIFTH — It will prevent tips, lines, and snells from being broken by large fish.

SIXTH — The reel is manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

SEVENTH—It enables the angler and makes it desirable to use lighter tips.

FOR RECREATIONISTS

Of Special Interest to Actual Subscribers

It is with great satisfaction that I find so many subscribers to RECREATION are taking advantage of the arrangement whereby they can obtain *at once* what is unquestionably the most wonderful and, in every way, successful Talking Machine in existence, the

Improved Gram-o-phone---Zon-o-phone

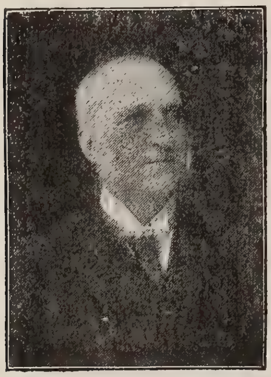
a source of the most varied and the most satisfactory *Indoor Recreation* of which I have any knowledge, *and pay for it on the Installment Plan.*

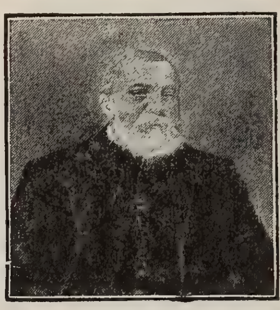
Those who have availed themselves of this offer and are now in possession of the (Improved Gram-o-phone) Zon-o-phone, will bear me out in all I said last month of its marvelous results.

Others should dismiss from their minds all idea of the shrill, squeaky, indistinct, and unnatural sounds that come from the "slot," or other talking machines of early date and imperfect methods.

The Improved Gram-o-phone—Zon-o-phone—is something entirely different. Its volume and quality of tone and carrying power are most surprising. I myself have heard it out of doors, for nearly half a mile.

Recognizing the accuracy of the Improved Gram-o-phone—Zon-o-phone—some of the most noted men in the country have, since our last issue, fixed their voices for all coming time, upon its indestructible records, for instance:


DEPEW


MOODY

SOUSA

THE VOICE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY, just as it is heard in his great evangelistic meetings—with the same earnestness, the same feeling—at once a souvenir, an admonition, and a scientific marvel.

THE ELOQUENCE OF CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, which inimitable after-dinner speaker is heard as distinctly as if you were sitting at the table with Mr. Depew, yourself.

THE EPIGRAMMATIC ORATORY OF ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, exactly as it is heard upon the platform.

THE IMMORTAL SOLILOQUIES OF RIP VAN WINKLE, as they fall from the lips of the eminent comedian, JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

With equal fidelity the Improved Gram-o-phone—Zon-o-phone—renders the Matchless Music of Sousa's Band and Sousa's Soloists, the Magnificent Performances of the Banda Rossa, the Enchanting Harmony of Grace Church Choir, Arias from the Operas, Songs in All Languages, Lullabys, Yodels, Solos, Duets, Quartettes, Plantation Songs, Patriotic Airs, Humorous Recitations, Negro Oddities, etc.

Portable, weighing only about fifteen pounds, easily kept in order; there are many reasons why I believe the Zon-o-phone will be found of special service to RECREATIONISTS.

This is why I entered into this arrangement.

FOR EVENINGS AND RAINY DAYS IN CAMP, on yachts, and wherever you may go, on your vacation, it will take the place of piano, banjo and trombone, for it is all these instruments, and many more, played, not by amateurs, but by world-renowned performers. To make my meaning clearer, let me suggest the following one of a hundred perfectly feasible programmes:

PROGRAMME—Part I.

1. **THE GARIBALDI HYMN . . . . . BANDA ROSSA**
The famous Banda Rossa of Italy were awarded a special gold medal in a contest with sixty-four of the finest bands of Europe. The Gram-o-phone records made by them are absolutely perfect.

2. **LA SONAMBULA—Clarionet Solo . . Sig. A. P. STENGLER**
This brilliant solo, by the leading clarionetist of this country, is one of the most fascinating of the new Gram-o-phone records.

3. **THE LIBERTY ORATION . . Dr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**
The concluding remarks from his famous oration at the dedication of the Statue of Liberty, spoken to the Gram-o-phone by Dr. Depew, and acknowledged by everyone as a marvelous reproduction of his well-known voice.

4. **THE MELBA WALTZ—Soprano Solo . . Miss HELEN JENYNGE**
This wonderful record of Melba's beautiful waltz, with all the difficult trills and runs, is by far the finest soprano record ever produced by a talking machine.

5. **LOVE THOUGHTS WALTZ—Trombone Solo . . ARTHUR PRYOR**
The great trombone soloist of Sousa's band was so pleased with records which he had made for us, that he wrote Love Thoughts Waltz expressly for the Gram-o-phone.

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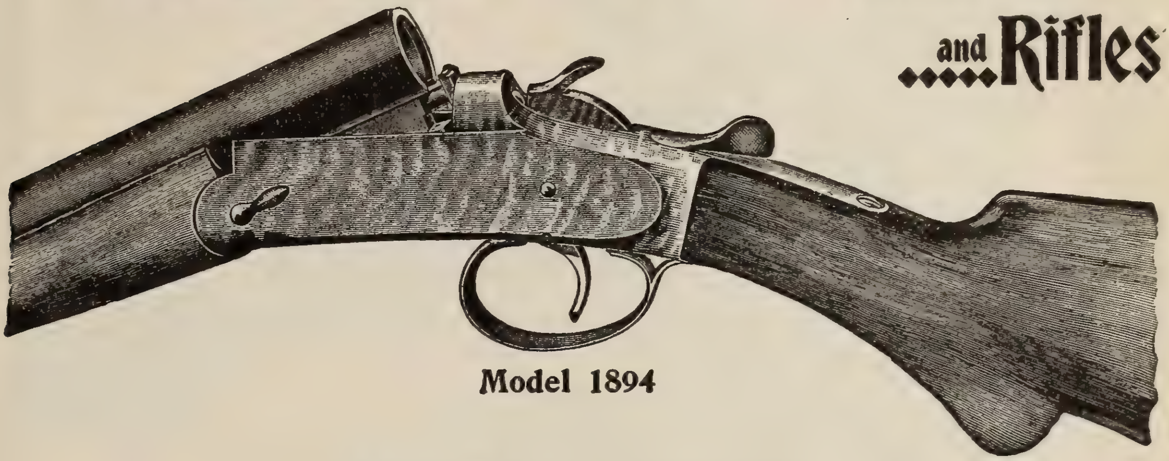

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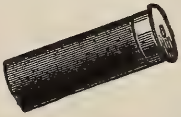

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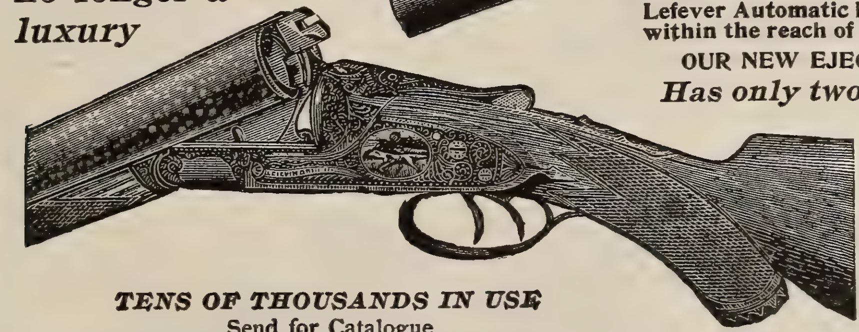

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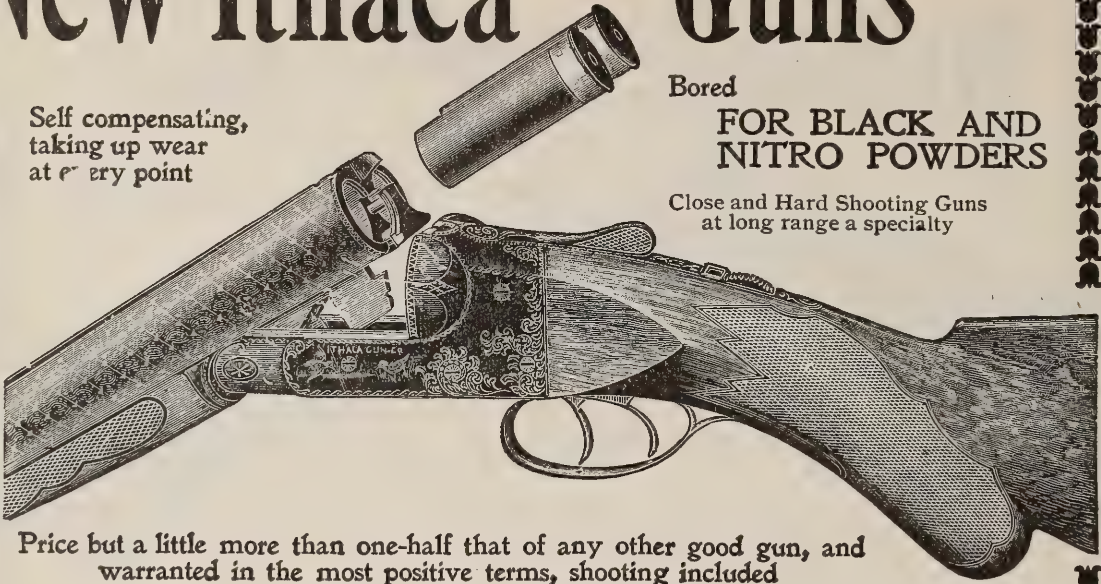

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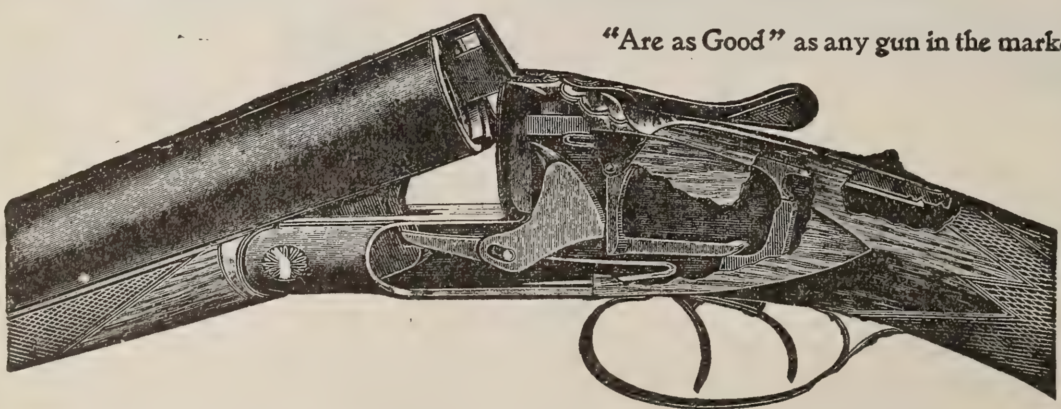

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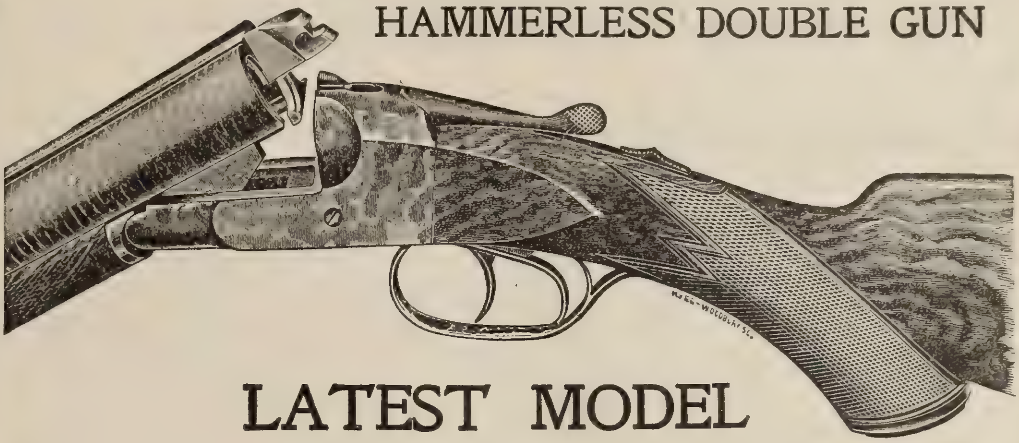

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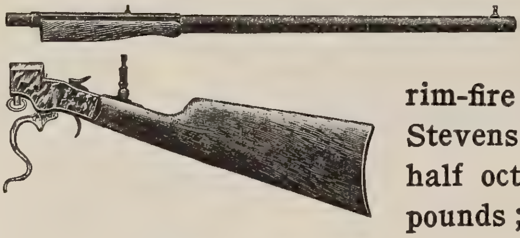

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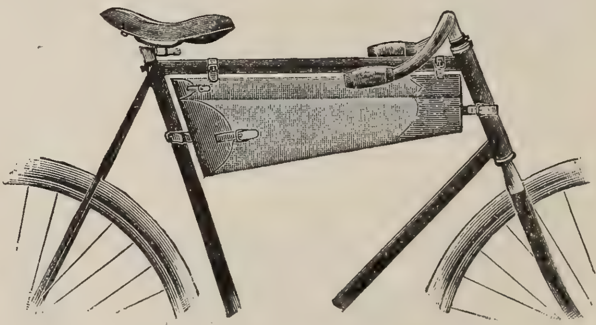

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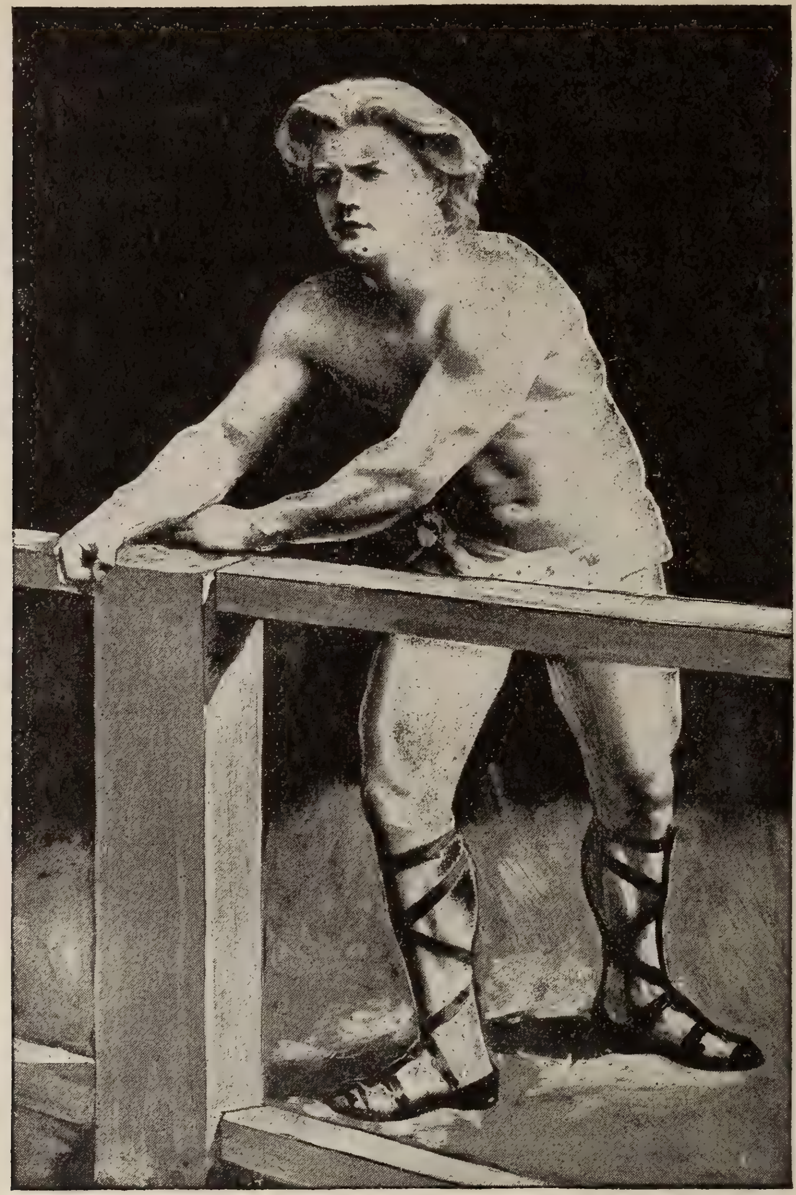

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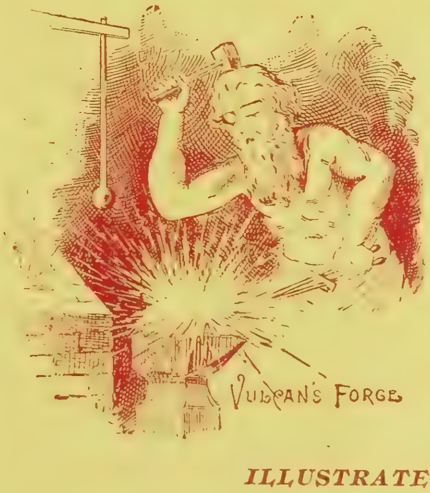

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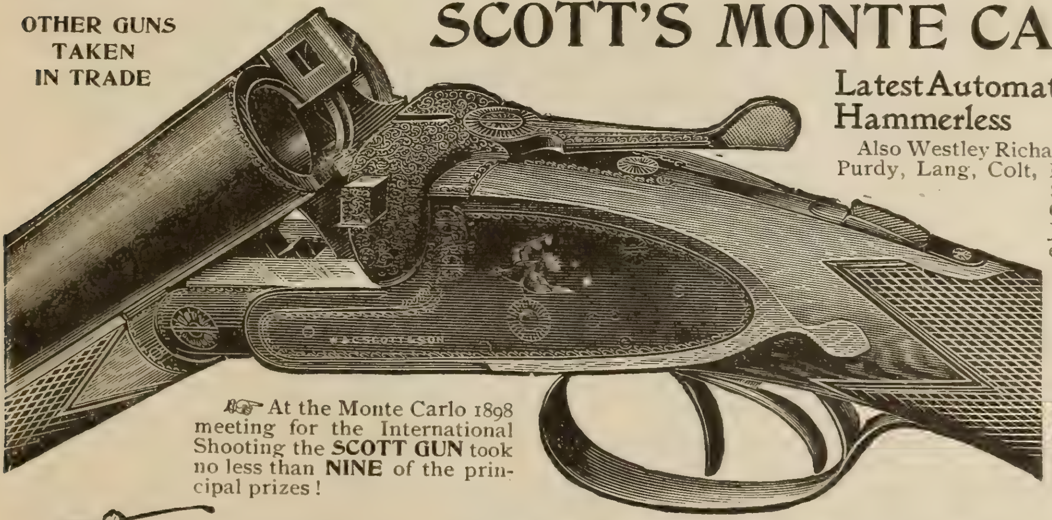

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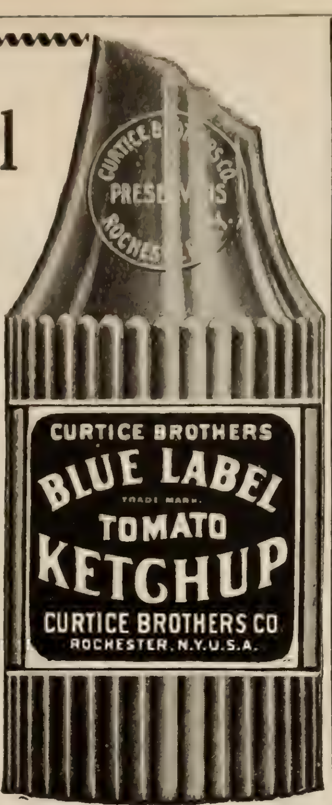
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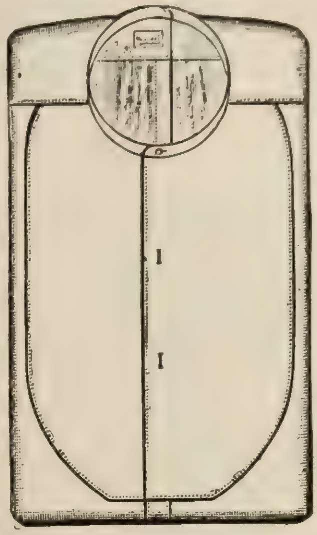

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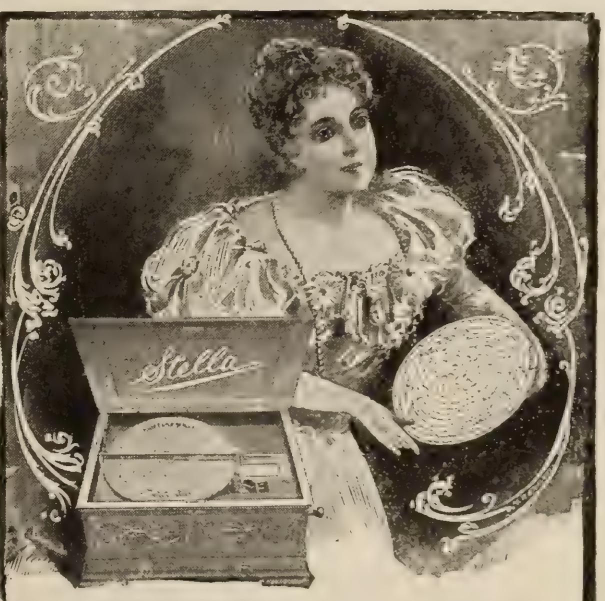

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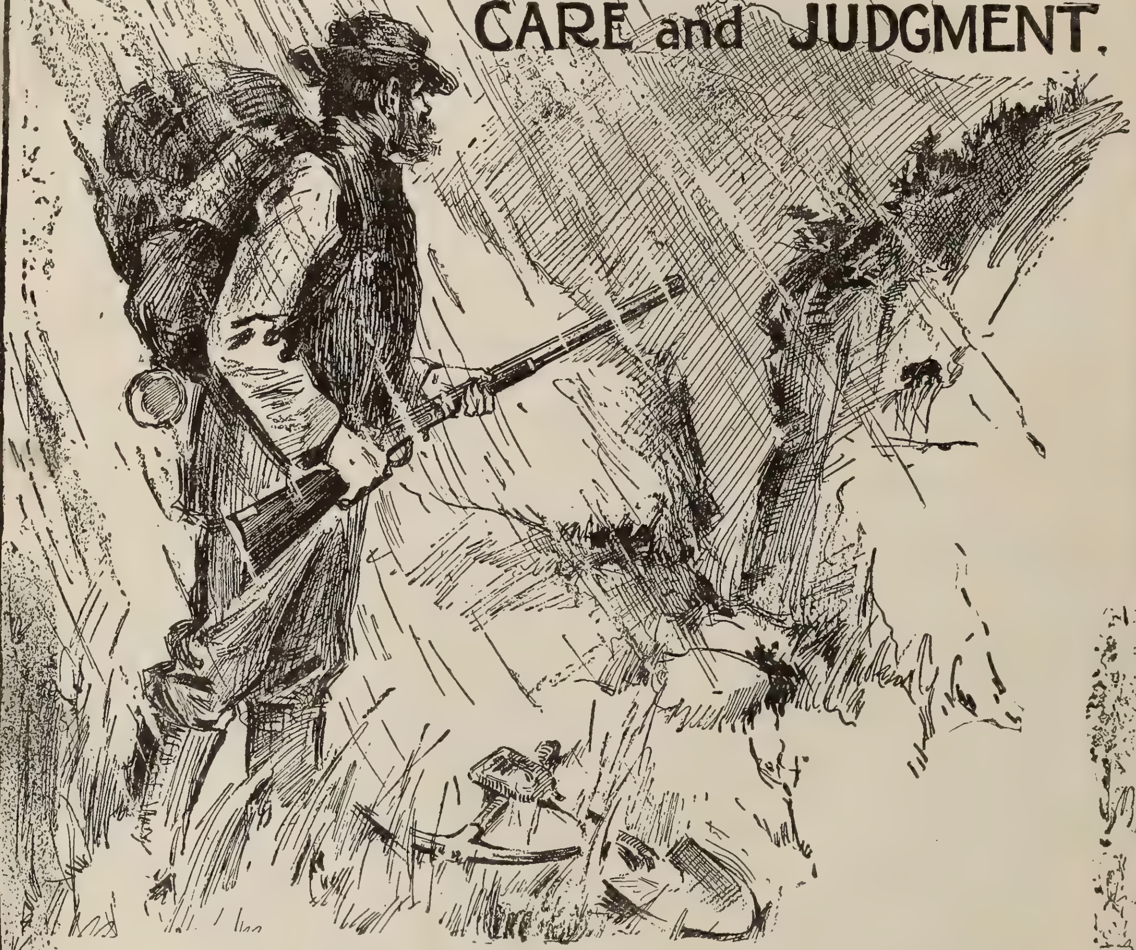

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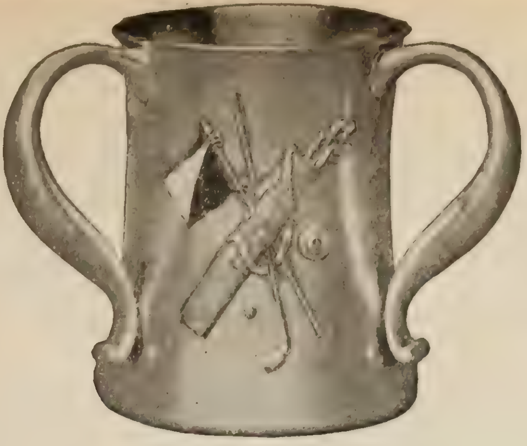

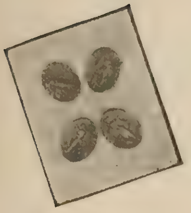

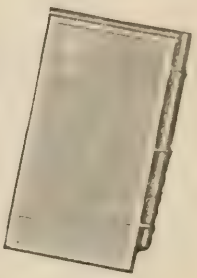

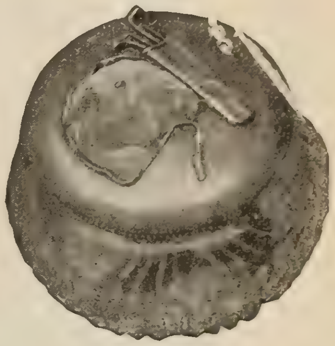

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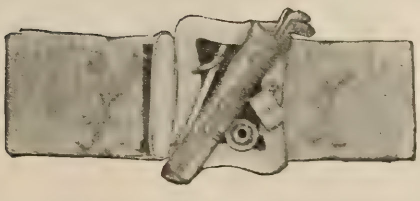

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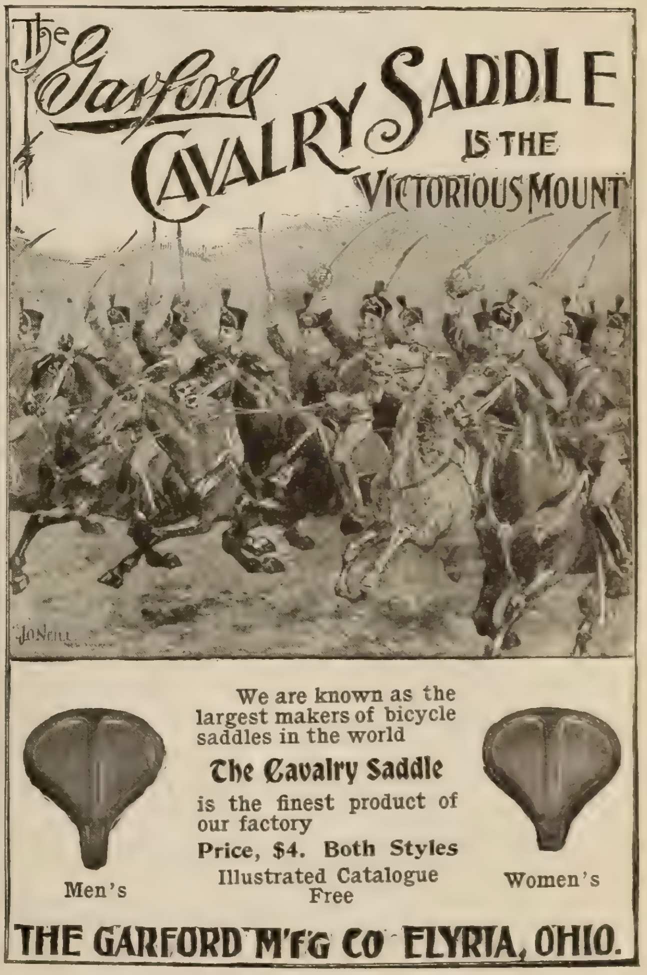

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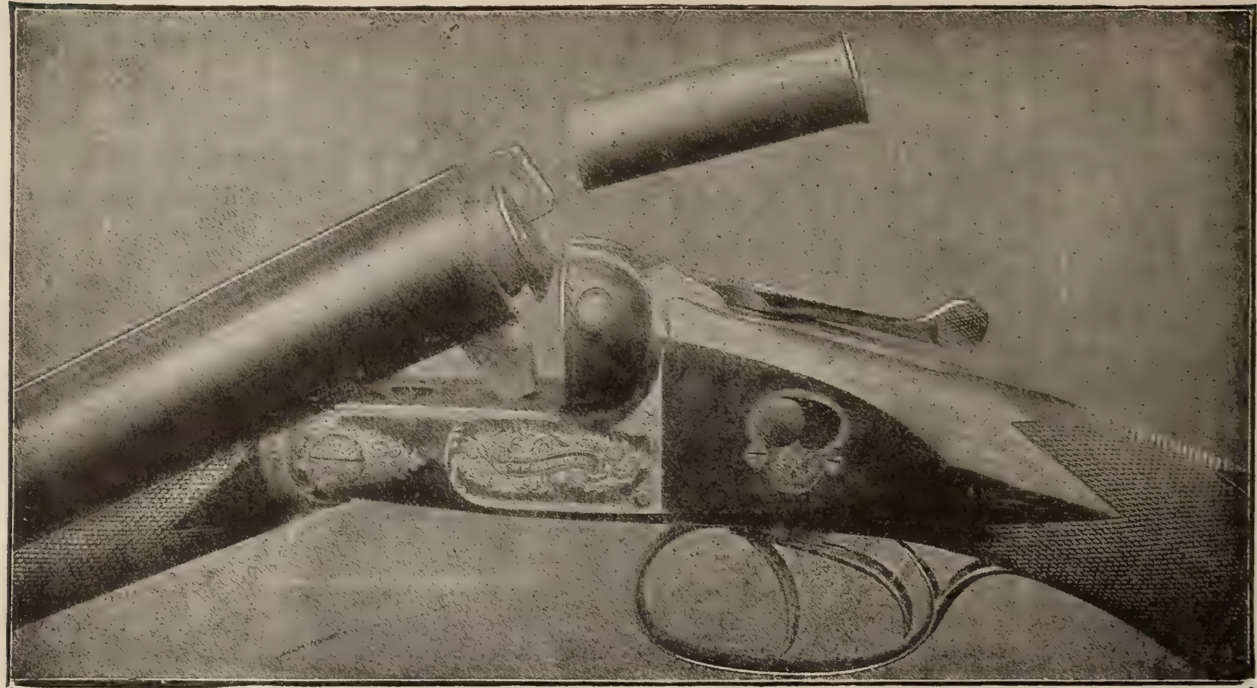

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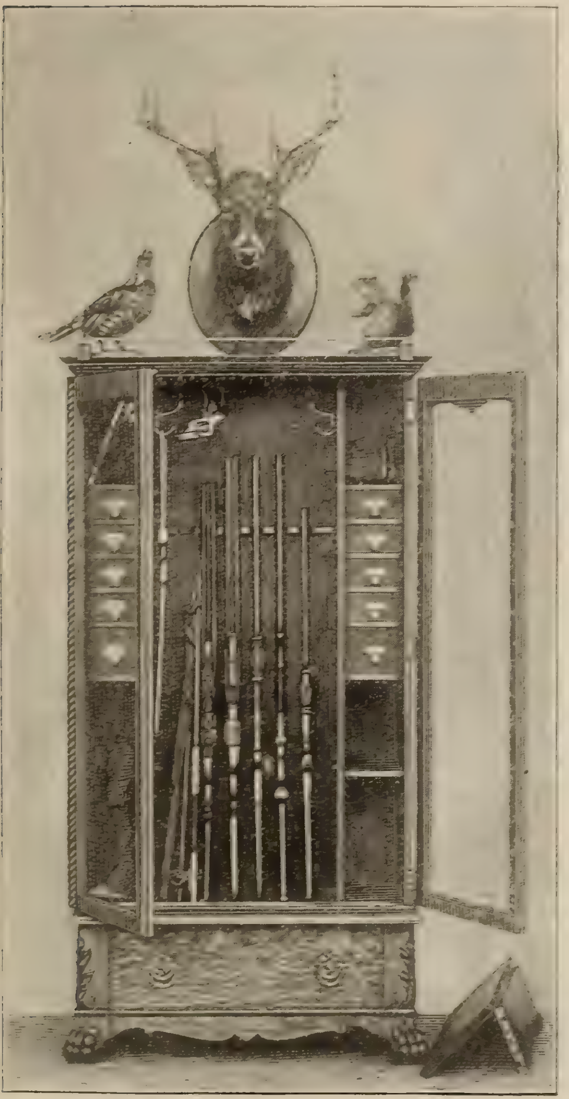

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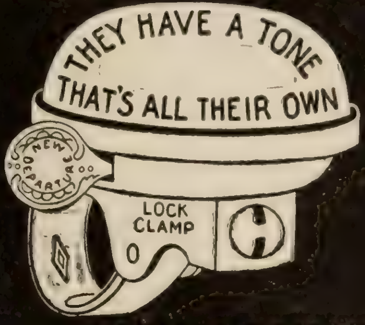

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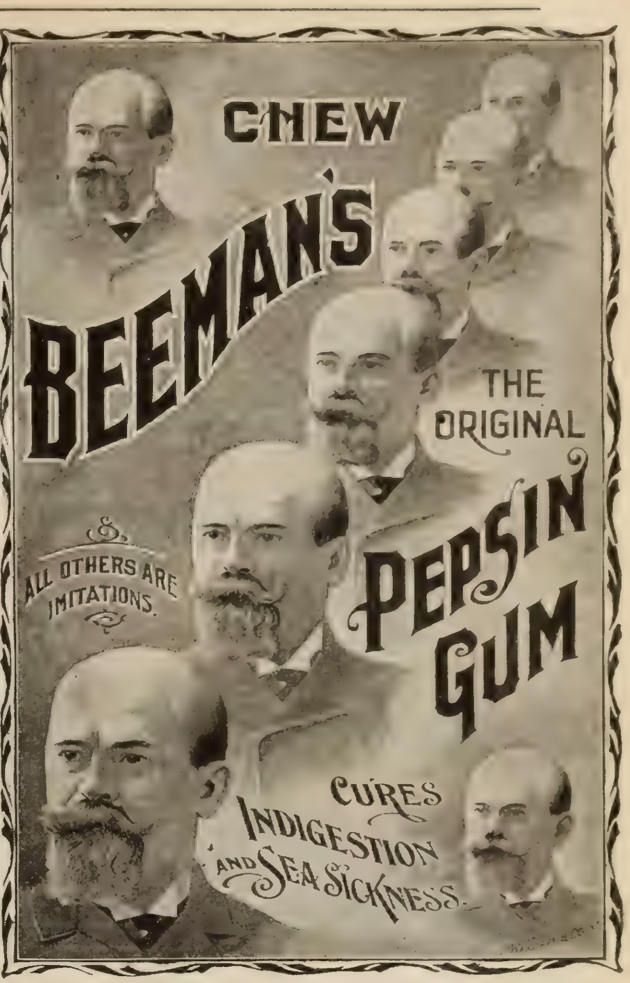

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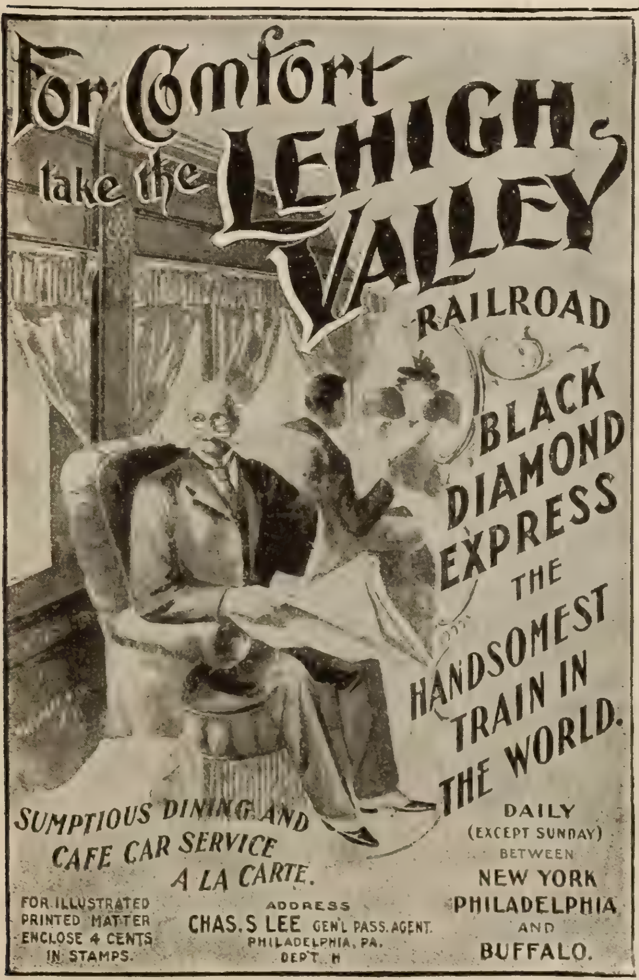

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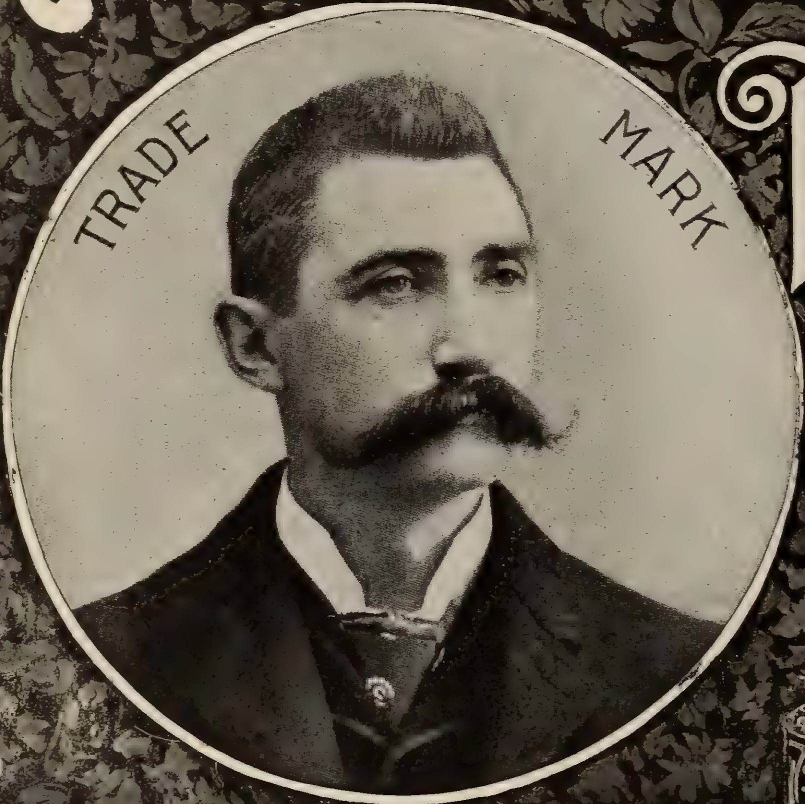

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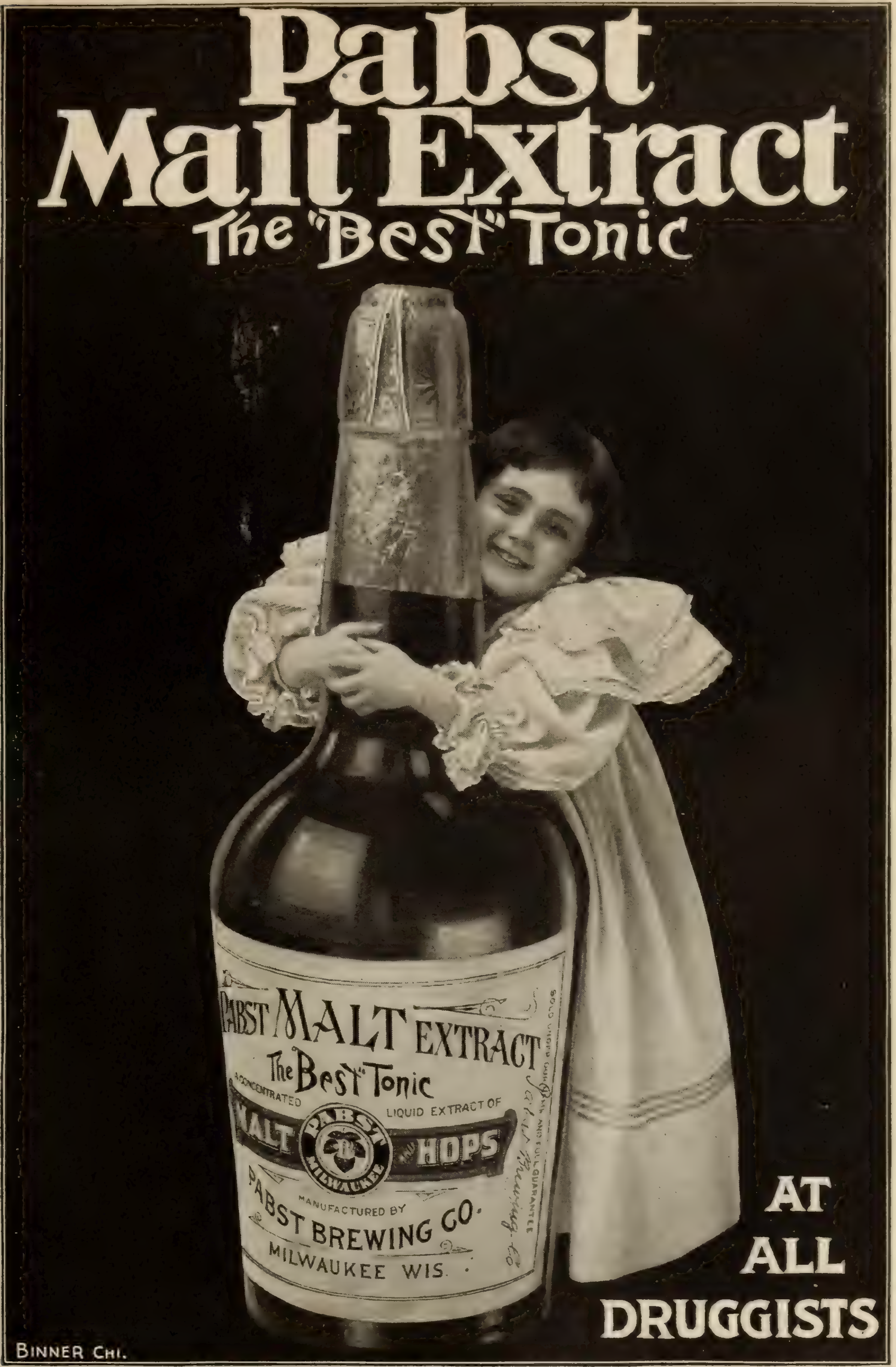
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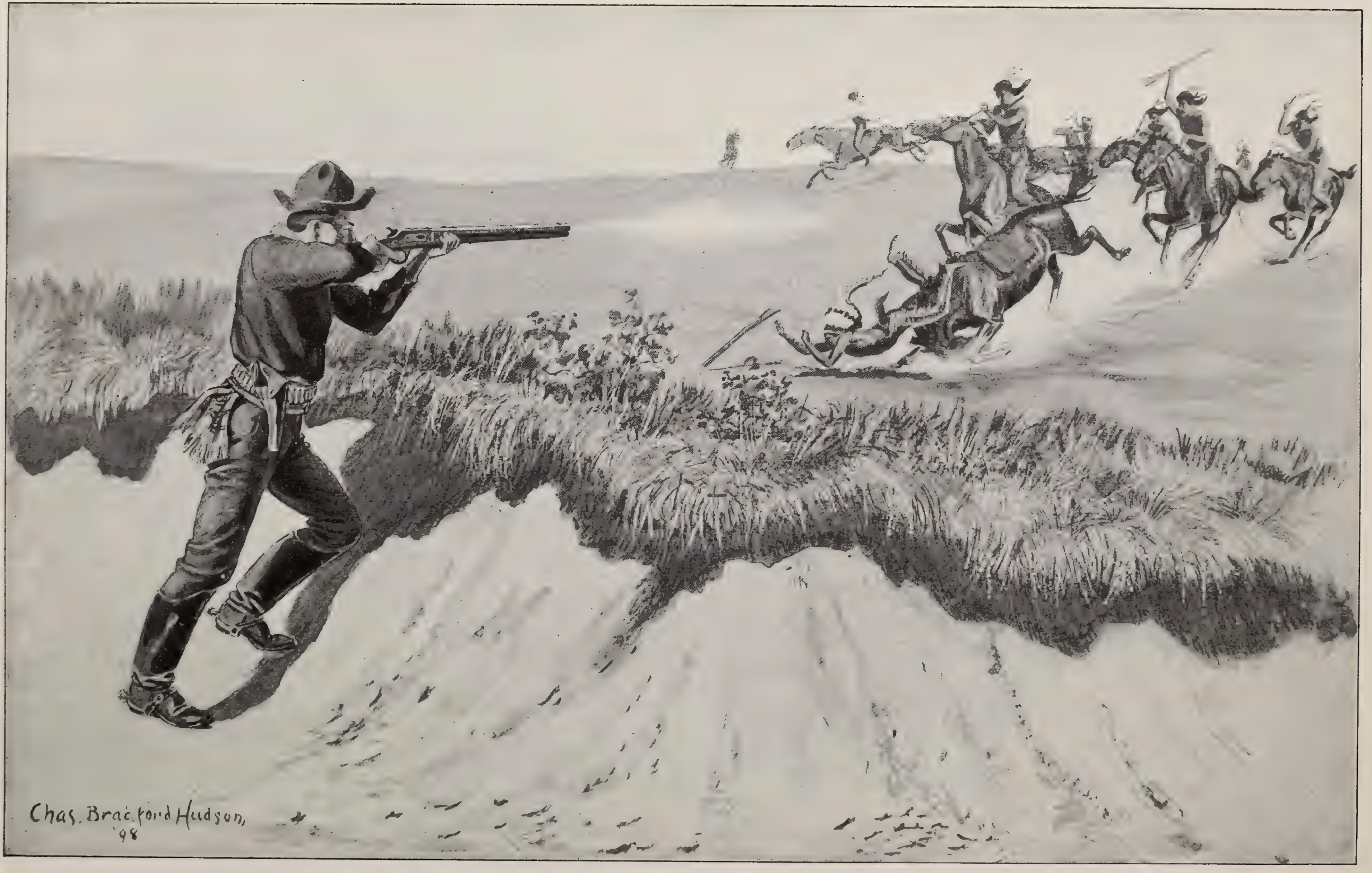

Chas. Bradford Hudson,
'98

"MY NEXT SHOT STRUCK ONE OF THEIR HORSES IN THE NECK, AND HORSE AND RIDER ROLLED ON THE PLAIN."

RECREATION.

Volume VIII. MAY, 1898. Number 5.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A SCOUTING ADVENTURE.

W. JACKSON.

I was a scout under General Miles, in the campaign of 1872 against the Sioux Indians, and was detailed with 3 Cheyenne scouts to carry a message to Major La Zelles—then pursuing a band of hostiles. The Cheyennes had but recently made peace, and I was not at all sure of the loyalty of the men with me. On the fourth day our provisions gave out, and so far we had seen no buffalo or antelope. We camped that night on Beaver Creek, and by next morning were pretty hungry.

I left the Indians with the horses, and went back from the creek to where I had noticed, in passing, a prairie-dog town, intending to shoot a few prairie-dogs for lack of better provender. I knew the danger incurred by firing a gun in that hostile country, but hunger overcame prudence, and I soon had 4 fat dogs strung to my belt. I shot another that managed to reach its burrow. I could see it lying dead a few feet within the entrance, and while trying to secure it, by twisting a stick in its fur, I was startled by a flash of light across my eyes. Looking up I saw, on a small hill not far away, an Indian, who was flashing a little looking-glass in the sunlight to attract my attention.

I knew at once I had the Sioux to deal with; and sure enough, around the hill, a dozen mounted Indians, in full war costume, came galloping toward me. There was a small, short ravine near by, and to it I ran, with the Indians only a few rods behind. I threw myself under the bank, and filled the magazine of my Winchester as rapidly as possible. By the time I was ready to fire the leading warrior was within 40 yards of me; but I was flustered by the surprise, and my run, and missed him clean. A second shot was equally futile. The Sioux were yelling and firing as they came on, but fortunately over-shooting. My next shot struck one of their horses in the neck, and horse and rider rolled on the plain.

This checked their advance for a moment, and I ran to the further end of the ravine. Here I determined to make my last stand. The man whose horse I shot had regained his feet, and with the others again came on. Before I had time to fire, I heard a yell behind me, and glancing back, was amazed and delighted to see my 3 Cheyennes coming at the top speed of their ponies, and leading my horse behind them. Stripped to their breech-cloths, their long hair flying about their grim and savage faces, they looked as gallant a little band of braves as ever swept the plains. With a shout of encouragement they passed me, and striking up a war-song, charged straight at the astonished Sioux. Three of the latter fell to the first volley from my friends, and then, no doubt supposing the Cheyennes to be the advance guard of a larger party, the Sioux turned and fled. I mounted my horse, and we chased them to the creek, killing another of them before reaching it. There we gave up the pursuit, and left that vicinity.

We arrived at Major La Zelles' camp without further mishap. There we obtained much needed rest, and food more palatable than prairie-dog meat.

The three Cheyennes who had so signally proved their loyalty, were highly praised for their courage, and on many subsequent occasions rendered valuable service to the command.

MISS FRANCES CARPENTER, AGED 11 YEARS, AND HER FIRST RABBIT.

"Fweddy, why don't you let your mustache grow?"

"Why don't I let it? Good heavens, deah boy, I do, but it won't!"—Chicago Tribune.

ANOTHER DIANA.

Here is a picture of Miss Harriet M. Richards, of 130 W. 86th Street, New York, and of a large black bear which she killed near Eustis, Me., in August last.

MISS HARRIET M. RICHARDS AND HER BEAR.

When at home, Miss Richards is said to be a modest and unassuming young lady; but in the woods she is a thorough sportswoman and has no fear of any beast found in the wilds of Maine. She is an expert with the rifle and is an accomplished angler.

She has a 38-55 rifle which was made to order and with which she has, in previous years, shot several deer, though this is her first experience with bear.

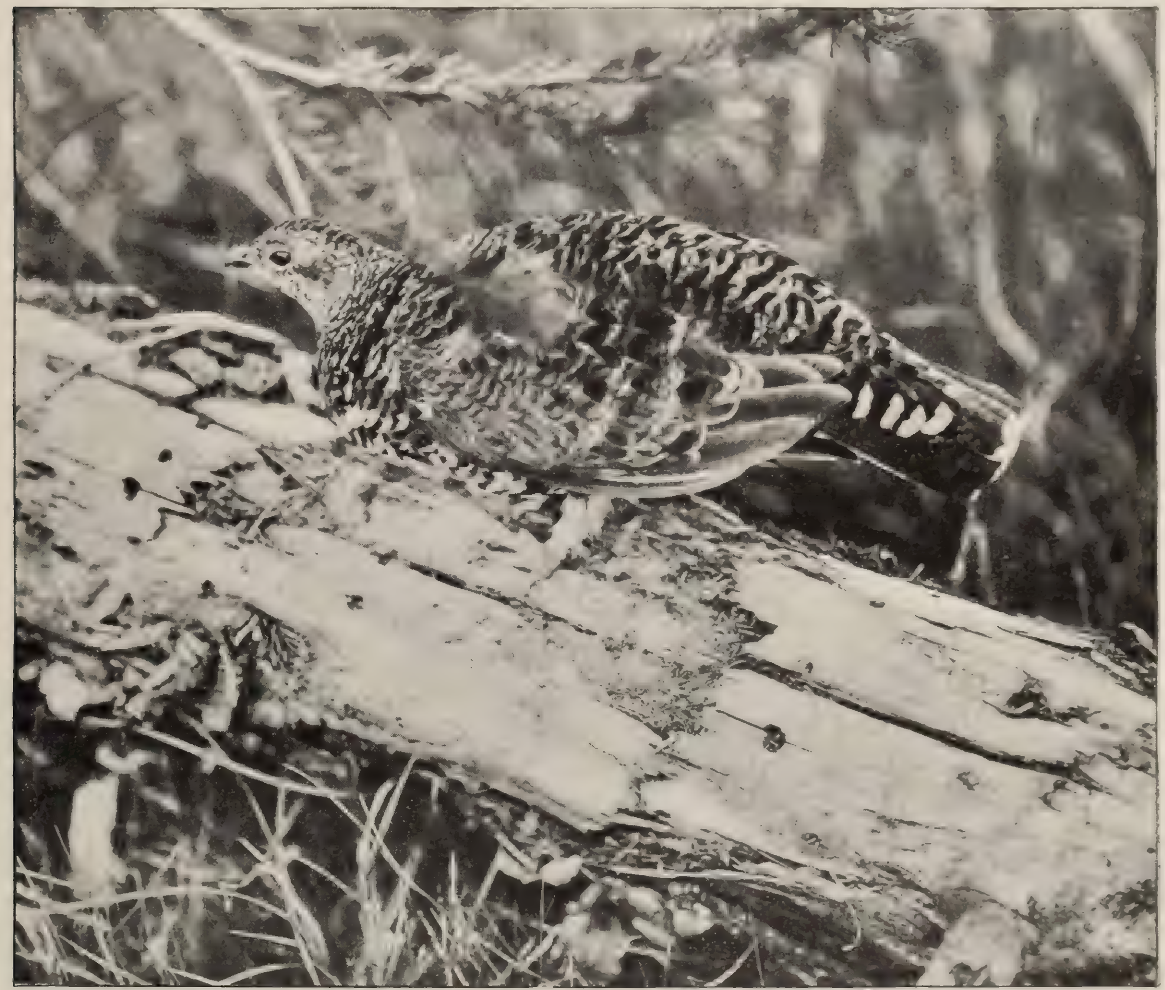
HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

THE SPRUCE GROUSE.

W. E. CARLIN.

This bird is generally known throughout the country as the "fool hen"—a name always disagreeable to me; for while they trust man to approach dangerously near, they are so gentle and confiding, that one soon grows attached to them, and the name becomes correspondingly unpleasant. Whether they are as tame in the presence of wild animals, I am not sure; but do not see how they could escape extinction if they were. Yet they are very numerous in and around the higher meadows.

While they are gentle, it is not easy to get good photos of them; owing to their choosing to stay so much in heavy shade, where a fairly long exposure is necessary. Our first attempt at photographing them was on a nesting hen, which we found on the mountain side. The first trial was practically a failure; but after cutting the grass around the nest we succeeded in getting some fair pictures, with the telephoto lens. When on the nest the grouse sat perfectly still and the exposures varied from 20 seconds to 1½ minutes.



"THE CAMERA WAS FOCUSED ON THE LOG, AND WRIGHT CAREFULLY DROVE THE BIRD TO THE LOG AND ALONG IT."

The photo showing the hen walking along the log is, I think, the best. The camera was focused on the log, and Wright carefully drove the bird to the log and along it. The exposure was ½ second, using a Zeiss VII., F12.5 at full opening. So many instances are known of the extreme gentleness of the spruce grouse, it seems almost unnecessary to mention any

SPRUCE GROUSE IN MOULTING TIME.

in particular. Still, the 2 following are a little out of the common.

One morning Mrs. Carlin was sitting in front of the tent, sewing, when a young hen walked within 6 feet of her and jumped on a log. After looking at the hostess a moment, it seemed satisfied it was in good company and calmly ruffed up its feathers and went to sleep. Nor was the bird's confidence violated, except that I took its portrait surreptitiously.

The most trusting grouse I ever met, walked into our tent one day, when no one was there, and went to sleep on my pillow. When I drove her out, she walked unconcernedly away, not attempting to fly.

SPRUCE GROUSE CHICK, ASLEEP.

POSING FOR HIS PICTURE.

SPRUCE GROUSE ON NEST.

YOUNG SPRUCE GROUSE.

Judge—Then you wish to prefer a charge of trespass against the prisoner?

Plaintiff—No, sir, robbery.

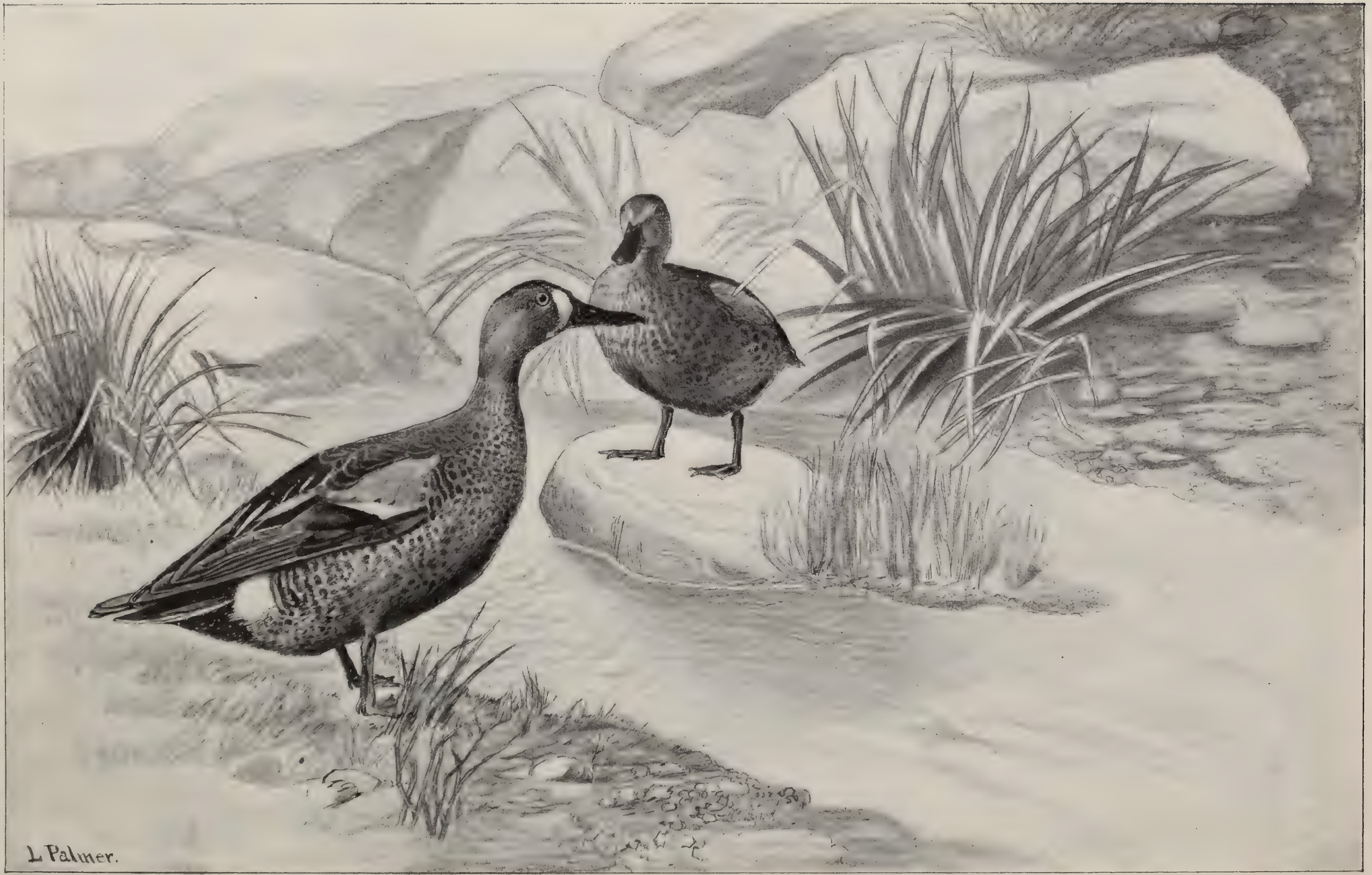
"But you say that he only walked across your claim."

" So he did, but, your honor, he carried off $327 in gold on his boots."

Weary—Raggles suffered awful wen he had de tremens.

Rhodes—Saw snakes, an' lizards, an' things I s'pose.

"Wuss than that, Rhodesy, wuss than that. Wy he said he could see Sunday paper comic supplements."



BLUE WING TEAL.

A LULLABY.

G. A. MACK.

Tom and Joe, I and the guide, John Egan, were sprawled beside the camp fire in attitudes of Delsartian grace. We had not shot a thing all day, and were solacing ourselves by reviling the guide. He had the faculty of seeing game in every clump of brush; and would have been a treasure, could he have materialized his visions for our benefit. We had long called him "Old Secondsight," but when Joe proposed to name him "I John," because he "saw these things," the old man changed the subject.

"I set a trap for bear once," he began, "and while a settin' it, I dropped a bottle of lockjaw liniment I'd bought for my woman—thinkin' it might be double actin'—and I come away and left it." Here John paused and slowly reloaded his pipe.

"Did you catch the bear?" queried Joe.

"No; the trap did, but he got away."

"How?" we all cried.

"Well, I dunno. I found the trap sprung, but the jaws was open and a wavin' languid like; and the liniment bottle was empty. I expect when the bear seen he was fast, he put the med'cine on the trap."

Tom was the first to rally. "You know the barrels of double guns are so adjusted that the charges, if fired simultaneously, will meet and cross at about 40 yards from the muzzle," he remarked.

We admitted having heard something of the kind.

"I was duck shooting on Long lake," he continued. "The flight was good, and I had expended all my ammunition with the exception of 2 ball cartridges I happened to have. I slipped them in the gun, hoping to get another bird. Just then appeared, flying toward me, in usual wedge formation and not 3 feet above the water, a flock of teal. An old drake led the van; 4 birds formed one line, and 5, the other; the lines making an angle of 25 degrees. The leader was within 45 yards of me, when I fired both barrels. Imagine my amazement as 9 ducks fell, raked stem and stern. The 10th bird was a trifle out of line, and escaped uninjured."

I drew a long breath. "I can readily understand your missing one duck;" I said, "but what killed the 9?"

"Why, don't you see? The balls met, just before reaching the drake, and ricochetting at the exact angle of the lines of birds, swept everything before them."

"I say, Tom," exclaimed Joe, admiringly, "why don't you write stories for a sportsman's paper?"

"I am not a good enough liar," replied Tom, with becoming modesty.

"Still," I remarked, "by sedulously cultivating your natural bent, you might——"

"Besides," interrupted Tom, "nothing new can be written on sporting subjects."

"You might puff new guns and deride old ones," suggested Joe.

"Pooh!" said Tom. "In these days of encyclopedic catalogues, everyone is a gun sharp."

"Well," said I, "there are 2 departments that, like Hell, are never full; the laudatory corner, and the fool question box."

"They are usually combined," said Joe; "for instance: 'I have read your valued paper for steen years. It is a mine of information. How many pink edge wads should be used over shot?' But you might devise a variation of the double puff; the me and you kind."

"Let me try," said Tom, "I have hunted big game from Cape Horn to the Arctic circle; and in both places saw your journal prominently displayed on the news stands. Yesterday I shot a rabbit on the Hackensack meadows. (Please print.)"

"Sounds a little stereotyped," I said. "How is this?—Forty-four years ago I was hunting buffalo where the city of Bozeman now stands. I had made a fair bag, and was returning to camp when I met an Indian, whose white scalp lock and bowed figure indicated extreme age. 'Ho Paleface!' he cried, 'Is RECREATION out yet?' 'No, Sachem,' I answered. 'It won't be out for 40 years.' 'Alas!' he moaned, 'I cannot live without it.' And with a convulsive sob, he passed away."

"Indians don't talk that way," objected Tom. "Why not bring in a little Shoshone dialect?"

"I do not know how," I confessed.

"Knowledge is not necessary," answered Tom. "Dialect writers are inspired."

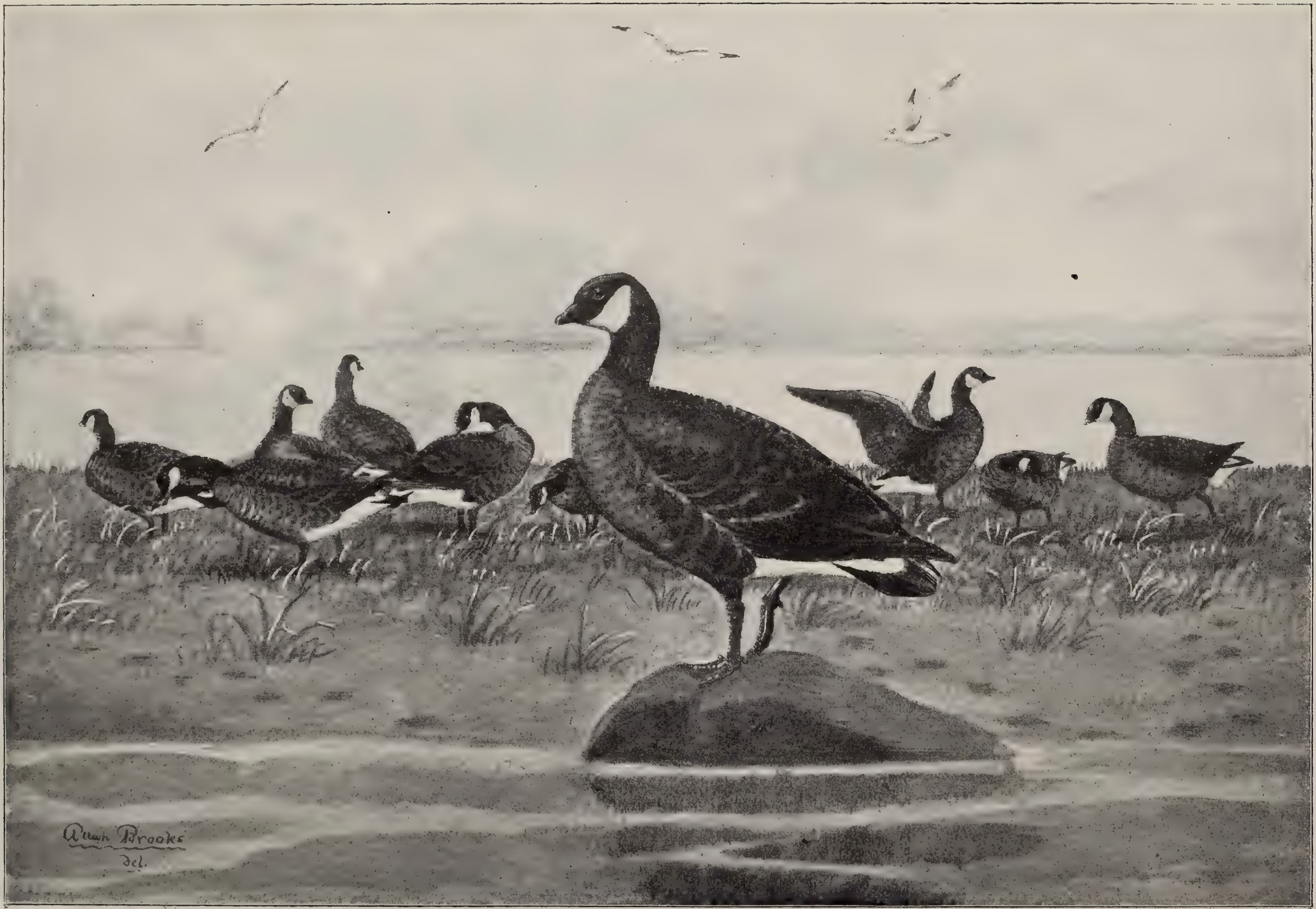
"I think most are possessed," I replied. "But, Tom, why not strike a new lead in the humane line: and demand that game be anesthetized before being photographed. It is cruel to let an animal know it is being taken by an amateur."

"But I am so young," pleaded Tom. "Excessive softening of the heart is a disease of those who have grown gray in slaughter."

"If you cannot write yourself," I observed, "you might jolly those who can."

"Yes," chimed in Joe, "any fool can do that."

In the silence which followed, old John awoke. He tucked some more of the blanket under his head and murmured, drowsily, "Gents, your jokes beat poppies to make a fellow sleep. Work off some more."


Allan Brooks
del.

CACKLING GOOSE, *BRANTA MINIMA.* See page 396.

A TENDERFOOT IN A COW CAMP.

PAUL E. VOLLUM.

A tenderfoot's lot is a hard one, until he is thoroughly broken in and becomes a "flint back."

I remember a fellow who joined our outfit, in 1883, on the Fremont trail, near the Scentwater river, in Wyoming. He was a dudish looking chap, who had purchased his outfit, I guess, in Chambers Street, New York, and his clothes from a costumer. He wore an imitation buckskin suit, a flaring silk handkerchief, pair of high-heeled boots and chaps made of a blacksmith's apron. His lariat was made from a sash rope and he had a saddle that a good wetting would soak apart. He likewise had a rubber bed, a pillow, medicine chest and other articles, that would make an army pack mule tired to carry.

He was well armed, so he thought, with a 32 caliber revolver and a huge knife.

His first horse to ride was old Bull Hook, who had a nose like a Baxter Street Jew and the reputation of throwing every rider he came in contact with. Mr. Tenderfoot climbed on old Bull Hook as he would on a plow horse. When he started off, with a cut of the quirt, it seemed as though his saddle was charged with compressed air. He landed in a heap on top of a soft brush, and at once concluded he was not cut out for a bronco buster.

All that morning he rode in the bull hide, under the round up wagon. This is used for carrying wood for heating the branding irons.

After making camp that day, Mr. Tenderfoot remarked that he was tired and would take a nap. He soon got to work, filling his bed with air, and when he finished his task the bed did look comfortable, and he was soon sound asleep.

One of the boys coming along with a U. T. branding iron, stopped and put a brand on it; so in case it got astray one of the outfit would know it on the next round up. The bed was a wreck as soon as the hot iron touched it. Mr. Tenderfoot had fire in his eyes and would have done some gunning, if he had dared.

We were camped near Cottonwood, on the Scentwater river, and had finished up branding in that locality and intended moving down the river next day. One of the boys suggested we move that night, as soon as Mr. Tenderfoot was asleep, and have a little more fun with him. The saddle horses were unsaddled by this time, and after a hard, deep ride or branding, when supper is over, one is generally ready to go to sleep, and remain so till the cook calls to breakfast.

After Mr. Tenderfoot was sound asleep all packed up their blankets, put them in the wagon, saddled their horses and lit out, except one of the punchers. He took Mr. Tenderfoot's saddle and bridle, climbed to the top of the cottonwood tree, and, coming down, cut off every limb. Tying a horse to the tree, he followed the others, leaving Mr. Tenderfoot in his glory, fast asleep, dreaming of busting broncos, roping cattle and scalping Indians.

We travelled 10 miles and then camped. After breakfast we went to work rounding up cattle for branding and cutting out.

Later in the day Mr. Tenderfoot made his appearance, and told of his attempts to regain his saddle and bridle. He said he had climbed up and slid down the tree till he became exhausted, and, after resting, and with renewed vigor and the aid of his lariat, he would climb up and then take a hitch around the tree. Finally, little by little, he gained the top and cut his saddle down.

We all felt a little sorry for the fellow, and when he sent into Rawlings, by the stage driver, for 5 gallons of the "best," we soon saw he was thawing out, and we decided to devil him no longer.

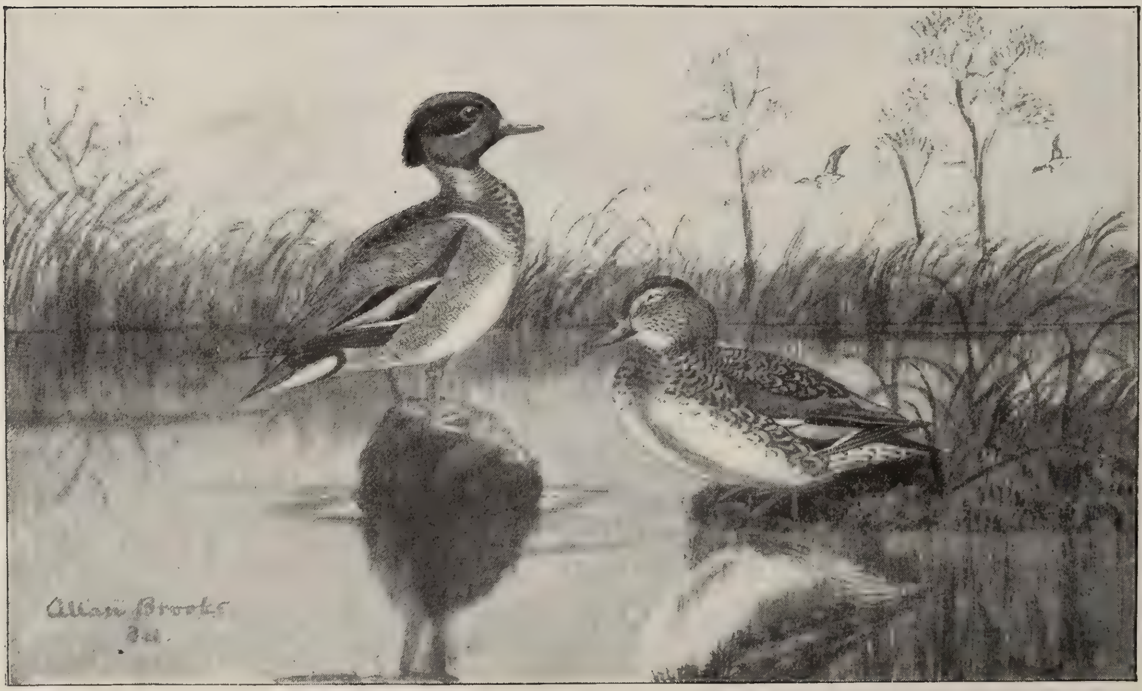
He really turned out, after a few years, a splendid rider, good roper, excellent shot, and a royal good fellow, and owns one of the best ranches on the Scentwater.

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?

Bridget—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own, and better, too.—Truth.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. H. JONES.

A STANCH POINT.


Allan Brooks
del.

GREEN WING TEAL.

A BOUT WITH A 'LONGE.

F. H. ZEIGLER.

"You are my prisoner—for this afternoon."

The first half of this sentence, delivered in a commanding voice, startled me, behind a stack of books on which I had been working faithfully, one sweltering day last summer. The latter half, given in a far different tone, at once assured me; it was my intimate friend, Sam, who was evidently intent on taking me on one of his "piscatorial voyages"—the only way in which he gratified his desire for pleasure.

As I glanced up, he said: "Come, close up those books! This is an ideal day for 'longe and you must join me, for the God of Fate cannot be against us on such a day as this. Come now, I insist on your going!"

"It is impossible, Sam, for me to even think about so great a pleasure, for I have work that must be finished ere I sleep. Many thanks just the same, for your kind invitation."

"What!" he fairly thundered back at me, "are you going to make a slave of yourself, altogether? Here you have been working for the last 3 years, in this dingy office, where the air is not fit to breathe, without so much as a 4th of July off! Come now, the afternoon is nearly half spent, and a few hours on the river will do you a world of good."

At last I consented to go, and we soon reached the boathouse, where Sam had the line and spoon already prepared, with a half-dozen live frogs for bait. At the word, Sam dropped in the line. Then, with his big briar pipe puffing clouds of smoke, he made a picture of contentment and great expectations. I took up the oars, little thinking this was destined to be the hardest pull of my life.

We rowed over the grounds a dozen times. My arms were beginning to have "that tired feeling," when Sam offered to relieve me; but thinking we would shortly give it up for a bad job, I decided to stick to my post.

I had about concluded my gloomy prophecy of the trip would come true, for nary a strike had we felt, and the sun was about to sink below the horizon as we were homeward bound. Sam had begun to reel in the 100 yards of line, when, suddenly, the boat stopped as though it had run against a stone. A moment later he let out a very emphatic "Oh!"

Thinking the hook had caught a snag, I was about to stop rowing when Sam cried out, "Don't stop! We've hooked a monster!"

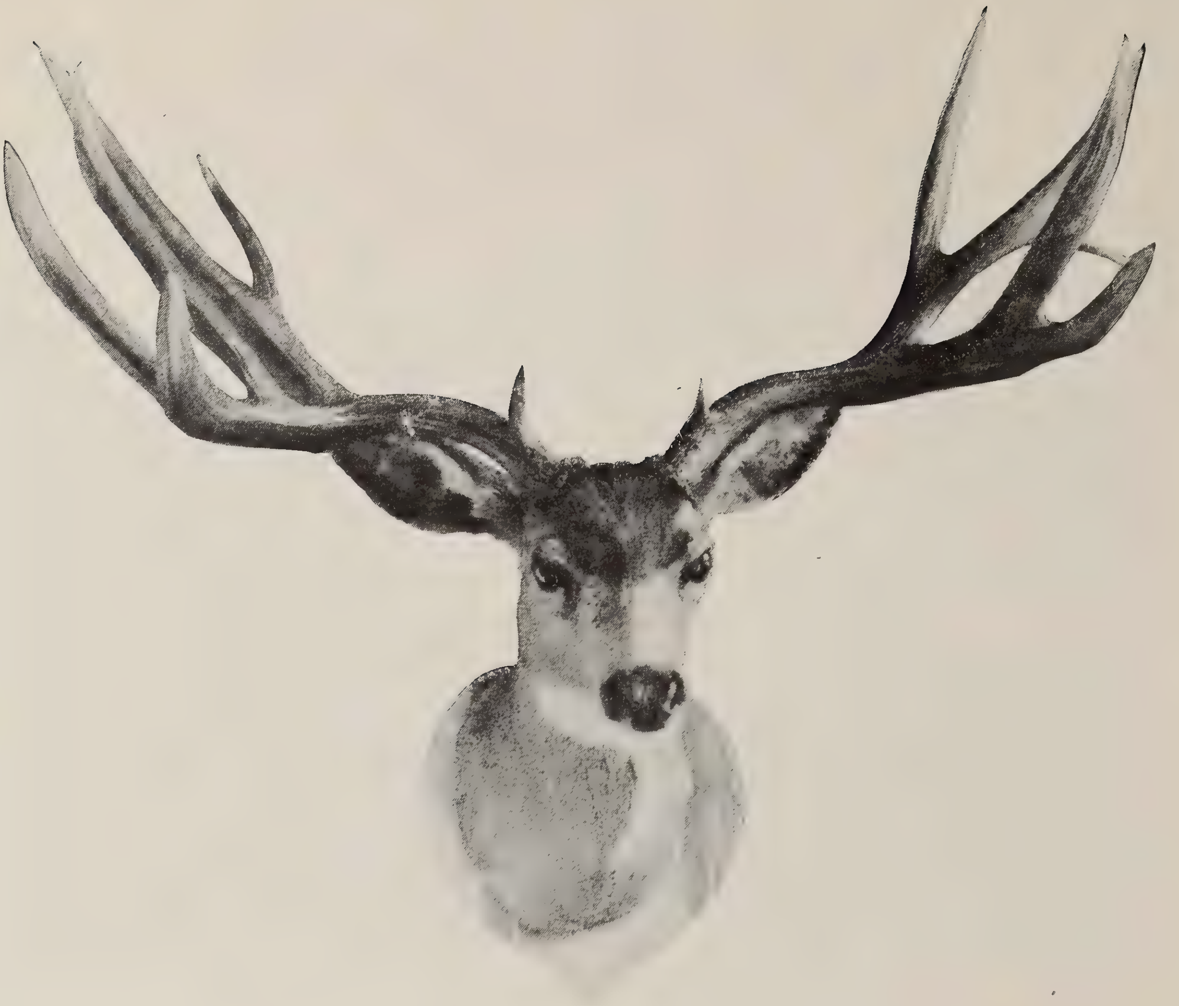
Instantly I forgot my tired arms and blistered hands. For a few moments, pull as I might, I could not gain an inch. It was indeed the starting of a battle royal. Time and again did the fish leap out of the water and try to free himself of the murderous barbs which were firmly imbedded in his powerful mouth. At times he would ease up in his struggles, when Sam, with the greatest effort, would draw him a little nearer to the boat. Then the fish would sulk and the battle begin anew.

Ages seemed to have passed since we hooked him, and he was as far as ever from being our fish. First to the right and then to the left, would he make terrific rushes that we could not stop. He was fighting fast and furious; but after each rush he grew perceptibly weaker. To make sure of landing him, I kept the boat headed for the shore. It was slow work, but eventually we had him alongside, in shallow water, when the gaff and the knife soon laid him out.

The twilight was fast fading into darkness; so, with hurried strokes—our great success had given me renewed strength—we soon reached the boathouse. With a stout clothes-line, we tied our prize to an oar, and with the ends resting on our shoulders marched triumphantly into town. The fish weighed an even 39 pounds.

Long will I remember that glorious struggle! As my thoughts drift back to that eventful evening, my pen moves with double rapidity, as if I were still making up lost time for that afternoon.

When fair woman is athletic,
  There is not a soul that knows
If she does it for its benefit,
  Or to show her fetching clothes.



HEAD OF MULE DEER, OWNED BY JOHN E. DAVIS, BUTTE, MONT.

I send you a photograph of a black tail deer head which every one here thinks is the largest on record. The spread of antlers, from the tip of main prongs, is 42 inches. I should like to know if any reader of RECREATION knows of a head that will compare with this one.

John E. Davis, Butte, Mont.

"Yes, sir, Bleeker would make money out of anything."

"Is he so lucky?"

"I should say so. Why, he married a penniless girl two years ago, and he got her a position that brings him in $1,200 a year."—Life.

"What," cried the orator fiercely, "what, I ask, causes poverty?" And from the back of the hall a hoarse voice answered, "Lack of cash."—Harlem Life.

She—I like your impudence. I haven't quite reached the bargain counter yet.

He—You would be a bargain on any counter.—Harper's Bazar.

THE MUSIC OF THE REEL.

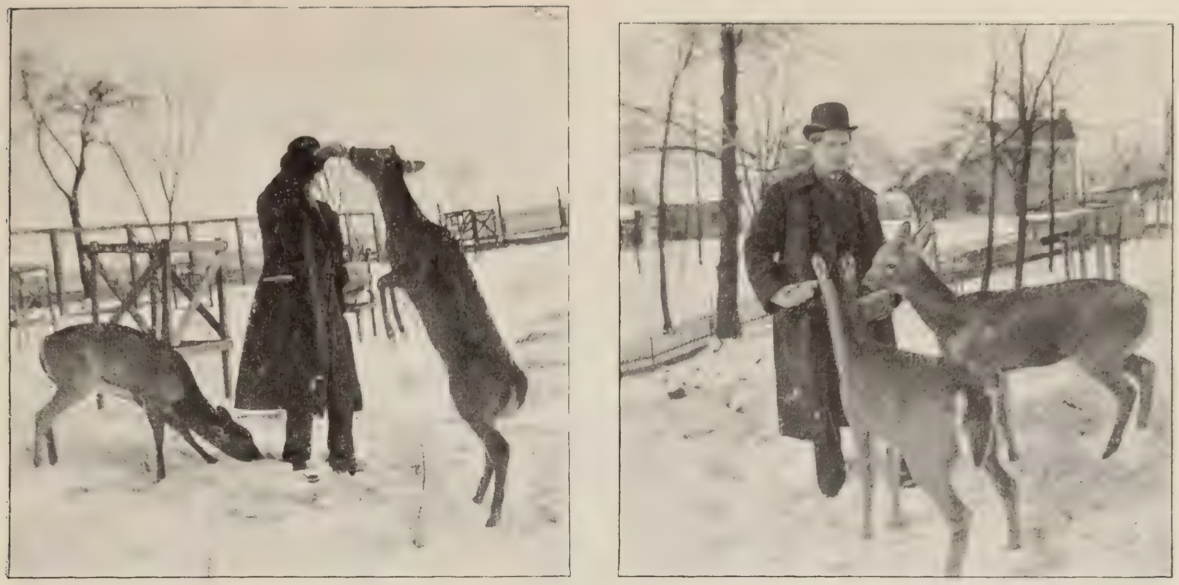
LEONARD HULIT.

There's a wealth of glorious music
In this good old world of ours,
Wide in range from soulful opera,
To the bees among the flowers;
But my soul has found no siren,
At whose shrine more prone I'll kneel,
Than to that divine enchantress, called
The Music of the Reel.

When at last we've crossed the river,
Left behind the flowers and streams,
Gone to join the silent kindred
In the land of golden dreams;
There will be a touch of sadness
Such as now we sometimes feel,
If within the bright forever, there's
No Music of the Reel.

A poor devil reads in a fragment of newspaper that the government is about to issue a new design in gold pieces.

"And I," says he, sadly, "I haven't yet seen the old one."—Figaro.



BOB AND NAN.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. J. ROWLAND.

In the Spring of 1895, when Bob and Nan were quite young, they roamed over the hills in Hardy county, West Virginia. While there, on a hunting trip, Mr. Frank E. Watson captured them and brought them to his home in Fairmont, West Virginia. They live in an enclosure surrounded by a high wire fence, as well to keep them from running away as to prevent dogs from annoying them.

Much happiness was theirs when a little fawn came to them, in May, 1897, and great was their sorrow when, only a few weeks later it ran against the fence and killed itself.

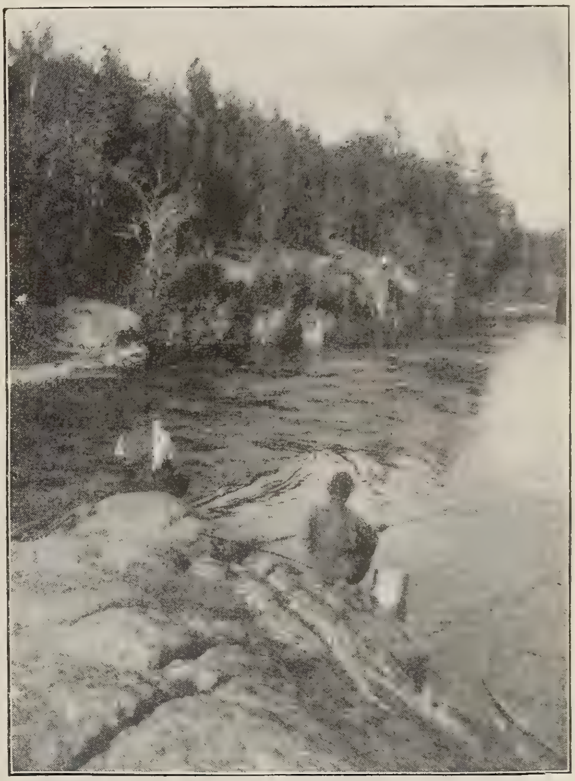
Bob and Nan are very tame and playful, and answer to their names when called.

All deer are protected for a period of 5 years, by a law passed at the last session of the State legislature; but the gun clubs in all parts of the State are making strenuous efforts to have this law repealed at the next session.

W. J. R., Fairmont, W. Va.

He (angrily)—There is no use arguing with a fool!

She (sweetly)—But I was not arguing with you, dear.



FISHING FOR PICKEREL.

A WAR CANOE PARTY.

Photograph by O'Keefe & Stockdorf, Leadville, Colo.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES.

THE YOUNGEST SPORTSMAN OF THEM ALL.

"A 'RASSLE' WITH CONSCIENCE."

ERNEST RUSSELL.

The white dawn o'er the sleeping forest rose,
And woke each beast and bird to feed and play;
To pass in Nature's temple of repose,
Their happy, harmless day.

When, crashing onward through the thickets dun,
And strong with dreadful acts to maim and slay,
Took man the hunter with his dogs and gun
His devastating way.

Fear went before him with her visage wan,
And each beast owned his dread and ruthless sway;
All Nature fled the face of man,
The fiercest beast of prey.
--Reginald Gourlay, in The Century.

The foregoing impressed me, as I first read it more than a year ago. Several lines of it, indeed, became so firmly implanted in my mind that they have frequently recurred to me. It was not until recently, however, that my conscience became allied with the spirit of Mr. Gourlay's verse, and proceeded to arraign what I have always called my "sportsmanship."

I have been rather roughly handled by the twain, during many hours of argument, and I appeal to the intelligent readers of RECREATION for solace, comfort, and, perhaps, assistance.

The case is laid before you in this way: I am a man who has always prided himself on being, in the best sense of the term, "a sportsman," with a great love for nature in all her moods; with a fondness for the rod and gun and a careful living up to the best ethics which should govern the indulgence of an inclination toward what we frequently see called our "sporting proclivities." Above all I have taken great pride in the consciousness of a large amount of what I will term humane feeling, showing itself in a readiness to take the weaker side of any conflict, in a tender sympathy with the mental or physical distress of any sentient creature; in a fondness for the whole brute creation and in a constant endeavor to assist in charitable or philanthropic undertakings.

In view of all these possessions I resented Mr. Gourlay's attack, and fell into discussion—incidentally into a mental quandary as well.

Divesting the situation of what might, in some cases, be extenuating circumstances, let me say, primarily, that I do not hunt as a means of livelihood. Neither do I labor in the interests of science, in my destruction of game. To candidly confess, I hunt for the "sport" there is in it. Let us see by what means I find it.

I arm myself with the modern hammerless shotgun, made by the evolution of constantly improving minds, an engine of destruction, perfect in every detail. I ally to myself the services of a dog whose brute instincts and natural mental endowment have been directed by careful education into the channels most useful for the end in view. I seek the woods. By every artifice within my reason I strive to prevent the escape, to accomplish the destruction of a timorous, freedom-loving and harmless creature, endowed with a highly organized nervous sensibility. Where is my humane feeling, my disinclination to inflict pain, my active sympathy?

How strange it is that such vigorous, positive possessions as I have named, in daily, perhaps hourly exercise, throughout the year, can be so readily, almost wilfully sidetracked, as it were, on a moment's notice, and the cold blooded murder and torture of inoffensive animals indulged in and positively enjoyed?

For enjoyment it is. Consciously or unconsciously we are pleased at the death of each successive victim. I can but frankly confess that joy is mine. Exhilaration of a pronounced sort and an exquisite pleasure thrill me as the thud of the falling grouse, and the convulsive flutter which succeeds it, proclaim to an eager ear that my aim was true.

No one can appreciate more keenly than I, the part that Nature and the love of her every mood plays in the deep fascination which "sport" has for a "sportsman." No one possesses a more ardent love for the dog. No one admires more thoroughly developed skill in any pursuit. What disconcerts me is the fact that, in one person, there can co-exist 2 such diametrically opposed qualities of mind and heart!

On a frosty October morning, the music of the baying hounds has come to my listening ear, from a distant hill, to thrill my whole being and delight my soul. Why did I rejoice? Where was my compassion for the poor harassed and fleeing Reynard?

Where was my "humane feeling," my pride of yesterday when I rescued the tortured puppy from his youthful tormentors? Were all my attributes of civilized man dormant? Was I again a barbaric cave-dweller, savage, implacable, reduced in a moment to the infancy of all mankind?

Scarce a day passes that my eyes do not seek the walls of my room, in pleasant contemplation of those admirable pictures by A. B. Frost. Every detail gratifies my hunter's eye and recalls an incident of my own experience. Truly they are a pleasure to see! Yet does not each one depict an actual, premeditated, heartless murder?

A self-justification is sought, after such reflections, and nothing presents itself which is not forced and feeble. The biblical injunction, the falling back on my instinct as a carnivorous animal, or any other subterfuge does not prevent a certain mortification at a calm facing of the facts. I sometimes wonder what the position of such men as Roosevelt, Rainsford, and Van Dyke is, on this matter.

Is the pleasure in the chase, the desire to kill, the hunting instinct consistent in civilized man with his other mental growth? Is it a barbaric relic decreasing as the centuries roll on? Or is it ours for all eternity, as a natural endowment? Can we agree to gratify an inhuman instinct and to justify a pleasure in it, to our moral sense? Quien sabe?

A LOON CHASE IN A CANOE.

W. S. BATES.

My friend and I camped, for some weeks, on the shore of Island lake, in Northern Michigan. It was an ideal camping ground. Before us lay the beautiful lake, with its wooded islets; and beyond it the vast hardwood forest. On a ridge, covered with red pine, and carpeted with pine needles, was our camp. Behind us ran a broad ravine, full of ferns and tamarack; while beyond that was the forest again, and Bass lake, about ¾ of a mile from us. A long shallow bay of this lake was called the "glue pot," because of the slimy mud of its bottom. There, after catching a mess of black bass, the night before, I had left our bucktail canoe, Tottie.

After breakfast, one morning, just as Pipes had finished washing the dishes, he proposed we should go to the "glue pot" and chase loons.

"All right," I said, "come on."

"Shall I take my gun?"

"Yes; to be sure. We may run across the confounded lynx that stole our cheese."

A lynx does not ordinarily care about cheese, so far as I know; but something had stolen a cheese from us a few days before. The night after the theft, a lynx began to howl, in a way that suggested a guilty conscience and a disordered stomach. We therefore adjudged him guilty, on his own confession, as it were.

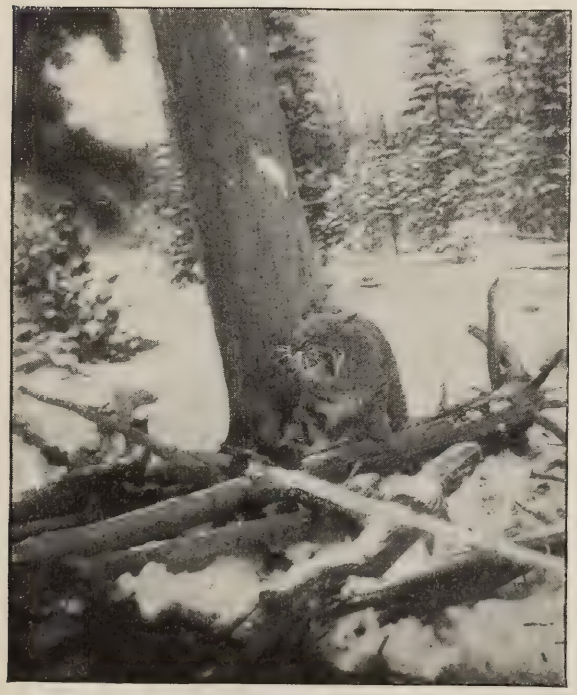
But we reached the "glue pot" without seeing the lynx, and pushed off in Tottie. We had reached the point, when we espied a long narrow head moving rapidly over the water, 100 yards or so in front of us. It was a young deer. Away we paddled after it; but though the deer did not increase his speed, he reached the shore first. There he stopped and looked around, and we saw he was but a half grown fawn.

Landing on the point, we stole across to look for the loons. There they were, 3 of them, about the middle of the lake. Bang! went my little 22 Marlin, and the loons disappeared in a single splash of water. To jump in Tottie and paddle out in the lake, was the work of a moment. There we rested, watching for the loons to come up. Two rose quietly on one side of the boat, and sat low in the water. The single bird sat well up and scolded like a fish wife. Knowing the latter was the old cock, we went for him. The 2 got out of range, while our backs were turned; and when they were safe, the old cock dove again. So it went on, in sequence. The loon would rise, and as we paddled toward him, dive again. Then we would stop, and watch for his next appearance.

After about 2 hours of this performance the loon began to get tired. He did not stay under so long, and he came up closer to us. At last he came up about 25 yards away. Pipes threw up his gun, but it missed fire. Then my Marlin spoke. This time the bird was not quick enough, and the bullet passed through his head. We gathered in, 9½ pounds of dead loon, and paddled for camp.

"That beats anything in the way of sport I ever saw," said Pipes, after dinner, as he watched me wash the dishes.

D. V. TAUTLINGER, OF IOWA CITY, IA., SHOOTING GLASS BALLS FROM A BICYCLE.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. B. HUGHES.

LYNX MACULATUS.

I send you by this mail a photograph of a lynx, that was taken while the animal was in a trap. The cat measured 42 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail.

E. B. Hughes, Manitou, Col.

I have just captured a fine specimen of Rocky mountain lynx, or bob cat, a nice young one, about half grown. Most of the old hunters around here call it a lynx, while some claim it's a cat. Just where to draw the line between a lynx and a cat is what I want to know and thought RECREATION might give me some reliable information on the subject. I have the fellow alive in a cage, and he is so different in his ways and habits from the ordinary wild cats I have had before, that I am pretty sure he is a lynx instead of a cat.

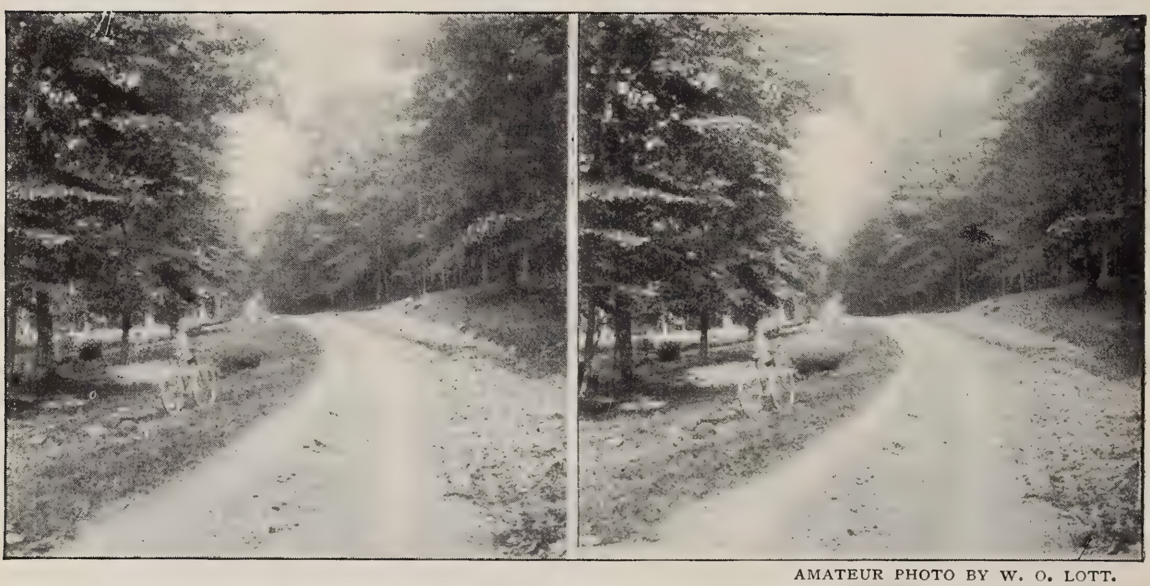
H. N. Beecher.

ANSWER.

The probabilities are that your captive is a spotted lynx (*Lynx maculatus*). This animal stands exactly midway between the Canada lynx and the bay lynx, or "wildcat" of the United States, and elsewhere. The ear of the latter has no pencil of hairs at its tip. The spotted lynx (of Colorado, Utah, etc.) has a pencil about half as long as that of the Canada lynx.

Last week I shot, on a salt marsh near here, a fine specimen of canvasback duck, and was lately shown a mounted wood duck, by a gentleman who killed it here 2 years ago—2 birds quite out of their usual range.

Geo. G. Cantwell, Juneau, Alaska.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. O. LOTT.

A STEREOPTICON VIEW MADE WITH A SINGLE LENS.

Trenton, Canada.

Editor RECREATION: I feel impelled to write you a few lines, on behalf of the great army of amateur photographers who use cameras taking 3½ x 3½ inch or 3½ x 3¼ inch plates.

Such pictures are rather small to be interesting, when mounted in the usual way. I mount mine side by side (duplicate prints) and view through a common stereoscope. The result is simply great. The perspective, atmosphere or solidity, as you choose to call it, is all right—opticians and theorists to the contrary notwithstanding.

I should like your readers, using these small cameras, to try my plan and see that with these little instruments results as satisfactory may be obtained as with an 8 x 10 camera.

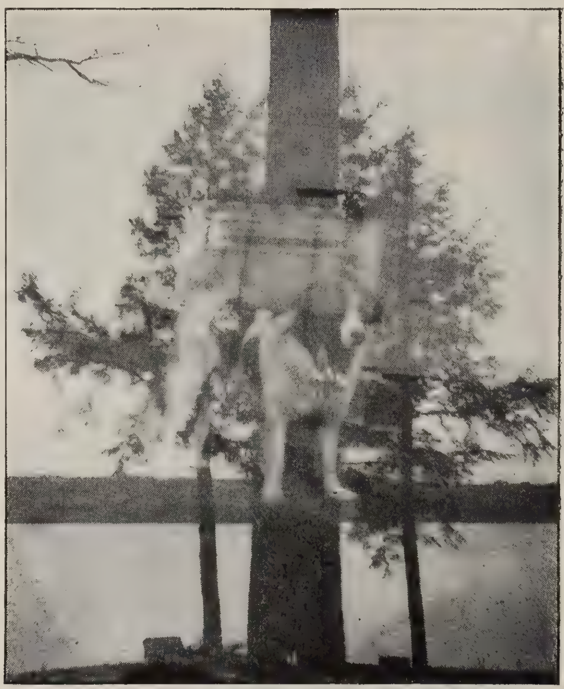
I send you 2 prints from a negative taken haphazard, from my collection, which I should like you to publish in such a form that your readers could test them for themselves. I used an Eastman Red Seal plate, and exposed 2 seconds.

I take great interest in your amateur photo department and should like you to enlarge it first, when making any change in your magazine.

Willet O. Lott.

I notice in September number of RECREATION, Mr. S. W. Barker, of Concord, N. H., sent you a composite picture of 3 exposures. I enclose you one, also showing 3 exposures, made by a No. 4 Eastman Cartridge kodak. The first exposure was made by me, on a St. Bernard dog, belonging to a friend. The second was made by a friend of mine, in my office, who was looking over the kodak and accidentally snapped it. This shows the office windows and partitions, and the corrugated iron ceiling, which is the fine lines above the window, on the tree. The next picture was taken at my friend's summer cottage, at Owasco Lake, looking toward the lake.

E. D. Parker, Auburn, N. Y.



A TRIPLE EXPOSURE.

There is a movement to secure from the Ohio legislature an appropriation for a detailed topographical map of that State. The cost of such a map is estimated at from $200,000 to nearly $1,000,000. Among the advantages claimed for the map is that it would be of great service in the construction of roads.

OFFICERS OF THE L. A. S.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam is known to every scientist in the world. He was born in 1855; studied in Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College (class of 1877), and graduated in medicine February, 1879 (College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City). He was appointed Naturalist of Hayden's Survey in 1872 (working in Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming); Assistant on U. S. Fish Commission in 1875; published his "Birds of Connecticut" in 1877; and the concluding part of his book "Mammals of the Adirondacks" in 1885, and in the same year took charge of the newly established Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy, U. S. Department of Agriculture—now the Biological Survey—where he has remained ever since.

Dr. C. HART MERRIAM,
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, L. A. S.

In carrying on the work of the Biological Survey he spends part of every year in zoological explorations in the far West. In the winter and spring of 1890-91 he had charge of the "Death Valley Expedition"; and in summer of 1891 he and Professor T. C. Mendenhall were appointed Bering Sea Commissioners and sent to the Probilof Islands, Alaska.

He has published about 300 papers on Zoological and Botanical subjects, the most important of which are: "The Birds of Connecticut," 1877; "Mammals of the Adirondacks," 1882-84; "Results of a Biological Survey of San Francisco Mountain Region and Desert of Little Colorado, Arizona," 1890; "The Geographic Distribution of Life in North America," 1892; "Distribution of Trees and Shrubs in Deserts and Desert Ranges of California, Nevada and Utah," 1893; "Laws of Temperature Control of the Geographic Distribution of Terrestrial Animals and Plants," 1894; "Monographic Revision of the Pocket Gophers (*Geomyidæ*)," 1895; "Revision of the American Shrews (genera *Blarina, Notiosorex* and *Sorex*)," 1895.

Has been President of Linnæan Society of New York, Lewis County (New York) Medical Society, and the Biological Society of Washington. Is now Vice-President of the National Geographic Society and League of American Sportsmen. Is editor of Biological Society's Proceedings, Associate editor *National Geographic Magazine*, and Zoological editor of *Science*.

Ernest Seton Thompson's name is a home word to all readers of RECREATION. His pictures and his stories are talked of and quoted by every camp fire in America. He lived for several years on the Plains of the Assiniboine, in 1882. In a log shanty, on the big plain, he grew up with his brother. Farming in a small way procured the necessities of life, but Ernest spent most of his time in hunting, trapping, and studying the denizens of forest and plain. He never cared so much for killing things—what he wanted was to preserve the life of the wild creatures in oil or in plaster.

E. S. THOMPSON,
SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT.

In '83 he first began to be known as a naturalist, by a series of papers on the zoology of Manitoba. These were eventually published in book form—"The Birds of Manitoba," and "The Mammals of Manitoba," and resulted in his being appointed government naturalist to that Province.

Then he went to London, where he continued his studies in art. Later he returned to New York, where he has since made his home. Ay, his home; but he don't live here. He only stays. He spends as much of his time as possible in the Rockies, and his soul is always there.

His fondness for Nature is indicated in his answer to a question as to how he became a painter:

HON. W. A. RICHARDS,
THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT.

"I never care to paint when I am in the woods or on the plains, among animals; there I am content to study them; but when I return to cities, where animals are not, I must paint them. I must be among them and working with them, in some way."

Who, then, could be more heartily *en rapport* with the aims of the L. A. S.? He is with it heart and soul. That is why he was chosen as one of its vice-presidents.

Hon. W. A. Richards is a representative western man. He was born in 1849, in the Southwest corner of Wisconsin, on the banks of the Mississippi river. His education was obtained in the district school, during such portion of the time as he could be spared from the farm.

When 20 years old he went West, stopping first in Omaha. There he joined a government surveying party and went to California. In '81 he returned to Colorado, and in '85 to Wyoming, where he entered a tract of desert land, and applied his knowledge of engineering, coupled with a great deal of hard work, to its irrigation and reclamation. He made of his desert claim a fine farm, where he now has a comfortable ranch home, surrounded by mountains which afford good hunting and with a trout stream running through his door yard.

President Harrison made Richards United State Surveyor General for Wyoming, which position he held 4 years, with such satisfaction to the people that in '94 he was unanimously nominated for Governor, by the Republicans, and elected by the largest vote ever given to a Governor in that State.

He has always been an ardent sportsman. On the plains of Nebraska he hunted the buffalo, the elk, the deer and the antelope, and was occasionally hunted by Indians.

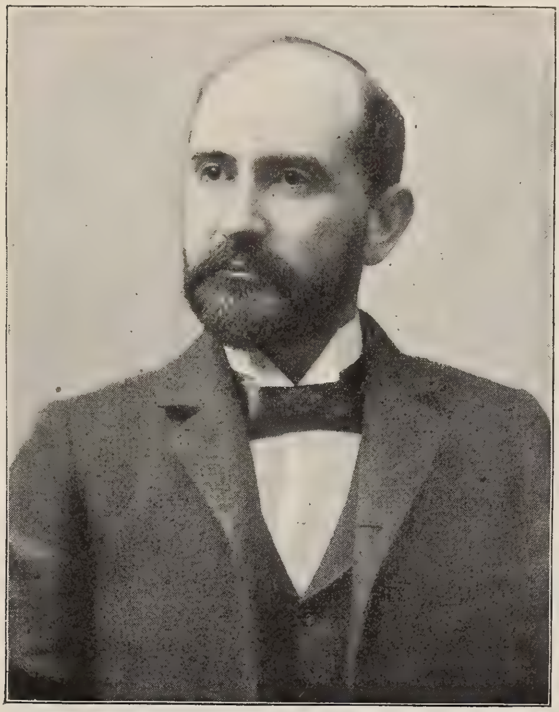
In the mountains of the Central Western States he has hunted the silver tip and the black bear, the mountain lion, moose, deer, and mountain sheep; while on the Pacific coast he had grand sport with the grizzly bear and the mule deer. He knows the value of every trout stream in all the country through which he has passed.

In his present position his official duties do not prevent him from occasionally indulging in his favorite recreation. His hunting stories are narrations of actual experiences, dealing with his own observations, are confined strictly to facts, and are always interesting. Some of his best stories have been published in RECREATION, and others are in store for future numbers.

W. T. Hornaday is so well known to all readers of RECREATION—and this means all Sportsmen and Naturalists worth mentioning—that I need say little of him here. With his name on the official roll of the League, no man can for a moment doubt its good intentions or its ultimate success.

He has achieved genuine success as a collecting naturalist, a taxidermist, a founder of zoological gardens, and an author. As a traveler, he has penetrated the jungles of Venezuela and British Guiana, even unto the "disputed territory"; has hobnobbed in Cuba with both Spaniards and Cuban prisoners, during the insurrection of 1875; has studied both art and science in the galleries, museums, and zoological gardens of Europe, and for 3 years he associated with wild men and wild beasts in the jungles of India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo.

It was his acquaintance with the wild-mannered head-hunters of Borneo that led to "The Man Who Became a Savage." His first book, a bulky narrative of travel and adventure in the East Indies, entitled "Two Years in the Jungle," was a pronounced success, and is now in the sixth edition. For years, Mr. Hornaday was a sort of staff contributor to the *Cosmopolitan*, and has written many stories of adventure and natural history sketches for RECREATION and other periodicals. In 1892, he brought out a great work on "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," which elicited the highest praise. I have before pronounced this the best book ever written, on these subjects, and have had no occasion yet to change my vote.



W. T. HORNADAY,
FOURTH VICE-PRESIDENT.

While connected with the National Museum, Mr. Hornaday wrote an exhaustive memoir on the "Extermination of the American Bison." Four years ago, at the solicitation of the Century Company, he wrote for St. Nicholas a series of 20 popular and finely illustrated papers on "The Quadrupeds of North America." In 1896, he was chosen by the New York Zoological Society as the Director for the New York Zoological Park, since which he has given that gigantic task his unremitting attention. This promises to be the crowning effort of a busy life. In this new position he receives a salary such as few men in the world, in similar positions, have ever enjoyed.

Mr. A. A. Anderson, the 5th Vice-president, is another thorough sportsman and a well known painter. He has a ranch on the Greybull river, in Wyoming, where he spends his summers and autumns, devoting most of his time to sketching and a small portion of it to hunting and fishing. For several years past he has taken an active interest in game protection, in that region, even paying the salary of a game warden, out of his own pocket. He is now actively engaged in recruiting the membership of the League, in Wyoming, as well as elsewhere, and will show a good record by the end of the year.

He belongs to several prominent clubs in this city and has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, where his influence in behalf of the League will also be felt.

He is a firm friend of game protection and was one of the first to endorse the movement for a L. A. S. It was eminently fitting, therefore, that the convention should choose him as one of the vice-presidents of the League.

ARTHUR F. RICE,
SECRETARY.

Arthur F. Rice, the Secretary, is also known and loved, wherever Sportsmen's literature is read. Though a young man, he has been, for many years past, a regular contributor to the sportsmen's periodicals, and to RECREATION ever since it started. He is a graduate of Dartmouth college, and is one of the most refined and cultivated sportsmen it is possible to find anywhere. He is one of the most kind-hearted, high-minded and congenial men I have ever met, and this is the verdict of all those who have camped with him or associated with him in any way. A man may count himself fortunate who can number among his friends the Secretary of the L. A. S.

F. S. Hyatt, Treasurer, was, when elected to this position, cashier of the Clinton bank, New York. He has since resigned that place, and has been elected vice-president and a director of the Tradesmen's National bank. This goes to confirm the good opinion we had of Mr. Hyatt, when we chose him as our Treasurer, and shows we made no mistake in our selection.

F. S. HYATT,
TREASURER.

He is a young man, an enthusiastic sportsman, and has hosts of friends, both in this city and in Upper Montclair, N. J., where he lives.

He has already enrolled a number of members in the League, and can be safely counted on to land many more within a few weeks.

And about the President? Well, the less said about him the better.

"This bump," remarked the phrenologist, "indicates a tendency to restlessness. I should say you were something of a rolling stone. Am I right?"

"You're not far off," replied the subject. "But it was a rolling pin that caused that bump."

Briton—The British Empire is the greatest in the world. The sun never sets on it.

American—Perhaps not, but the American eagle sat on it twice, and pretty effectively, too.

Black—Who did Jones marry?

White (absently)—Dunno. Some woman, I believe.

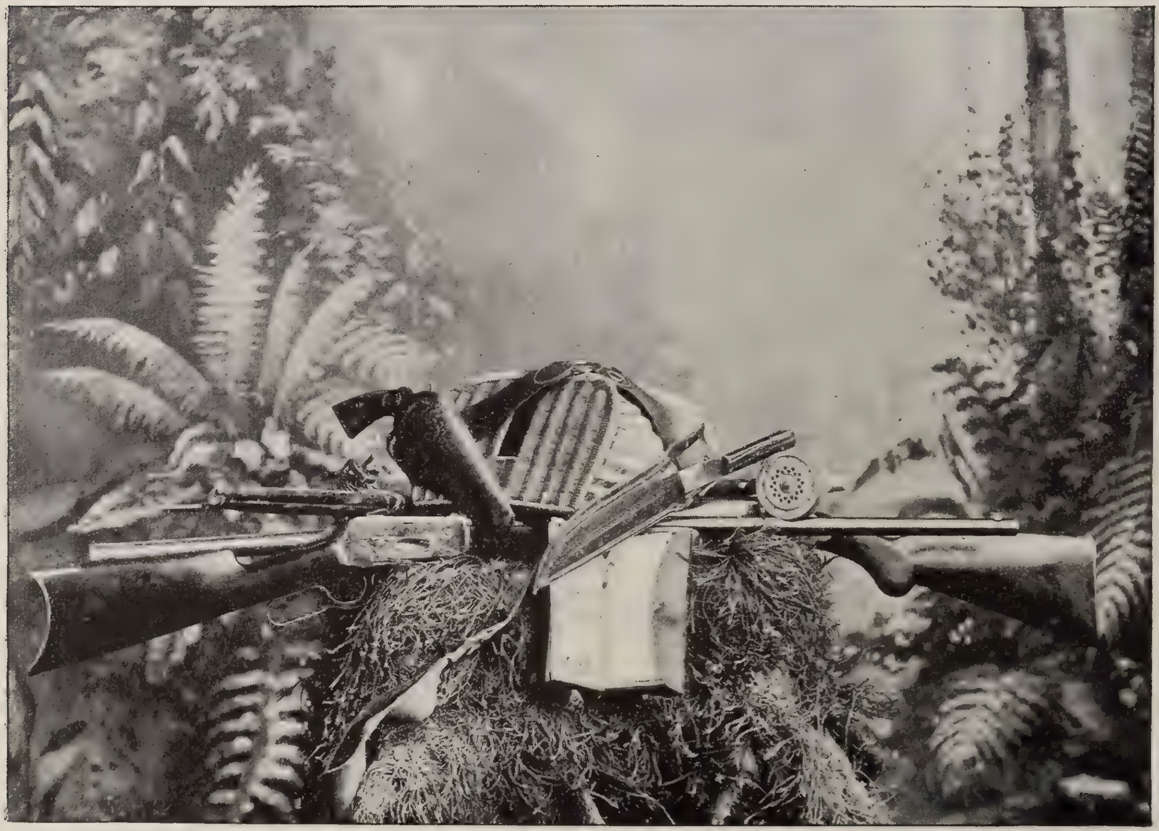


Photo by O'Keefe & Stockdorf, Leadville, Colo.

IMPLEMENTS OF THE CRAFT.

HUNTING DANGEROUS GAME.

E. L. BROWN.

There is no sport like deer hunting. This thought was in my mind one day last November, as I started out alone, in a light wagon loaded with camping outfit and drawn by my old Indian ponies. On the way I was joined by Harry and Dave, 2 mighty hunters. After 2 days of tedious travel, along the sand ridges, we approached the game country.

The road along these ridges follows the old Pembina trail, a relic of Minnesota's Territorial days, which extended from St. Paul to Winnipeg. The 3 deep ruts, made by the creaky wooden wheels of the "Red-river carts" and the single ox walking between the shafts, are still plainly marked along the ridges, except where some Norwegian had plowed it up, with the fantastic notion of raising a crop.

Game is scarce along the road. We saw several jack rabbits scurrying over the prairie. Harry was lucky enough to kill 2 with his rifle; fine fat fellows, as large as a fawn, almost. A few coveys of sharp-tailed grouse and some stray pinnated and ruffed grouse were also seen Common cottontail rabbits were everywhere in the brush. They were just getting their white winter coats, so showed plainly among the dark-brown bushes.

Our camp was made on Spruce ridge. It snowed enough the 1st night after going into camp to make tracking possible. In the morning we all strayed off after deer.

"Oh, who would stay indoors, indoors
When the horn is on the hill,
With the crisp air stinging,
And the huntsman singing,
And a ten-tined buck to kill?"

Harry and I had just returned to camp when Dave came in. He had found a fresh track, which he followed to an old beaver dam, where it disappeared into a hole in the bank. Harry and Dave went with an ax and a spade, and dug the animal out. It was a nice, fat little animal, weighing 15 pounds, commonly called skunk; the first of many, and the beginning of a remarkable experience.

Later, Harry and I looked up an old den, seen before, on a ridge among the bushes. A good path was worn at the holes, and there was dry grass at each entrance. The animals were not at home, so we followed a crooked, indistinct little path for about ½ mile, winding over poplar ridges and through little meadows, until a fresh track was found.

The little animal had been digging open old rabbit and badger holes, probably hunting for mice and beetles. From here he had wandered into a marsh, where we found his hole, in a hummock. Paths led in all directions; showing where he had been bringing in dry grass for a nest.

The hole was shallow, so the thin shell of sod was easily chopped off, exposing a big nest and its striped occupant. A vigorous poking with a pole brought, first some thin streams of yellowish fluid, then old stripes himself. A hard blow with a club laid him out. We then dragged this one and the first killed to camp.

That evening they were skinned. I saved the first one for mounting, for the skin was large and fine. While we were at work, some neighboring hunters called, but did not stay long; they complained of a strong odor. We had detected something of the kind ourselves, earlier in the day, while killing the animals; but now we scarcely noticed it.

The following day, as Harry was skirmishing around on a big sand ridge, he found a skunk's track. Following it into the bushes, it led to a den, not far from the scene of the day before. There was a pile of grass over the hole, which was shallow. Harry cut through the shell of sod and stirred up the animals. Whenever one showed its striped face, he put a revolver bullet through it. This was kept up until 6 of the beauties, a whole family, were piled up in an aromatic heap.

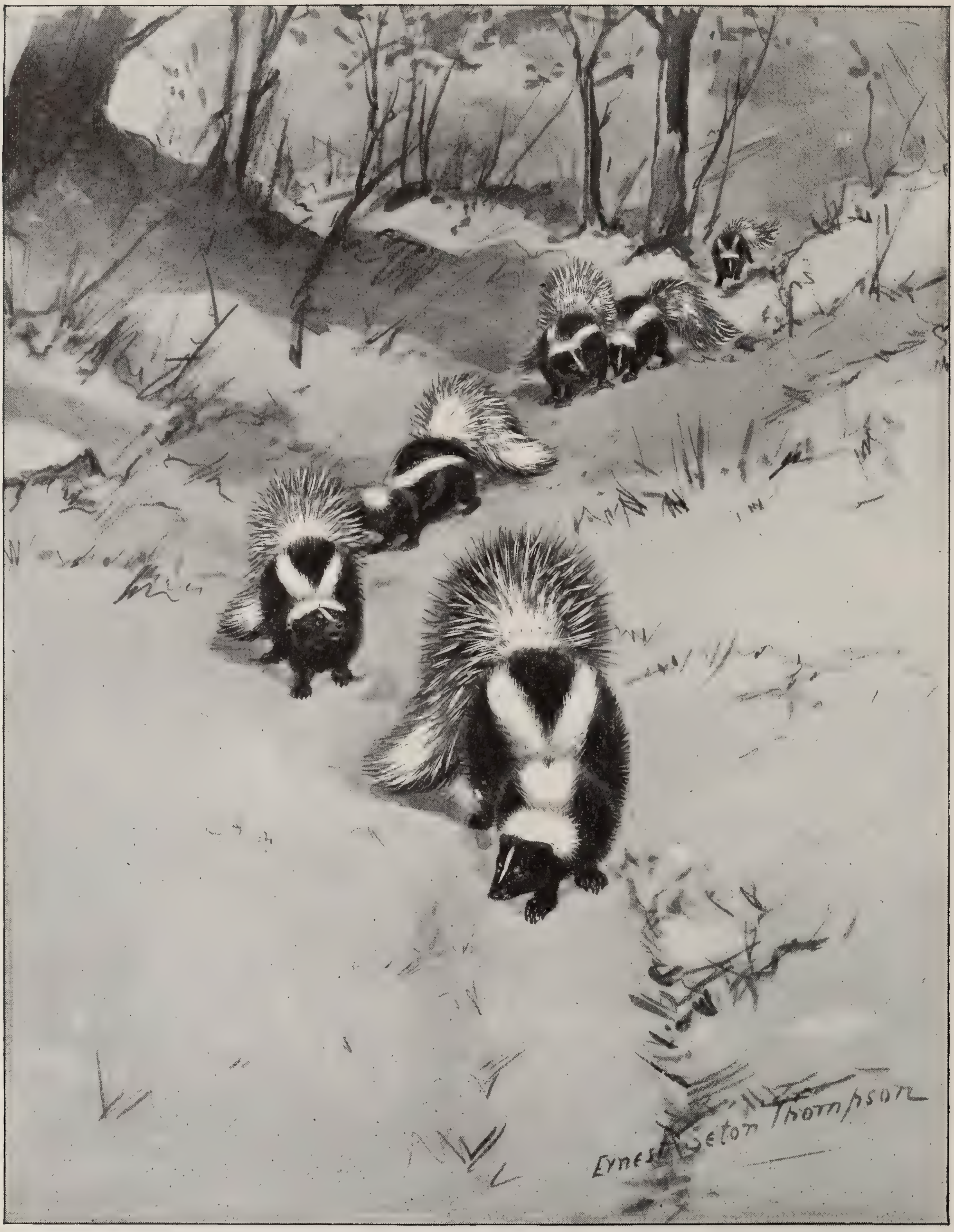
During the day I found a badger's track and followed the curious trail—something like a fox track, but short steps and wide. The erratic course led to a den, at the entrance of which I set a trap.

Harry came proudly into camp, dragging his load, about 60 pounds of skunks; to say nothing of the weight of the atmosphere. There were rich times about our camp that night. Dave concluded to go home, saying he did not care to hunt deer, anyway.

On another day we followed the trail made by a mink dragging a rabbit. It led for a number of rods into a swamp, to a hole under a root. A trap was set, and the mink caught. The badger did not come out until the night before camp was broken, when that, too, was caught. It was a fat female, weighing 18 pounds.

Two families of Indians camped one night on the ridge near us. The squaws came to our camp to beg. They had been on the big sand ridges farther West, engaged in the vulgar occupation of hunting skunks, and had killed about 200. The skins brought 75 cents each.

One Indian was asked if the meat is good. "Shegocko," he replied, earnestly, pointing


Ernest Seton Thompson

"THE OLD ONE WAS AHEAD AND THE WHOLE FAMILY OF YOUNGSTERS FOLLOWED IN HER TRACKS."

to a huge pot bubbling over the fire. This is the Chippewa word for skunk. From which, it is said, is derived the name Chicago.

Harry and I hunted deer, and killed skunks, for several days. In all, we found 12 dens and killed 22 of the inmates. Most of the holes were shallow, in marshy places; such spots evidently being preferred in winter to the sand ridges, their summer resorts.

These shallow holes were generally covered with dry grass, but the deep holes had no covering, though there was always a big nest of grass inside.

Not more than one old male was found in any hole; and the males were usually alone. One den contained an old male, 2 females and 5 young, which were nearly as large as the old ones. Only one was found that showed fight. This was a male, and he growled and bit sticks savagely.

Often one of us would pull a skunk out of a hole by the tail, giving it a throw, while the other deer hunter would strike it with a club, in the most approved style of baseball practice. Apparently the animal could not "throw scent" when held by the tail. They can throw it only 4 or 5 feet at any time, and then it is disseminated as fine spray. Of course the wind may carry it some distance.

When digging out a deep hole, so the scent was confined within a small space, the effect on the lungs was like the fumes of sulphur. The sensation would last for several hours.

While talking of skunks, it may not be out of place to say they are natives of America. The scientific name, *Mephitis mephitica,* means "bad odor." Twenty writers or more have given as many names to this little creature, all agreeing in this particular. The French call him *enfant du diable.*

I would scorn to boast, but, nevertheless, our Northern-Minnesota skunks are the best skunks in America. They can smell harder, farther and longer and do it oftener than any others that I have personally sampled. They are the largest and most uniform in coloring. The white stripes are all narrow, or occasionally only a half stripe. Farther South the animals are smaller, varying from all black to some having broad stripes and even nearly white.

The skunk subsists mostly on large insects—beetles and grasshoppers—but eats small mammals, birds, and sometimes berries. The young are born naked, but the white stripes show plainly on the skins.

One evening in early fall, as I was going toward camp, I saw a family of skunks just starting out to look for their supper. The old one was ahead, and the whole family—5 youngsters, following in her tracks.

I took off my hat and watched the procession pass. Another time, as I was standing in a thicket, a skunk came waddling along right to my feet, sticking up its nose and snuffing at me; but he could not make me out, so ambled off again.

I have often had then come around camp at night and lick the dishes scattered around the fire, thus saving the trouble of washing them.

The best way to catch a skunk is to fasten a trap to the end of a fish-pole. When caught, drag him off to the mill pond, or your neighbor's well, and drop him in. No unpleasant results will follow—at least not from the skunk.

The oil of these animals has many virtues. Among the scenes of my childhood, "when fond recollection presents them to view," are visions of large doses of this oil mixed with sugar—ugh!

So interested was I in skunks that I nearly forgot to mention the killing of a deer, a yearling buck, of about the usual size and complexion. We saw some big bucks, but they all got away. With many regrets, Harry and I finally loaded up the little wagon and started back from the woods, back to the joys and sorrows of everyday life again; but the memory of that deer hunt haunts my mind like the dream of a poet.

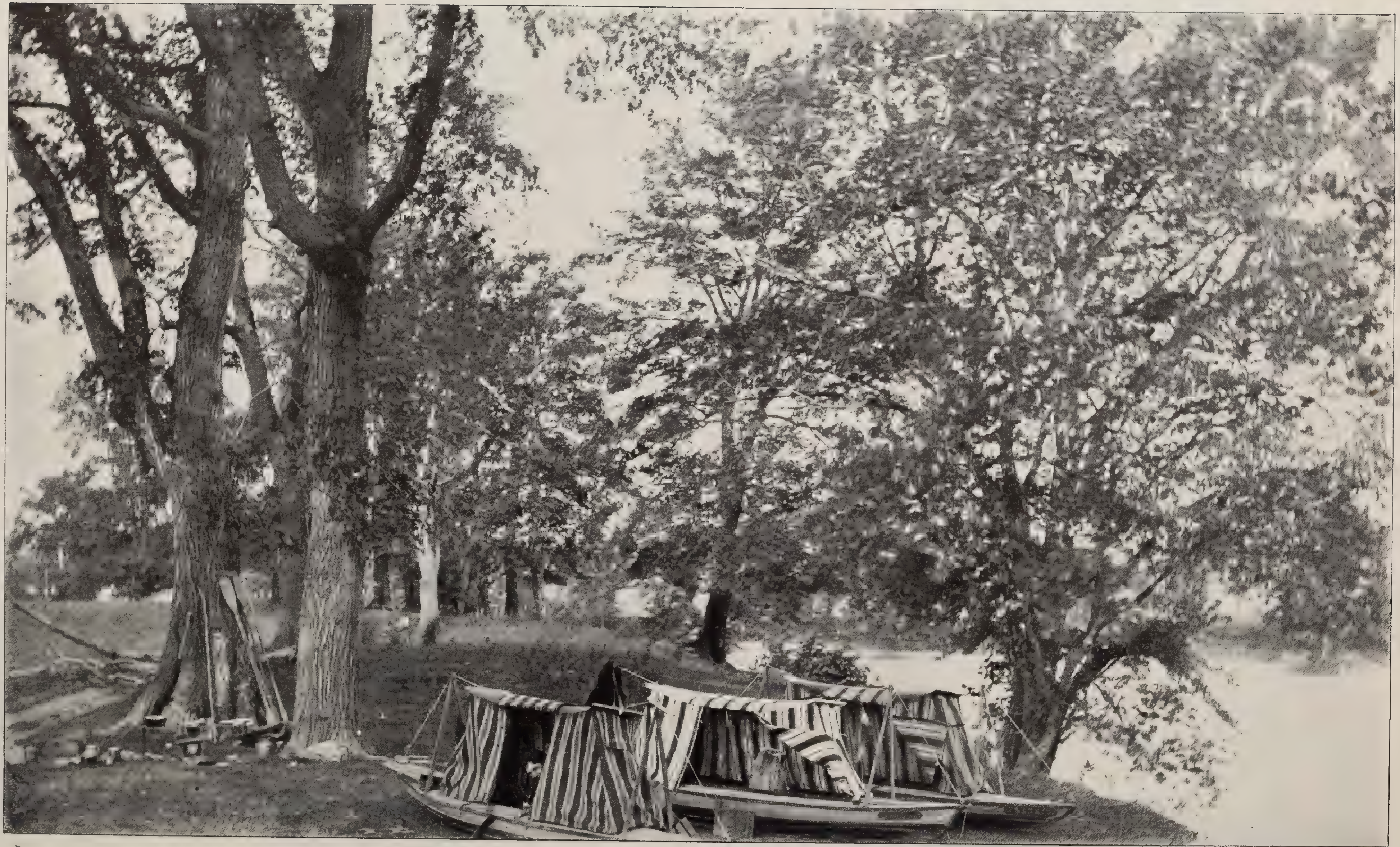
"You may break the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round
it still."

A LAST RESORT.

"Chumply has broken the ice with Miss Frosty at last."

"How did he do it?"

"Took her skating."



AMATEUR PHOTO BY GEORGE M. BEALL.

CAMP OF SHENANDOAH CANOE CLUB, ON SHENANDOAH RIVER, WEST VA.

MAMMALS OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

The rigid preservation of all kinds of wild life, in the Yellowstone Park, has left it the one spot in the Union, perhaps, where pristine conditions continue and where we can see for ourselves, to-day, what the great West was like, in the past generation.

This was what was intended when the park was reserved, and it is a magnificent idea, carried out in a worthy manner. But to the naturalist, the absolute prohibition of collecting is somewhat embarrassing and leaves the list of small mammals with numerous gaps and uncertainties.

Thanks are due to Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum, New York, for assistance in identifying the smaller species. And to Capt. George S. Anderson, U. S. A., the retiring Superintendent of the Park, for looking over and annotating my list. His remarks are quoted over his initials.

Several quotations from Lieut. Elmer Lindsley's Report (Dept. of the Interior, 1897), appear over his name. Valuable assistance has also been received from Dr. C. Hart Merriam's Biological Reconnaissance of South Central Idaho. (U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, 1891.)

Bats: Numerous small bats were seen, but no specimens were obtained. " At the Devil's Kitchen, Mammoth Hot Springs, large numbers may be seen." G. S. A.

Shrews, Moles: No doubt several species occur in the park: I did not see any.

1. Rock Chuck or Marmot (*Arctomys flaviventer* Aud. and Bach). Rockchuck or Marmot very abundant in rocky hillsides in certain localities. Notably about Yancey's, where its loud shrill alarm whistle is heard all day long. " Numerous all over the park, but especially so near travelled roads and often changes its habitat." G. S. A.

2. Upland Prairie Dog (*Cynomys ludovicianus* Ord.). Abundant on the lower Yellowstone, but I did not see it in or near the park. Capt. Anderson says: " I have seen a few prairie dogs near the North line of the Park and I think inside the line."

3. Picket-pin Gopher or Ground Squirrel (*Spermophilus armatus* Kenn). Swarms in certain localities as about Mammoth Hot Springs and on the flat about Yancey's house. The species was identified for me by Prof. D. G. Elliot. " Numerous in all open places." G. S. A.

4. Striped Gopher (*Spermophilus lineatus pallidus* Allen). I feel almost certain that I saw this species on the Gardiner River flat after leaving Mammoth Hot Springs, on the Yancey trail.

5. Big Golden Chipmunk (*Tamias lateralis cinerascens* Allen). This is the very large chipmunk that is so conspicuous about Golden Gate and thence South along the road to Norris. " Common all over the Park." G. S. A.

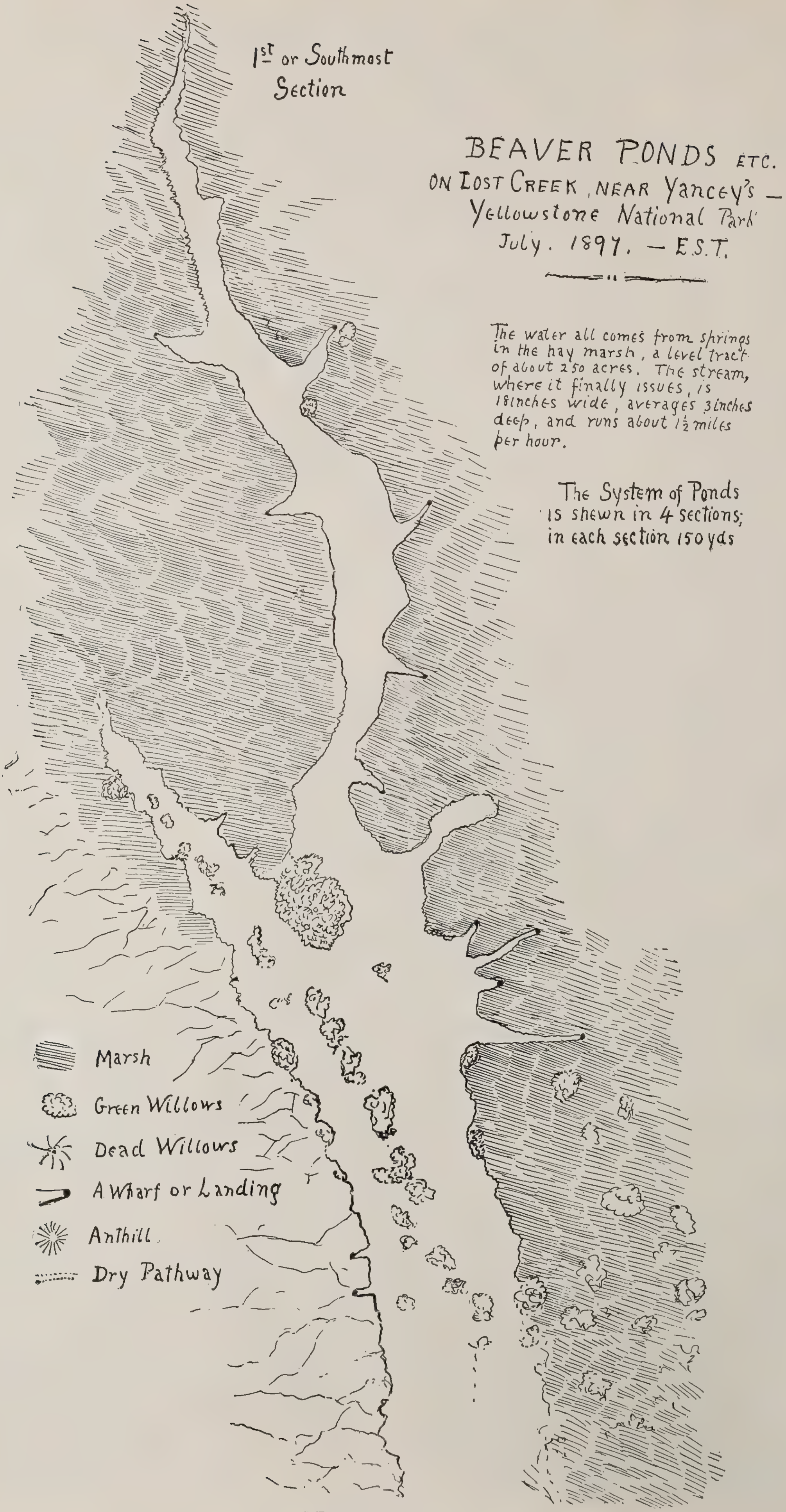
6. Little 4-striped Chipmunk (*Tamias 4-vittatus luteiventris* Allen). Very abundant. On August 8th while driving with Mr. A. E. Brown from Norris to the Mammoth, we saw on the road, within 20 miles, at least 1,000 chipmunks chiefly of this species; they were as often in groups as singly. In one place we saw 9, another 10, another 8, another 11, another 20, another 28, in one place 30, all within a few feet of one another. They seem to enjoy scampering in the dust, but the prime attractions were the scattered oats and the fact, that all along each side of the road was a continuous pile of long and small trees, left by the road-makers, making the roads very convenient to exceptionally good harbors of refuge. The species was identified for me by Prof. Elliot. " Plentiful; tame; a nuisance at all my stations. Will eat out of your hand in a week's acquaintance." G. S. A.

7. Richardson's Red Squirrel (*Sciurius richardsoni* Bachman). Abundant throughout the Park.

8. Northern Flying Squirrel (*Sciuropterus sabrinus* Shaw). Said to be common. Not seen by me. " Have seen only 1 or 2. Don't believe them common." G. S. A.

9. Beaver (*Castor canadensis* Kuhl). Abundant throughout the Park, and doubtless increasing. Beaver lake is the most imposing example of beaver work that the Park can show—it is a lake formed by a dam 600 yards in length. In the October number of RECREATION I gave a description of the Beaver ponds near Yancey's. I now reproduce a chart of the dams and canals. " Everywhere increasing rapidly." G. S. A.

" The beaver are quite numerous in the park, and inhabit the following localities: Gardiner river, near the Post, Lupine and Blacktail Creek, Elk Creek, the Lamar River, Slough Creek, Cache Creek, Soda Butte Creek, a few in Pelican Creek, the Upper Yellowstone, Thoroughfare Creek, a few in Barlow's Fork of Snake River, some in Falls River meadows, a few about Shoshone Lake. There is a flourishing colony in Nez Perce Creek, a large one near the mouth of Magpie Creek, and a goodly number in the Gibbon River near Norris. There are some in Cascade Creek and in the lake, and all the creeks that drain into the Gardiner River above the falls. The lower beaver dam, opposite Obsidian Cliff, has been rebuilt. I think there are more beaver in the Park now than at any time within the last 6 years, and if unmolested they will rapidly increase. Their protec-



BEAVER PONDS etc.
on Lost Creek, near Yancey's —
Yellowstone National Park
July. 1897. — E.S.T.

The water all comes from springs in the hay marsh, a level tract of about 250 acres. The stream, where it finally issues, is 18 inches wide, averages 3 inches deep, and runs about 1½ miles per hour.

The System of Ponds is shewn in 4 sections; in each section 150 yds

1st or Southmost Section
Marsh
Green Willows
Dead Willows
A Wharf or Landing
Anthill
Dry Pathway

BEAVER PONDS.

tion, however, is one of the most difficult duties intrusted to the park management. They are now quite valuable and very easy to trap, and their skins are easily disposed of. The professional beaver trapper leaves almost no sign of his work, and it is very hard to catch him at it."—Lieut. Lindsley.

10. Mountain Deermouse (*Peromyscus texanus arcticus* Mearns). This is the common house mouse of the region. It is very abundant, frequenting every stable and shack as well as the hotels, and its shadowy form is familiar to every camper, in the evening when the fire burns low and the camp is settling for sleep. The identity of the species was established by Prof. Elliot.

11. Wood Rat or Pack Rat (*Neotoma cinerea* Ord.). Said to occur in the Park. " Have seen several; one was trapped in my stable at Mammoth Hot Springs, where it had done much damage among the harness and equipments." G. S. A.

12. Long-tailed Mole (*Microtus mordax* Merriam). Common

13. Muskrat (*Fiber zibethicus pallidus* Mearns). Common in suitable waters throughout the Park. In a sense parasitic on the beaver and much disliked by it. They frequently nest, I am told, in the walls of the beavers' houses and are said to merit their big cousins' enmity by the damage they do to the dams into which they burrow, with a view to a safe subaqueous retreat, but with the result that they simply let the water out.

14. Mole-gopher (*Thomomys fuscus* Merriam). A species of pocket mouse or mole-gopher was abundant everywhere. Its upheavals were plentiful alike on the river bottoms and on the highest peaks; even on the top of Mt. Sepulchre 9,400 feet, its mounds were numerous. Of course, none were taken. It is doubtless the above.

15. Yellow Porcupine (*Erethizon expixanthus* Brandt). Said to be quite common throughout the Park. In the thick pine wood region of the continental divide —numberless trees are to be seen girdled at a height of 6 or 8 feet. This in many cases shows the level of the deep snow. " Plentiful. Trees killed by the thousands, by girdling; but the porcupine does not quit at snow level; where there are limbs to rest upon. Have seen plenty of girdling 40 to 60 feet from ground." G. S. A.

16. Coney, Rockrabbit, Little Chief Hare or Pika (*Lagomys princeps* Rich.). Said to be common in one or 2 localities where slide rock occurs in great quantities. I saw but 3. They were at Silver Cascades, but it is said to be found also about Golden Gate. " Plenty everywhere in slide rock. Have seen them in 50 places in the Park, and had one in captivity for a day, caught on the roadside half way to Norris. It allowed a young man to walk up and put his hand on it. It died about 24 hours after capture." G. S. A.

17. Cottontail (*Lepus baileyi* Merriam). I found cottontails abundant among the sage about Gardiner village and up toward Mammoth Hot Springs, but did not see them elsewhere in the Park. At Billings, Mont., I collected 2. These Prof. Elliot calls *baileyi*, therefore, I assume this may be the Park form. " Plenty in many open parts of the Park, but generally on the lower levels." G. S. A.

18. White-tailed Jack-rabbit (*Lepus campestris* Bach.). This large hare is quite common about Gardiner which is at the entrance of the Park, and though I never saw one actually within the limits, it is reasonable to suppose that it does enter, for the sage brush flats it frequents about the town, extend for some miles into the Park itself. " Plenty near Mammoth Hot Springs in such places as Swan Lake flat." G. S. A.

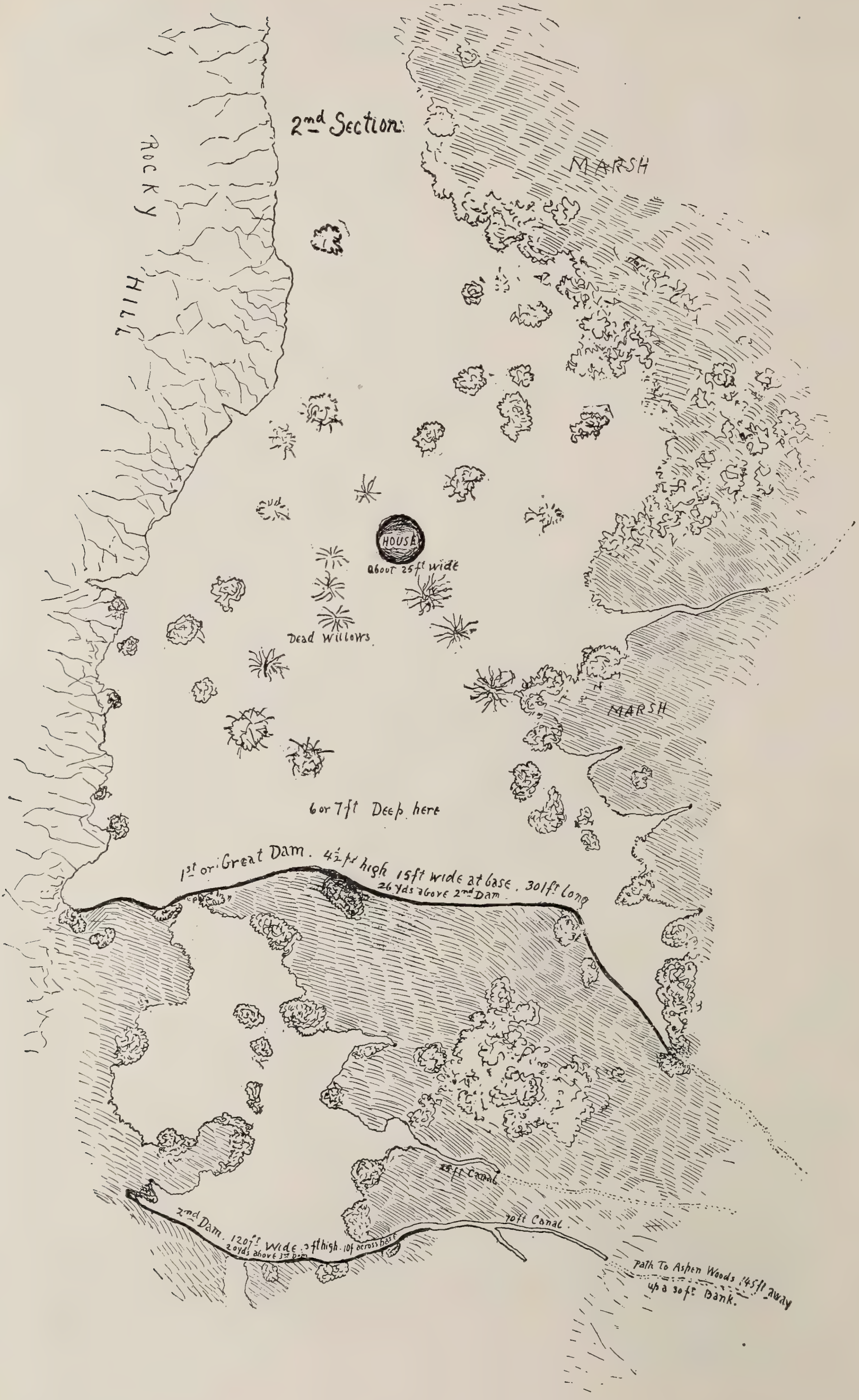
19. Snow-shoe Rabbit (*Lepus bairdii* Hayden). According to the residents this animal is common throughout the wooded parts of the Park—the only one I saw in the country was outside the Park on the North. " Have seen many all over the Park, and the wooded parts are all tracked up by them as soon as snow falls." G. S. A.

20. Moose (*Alces americanus* Jardine). Said to be common in the Southern parts of the Park. One old guide estimated the total number of moose in the Park at 300. I should imagine this was excessive, but there were other hunters who gave similar testimony. It is commonly believed the moose are rapidly increasing in numbers. " I doubt if there are 300, but I have seen signs of a good many and saw one near Snake River Station." G. S. A.

" Moose are becoming quite numerous in the South part of the Park, and particularly in the Southern forest reserve, where I believe there are more moose than in all the rest of the park. There are rumors of a band between Mammoth Hot Springs and Grand Canyon, but this rumor will not be verified before snow falls. I most earnestly recommend that Congress be urged to include the forest reserve in the Park. This reserve is now under charge of the Park management, with orders to protect the game therein. The only practical change which would take place in the status of this strip, were it included in the Park proper, is that the law of May 7, 1894, would then apply to it, and poachers could be prosecuted and punished by *law*, whereas now it is only under executive orders." Lieut. Lindsley.

Caribou. I could not learn that the caribou ever came as far South and East as the Yellowstone. " I don't believe there ever were caribou in the Park." G. S. A.

21. Elk (*Cervus canadensis* Erxleben) The most conservative estimate of the elk in the Park puts them at 30,000. They are undoubtedly increasing; and, as in the au-


2nd Section:
ROCKY HILL
MARSH
HOUSE
about 25ft wide
Dead Willows
MARSH
6 or 7ft Deep here
1st or Great Dam. 4½ft high 15ft wide at base. 301ft long
26 yds above 2nd Dam
25ft Canal
70ft Canal.
2nd Dam. 120ft Wide. 3ft high. 10f across base
20yds above 3rd Dam
Path To Aspen Woods 145ft away
up a 30ft Bank.

tumn, single bands of one or more thousands are seen, it seems likely that the actual figures are much over those given. As a matter of fact, the Park has already more elk than it can feed over winter. The consequence is that each year there is a surplus population of elk crowded out into the surrounding country. This no doubt is in the line of the Park objects; consequently the shooting and hunting in the outside region is, and is likely to continue, the best in America. The Park elk are said to be a good deal troubled with a scab disease. This seems to be a consequence of their retreat from the plains to the mountains, for the elk, like the big-horn, is not normally an alpine species. Perhaps the white goat is the only one of our ruminants which is by nature a cliff dweller. "I do not believe in the scab disease. Those that show it are only the old bulls, scabby from age. I have seen and killed too many elk near the Park to believe that scab is among them as a disease." G. S. A.

"Notwithstanding the hard winter of 1896-97, which killed many elk and drove many more out of the park, there is no perceptible diminution in their number. I believe that more than 5,000 winter in the park, and that at least 15,000 leave the park in the autumn to winter in the lower country.

"I happened to be at the South boundary of the forest reserve this year, just after the first snowstorm, on October 13 and 14. The country about Jackson lake was literally alive with elk, and from the best estimates I believe that 10,000 crossed the South boundary this fall. Many go down the Madison to winter; some down the Gallatin, and some down the Yellowstone. All that survive the winter return to the park to raise their young, as soon as the snow will permit of their return. Of those that winter in the park, the largest herd ranges North of the Yellowstone river, in the country that it has been so often proposed to cut off from the park. I doubt if any more would ever winter in the park under any circumstances, if this should happen. The park furnishes an ideal summer range for 40,000 elk, but there is not enough winter range for one-fourth that number." Lieut. Lindsley.

22. Black-tailed Deer (*Dorcelaphus hemionus* Raf.). This is the common deer of the region. It is common throughout the half open regions of the Park, its favorite haunts being the thicket of quaking asp on the hillsides, but it seems to avoid the heavy continuous woods. Its remarkable bounding gives it a sovereign advantage in surmounting the hills. "They roam through the post all winter and it is easy to get within a few feet of them at any time. They have been known to come and look through a window, at a party at dinner not 10 feet from where they were standing." G. S. A.

"Deer are numerous, and in the summer are distributed over the whole park. Their protection has as yet offered no difficulties and probably will not for many years to come. Probably 200 winter in the immediate vicinity of the post and are very tame. A few white-tail deer inhabit the lower and more open portions of the park." Lieut. Lindsley.

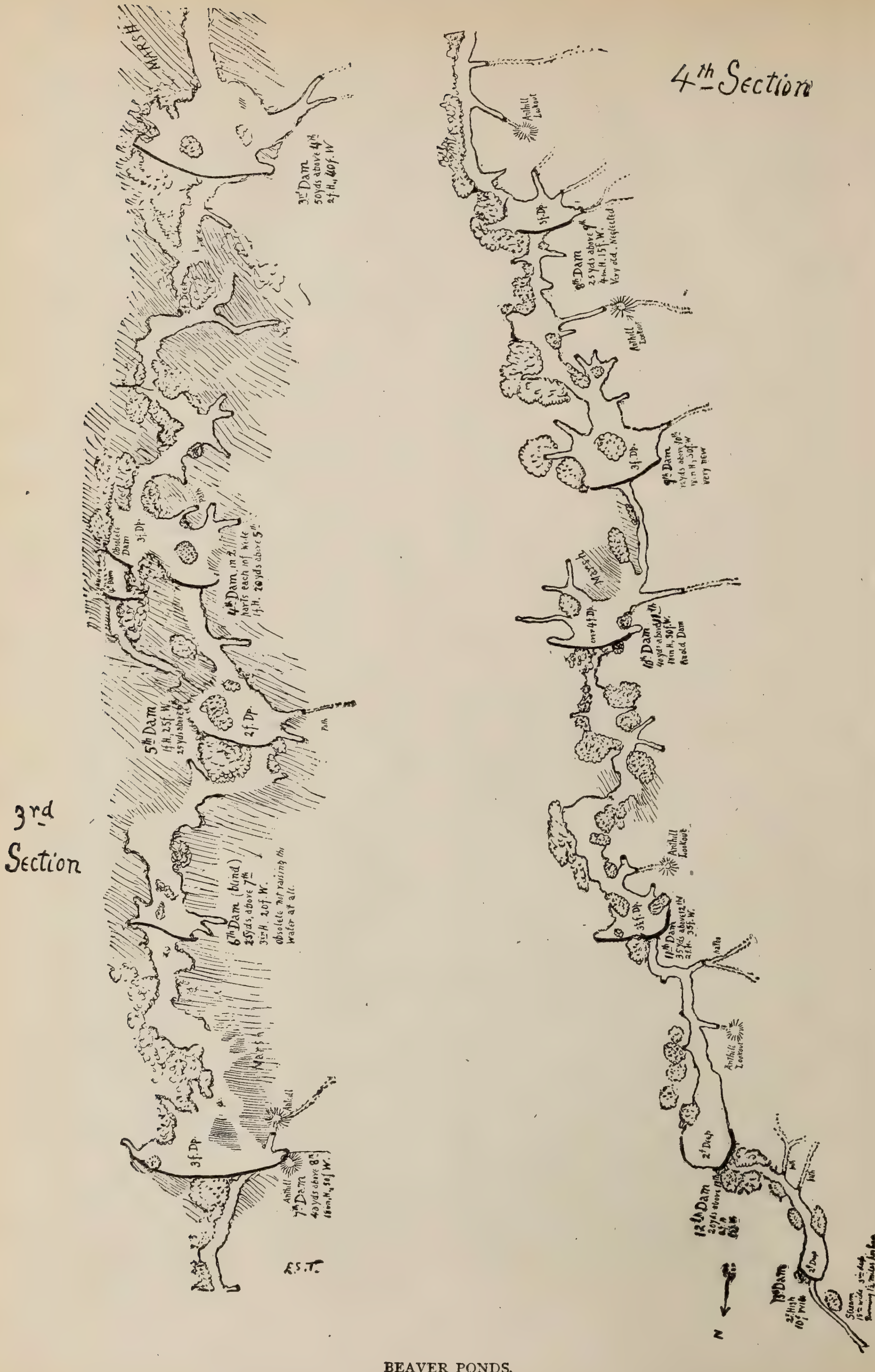
23. White-tailed Deer (*Dorcelaphus americanus macrourus* Raf.) Rare but according to many witnesses found occasionally in all the wooded river bottoms in the South and Southeast Park. "A good many of late years near Mammoth Hot Springs and eastward as far as Yancey's, and even Soda Butte. I sent a fawn to Washington, D. C., that was picked up at the canon. On the whole it is rather scarce compared with the Black-tail." G. S. A.

24. Antelope (*Antilocapra americana* Ord.). Common along the open valley of the Yellowstone from Gardiner to Soda Butte; but in the wooded regions unknown. In 1896 there were probably over 1,000 antelope in the North part of the Park, but during the deep snow of last winter they suffered so much that I doubt if ½ that number are now left. "Also plenty near the West line, near Riverside, and some across the South line near the Snake river station." G. S. A.

25. Mountain Sheep or Bighorn (*Ovis cervina* Shaw). This seems to be confined chiefly to the North part of the Park. Mt. Everts and the mountain North of the Yellowstone being favorite places. Still they are very rare even there. One hunter expressed a belief that there were nearer 50 than 100 on those mountains. Like the elk they are much affected with a scab disease. I suspect the Bighorn of the Park and the Northern Rocky Mountains will be found at least subspecifically distinct from that of the adjoining Pacific slope, and distinguished from it by its very pale general color.

"The foregoing correct: but it is plentiful also near the West line of the Park; another favorite place is the mountain East of the lake. Fifteen months ago I saw a fine band of about 12, some 15 miles Southeast of Yancey's on Amethyst mountain, and there are always plenty near Soda Butte. I have seen more than 30 in one bunch on Mt. Everts, and in May last, I saw 3 within 1½ miles of my house at the Mammoth Hot Springs, along the Yancey road. Col. Young was with me at the time. I hear the 'scab' killed off those East of the Park several years ago, but those that are there now seem all right." G. S. A.

"There are several bands of sheep that range along the higher mountains of the Park. A very fine bunch winters close to the post, on the slopes of Mount Everts. This bunch numbered about 30 last winter. There are smaller bunches in the Northeast corner of the Park, some along


MARSH
3rd Dam
50yds above 4th
2f.H., 40f.W
2f. Deep
Path
Obsolete Dam
3f. Dp.
4th Dam
4th Dam, in 2 parts each 10f wide
1f.H. 20yds above 5th
5th Dam
1f.H., 25f.W.
25yds above 6th
2f. Dp.
Path
3rd
Section
6th Dam (blind)
25yds, above 7th
3in.H. 20f.W.
obsolete not raising the water at all.
Marsh
Anthill
3f. Dp.
Anthill
7th Dam
40yds above 8th
18in.H., 50f.W.
E.S.T.
4th Section
Anthill Lookout
3f. Dp.
8th Dam
25yds above 9th
4in.H. 15f.W.
Very old. Neglected
Anthill Lookout
3f. Dp.
9th Dam
12yds above 10th
18in H., 30f.W.
very new
Marsh
over 4f. Dp.
10th Dam
40yds above 11th
18in H., 30f.W.
Avold Dam
Anthill Lookout
3½f. Dp.
11th Dam
35yds above 12th
2f.H. 35f.W.
Path
Anthill Lookout
2f Deep
12th Dam
20yds above 13th
Path
Path
2f Deep
13th Dam
2f High
10f wide
Stream
15f wide 3in deep
Running 1½ miles farther
N

BEAVER PONDS.

the range between Swan lake flat and the Madison basin, and a considerable number in that portion of the forest reserve East of the park. It is difficult to make an estimate of the total number in the Park, because of the inaccessibility of their range, but I am confident of more than 100, and believe there are 200 in the Park." Lieut. Lindsley.

26. Buffalo (*Bison bison* Linn.). The herd that numbered 300 or 400 some years ago has now dwindled to 20 or 30. It seems almost certain that they are less than 30 now and that they are doomed to extinction; for in addition to heavy snowfalls, unprincipled gunners and scarce food, they are now confronted by a deadly foe in the form of constitutional weakness from inbreeding. "I have a letter saying a herd of about 30 have recently been seen. I doubt if 50 is an excessive estimate." G. S. A.

"But very few buffalo have been reported this season. The scouts, however, seldom see much sign in the summer, and now the few remaining buffalo are scattered and range in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the park in summer. I am confident of finding 25 this winter, when the snowshoe season sets in, and hope there are nearly double this number in the park. Since Idaho has forbidden the killing of buffalo—as has Montana and Wyoming—I have strong hopes of being able to protect them from further slaughter by poachers. Whether they will still decrease, on account of natural causes, only time can tell. A strong effort is being made to protect them and to save the remnant, if possible." Lieut. Lindsley.

27. Mountain Lion (*Felis hippolestes* Merriam). Very rare. Mr. Haines, the photographer, saw one 3 or 4 years ago, but even its track is rarely seen. "Not so rare as you state. Tracks are very frequent, but as you know it is a shy animal and not easily seen." G. S. A.

28. Common Lynx (*Lynx canadensis* Linn.). Somewhat common in the woods. "Quite common." G. S. A.

29. Wild-cat. Bobcat (*Lynx baileyi* Merriam). Rare in the Park. "They are there but I never saw one." G. S. A.

30. Big-tail Fox *Vulpes macrourus* Baird). Abundant in the Park. As many as a dozen may be sighted at once, about the Canon Hotel, in winter. "Have seen them by the hundred. Silver, gray and red ones." G. S. A.

31. Great Montana Timber-wolf (*Canis nubilis* Say). Extremely rare. I could not hear of one having been seen since 1894, and only 2 reported for several years back. "I doubt if there is a real wolf in the Park. I know their voices well and have spent many nights in the Park woods and plains, and never heard one of them. G. S. A.

32. Coyote (*Canis latrans* Say.). Abundant in the prairie parts of the Park, especially along the Yellowstone up to the forks above Yancey's, but not at all on the South or wooded region. "The coyote is numerous all over the Park. I have seen them in every part of it." G. S. A.

"Coyotes are very numerous in certain sections. They do some damage to the water fowl and kill some of the young elk, but the antelope is the greatest sufferer from their depredations. If a large number of coyotes could be gotten rid of, it would doubtless be a great benefit to the other game in the Park." Lieut. Lindsley.

33. Otter (*Lutra hudsonica* Lacepede). Common throughout the Park along the large streams of the lakes. "I never saw but one otter, but plenty of signs." G. S. A.

"Otter are fairly abundant and have increased since the barren streams have been stocked with fish." Lieut. Lindsley.

34. Mink (*Lutreola vision* Schreber). Common throughout the Park. "Correct. I never saw but one, but plenty of signs." G. S. A.

"Quite plenty." Lieut. Lindsley.

35. Longtailed weasel (*Putorius longicauda* Bonaparte). A weasel that I suppose to be this is said to be found in the Park.

36. Marten (*Mustela americana* Turton). Common in the Park region. Have seen plenty of them." G. S. A.

37. Fisher (*Mustela pennanti* Erxleben). I did not hear of any in the park, but undoubtedly it occurs. "I know they are there as I have taken the skin from poachers. Never saw a live one" G. S. A.

38. Skunk (*Mephitis hudsonica* Rich.). Abundant everywhere in the Park and not essentially different in habits from its species elsewhere.

39. Badger (*Taxidea americana* Boddaert). Abundant in all open or prairie regions but never in the woods.

40. Wolverine (*Gulo luscus* Linn.). Wolverine said to be common in the heavy woods. "Wolverine, while not plentiful, are distributed over a large part of the park, though they are seldom seen by tourists." Lieut. Lindsley.

41. Raccoon (*Procyon lotor* Linn.). Said to be common. I saw but one and that was in captivity.

42. Grizzly Bear or Silver-tip (*Ursus horribilis* Ord.). Common in the Park. Both the Grizzly and Cinnamon forms are found, the former being commonly called the Silver-tip. "Correct. I sent 4 or 5 of them to Washington while I was at the Park." G. S. A.

43. Black bear (*Ursus americanus* Pallas). Abundant in the Park. At the Fountain Hotel I had 9 in sight at one time. At the same time there were also 2 grizzlies in view and 2 more black bears in the near woods. Both black and brown forms of this bear were in the "bunch"—and the amount of tan on the muzzle varied from covering the whole muzzle before the eyes, to none at all. "Correct, very numerous and tame." G. S. A.

TWO DAYS WITH THE DUCKS.

H. C. D.

The fall of '92 found me temporarily located at Chicago.

I had spent a few Saturday afternoons at Calumet lake, just outside the city limits, with some luck; but the flight and variety did not please me, and I wanted a good old-time duck shoot. I did not have my outfit with me, so had to depend on a Chicago gun store for my gun and other traps. The proprietor was accommodating. He rented me a new 10 bore Remington hammer gun and loaned me his canvas coat and hat.

I had chosen Fox lake for my sport, this being the best place within a reasonable distance of the city. Packing my traps I boarded the 7.30 train, and 11.30 p.m. found me, with 3 other pleasure seekers, standing, in a half frozen condition, on the station platform at Lake Villa. The team from the hunters' hotel at Fox lake did not start back until the 12.15 train had gone; so we made ourselves acquainted and tried to keep warm as best we could.

For several days it had been ideal weather for good flights of birds. A raw Northeast wind filled with wet flying snow, which melted as it struck the ground; filling the city streets with slush and the country roads with from 6 to 8 inches of mud.

This was the condition of affairs in Chicago when we left. But at Lake Villa we found the moon shining clear and bright, the wind blowing a gale, and the mercury standing at 10 degrees above zero.

At last the team appeared, and we piled in the 2-seated top wagon, bag and baggage. We put up the curtains to keep out the wind and as much cold as possible, and started on our long drive to Fox lake, over the roughest roads I had ever seen. The roads were now frozen as hard as rock, and our wagon, loaded to the springs, rode over them like a wheelbarrow. We all took turns at driving and at running beside the wagon. Everything went as well as could be expected until we turned in the wood road. We were all holding on for dear life, but a gully, 2 feet deep, was too much for us. The jounce broke the back seat, and over the back of the wagon went 2 of our party, accompanied by several bags and blankets. Fortunately, the men were not hurt, the traps breaking their fall. We picked them up, and after a severe shaking arrived at 1.30 a.m. at the hotel. After we were fairly thawed out, we were shown to our rooms. We were up before light and at daybreak were preparing our sneak boats for the day's sport.

The bottoms of the boats were filled with hot gravel the size of marbles. Over this we placed straw and 2 robes; when all was ready we crawled under the robes and made ourselves comfortable in the straw. We had to break the ice along the shore to get to open water, but once there we were ready for business. We were hardly clear of the ice before a great flock of mud hens rose and passed us at easy range One of the party, wishing to try his gun, gave the leaders a right and left, bringing them to water.

The reports started a flock of red heads which were passing within range to my right, making a very difficult shot, sitting as I did. I managed to empty the 10 bore at the leaders and brought 4 down. One arose with difficulty as we approached, but was brought to bag by the guide. He used an old Kentucky rifle, bored out to about 16 gauge. This old gun proved a killer before the day ended; the old man always following up the flock after I had emptied my gun. He never failed during the day to drop his bird, but never got more than one at a shot. The most remarkable shot made with the gun was at 2 wild geese. We were nearing our blind on the point, when they rose, the bulk of the flock swung back to Grass lake; while 2, for some reason, circled the point. These passed just out of range; but I led them some 15 feet and emptied my left at them. The old man, seeing I had missed, dropped his paddle, picked up the old gun and taking a careful aim pulled at fully 100 yards, bringing down one of the geese with a shot through its neck. This proved the only shot that struck, but it did the work.

We shot from the blind all the morning, going back on shore for our lunch. The evening flight was a good one, and brought us rare sport. In 2 days we killed about 50 birds. The lot consisting of 4 mallards, 2 geese, red heads, pin tails, black ducks, and blue bills.

I never enjoyed myself so much at duck shooting as I did on those 2 days at Fox lake. A good guide, blind, boat, and a good flight of birds are all one needs. If these are all satisfactory, the cold is forgotten and the constant excitement keeps your blood bounding and your body warm.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS OF CAMP LIFE.

HERBERT PEARSALL.

The location chosen for our camp was a beautiful spot on the shores of Lake Hopatcong, high up among the mountains of Northern New Jersey, where malaria and mosquitoes are unknown. Indeed, this glorious sheet of water has been aptly termed the "Lake George of New Jersey."

We had camped in the same place for several years and were therefore familiar with all the vagaries of camp life; from hunting up a breakfast in the rain, to washing greasy dishes with a lamp mop and cold water, and any housewife knows what that means.

We often used to grumble that our amateur cook required enough wood in his camp stove to run a Southern locomotive. He was especially prodigal of fuel after a rainy night, when every stick was soaked through and the trees dripped in a dismal patter that effectually choked off all attempts at gayety and made one feel most miserable for the time being.

We tried the scheme of having an oil stove in the tent, but found the remedy worse than the disease. It emitted such an overpowering odor, that one after another of us deserted our cook and went sneaking out under the dripping trees, for all the world like wet hens in a barnyard.

But all this was only the rainy day side of camp life. We had bright sunshine most of the time, with spirits correspondingly light. Then the bracing air, the free and easy life, the shady hammocks and delightful swims effectually erased from the memory all trifling drawbacks and put fresh vigor into each man.

It mattered not that we sometimes found the nights so cold as to necessitate our retiring beneath the blankets fully dressed, including hats and shoes; nor that the yellow jackets were so thick at meal times as to keep us in constant dread of swallowing one with our food. These little incidents but added spice and variety to camp life and were never looked on as annoyances.

Stiff collars, boiled shirts and other accessories of fashion, were tabooed in camp. Style was sacrificed for comfort.

There were 5 of us in the party, just enough to comfortably fill the 14 x 14 wall tent which sheltered us during our trip. Smith and Lockwood took turns at cooking. It must be confessed that some of their efforts at fancy dishes would hardly have passed muster at home, but they "went" in the woods.

We ate flapjacks that were hard as sole leather, tainted with smoke and flavored occasionally with kerosene, but for all that, seemed to beat anything our mothers had ever attempted. There was only one objection to those flapjacks. The chap who ate many of them for dinner had to forego his afternoon swim, or else buoy himself up with a life preserver.

I recall a big pudding we had one day. It was the result of much hot, smoky work over the rebellious camp stove, and deep study of an old cook book which Lockwood had borrowed at home. According to the recipe it was a chocolate pudding, but the finished product, as I remember it, was chocolate only in color. The various ingredients introduced during its manufacture, at the suggestion of various members of the camp, gave forth a grand result that might have been called most anything. There was absolutely nothing in the taste of that pudding to even suggest its name, but we ate it with a relish and voted it good.

The effect of a few weeks in the woods, on a man's appetite, is little short of marvellous, particularly if he does his own cooking.

I shall never forget our first supper in camp. After raising the heavy tent, straightening out our belongings and getting everything shipshape, we were ravenously hungry. Smith volunteered to get together a little "snack," as he termed it. After delving in every package of grub we had, he really produced a royal feast; which we ate off the top of a big rock, just at sunset.

There were sardines and canned salmon, cheese and crackers, lemon jelly, milk, pickles, lobster, coffee and sliced ham. We demolished the spread in about 10 minutes. I did not begin to realize the combative properties embodied in these articles until next day, but the other fellows were less fortunate. They suffered all the horrors of the black plague, throughout the night, and the morning sun, peeping over the hilltops, smiled on 5 white faced young men leaning for support against as many trees, totally disinterested in everything earthly but the Jamaica ginger bottle, which was going the rounds. It took us 2 days to fully recover from that meal and then we got even with Smith. He never had the same reputation after that episode.

We found the fishing at Hopatcong excellent. Bass weighing 2 and 3 pounds were frequently caught in front of camp; while pickerel of the same size and even larger, often rewarded the early riser.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

UNCLE JOE'S STORY.

BEN COLE.

"A remarkable shot," by J. F. Warner, and Dr. Coquina's diagnosis of the case, in February RECREATION, reminds me of a story told by Uncle Joe—an old hunter and trapper—to a party of sportsmen. We were sitting around a fire, one rainy night, discussing the events of the day. One member of the party remarked that deer were uncertain animals. Uncle Joe knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "That's so, pard," he said; "deer are powerful unsartin critters an' you never know what they will do next. Did I ever tell you of a spearance I had with one onct?" Being assured we had never heard the story, Uncle Joe cut off a big chew of plug, and began: It was a long time ago, afore them repeatin' rifles was thought of. In them days if a feller had a good single barrel muzzle loader he was well fixed. But I wanted somethin' better. I had seen rifles with a shot gun under 'em—over an under, they called 'em. But I didn't want no shot gun; so I had a gun maker make me a double barrel rifle on the over an' under plan. She was a dandy; 36 inch barrels, 60 balls to ther pound, curly maple stick an' brass trimmins; an' she would shoot as well as she looked. Thar warn't [illegible]ter rifle in York State. I killed a slew o' deer the fust year I had Betsey. Then I had the best deer dorg that ever stood on legs. He didn't have no pedigree as I knowed of. He war jist a dorg. But he could put a deer to water quicker 'n scat; or he'd bring 'em to your stand or trail 'em slow and tell you when you war most on to 'em. If thar war snow on the ground he'd stay behind you till you told him sick 'em. He war so purty I called him Satan.

The next fall arter I got Betsey, I had a big job clearin' a piece o' new land; so I didn't hunt any till the fall rains come on. It rained for 2 days. Then it turned around an' snowed. I knowed it would be fine huntin' next day. That night I cleaned up old Betsey an' run a lot o' bullets; filled my horn full o' powder an' cut a lot o' patches, greased 'em with taller an' got all ready for an' airly start. Next mornin' I was in the woods as soon as it war light. Thar war about 4 inches o' snow on the ground, an' in half a hour I struck the track o' a mighty big buck, an' it war as fresh as a trout. I didn't want the dorg around, so I quoted a passage o' scriptur' to 'im—Luke 4th 8th—an' he got. I follered the old feller about 2 mile, when Satan sed we war gettin' close. Purty soon, I seed the old chap in a clump o' bushes. He war ended right tword me. It warn't a very good show for me but I knowed I could drap him as he warn't morn 18 rod away. I drawed a bead right on the center o' the old feller an' let drive. He didn't drap as I spected he would. He jist shook his head a little. Satan, insted o' stayin' behind, let a yelp out fit ter split, an' lit out arter that deer, hellbent fur 'lection. I yelled at him to come back, but he kep' right on. I was that mad I clean forgot thar war another barrel to my rifle. Ther buck didn't seem ter mind what war goin' on till Satan war within 7 or 8 rods uv him. Then ther buck humped up his back an' let an orful cough, an' Satan draped right in the snow as dead as a mackeril, with a bullet right atween his eyes. Then I war some mad. I pulled up the gun an' unhitched the other barrel on the old cuss in a little less than no time. He didn't mind it much morn he did the fust time. He pawed the snow a little more. I drapped the but o' the old gun in the snow an' poured 2 charges o' powder into her, put on a patch, laid a bullet on it an' war jest drawin' the ramrod when I seed the old feller a humpin' up his back agin. I squatted quickern litenin', when zip, come a bullet an' knocked my old coonskin cap off my hed. If I hadn't squatted jest as I did, the old feller would a plugged me plum through the gizzard an' no mistake. I didn't stop to pick up my cap but got behind a big basswood an' finished loadin' the old gun. Then I started out to investigate. When I got to the bushes whar he stood, thar he lay deader 'n a last year's bird's nest. I looked him over carefully; thar warn't a scratch on him as I could see. I went back to the clearin' an' got some help an' got him home. Then we held what doctors calls an inquest, but thar warn't a mark o' a bullet on him, in him or anywhar that we could see. The ony thing that didn't look right war a redness of his throat, like as if he had the canker rash. As I said afore, deer are powerful unsartin."

"And you don't know what killed him," we asked.

"Not fur sure. I told a doctor 'bout it onct an' he sed the deer hed ketched the bullets and swallered 'em and had coughed 'em up at me and the dorg. The trouble was 'at he hed coughed so hard the last time he hed busted a vessel an' died from colly wobbles o' the diaphragmic column, or somethin' like that.

BOSTON IS AHEAD.

The Boston Show proved a revelation to everyone who visited it. The officers of the N. E. Sportsmen's Association, from president to night watchman, have covered themselves with glory. They have shown the public there is something else in hunting and fishing beside the killing of game and the taking of fish. They have taught the public the value of a close study of nature. They have shown that the ozone of the pine woods can be brought into a great city, and that people assembled within brick walls may be made to feel the influence of the great forests. The multitudes that attended the Boston Exhibition gazed with wonder and admiration on the forests of Maine, the rocks and crags of the Rocky mountains, the muskeags of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the lakes and rivers of Ontario. Elk, moose, caribou, Rocky mountain sheep, beaver, antelope, foxes, wolves, lynxes and raccoons were there, collected from the 4 quarters of the continent.

The people who attended this great show listened to the familiar " honk " of the wild goose, the clatter of great flocks of mallards, teal, wood-ducks, and other denizens of the lakes; to the twitter of yellow legs, the familiar cawing of the crow and the grotesque bellowing of the moose.

These multitudes have also looked with admiration and delight on a great variety of aquatic sports indulged in by canoeists, swimmers, divers, etc.

The great Exhibits that were shown in the Mechanics' Building, of guns, fishing tackle, tents, camping outfits, taxidermy, and sportsmen's goods of all kinds, while intensely interesting to visitors were but an incident in this great show.

The visitor, on entering at the East end of the building, was amazed to find himself at once in a great forest of pines, hemlocks and cedars. He found himself confronted by wild animals that inhabit not only the woods, but also the marshes and the mountains. As he wended his way about the building, he discovered on every hand new evidences of his nearness to nature. He saw everywhere indications of the great labor and expense which the officers and members of the New England Sportsmen's Association have put into the work of installing this Exhibition. No one who has not had experience in organizing and conducting such shows, can realize how great has been their task. I have been through the mill, year after year, in one capacity or another, and I know what they have encountered. I have also been in touch with the gentlemen who have gotten up this show, for nearly a year past, and have known how they were working, night and day, and how they were spending money.

It is impossible to attempt anything like an adequate description of the show at this time. It would take a whole issue of Recreation to state it all. For months, I have been advising my readers to go and see the show, and while thousands of them have done so, yet there are many thousands of others who could not spare the time or money to visit Boston. These will never know what they have missed. Many of them live close to nature all the time, yet I regret that they could not have seen the combination of nature and of art that were brought together in the great Mechanics' Building.

Among the more novel of the exhibits were those of the Boston Camera Club, the collection of live game fishes, the illustration of fish hatching, etc. Among the more prominent trade exhibits were those of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., David T. Abercrombie & Co., M. A. Frazer, Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Helvetia Milk Co., Marlin Firearms Co., Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Peters Cartridge Co., and William Read & Sons.

There was a picturesque Indian Camp on the stage, back of which was a realistic setting of typical Rocky mountain scenery, with a river running out of the mountains into the plains beyond.

A young hunter gave frequent imitations of calls of various kinds of game.

Among the water sports which were roundly applauded by thousands of people were water polo, swimming and diving, canoeing, tugs of war, log rolling, canoe upsets, exhibitions of walking on the water in rubber shoes, etc. Two professional divers leaped from the dome of the building, a distance of 70 feet, into the lake, in the centre of the auditorium.

Mr. L. A. B. Street dove from a pedestal 20 feet high, completely dressed in a business suit, and then undressed—down to a bathing suit—in the water.

Wallace Ross, the famous oarsman and sculler, gave some novel exhibitions of aquatic tricks, in a Boynton rubber suit.

The officers of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association are entitled to a great deal of credit for their hearty co-operation with the managers of the show. Purser Burgess and Vice Commodore Drake were in daily attendance and always had some good teams from the various Canoe Clubs in New England, whose exhibitions were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

The rifle and revolver tournaments drew great crowds to the basement, where the ranges were located. A large number of valuable trophies were offered by the management and the men who won them have something to feel proud of.

The display of photographs was the best that has probably ever been given, in the way of birds, animals and fishes. A great many photographs, of these classes, were shown that were truly remarkable in composition and execution. I should like to be able to describe many of these, in detail, and to give proper credit to the makers, but space will not admit of this. The pictures in which I am personally most interested are those made by A. G. Wallihan, Charles I. Rice, W. L. Underwood, J. E. Stone, C. H. Pray, J. H. Wheeler, V. W. Manson, G. P. Douglass, E. B. Holmes and H. L. Sturtevant. These men have shown special aptness and skill in their work, and I shall hope to publish some specimens of it in future issues of RECREATION.

Mr. LaFayette W. Seavey, of New York, the well known scenic artist, provided this magnificent setting and managed the entertainment on the stage and in the lake.

The St. Augustine Cadet Band furnished the music for the main hall, and their performances were thoroughly appreciated. The leader showed his good taste by playing "Recreation March" every afternoon and evening.

THIS IS WHY.

Denver, Colo., March 7, 1898.

Dear Sir: Why don't you roast E. H. Litchfield for being a game hog? He boasts in RECREATION of having 80 elk and 15 moose in his park. Is it because he is a wealthy Wall Street man that he escapes your scathing pen?

Are you aware those 80 elk represent more than double the number injured and destroyed, yet this man is ready for more.

The Jackson's Hole people have sat on this jobbing business and if you don't give Mr. Litchfield a wast many of your friends here will lose faith in you. Defend Litchfield if you can. L. E. Wylie.

The question you raise, regarding Mr. Litchfield, is a serious one and one that has been widely discussed and considered by thousands of interested people. Mr. L. is one of a class of Eastern men who are creating large game parks and stocking them with game from various portions of the country.

This game is not enclosed and bred in these parks for the purpose of being killed, as is the case in European game preserves, but is simply bred for the pleasure these gentlemen and their friends experience in seeing and studying these animals, under domestication.

As you know, the large game is rapidly being exterminated everywhere, and it is a question of but a few years when it will be entirely extinct, in its wild state. These gentlemen are, therefore, certainly to be commended for creating these large parks at a cost, in most cases, of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and stocking them with game. Thus these wild animals are being preserved and bred. These parks will, undoubtedly, be permanent institutions and centuries hence people may then see elk, moose, caribou, deer, etc., when all these species will be unknown in what little tracts of forest may then remain on this continent.

It seems to me it is better that say 10 elk should be shipped East alive and placed in a game preserve, where they may increase and multiply, than that they should have been killed on their native range by hunters. The 10 elk that are brought here alive may increase to 100 in 10 years, while the 10 that are killed in the mountains are gone for all time to come.

I am not in favor of the unlimited catching and shipping of game to the East, and it is not necessary that this process should be kept up indefinitely. Mr. Litchfield's herd of elk is increasing so rapidly that he may soon begin to supply young animals to his neighbors, who may be starting new preserves. Not so the victims of the sportsman who goes into the mountains. He may supply some one with a piece of meat from an elk he has killed, but posterity will never see any good of his work. I claim that Mr. L. while at present collecting for his own amusement is, at the same time, a public benefactor. So was Austin Corbin, and so is Dr. Seward Webb, and others of that class.

If Mr. L. had gone into the mountains and killed 50 elk, or 20 elk, or 10 elk, he would have been condemned and excoriated by RECREATION as the veriest pot hunter and butcher that ever shouldered a gun. RECREATION is no respecter of persons on account of wealth, poverty, race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

From its standpoint a man who kills more than a reasonable quantity of game is a hog, whether he be a millionaire or a pauper.

I am aware this statement will incur the displeasure of many of my Western friends. This I regret exceedingly, but I am conscientious in my views on this, as on other subjects. I trust, therefore, I may be judged fairly.

A STRANGE SHOT.

The mysterious manner in which Mr. Warner killed an antelope, as told in February RECREATION, reminds me of a shot I once made. I started out for ducks, taking my 12 gauge double bareled Wesley Richards' gun, loaded with Ely's wire shot cartridge. I saw a flock of geese, with an old gander in the lead, and while he was, as I thought, too distant for me to reach him, I gave him a shot and down he came. I picked him up, found his wing broken and did not give a thought as to how I had killed him. When I returned home I gave him to my uncle. He dressed him, and the next day told me I did not shoot the goose. Though I insisted I did, he would not believe me. He said he examined the bird thoroughly, and could not find a shot or mark of a shot. My grandfather overheard this conversation and asked where the head of the gander was. It was found and dissected. A BB shot had gone into his ear and killed him; and yet no mark of a shot could be found until the head was cut open. I thought I had broken his wing with my shot, but instead it was broken by the fall. The old gander who leads a flock is always turning his head from side to side. In this case, his head was turned at a correct angle for the shot to enter his ear. The shot in the antelope might have gone into the ear, and not through the head, and consequently left no mark.

Chas. H. Nye, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A MT. McGREGOR COON HUNT.

R. P. SCHERMEEHORN.

On and near Mt. McGregor, 8½ miles from Saratoga Springs, game of many kinds is still plentiful and even a deer is occasionally seen.

My story has to do with raccoons, which were quite plentiful in '93. My brother and I accidentally came into possession of a dog that would hunt them in a business like manner, and we spent many a pleasant hour in coon hunting.

One warm dark night in early November, we took our dog and went up the road which leads to the hotel on the mountain. When he showed by his actions, that he scented coons, we unleashed him and he soon treed 2 in a chestnut. As we could see them against the sky, we brought them down with a charge of shot.

Following a ravine, we struck another trail which ended, a mile or more away, at the foot of a pine about 8 inches in diameter and 50 feet tall, and almost without branches. We could not see the coons. Though we generally climbed the trees in such cases, we sometimes cut them; and this was one of the times. With the tree fell 2 coons. One the dog quickly caught and killed. The other didn't stay to see the fun. My companion was near the second coon so I could not bring my gun into use, and the coon started to climb another tree. My friend ran toward him, striking at him with a club. Just as he reached the tree, the club caught the coon on the nose. At the same instant my friend's feet flew from under him, on the slippery pine needles, and he sat down, while the coon tumbled right in his lap. The coon and the man scratched around, each trying to get away from the other, and both rolling toward the bottom of the little hill they were on. I don't think I could have helped the poor boy if his life had depended on it. I had no time to stop laughing. But the dog rushed in and saved him; for which he was so thankful that, in trying to help the dog, he hit him across the nose and knocked him down. This sobered the fun, but the dog was all right in 5 minutes and wanted more coons; and in 5 more had one treed in an immense hemlock. I cut a small tree, and leaning it against the lower branches of the large one, was soon after the coon. He went straight for the top of the tree and I followed him. When I got near enough to see him, I called to the boys below to be ready and reached for my revolver. Before I could shoot he jumped from the top of the tree and landed down the hill, a clear jump of 110 feet. Before the boys got to him, he was away, and he ran 150 yards before the dog caught him. He must have been injured by his jump for he ran under a little bridge and waited for us to come and finish him.

Starting almost at the foot of the tree, the dog ran down the creek some distance and found a coon among some bowlders, not 2 feet from the water. He brought the coon out, and standing in the water, shook the poor beast to death.

Shortly after this, we started another trail and got 2 more coons up a chestnut; making 8 in about 5 hours. Going home, the dog killed a skunk, which being a nice black one, we added to our catch.

We caught in 11 nights 48 coons. Others caught 12 more with this dog last fall. Our coon skins brought us an average of 74 cents each, and we saved 10 gallons of oil which we sold for $1 a gallon.

Our outfit was an axe, a gun, a revolver, a bottle of kerosene oil to light fires or torches with, and a lantern for every 2 persons. I have known this dog to keep a coon treed 11 hours.

CATCHING AND SHIPPING DEER.

FRANKLIN L. PAYNE.

Two years ago about 35 deer, which had been kept in a 5 acre enclosure, at the Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kan., were caught and crated for shipment. Nearly all were full grown, and several of the larger bucks had become vicious. So it was decided to send the entire bunch to Mr. Chester Chapin's game preserve, on the Delaware river in New York.

All the plans conceivable for their transportation were discussed, but none seemed practical. Finally Mr. Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan., was sent for, to superintend the undertaking. He is a dealer in wild animals, and has invented a crate for the transportation of deer, which is eminently successful. He brought a sufficient number of crates and, with a corps of assistants, went to work.

The most vicious buck was the first one caught. He came boldly to the gate and was quickly roped. Restraint was an entirely new thing to him and he objected strongly. He was drawn struggling, fighting, kicking and bawling with rage to the fence, and his antlers were quickly removed. This operation is not painful, as the antlers of a deer are coreless. The part remaining drops off in the spring, and a new horn grows in its place.

A large chute had been constructed in one corner of the enclosure, wide at one end, and gradually narrowing to a small pen. About 20 men, scattered out like a skirmish line, gradually drove the deer toward the pen. Once within it they were easily caught and crated.

The spectacle of 35 full grown deer tearing around in a large enclosure, first one way and then another, stirring up a heavy cloud of dust whenever they crossed a bare spot, far surpassed in interest the best game of football or polo ever witnessed. They tore around the field with the speed of the wind; breaking through the line of men here and there, and running back and forth along the fence in search of an opening.

After several drives of this kind, some animals being safely penned each time, the fun began in earnest. The fence around the enclosure was of heavy poultry wire, 14 feet high and stretched tightly. The bucks began butting it frantically in their efforts to escape; while the does ran in all directions. It was a wild sight. The deer dashing madly hither and thither with their utmost speed, the bawling of the enraged bucks in the pen, the sound of the many flying feet, the voices of the men as they ran back and forth—and all amid the flying flakes of a blinding snowstorm—will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

A large buck dashed across the field, determined to make his escape if speed, power, weight and resolution could effect it. He threw his strong antlers forward, stiffened his neck to withstand the shock and striking the fence about 4 feet from the ground, passed straight through it. A doe running behind him, seeing his escape, darted through the same hole. This was a surprise, as the wire seemed strong enough to hold anything.

The scene in the pen was a lively one. The does were caught and crated as soon as possible after they were penned; but the bucks had to undergo the dehorning process. This they did not meekly submit to, and it required 3 to 4 men to hold each animal during the operation.

It is impossible to realize the strength and agility possessed by these animals until you attempt to handle one. They resist all restraint until completely worn out, when they lie down and afterward make little trouble.

The last buck was finally denuded of his antlers and crated, and every one drew a long breath.

The animals were taken to the train, as soon as they quieted down sufficiently, and placed in a special express car. Mr. Payne and one assistant went with the car, to care for the safety and comfort of their charges, and stayed with them until they were liberated. They arrived at their destination in apparently as good, if not better condition, than when they started.

TWO CHUCKS AND A CAT.

W. S. CROLLY.

The 22 long rifle is the little giant of small cartridges — the load par excellence for small game shooting. At 150 yards it will hold its own with any load yet devised.

Even at 300 yards it is uniformly reliable, when weather conditions are favorable. Its chief shortcomings are a lack of shocking power, and a high trajectory. Express bullets, of 40 grains, will overcome the first trouble. The latter, can be remedied only by sacrificing accuracy.

Take your 22 Marlin, and go after woodchucks.

There one sits on his mound, surveying the country. Up goes your Lyman, a few notches, and you draw fine on his breast. Gone! As suddenly as if the little hill had caved under him.. He saw or winded you. You make a detour and come up wind. There he is again! A snap, and over he goes, struck in the chest. The little 22 downs him as effectively as would a brick. He is up again, however, and scrambles into his hole—to die. To kill a chuck with the homeopathic 22, requires a head shot.

Number 2 is sitting on a ridge 300 yards away. Get nearer if you can. At 100 yards you should have him. With the click of the hammer he rises, only to fall with a lump of lead in his brain. Pick him up—15 pounds of juciness—and take him home to the poor. Suddenly you note a white spot way off in the meadow. A cat! Half a mile from home, and the season wide open. Alas! poor Thomas, so soon to die! That cat kills more game than a pot hunter. Bang! Up in the air he goes, a full 5 feet and—strange to say—fails to land on his feet. He is off, projecting himself through the air with a screw-like motion; his white belly turns up to the sky, and one of his 9 lives ends at every jump. At the other side of the meadow he falls dead. You wonder where he was hit, to produce such an electrification. By and by you find out. The owner of the defunct beast appears with fire in his eye.

Yes; the cat was a family pet, and valued at $5. You do not wish to be haled before the justice; an unseemly position for a sportsman.

You compromise for $2. It was a great shot; 250 yards, and a 22 rifle. Cheap.

A LOST STEER.

Colorado Springs, Col.

Editor RECREATION: Some years ago when I was new to Colorado, I stopped for a few days at Lake George. While strolling about, one afternoon, I visited a sawmill a half mile or so from where I was staying; and spent some time talking with the men. Among other things, they told me that herders, passing the day before, had lost a steer, and had said anyone finding it could have it. It was dark when I left the mill. When perhaps half way to the house, I heard behind me, a rattle as of something stepping over loose stones. I thought it must be the lost steer; though why it should follow me I did not know. Farther on the sound was repeated, and seemed nearer me than before.

Possibly the steer was looking for trouble; and as I did not care to make him any, I quickened my steps. I was now close to the house, and hearing, or imagining I heard, something in close pursuit, I broke into a run. Before the front door stood a pile of lumber; this I cleared at a bound. I threw myself at the door without stopping to unlatch it, and landed in a heap at the far end of the hall.

The precipitancy of my arrival naturally alarmed the inmates of the house; and the shrieks of my landlady and the hired girl, strengthened my conviction that trouble was brewing. I scrambled to my feet, closed and bolted the door, then grabbed my rifle from its rack, and pumped a 45-90 shell into the barrel. As soon as I could pull myself together, I opened the door cautiously, rifle in hand, and peered out. The light from the lamp behind me shone on 2 balls of fire, not 5 yards away. Resting the rifle against the casing, I took the best aim I could, and pulled the trigger. Then I jumped back, and shut the door. I did not care to see the dying agony of the poor beast, and it was dark, anyway, and—well, there was nothing inside the house I was afraid of.

For a few minutes all was quiet. Then I heard the sound of running footsteps; then a howl that would have done credit to a Comanche, and again the door was burst open and another man landed in a lump in the hall. It was one of the mill hands. While on his way home, he heard a shot near our house. He ran up to see what the trouble was; jumped over the lumber, and landed squarely on the back of some large animal lying in wait at the door. In his surprise at this contretemps, he had forgotten to knock before entering.

We went forth in a body to investigate. At the threshold lay a dead cougar; the largest I ever saw. He measured 8 feet 9 inches from tip to tip.

William Howard.

THE MICHIGAN NORTH WOODS.

Olivet, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: Have just returned from a 4 weeks' trip for deer, in the North Michigan woods and plains. Not having seen anything in RECREATION concerning our North woods game country, I will give an account of our fourth season's hunt in that region. There were 6 of us; Thomas, Burroughs, Jewell, and I, one tenderfoot and the old veteran Shilchcock. We landed at Vanderbilt, Otsego county, on November 4th. The "totes" did not like the looks of our 1,200 pounds of baggage and outfit; so did not fall over each other to get the job of hauling us 12 miles, over sand hills and corduroy roads. We got to the banks of Pickerel lake at one o'clock. After lunch we pitched our 14 x 20 tent, built a pole bunk and gathered a supply of hemlock feathers, wood, etc.

The next day we all struck out to get the lay of the country between the Sturgeon and Pigeon rivers; none of us ever having been on this section before. The country was easily learned by all but the tenderfoot. He had a faculty for repelling suggestions, and arguing the case with his compass. During his stay he did not get 2 miles from camp and naturally did not see a deer. He left us in 2 weeks, disgusted.

Deer had been plentiful during the summer; but berry pickers, resident hogs and local game wardens had dogged them until few remained, and these were wild. Our party saw 30 deer, all told; of which we got 7 and killed one more that another man got. There being no snow to track in, we had to let it go.

There was but little snow during the hunting season and many parties returned without a deer. Few had more than 4 or 5.

The great defect in our game law is that resident wardens are appointed, instead of deputy State wardens. Usually the wardens are themselves law breakers, and there is no one to prosecute them. We have a good State warden, in Mr. Osborn, and with the change indicated our law would be all that could be desired. J. G. S.

CAMPING AT CROOKED LAKE.

Eden Valley, Minn.

Editor Recreation: On the 23d of October I met my companions at Brainerd, and started with them for the Crooked lake country, 50 miles farther North. We reached the lake about noon on the 25th. While Bell and I built sheds and pitched the tents, Mills, Lambert and Lancaster went to take a look through the woods. In about half an hour we heard 3 rifle shots. The boys soon returned and said they had a buck hung up, near Island lake, ½ mile from camp. Bell and I were deputized to bring him in. Mills had put a ball behind his shoulders, and Lambert one a little farther back. The next morning it was rainy and the boys did not stay out long. After dinner I determined to try my luck. Bell and Lancaster volunteered to go along. We kept the road for ½ mile, then turned in the pine woods to the East. We had not gone far, when crossing a ridge I saw, on another, a big buck rubbing his horns on a bush. I quickly levelled my 40-65 and brought him to the ground. The ball struck him behind the left shoulder, coming out at the neck. After hanging him up Lancaster started for camp, and Bell and I went to the other side of the lake. Bell drove another buck from a small thicket. He did not run far. We hung him up and started for camp, a mile away.

This was my first afternoon's hunt in the fall of '97.

But this kind of luck lasted only a few days, then the game scattered and we could hardly find a deer. We pulled up our camp and went back toward Brainerd. There we found more game, which had been driven in from the North. I killed 2 more deer there, and Mills one. One of mine was a large 6 point buck that weighed, when dressed, 210 pounds. There were a few moose in the large swamps of that country. Two were killed close to our camp. Occasionally we saw bear tracks on the ridges.

On Saturday, the 13th of November, we pulled out for our homes, in Stearns county. A. E. Jones.

CARRITUNK NOTES.

October 8th.—H. Pemberton, Jr., and C. Lovering, of Philadelphia, with W. W. Young and me as guides, went to Black brook on a 2 weeks' hunt for large game. Going up the East branch of the Kennebec river 9 miles, to Black brook, we followed that stream one mile to Black brook pond. There we remained 3 days, and Mr. Lovering shot one deer. We next went to Black Nubble, near Moxie pond, where we stayed the remainder of our time. Moose signs were quite numerous, but we did not get a shot. We saw 27 deer and killed 4.

Many deer were killed, in this vicinity, last fall. Ben Russell, of Pleasant Pond, shot a 15 point buck.

October 6th.—A party of sportsmen returned from Pierce's pond, with 8 deer.

October 25.—I went with Fred Moore and Charles Baker, to Black brook. Brought back 2 deer, secured within 3 days.

At Black brook, November 1, I saw a cow moose and calf. Six moose were seen near Moxie pond, November 3d.

November 6th.—I went hunting with Mr. Adams, of Madison Bridge, Me. He killed an 11 point buck, within 3 miles of this place. Harry Williams killed a buck, within ½ mile of the village.

December 4th.—I went to Ellis pond, with W. D. Sullivan and Geo. E. Howe, of Boston, Mass. We remained 10 days. Owing to the crust on the snow, they shot but 2 deer. We saw 16 deer on this trip, and jumped more than 50.

W. W. Young, of the Forks, killed a large moose the last week in November. On my annual moose hunt, in November, I shot a bull moose, weighing 700 pounds. His antlers spread 50 inches.

Geo. C. Jones, Guide.

A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.

Johnson City, Tex.

Editor Recreation: In October of 1893, we were hunting deer among the shin-oaks of Pecos county, Texas. There were several bears lying in the cedar brakes near by. One in particular, as we judged from the sign, was fat and in good condition. We determined to give him a chase; knowing that a fat bear cannot make as long a run as a poorer one. We had plenty of meat in camp; so for several days we fished, hunted bees and loafed around, that our dogs might rest and get in shape for a run.

At last we thought them fit, and at 3 o'clock one morning we mounted our horses, and leading the dogs, struck out for a ridge where our bear had, for some days past, been feeding. There we loosed old Vic, our most reliable bear dog. We knew she would make no mistake, though she was slow, and unable to keep up with the rest of the pack when once the chase was started. While she rambled about, we dismounted and took our ease. In a few minutes we heard Vic open, 100 yards or so to our right, and we rode over to encourage her. The other dogs were pulling at their leashes and trying their best to get loose; but their time had not come. We waited for Vic to strike it hot, that there might be no danger of over running the trail or taking the back track. In a little while the scent grew warmer, and Vic was getting away from us. I released the other 6 dogs, and off they went. We had to ride hard to keep up, but were within 200 yards when they jumped the bear. He headed for the cedar brake, and ran his hardest. Some of the boys rode along the ridge to head him off on one side, while others tried to force him to climb the hill. The bear beat us to the cedars, but we crowded him so hard he went through them, to a ravine on the other side.

We had to leave our horses, but all rushed down afoot. Each was anxious to get the first shot, and so become entitled to the skin.

The day was just dawning as we despatched the bear. We built a fire, lit our pipes, and then examined the dogs. Two of them were slightly hurt. Old Vic had not yet arrived, but we heard her coming, and waited, before skinning the bear, so she might see her game. We estimated the weight of our catch to be 500 pounds.

John C. Casparis.

EIGHTEEN SHOTS AND A BUCK.

Olivet, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: While looking up signs and lay of country, Abe Jewell started a doe and 2 fawns. He noted where they crossed an old roadway. Ted Burroughs came along soon after, and in a moment of partial insanity Abe told him what he had seen, and where they had crossed. The same day, while on an exploring expedition, I saw the fresh tracks. Next morning bright and early we all took our Winchesters and started off in different directions. Abe brought up in 20 minutes on the runway. Five minutes later Ted came up. Before he could excuse himself and get away I put in my appearance. There we were with the single thought of holding down that runway. I visited with the other 2 a few minutes; but thinking a deer might want to cross, and might dislike to break through a crowd, I moved on. I had not gone 2 rods before I heard a light clatter on the frozen ground and saw a little buck making for the runway. The recognition was a mutual affair; we all saw the buck, and the buck saw us. He stopped 40 rods away. Now a little buck standing facingly at a distance of 40 rods is not a large mark. We all drew on him and held, hoping he would come nearer. He made a motion as if to turn, and one report rang out and 3 bullets sped on their course. Not a word had been spoken, but the unanimity of thought and action bespoke the instinct of the deer hunter. Although hit, the deer did not fall and naturally did not come our way. Up the ridge he went under the fusillade of 3 guns. Then stopped and looked back. Abe had fouled a cartridge, and Ted and I took a shot together. The buck sprang into the air, ran 15 rods and out of sight. Abe and I passed Ted, and it seems, the deer; as he jumped up back of us and ran down the hill. Just as I was aiming at him crack went Ted's 40-82. The deer struck on his head and slid 5 rods down hill. The ball had raked him from stern to stem. We took account of stock and found Ted had fired 7 cartridges, I had fired 6 and Abe 5. The deer had been hit 4 times.

Brooks.

WOLVES AND COYOTES.

From what I have observed, I believe it true that wolves can signal, one to another. Last fall my partner and I were in Minnesota. An hour or so before sundown, one day, we heard a wolf howl. The sound continued for a while and finally came toward us. My partner answered with a good imitation howl; but the wolf retreated in the direction from which it had come. It was getting late, and we returned to camp. There we could still hear the wolf calling. For some time it obtained no reply; but at last we heard, from the opposite side of our camp, the answering howls of a half dozen or more wolves. The sounds passed us, going in the direction from whence we heard the first call. From the difference in the tone of the howls, we concluded the first came from an old she wolf, and the others from a party of young whom she had been calling.

At another time I was setting traps on the ice in a pond. Five wolves came out of the woods, to the pond. When they saw me they scattered in different directions. I fired 3 shots after them, but they were far away and running rapidly, and I failed to kill any. There was one large wolf and 4 smaller ones; probably an old she wolf and her pups. Soon after the large one reached the woods she howled, evidently calling the others to her. In this case, I did not hear the young wolves answer.

I am confident the amount of damage done to stock, by wolves, is greatly underestimated. Wolves are gluttonous, and can gorge a surprising quantity of food. I once caught one in a trap. It broke the chain and escaped; but before doing so, vomited enough fresh venison to fill a tobacco pail. Anyone who has cut the meat from an average sized deer, to dry, can form an idea of how nearly that wolf had come to eating a whole deer. And wolves do not eat all they kill, by any means. Bears, coyotes, ravens, skunks and other vermin, come in for a share.

The only way to exterminate wolves, or even to hold them in check, is for each State to pay a good cash bounty. Michigan pays $15 on wolves, $5 on lynx and $3 on wildcats. This is some inducement for men to hunt them; but it is not enough. In Minnesota, wolves are subject to worms of various kinds, including tape and thread worms. Further West, the alkali water seems, in a measure, to prevent the growth of worms in animals.

I have yet to see a gray wolf that was easily caught or poisoned. They are wary and cunning, and especially so after seeing a dead wolf, or one in a trap.

Wm. Dicer, Albion, Mich.

AS TO PENNSYLVANIA LAWS.

New Brighton, Pa.

Editor RECREATION: Enclosed please find clipping from Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph, which explains itself. Can you not make a protest for Pennsylvania?

"West Chester, December, 23.

"As at present constituted the game law as passed by the last Legislature of Pennsylvania does not suit many of the sportsmen of this section, and an effort will be made by them to have it changed by the next Legislature. They want the squirrel season to open on September 1, and the close season to commence on October 15, and the rabbit law to remove its protection to the game on November 15 and close January 1. This, they contend, will prevent much of the illegal killing of rabbits which is done at present, the squirrel law allowing the use of guns in the woods and tempting hunters to shoot rabbits when the season draws near. The change would give the hunters the benefit of the best portion of the year for shooting squirrels and allow a month between the two seasons.

"The gentlemen who are in favor of the move will prepare a petition to the Legislature asking for the proposed changes and present it at the next session. It is their intention to get the sportsmen of Pittsburg, Philadelphia and other sections of the State to co-operate with them in the move and push the matter along to the best of their ability between this time and the meeting of the executive body. The result of the late squirrel season this year was that there was but little good hunting for the animals, and a less number were shot than during any preceding season for several years. The latter fact may be looked upon by some people as beneficial instead of detrimental, as it means an increase in squirrels."

Our new game laws are practically untried and could not possibly be worse than those in effect heretofore, which specified various dates for opening of season, for the different species of game, respectively. Last fall some alleged sportsmen ostensibly hunted squirrels, but incidentally shot other things that were, unfortunately, exposed to such unprincipled persons. The temptation to shoot is undoubtedly hard to resist, as you stand watching the receding body of a grouse, but one way to remedy the matter would be to keep such temptations out of the way. The present laws do this much more effectively than former ones did. For instance, the close season for squirrels, grouse, quails, and rabbits formerly ended August 31st, September 30th, and October 31st respectively. Sportsmen keeping within the law and waiting until the formal opening of the season on each species, took chances on being jugged out of their pleasure by less scrupulous men.

In this section of the country, at least, the only modification of game laws which would remedy the matter further (as the West Chester fraternity propose) would be to make an absolutely uniform opening and ending of the hunting season, for small game. Then few persons would be bold enough to do any hunting with dog and gun, out of season, as they could be spotted instantly.

The West Chester fraternity wanting a revised law should curb their desires to a local one, at least.

Will Kennedy, New Brighton, Pa.

HUNTING ISLANDS, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Beaufort, S. C.

Editor RECREATION: The St. Philips Club own and lease all of the hunting islands, except a small portion of Jonson's island, on which the lighthouse is situated. This is greatly to our advantage. It leaves a chance for the negroes to hunt; and it being the largest of the islands they cannot destroy a very large proportion of the deer. When they do stir them up too much, a good many large bucks swim over to the other islands, and give us better hunting. The deer, under our preservation, are increasing fast. We hunt only about half a dozen times in a winter, and seldom kill more than 4 or 5 in any one hunt. In my younger days I have killed 40 deer in one season to feed the plantation, and even then could not see any decrease in numbers. But then they had not been hunted for several years and not at all by the negroes. We run the deer with dogs; and under our management, it is the best way to hunt them. By this means they are kept so wild that it is now almost impossible to still hunt them, and they give coon hunters a wide berth. The cover is very thick, in some places an impassable jungle. A deer crossing, at full speed, a 50 foot opening, tests any man's skill, and a standing shot is rare.

We have not as yet put pheasants on any of our islands. Clyde tried it on Hilton Head. Some game hogs went down to his place, last year, and killed them without so much as saying "by your leave" to him. We will not attempt to rear them until we have a good club house and regular wardens. Under our constitution no one can own stock except a member of the club, and at present there are only 2 vacancies. A hotel man would be in clover with a small, select establishment at the long beach, and could coin money all summer. But our membership law is iron-clad and as yet no one has been able to get an opening there. Walter Hoxie.

DON'T SHOOT THEM TOO SOON.

Editor RECREATION: Mr. David Tice, of Lockport, N. Y., set several small nets in the Erie canal. When the water was drawn off he caught in them 40,000 small mouth bass, which he placed in Red creek. Let other fishermen take this as a lesson and stock all the small streams throughout the middle part of the State. These fine fry go to waste every year, but with little trouble could be saved and put in other waters.

Mr. Tice is now trying to secure 25 members for a club, and buy 100 pairs of quail. The birds will be put out in the month of May, and in October we will have a few days' hunt. The farmers are willing to help us protect them. So we intend to have fine hunting and good bass fishing. All this will cost but little, and furnish us with good sport, in season.

I write this that others may see how Western New York sportsmen are trying to replenish the game supply. Rabbits have been plentiful this winter.

J. G. R. Cole, Buffalo, N. Y.

It would be a mistake to allow the quails to be hunted in the first year after planting. It would be much better to protect them for 2 or 3 years. Then they would have a chance to increase and become thoroughly acclimated. It is probable that a great many of those turned out will die the first season, on account of the radical change in climate and food. Those that survive are not likely to breed liberally, if at all, the first year. If you allow hunting so soon after liberating the birds, there will probably be few left at the end of the season.—EDITOR.

A PENNY-WISE BOARD.

The Montana game law requires the Boards of Commissioners of each county, when petitioned by 100 taxpayers, to appoint a game and fish warden. The law further gives the Boards power to suspend the office when they see fit. I was game warden of Missoula county until the commissioners abolished the office. They claim to have done so for the sake of economy. There are 2,800 taxpayers in the county. The warden's salary was $70 a month; with no allowance for expenses. The action of the Board has therefore saved, to each taxpayer, the goodly sum of 2½ cents a year.

There was no claim made that I had neglected my duty. On the contrary, I received great praise, and was highly complimented on the good work I had done.

I convicted a fellow last month of dynamiting fish. He was fined $200 and costs. He had 3 lawyers to defend him, to whom he paid $50 each, costs $50 and other court expenses $30; total $430. He also lost 2 weeks' work. All this he paid for 20 fish. I have a case of like nature in the District Court of Philipsburg, Granite county, in which the evidence is conclusive.

S. J. Booth, Missoula, Mont.

DOWN IN MAINE.

My brother and a friend, whom I will call Jimmy Billings, went deer hunting in Maine, last season. They thought if they did not get a deer they could study the haunts, habits, and actions of these animals by their tracks in the snow. Deer in that locality are not very wild as they have been protected for 5 or 10 years.

My brother had a single breech loading shot gun, and Jimmy had an old muzzle loader, with a slug in it. They struck a track, which they followed with great caution, but they saw no deer. Their hunting blood was up, and they followed him until the sun got so high the snow on the underbrush began to melt. They became so wet my brother's ardor dampened, and he backed out. Jimmy pushed on alone until he got almost out to the main road, where he saw a small clearing. He approached it cautiously. There stood the deer, not more than 40 yards away. Jimmy stood and looked at him. The deer stepped out and stopped, as if inviting death. Jimmy drew a bead, with old reliable, just back of the deer's shoulder, and pulled, but there was no thunderous report, no spasmodic leap into the air. The hammer fell on the cap that had been wet by the snow. The deer heard the noise and started off on a slow trot, without giving Jimmy a passing glance. Jimmy told my brother if he had not been afraid of getting his brains blown out, he would have wound the old gun around a tree.

A. F. Chase, Dorchester, Mass.

IT GOES EVERYWHERE.

Some weeks ago a copy of RECREATION found its way to a detachment of the Northwest Mounted Police, on the St. Mary's river, in Southwestern Alberta. So favorable was the impression it produced that it has since become a regular monthly visitor.

Alberta is favored with much aquatic feathered game, including gray and white geese. The latter hanging around, for a few days during their migratory flight, in literal clouds. Ducks of several species, notably mallards, scoters, widgeons, shovellers, teal, etc., were found in great abundance in this vicinity until the freezing of the sloughs. The officer in charge of the detachment is an enthusiastic sportsman, and generally successful in exacting liberal toll from the various flocks of wild fowl, to supplement the government issue of grub.

Sharp tailed grouse are fairly plentiful. Coyotes are here, galore. Stockmen complain bitterly of the loss sustained through the killing of colts and calves, and occasionally adult animals, by the marauding gray wolf. A liberal bounty is being paid for the destruction of these pests, by the Stock Association.

W. M., Colles, Alberta, Can.

THEY COME HIGH.

As all sportsmen know, no man surpasses an Englishman in his ability to protect game from extermination. The following item from the Singapore *Free Press* shows what measures have been taken in Pahang, a "Protected Native State" in the Malay Peninsula just North of Malacca. There is no country in the Far East whose forests are more difficult to penetrate, or to hunt in successfully, that those of the Malay Peninsula. In places the vegetation is so dense and so tangled, that only the thinnest of jungle cats can get through.

> A scale of fees for big game shooting in Pahang is published. To shoot or capture elephants, sladang, or rhinoceros $100 will be charged for 3 months. $50 must be paid for every elephant wounded or killed, and $25 for the other animals. But for a cow elephant, a calf or immature elephant, sladang or rhinoceros killed or wounded, a fine of $250 will be imposed. A rifle of not less than a 10-bore calibre must be used, and an *ad valorem* duty of 10 per per cent. will be charged for all elephants captured.

It was in Pahang that on July 12, 1897, Captain H. C. Syers, Superintendent of Police for the Protected Native States, was twice gored and tossed by an infuriated "sladang" (Indian bison) which he had wounded. His European companion testified that the bison threw his victim 30 feet into the air, and as soon as he fell, gored and tossed him a second time. Captain Syers was gored in the side, and injured internally so badly that he lived but a few hours.

Those who have read Mr. Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle" will remember Captain Syers as the gallant and genial young Englishman who so handsomely entertained the American naturalist, and took him on an elephant-hunting trip into the interior of Selangor.

RABBIT SHOOTING IN SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY.

Mr. Oliver, my brother, and I, went shooting, on Thanksgiving day, between Monmouth Junction and Cranberry, South Jersey. We found game scarce; only starting 4 rabbits. We killed 3 of them, and 4 squirrels.

On the place where we stopped, there had been all summer a bevy of quail; and among them were 2 pure white birds. They were shot by a gentleman living in that vicinity, a few days before our arrival.

Rabbits will soon be exterminated, in North and South Jersey, unless they are protected by law for 3 to 5 years. Rabbits are quite plentiful in Hunterdon county, on the line of the L. V. R. R. a few miles this side of Easton, Pa. Three years ago 3 of us shot 35 rabbits in a day; killing 20 of them before noon. I have since heard of parties killing from 50 to 75 in a day, in that locality.

W. H. Kelley, Waverly Park, N. J.

NOTES.

Mr. Elmer Tittsworth is a fox hunter of more than local fame; and the owner of 3 champion fox hounds, "Buck," "Bawley," and "Drum." The record of these dogs, since October 1st, '97, is 24 red foxes and one gray fox. They caught the gray fox in 7 hours. It takes them from 6 to 10 hours to catch the red ones. Who has 3 better hounds? Let us hear from other fox hunters.

C. L. Fesler, El Dara, Ill.

Lant Lewis, Mort Harmer, Fred Blake and J. E. Carpenter spent 20 days, last November, hunting deer, in the Pine river region in Florence county, Wisconsin.

The party saw, in all, 35 or 40 deer; mostly does and fawns. They secured 4 bucks, 2 does and a fawn; and greatly enjoyed the trip and their experience in the woods.

J. E. Carpenter, Fond du Lac, Wis.

We had plenty of quails here last fall, and a few are left for seed. The law protects them now, but there is nobody to enforce it. One man killed half a flock of quails within the village limits, since the season expired. Scores of rabbits are killed by the help of ferrets.

Young Sportsman, Armada, Mich.

We have many rabbits and squirrels, some grouse and quails. I should like to hear more about trapping small animals.

J. M. Riley, Hinckley, O.

Write the Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y., for a copy of its pamphlet on trapping. Mention RECREATION.

Will readers of RECREATION who have used the Winchester repeating shot gun, tell what they think of it for small game shooting? Subscriber.

A TROUT IDYLL.

E. F. PAGE, JR.

Along Ventura river, by a little willow nook,
There fished a little maiden, with rod and line and hook,
And though 'twas most artistic, the way she cast a fly,
Success had shunned her efforts, for trout were very shy.

The waters gurgled gaily and sang a merry tune,
The turtles crawled up lazily, and sunned themselves at noon,
And drowsiness o'ertaking a tired little maid,
She gave up her rod, sat down and went to sleep amid the shade.

She dreamed a dream of wonders, of catching many trout,
Speckled, shiny beauties in the water round about;
She heard the whizzing of the line, the clicking of the reel,
And then the nervous nibbling of the fish she well could feel.

Then up the stream there came a man who'd had a different fate,
The trout had freely taken of his wriggling, wormy bait;
He saw the empty basket and the little sleeping maid,
The disappointed look she wore, and was very much afraid,

That when the nap was over and she was wide awake,
The world would seem a horrid blank and life a cruel fate.
So he put into the basket a goodly string of fish,
Whose sweet pink flesh he knew would make a very savory dish;

And on his way proceeded in a happy frame of mind,
For the greatest joy is giving, and to others to be kind.
Her sleep was o'er, she sighed a bit, her eyes were open wide,
And then she gazed in wonder at the basket by her side.

At first she thought of fairies and was a little bit afraid,
For she was very young, you know, this little fisher maid;
But then the wonder vanished, for it would plainly seem,
She'd caught the fish there by her side, ill-luck was but a dream.

Adown Ventura river with a rod and line and hook,
Trudged a tired little maiden with a very happy look,
For though she'd caught no trout at all, she really thought she had,
And that string of speckled beauties was enough to make one glad.

MUSKALONGE FISHING.

ROBERT HUNNER.

Mr. George Johnson, Arthur Smith and I left Eau Claire August 21st, for the Northern part of Vilas county, Wisconsin.

We reached Woodruff on the 22d, and there met Mr. Fred Osgood, of Chicago, bound, as we were, for a camp on Boulder river, occupied by C. A. Penrose, of Baltimore, and my 2 brothers.

We hired a rig and started for the lower dam on Boulder river, 20 miles North.

The road passes some beautiful lakes. Among them are Spider, Silver, and the celebrated Trout lake.

We reached Boulder river about 2 p.m., and determined to find the boys, before dining.

We secured a good boat and a large canoe from a lumber-camp at the dam, and went on up the river. After a 2 hours' pull, we met the boys returning to camp.

During our row we passed through Boulder Lake, a grand place for muskalonge. Any reader who is interested in the best fresh water fishing to be found anywhere, should write the Chicago and Northwestern Ry. Co., at Chicago, for their map of Vilas and Oneida counties, Wisconsin.

Our camp was at the second dam on Boulder river; 6 miles by water, and ½ by trail from Fish Trap lake, another splendid muskalonge water.

Our first day in camp being Sunday, we did not do much; but took the boats up the river to Fish Trap, to be ready for Monday's fishing. On the way, I got 6 easy shots at young mallards.

Mr. Johnson caught the first muskalonge on Sunday, and hooked the fish near the eye, as it made an unsuccessful grab for the spoon. We caught 3 or 4 during the week in the same manner. In every instance they made a hard fight.

Our first fish weighed 10 pounds. I shot him through the head, the first time Mr. J. got him near the boat.

I used a 32-Marlin revolver; and learned to shoot fish in the water from the guides at Spider lake.

Monday and Tuesday we killed a few ducks, but no fish. Wednesday, my brothers proposed to give us some unusual sport in muskalonge fishing, in an unnamed lake which they knew of.

We reached the lake after 6 miles and 6 hours of tugging, pulling and pushing the boats. At the camping ground we found written on a log, the statement that 4 men from Chicago had, in 2½ hours, caught 75 pounds of muskalonge.

Johnson, Smith and I started out immediately, it being about 6 o'clock, and in one hour took 7 fish, averaging 8 pounds each.

The lake covers 2 square miles, and is entirely filled with wild rice, except about 10 acres in the center. That place seemed fairly alive with muskalonge.

I rowed while J. and S. cast from either end of the boat. Johnson had hardly hooked a fish before Smith had one on his spoon.

The wind was blowing hard, and it was difficult to manage the boat and shoot the fish at the same time; but our first experience on " Lice " lake, as the Indians call it, was a complete success. The other boys on shore shot a few mallards.

Thursday morning we caught 6 more fish, before breakfast. After breakfast my brother Earl agreed to row me around. I took a split bamboo rod, fine silk line, and No. 7 Skinner spoon. For an hour we had no luck; then it clouded over, and the fish began to strike.

The first was hungry and jumped 2 feet out of the water as he shot by the hook. The second attempt was more successful, and I soon had him in the boat. We caught another dozen, and then quit, as we were 20 miles from the railroad, and wished to take our catch home in good condition.

We took in all 25 out of this lake, averaging 10 pounds in weight; and more savage and gamy fish never swam.

They lay near weeds o- lily-pads growing out of the water, watching for anything smaller than themselves. Mr. Johnson caught one that had swallowed a 1½ pound sucker.

In casting from the boat, I would sometimes strike so near a lily-pad as to think I was going to get caught in it, I would give my spoon a quick jerk, as it struck the water, and before it jumped from it again, have a 10 or 12 pounder break the water with the hook in his mouth.

My record with the trout was 5 fish out of 9 strikes in the last dozen we caught. The 4 I lost were more than the other boys lost out of 20 strikes.

Unless a muskalonge has the spoon well in its mouth, it is hard to hook it deep with a light rod, as the outer rim of the mouth is very hard.

I never expect to find muskalonge in better humor. They had shed their summer teeth, and had their appetites with them.

My brothers remained at camp about a month after I left, and visited the lake again. They wrote me that in 2 hours they caught 7 fish weighing over 50 pounds.

AS TO WHITE BASS.

Waunakee, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: I am a reader and great admirer of RECREATION. Occasionally I find cause for audible smiles in the theories advanced by parlor sportsmen.

Mr. C. C. Haskins, in the February number, gives some pronounced ideas concerning white bass fishing. He, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less emphatically, brands himself " a swine " when he says " I never caught a white bass, except during a limited time, in the spring. . . ." If the gentleman will discard his love of plunder and try to cultivate a little genuine sportsman's enthusiasm, his ignorance concerning the white bass will become apparent even to himself. I assert, on the strength of experience, that white bass can be taken during the entire season, in Wisconsin lakes, with rod and reel. I have frequently caught as many as 12, together with from 2 to 5 black and yellow bass, in an afternoon's fishing in Lake Mendota, during August and September. That catch ought to satisfy any one but a hog. It is true the white bass does not often make much of a fight; but during the latter part of the season the angler will hook one now and then that will keep him as deeply interested as the average yellow bass, the gamiest fish of our lakes.

I am pleased at the way you roast " game hogs." This class of butchers have made it next to impossible to find any shooting in this locality. It is just possible that a sufficient amount of roasting will induce a sense of shame strong enough to overcome the hoggish proclivities of this class, and result in their conversion. Keep at 'em.

C. R. Marks.

FOOLING FISHHAWKS.

Around Seely's lake, on the Clearwater river in Montana, fishhawks were numerous. One day I made a wooden trout, or as good an imitation of one as I could contrive. I anchored it just under the surface of the water, in a cove where the hawks were accustomed to fish. The first to come along was, from his size and color, an old timer. He hovered over the wooden fish a few seconds, and then went for it. His aim was good, and he struck the mark so hard it stunned him. He lay fully a minute on the water before trying to rise; and even then had to make several attempts before he could get up.

I thought the fish was too near the surface; so went out and sank it a little deeper. The next hawk to try his luck was a young one. He struck the fish all right, but could not rise with it. After several trials he retired in disgust.

During the 2 hours I watched the fun, at least 6 hawks tried to catch the dummy. I left it there several days, and when I finally took it up, it looked as if it had been through a threshing machine. If anyone wants fun let him try this experiment. If it does not make him laugh, his laughing machine needs repairing.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

"THEY CAST THEREFORE."

A page of your magazine has been sent me, which contains an unfair criticism regarding what I said about a big catch of trout.

The correspondent who calls your attention to it signs himself "Game Protector," Chester, Pa. In noticing it you accord with his views. You are both mistaken as to the purpose of the article written by me; and the use made of the fish caught.

Evidently your correspondent and yourself concluded that Mr. Sidney Williams was fishing merely for sport, and to see how big a catch he could make. It was not for sport, but to supply the market of Seattle. Is 571 fish too large a supply for a population of 60,000? If this be wrong, what shall be said of the great "multitude of fishes" caught in the sea of Tiberias, when the disciples were directed by the Saviour where to cast their nets.

I wrote the article to defend this young man and his brother, who are most expert fishers, from a cruel aspersion which charged that they used some explosive. Knowing this to be false, I think I was justified in defending them.

If this catch had been for sport or recreation merely, I would make a stronger expression than either "Game Protector" or yourself has made. Instead of 200 I should say there were 571 too many.

I trust you will give space to this explanation, in justice to Mr. Williams and myself, whom you have so severely condemned.

Geo. F. Whitworth, Seattle, Wash.

The fact that Mr. Williams was fishing for market does not justify him. The mountain trout is not properly a commercial fish. If you undertake to feed 60,000 people on trout, how long will the supply in your rivers last?—EDITOR.

AT GRESHAM LAKE.

Our party, consisting of 20 members of the Kokomo Rod and Gun Club, arrived at Woodruff, Wisconsin, and procuring teams, loaded our baggage, consisting of 6 boats in addition to our camp outfit. We went 16 miles Northwest into the forest, and located our camp on the bank of Lower Gresham lake. This is one of a chain of 3 lakes—Upper, Middle and Lower Gresham—which empty by a small stream, into the Manitowish river. It was the close season for game, and although deer, ducks, and ruffed grouse, with an occasional bear, were to be found, we restrained ourselves and confined our attention to fishing. These 3 lakes abound with muskalonge, walleyed pike and bass. There were no "hogs" in the party. The largest catch, for any one day, was 97 pounds, which was no more than enough to feed the 20 men. We were well pleased with the location, and spent 2 weeks most delightfully. The largest fish caught was a muskalonge, weighing 16 pounds.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's journal I have seen, and I wish it success in its war of extermination on the "game hogs."

A. W. Holcombe, M.D., Kokomo, Ind.

NOTES.

Mr. Harry Church, of New Bedford, says, in RECREATION, that white perch are strictly fresh water fishes. I should like to ask him if he has not caught white perch in the tide water pond North of the Old Colony R. R. in the town of Mattapoisett. If he does not think that water salt, let him taste it. I have caught white perch in the many fresh water ponds North of New Bedford; but all of those ponds have an outlet to salt water. In 60 years of fishing, I don't recollect ever catching white perch in any land locked pond of fresh water. But I have caught many in or at the head of tide water. It is a common belief that perch spawn in fresh water, as do shad and herring. Some of the herring stay quite a while in fresh water. I have caught them in ponds, with hook and line, as late as September, while fishing for black bass.

Will Howard, Colorado Springs, Colo.

The San Francisco Fly Casting Club is making preparations for an Open to the World Tournament to be held in San Francisco September 9th and 10th, 1898, in which Fly Casting and Lure Casting events will be programmed.

Our club has taken this matter up in earnest and will make the tournament a most attractive one, in the number, character and value of the medals and prizes, and as an interesting event to the angling fraternity.

It is hoped that competitors from the East, and from abroad, will enter the contests, and we assure a most hearty welcome to all who can arrange to be with us.

Horace Smyth, Secretary,
San Francisco, Cal.

HOW TO TRAIN A BEAGLE.

Rockford, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: A reader of RECREATION at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., has a hound pup 4 months old and wishes to know how to teach him to run rabbits. The dog is young to work with confidence, though I have seen beagles of 7 months do good work.

In the first place, you must let the dog know what you wish to hunt. To do this, kill a rabbit and while it is warm draw the entrails and feed the liver and heart to the dog. He may refuse to touch them. If so throw some of the fresh blood on his front legs and breast. You may have to do this 2 or 3 times before he will take the meat when offered him. Game is always better if drawn immediately after killing, and if you feed the liver and heart each time to the dog he will soon expect it. He will depend on it and will do his share to help secure the game.

A good hound will never leave a fresh trail and for this reason after you have killed the game allow it to lie where it dropped until the dog comes up. He will then know it is dead and will not go back on the trail to try to pick it up again. Many a good dog has been spoiled by not observing this rule. The hunter says his dog is getting old and will not follow a trail as he once did. Ten to one the dog has become discouraged. He is out all day and never sees the rabbit he is tracking. He finds the trail cut short and thinks Mr. Rabbit has played him a trick. He has done this many times before, so the dog works back on the old track, then makes a circuit, but can not find a smell. Once more he returns to the old trail and follows it to where the rabbit was killed. Here he lingers a moment and then repeats his former manœuvre, finally to be abused and kicked for not attending to business. He is attending to business but cannot understand where that rabbit has gone unless he has taken wings and left the earth. Such treatment will soon discourage the best dog. He soon begins to run almost entirely by sight.

I am hunting now with a hound that is 14 years old and he is better this winter than ever before. Have used him on deer, with good results, and when once he understands what he is expected to hunt it is impossible to get him from the trail until the game is down. I have known him to run a deer all night and fearing he would die of exhaustion I have been forced to kill the deer, though I did not need more venison at that time. Some of my friends have asked to use him on rabbits and if he does not find bunnie dead at the end of the trail he is sure to come home and desert the hunters. I have repeatedly told the boys how to treat him; but they have seemed to think it unnecessary. They have several times had reason to regret the haste. It only takes a few minutes to let the dog come up and have his portion.

Rabbits always run in a circle and if the hunter will station himself somewhere about the place where the rabbit started, and keep still, he is sure of game, provided the dog does not run too fast and hole the rabbit.

It is shameful the way the rabbits are being slaughtered by some inhuman hogs. There is nothing sportsmanlike about putting a ferret in a hole and bagging the rabbit as he comes out. This is being done every day around us. It is only a question of time when the rabbit will be a curiosity and the ferret will run in and out of empty holes. I should like to see RECREATION create a distrust against any hunter who will use a ferret. Give the rabbit a show for his life. Nature provided him with long ears, that he might hear his enemy approach, with long legs, that he might put distance between himself and his destroyer. Nature at one time provided cover that he might hide but since that has been taken the rabbit has found it necessary to burrow in the ground. The would-be-hunter (the hog) goes out with a dog, a gun, a ferret and a bag. The dog starts the rabbit and if he is not shot he is run to a hole where the dog stays till the hog comes up. If there are more holes than one, and material to stuff them up, it is done. Then the ferret is turned loose in the hole, the bag held, mouth down, over the hole. The innocent little rabbit is bagged and killed without a chance of escape. Thousands of rabbits are killed in this unsportsmanlike way every year and it is time the slaughter stopped. It cannot last much longer but for the sake of humanity let RECREATION start a movement toward the final destruction of the ferret rather than the rabbit.

W. L. Blinn.

No one but a game hog, of the most pronounced type, would ever use a ferret. The laws of several states prohibit their use, and such laws should be speedily enacted in all the other states.—EDITOR.

TWO DEER AT ONE SHOT.

F. W. M.

In November RECREATION, "Quaker City" says he never knew a deer to drop dead in its tracks, unless shot through the brain or backbone. I spent one winter in Wyoming, near Fort Fetterman, and killed 12 or 15 deer. Three of the number never made a jump after being shot, and they were not shot through the brain or backbone, either. The first deer I ever killed was a doe. She, with 2 other deer, had been driven from a ravine. When I saw them, they were climbing the side of a gulch, in single file, a long distance away. I was shooting a Sharp's rifle, and at the first shot saw the dirt fly, 6 or 8 feet below them. They did not seem frightened, but stopped a moment and then went on. I elevated the sight a notch, and held ahead of the doe. As the rifle cracked, down went my deer. I got in another shot as the others went over the ridge, but missed. Going to the place where the doe lay I found I had broken her neck.

Some time after that, I was hunting along a small stream that runs into the North Platte river. Seeing plenty of deer signs, I tied my horse, and started up the stream on foot. I soon jumped a yearling white tail deer, but he was too quick for me. In another patch of brush I started him again, but did not get a shot. This made me more careful, and I followed him as quietly as I could; stopping every few rods, and keeping a good lookout. As I came around a bend, I saw, about 200 feet away, the head of a big white tail buck. I fired quickly. He did not get up, but did lots of thrashing and kicking. When he stopped kicking, I went to him, and found I had shot a little too low. The ball had passed through his nose, and into his neck.

Some time after, I went to the hills East of Casper, looking for black tail deer. I saw a band of 9 disappearing over a small divide, a good half mile away. I rode to where I had last seen them; then dismounted, and leading my horse, followed the ridge. I had not travelled far, when looking down a gulch, I saw the whole band standing not more than 150 yards ahead of me, with a big buck broadside toward me. Aiming back of the shoulder, I let him have it. At the report of the gun, my horse jerked back, but I saw my deer fall. I took another shot at the band as they disappeared; doing them no harm however. On going down to where the deer lay, what was my surprise to find a big doe, shot in the neck. I said to myself, "If that was not a poor shot, I never made one." I knew I had held on the buck. I stepped to one side to find a stone to sharpen my knife on, before cutting the deer's throat. While looking for a stone, I was amazed to find my buck lying in the long, dry grass. After examining him, I found the ball had gone through him, before killing the doe. She had been hit in the neck, and dropped in her tracks. The buck had made a few jumps down the hill after being shot. I have always counted that the luckiest shot I ever made.

LAUNCHING THE SHIP.

EDWARD W. MASON.

How gallantly she sits beside the wave
Waiting the signal that shall make her free!
With rigging rightly taut, and colors brave,
Ready to dash in triumph to the sea.
Her ways are chosen, rightfully inclined,
And busy men are ready with their aid
To give the virgin ship to wave and wind,—
Another sinew in the great arm of trade.
Wedge up! knock down the shores! she
starts!
Gently at first, as if a little shy,
Till, gathering impetus, she seaward darts,
The firm earth trembling as she thunders
by;—
The opening wave receives her in his arms,
And the old Salt is master of her charms.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

THE 22 SHORT AND LONG CARTRIDGES.

C. P.

I owned a Ballard rifle, 22 calibre, 28 inch barrel, 9¾ pounds weight, fitted with globe and peep and open sights. I thoroughly tested its shooting qualities at all ranges and in various ways. One calm day I and 2 friends tested it at long range. For a target we used a dry oak board 1 inch thick, 14 inches wide and about 4 feet long. We set the board against a tree and I went a distance of 306 steps, to where I could get a dead rest. Aiming at the top of the board I fired, with a short cartridge; the ball striking about 20 steps short. I raised my peep sight until I could hit the board every shot and, by cleaning my gun after each shot, I could place the balls in line nearly every time. All penetrated out of sight in the board and 3 showed on the back of board. I then changed to the long cartridges. The first fell short some 25 or 30 steps, with the sights set at the proper place for the short ones. I tried several more shots, without changing the sights, with about the same result, but irregular. Then I raised my peep until I could hit the board. I fired a number of shots; missing the board 3 or 4 times and getting very irregular results, both in line and height. The penetration was about 1-3 that of the shorts.

I secured a perfectly clear yellow poplar block and fired one shot with the short and one with the long cartridge, in it, at a distance of 10 steps; placing the balls within 1 inch of each other. Then with an auger bit I bored along side of each ball, to get the penetration. I found the long cartridge had penetrated ⅝ of an inch deeper than the short. Will some one tell me why the penetration of the longs, at short range, is so much greater than that of the shorts, and so much less at long range? My gun was chambered for the short shell, which may account for it; but there was no upsetting of the bullets with either cartridge. It does not seem as if the chambering could have much to do with the penetration; but it might account for the irregular work at long range. At short range, say up to 100 yards, I never noticed any irregularities with the long cartridge. I have a 22 calibre single shot Winchester which I consider as good a target gun, for short range, as is made; but do not think it has the penetration of the Ballard mentioned.

I also have a 38 calibre, 92 model, Winchester repeater, and a 38-55-255 single shot Ballard, both of which are excellent guns, but too powerful for target shooting. For hunting purposes I have a Kirkwood 34 inch, 3 barrel gun, 10 gauge shot and 38-55-255 rifle; which I would not exchange for any gun I ever saw, for general hunting.

MORE PRAISE OF THE 30–30.

Lake Cushman, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: I read with interest a letter from Mr. J. J. Adams, of Salt Lake, Utah. He says " The 45 calibre ball has more energy and power and will do more damage than the 30." He certainly has never used the modern small bore smokeless, with mushroom bullet, on large game, if he talks that way. I have never killed a grizzly bear; never having hunted in a grizzly country. But I have hunted large game for over 10 years, and have killed, and seen killed, elk, deer, and black bear galore, with all sorts of rifles. I have used the 45-85-290 Bullard; the 45-90, 50-110, 40-82 and 38-56 Winchester. Also the .303-30 Savage and 30-40 Winchester, in the modern smokeless guns. These have not been fired at dead horses, but at living large game. My experience and that of everyone I know who has used the modern gun, has shown conclusively that the old guns are simply not in it. I have seen bear, deer and elk run long distances after being shot through in vital spots, with 45 and 50 calibre guns; while the same game, shot in the same place with the mushroom ball of the 30 calibre would drop where it stood. Many advocates of the old gun claim the mushroom ball will not spread unless it strikes a bone. They are wrong. Last September I was hunting in the Olympic mountains with Mr. C. R. Yates, of Oakland, Cal. We ran across the trail of a monster bull elk and followed it 5 hours, finally getting a glimpse of him, running, about 150 yards away. Yates fired one shot with his 30-40 Winchester. The elk staggered about 75 feet and dropped. We ran to it as fast as we could and found the animal so far gone it could not raise its head. The ball had passed completely through the elk, behind the last rib, and through the intestines; but not striking a bone nor what is usually known as a vital organ. Where the bullet came out it left a hole as large as a saucer, and the animal was simply filled with coagulated blood. I have twice shot deer in exactly the same place. Both ran over a mile, in deep snow, before dropping. One was shot with a 45-85-290 Bullard, and one with a 45-70-500 Winchester. The modern smokeless rifle is far lighter than the old gun. It has no smoke, makes less noise, shoots 250 yards practically point blank, has unequalled penetration and killing power; and is away ahead of any large bore in every point. I prefer the Savage .303, as having more good qualities than any other gun on the market; but any and all of the American made rifles are good.

F. J. Church.

ANOTHER CONVERT TO THE 30.

I have followed with interest the discussion of small and large bore rifles. Having until last season used a large bore, I wish to add my experience to the many recorded in RECREATION. While hunting deer in '96, and returning to the shanty at night, tired out from a long tramp with a 10 pound rifle and ¼ as much weight in cartridge, I decided that kind of hunting was not all sport. I determined next time I went hunting, to use a light rifle, even if I did not get as much game. After much study, I decided that the '94 model, Winchester, using the 30 Winchester centre fire smokeless and metal jacketed soft nosed bullets, was the best rifle for large game. I had one fitted up with pistol grip, shotgun stock, half magazine and Lyman sights. This rifle weighs 7¼ pounds when loaded with 5 cartridges. It is one of the best balanced rifles I ever handled, and is also very accurate. Last season I shot 3 deer with it. I have never seen deer drop so quickly as when hit with one of these soft nosed bullets. They make a hole that a broom handle could easily pass through. Not one of the deer ran more than 2 rods after being hit. Other seasons, when I used the big bore and black powder, it was a common thing to have them run 200 yards before falling. A large bore can be made to kill quicker if a metal jacketed soft nosed bullet is used; but what is the use of loading a man down with 12 pounds when the same work can be done with a 7½ pound rifle?

Convert, Grand Rapids, Mich.

RIFLES FOR BIG GAME.

I have shot many deer in Maine; having hunted every fall, but one, since 1877. In that time I got but one really fine head.

I have killed several large bucks, with coarse irregular antlers, and many with light ordinary ones.

A large Maine buck will carry off a big load of lead. He needs the shock of a heavy bullet like a 45-70 or 45-90; or else the shock of the high velocity of the 30-40 and the tearing, cutting work of its nickel steel jacketed bullet. The 38-55 and 40-65, will kill as well, perhaps, if put in just the right place; but who has the chance, at a jumping deer, to shoot otherwise than well forward and in the region of the shoulders? We want to stop our game within reasonable distance. Following a blood track is tiresome and often fruitless work.

Next fall I hope for 5 good weeks in the heart of New Brunswick. Shall take my 30-40 and the old 45-90, with 405 grain bullet. For calling, at night, shall use the latter.

A friend was shooting, last September, on the Restigouche river. A monstrous bull moose, with heavy antlers, stood nearly "butt" toward him. On account of the trees my friend could not get a raking shot, so tried for the hip, with his 40-65. Result was a trail of blood and the bull is still traveling for all we know; and another convert to a heavy cartridge for big game.

W. T. Jenkins, Boston, Mass.

THE BEST FILLING.

In December RECREATION Mr. Livingston, of Kansas, asks what he shall fill the remaining space in his shells with, when he wants to use a small load. As he lives in Kansas, where they have plenty of it, I would say wind. I don't think he needs anything more. I do not use a 32, but I do shoot a 45-70 Winchester. I load it with a 22 short shell full of black powder, about 3 grains, in my 45 shell, with a round ball pushed in flush with end of shell. At 20 yards I can send ball through an inch of pine and bury it in an oak beam which I use to catch my bullets. I have, on several occasions, put 4 balls out of 5 within a ¾ inch circle at 20 yards. I carried this rifle through Colorado and a portion of New Mexico. By doubling the above load, I had good success shooting jack rabbits and prairie dogs at 20 to 50 yards. I believe this is the only way one rifle can be made to do all round work. I have a friend who shoots a 38 Ballard with this same load and gets perfect results.

Geo. H. Conklin, Decatur, Ill.

HOW TO MAKE EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

For benefit of RECREATION readers I offer an excellent receipt for making explosive bullets. First, hollow out point of bullet, by casting in an express mould; or cast solid, and bore as large a hole as possible, about half the length of bullet.. Fill primed shell with powder; seal and crimp as usual. Next fill the cavity with 2 parts chlorate of potash to one part flour of sulphur, well mixed, and cover with beeswax. This makes a comparatively safe cartridge to handle, and it is very effective on large and dangerous game. I had best results with bullet composed of one part tin to 12 of lead. These cartridges should be used only as single loads and not worked through a magazine.

I should advise their use only on dangerous game, as they spoil too much meat.

I am especially interested in the new 30-30 and 30-40 rifles. The latter I used on my last hunting trip, and will give the results later.

A. Hedger, Foxboro, Mass.

SOLID TOP RECEIVERS.

Please tell me whether the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., manufactures a repeating rifle having a solid top receiver?

H. E. Harris, Fitchburg, Mass.

ANSWER.

The Winchester Arms Co. replies to this inquiry as follows:

We make no repeating rifle having a solid top. They have, however, solid sides and are symmetrically locked about the line of recoil. We believe no other repeating rifle has this advantage. There is nothing about the solid top that adds particularly to the strength of that part of the receiver which resists the recoil at the moment of firing; nor is there anything about this top which holds the breech block against an explosion of the cartridge. The solid top adds nothing to the value of the receiver in point of making it strong, or for any other reason. We think you will find that ours are the only guns which are symmetrically locked and the value of symmetrical locking, as against explosion of a rifle charge or shot gun charge, is great. Our breech blocks are all locked on 2 sides, not on the bottom only, or on one side.

HOW ABOUT THE DRIFT?

A gentleman of this place claims that all rifles shoot to the right, about 4 inches in 100 yards.

This is caused, he says, by the twist of the rifling. Is he right?

Moses E. Chase, Effingham, N. H.

ANSWER.

There is always a lateral drift of the bullet in the direction of the twist. If the twist is from left to right, the drift is to the right. The amount of drift is variable and depends on the weight of bullet, velocity and quickness of the twist.

In reply to R. H. T., I wish to say that I prefer the 10 gauge to the 12, for the following reasons:

1. That 10 gauge, having the larger diameter, has more surface for the shot to lie on. Therefore why would not the killing circle be larger?

2. In duck and goose shooting, you need power to propel the shot. I think 1¼ ounces chilled shot, backed by 3½ drams of Dupont powder, is none too much.

What is the best method of making shot spread from a full choke, as it would from a cylinder bore? Will some reader please answer?

N. K. Elkhart, Ind.

HIGH PRICES OF NITRO POWDERS.

I am a rifle crank, and, with Mr. Chase and others, wish to register my protest against the outrageous charges for ammunition, especially of nitro powder. Take for example the 32 W. C. F. black powder load, listed at $16 per M.; smokeless load at $20 per M.; the bullets listed respectively $4 for lead, $5 for metal patched per M. That leaves $3 for the difference between black and smokeless powders. At the list price of $9 per M. for primed shells, and $4 for bullets, the company allows itself $3 for less than 2¾ pounds black powder and the labor involved in loading 1,000 32-20-115 cartridges. One can judge how great a proportion of that charge is for powder. Supposing it to be 1-3; add that to $3, the difference in cost of the 2 powders, and we have the price of $4 for 9,000 grains of low pressure smokeless powder. The point I wish to make is this: Why should a man, rich or poor, be obliged to pay 10 times as much for a thing partaking of the nature of sport, as he would for the same thing, if of an economic nature? Why does the great body of shooters submit to such extortion?

W. E. S., Montpelier, Vt.

NOTES.

In targeting a new 16 gauge Forehand gun, after firing 3 shots from each barrel, the shot began to " ball " or bunch; throwing from 3 to 10 pellets into one hole, at 40 yards.

Three charges of No. 7 and 2 of No. 5 shot, both chilled, acted the same. Four shots fired afterward did not. Shots were fired at intervals of 2 to 5 minutes; so the barrels did not heat. Cartridges were loaded with 2¼ to 2½ drams, Dupont smokeless powder, and ⅞ to 1 ounce shot.

I have targeted many 10 and 12 gauge guns, and never before had shot ball, although I have heard of its doing so.

Kindly explain, through RECREATION, the cause of shot balling; and whether it occurs more frequently with small than with large bore guns.

M. K. Barnum, No. Platte, Neb.

Will the editor, or some one of the many readers of RECREATION, please answer these questions?

1. What is the best cheap rifle for target practice, at 75 or 100 feet?

2. Is there an indestructible target that can be thrown from a Blue Rock trap?

3. What is a good and cheap charge for a 12 gauge gun, for target practice?

4. What pattern should be obtained with a full choked 12 gauge gun, 30 inch barrels, using 3 drams E. C. powder and 1⅛ ounces No. 8 shot?

5. What is the best method of testing a gun for pattern and penetration?

I take pleasure in recommending Mr. Alfred Ellerson, of Buford, Col., as a reliable and competent guide. I have employed him 4 or 5 seasons, and my trips with him have always been successful.

Dr. T. J. Hood, Lancaster, Ky.

I have just returned from a 4 months' trip in the Rockies. Made headquarters on Thompson river in Flathead County, Mont. While there had some fine sport with rod and rifle. The trout fishing, in the lakes and streams there, is simply out of sight. There is lots of game of all kinds; deer, bear, mountain lions, grouse, ducks, etc.

I use a combination shot and rifle, 38-55, 12 gauge, and think it the best all around gun I ever used. Have tried Winchesters, Marlins, and several others; but like this combination gun the best. With it I am always ready for all kinds of game.

H. Ackerman, Merrill, Wis.

A large number of entries have already been made, in Recreation's rifle tournament, and the indications are that it will be a grand success. The statement in April Recreation, to the effect that targets would be furnished from this office at 10 cents a dozen, is a misprint. The price is 20 cents a dozen. Each score is to consist of 5 shots. Each contestant may enter 3 scores each month if he choose.

I note Mr. John Sallman's and Mr. H. F. Chase's letters about the high prices of nitro powder. I agree with both gentlemen. The price to sportsmen should be the same as to the Government. Nitro is superior to black powder in every way.

It does me good to see the way you go for the game-hogs

C. J. Frank, New York City.

For the last 3 years I have been using an 8 m.m. or .315 calibre Mannlicher rifle. I find the soft nosed bullets to be irregular in action; and I agree with the conclusions of Mr. Wells, of Meeker, Colo., as stated in December Recreation. For hunting in a timbered country, the 45-90-300, is as effective as the small bore.

H. Prehn, Bannock City, Mont.

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of Recreation will do m a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

I would like to hear, through Recreation, from some one who has used the 22 calibre long and short smokeless mushroom cartridges, in a '92 model Marlin.

W. S. Allen, Jackson, Mich.

Will some one tell me how to load brass shotgun shells that the shot wad will not jar loose?

G. N. Tetor, Dundee, N. Y.

Can Dupont smokeless powder be used to advantage in reloading rifle shells?

D. M. Hazleton, Corning, N. Y.

Will someone give me an idea of what the .303 Savage repeater will do? I hear so many conflicting stories that I don't know what to believe. I simply want to know if the Savage is a good all round rifle. Recreation is a new acquaintance of mine, but I think we shall get along immensely.

F. V. Perry, Dale, Cal.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

S. ALMON TROUT.

We were comrades three, Ben, Jack and me,
  In the springtime of our life story,
And two to gain their castles in Spain
  Determined, in dreams of glory.
So Jack and I watched the black crow fly
  Afar from our hemmed in patch of sky,
And we longed for the day when we might away
  To the great wide world that beyond us lay,
And we conquered that world in our roseate moods,
  While Benjamin took to the woods.

But boyhood's span its course soon ran,
  And summer succeeded the spring;
A castle in Spain had two to gain,
  But the third had never a thing.
And Jack and I, as the crow to fly
  Beyond the set line of the earth and sky,
We hailed the day when we started away
  For the great wide world that beyond us lay
In quest of fortune and fame and goods,
  While the other took to the woods.

O'er the summer's leaves the autumn breathes
  And they're left all yellowed and sere;
In Jack's face and mine there was many a line,
  With the rack of many a year.
What though to gain a castle in Spain
  With the toil and the pain and the sweat like rain?
We were happy, aye, when we left for a day
  The world for the wilderness, far away,
In quest of rest, and where still peace broods—
  One day we took to the woods.

O the balsamed air and the wild sport rare,
  And the frail skiff's gentle gliding;
And the bated breath ere the deer's swift death,
  And the lure of the trout in hiding!
And the castles in Spain we had toiled to gain
  Seemed in shapeless ruins, and all in vain,
As we left for the world with a heavy sigh,
  And envied our guide as he waved good by,
For he, sans fortune and fame and goods,
  Was that other boy who took to the woods.

THE GREEN-WING TEAL.

Anas carolinesis.

ALLAN BROOKS.

(*See page 348.*)

While the wood duck surpasses it in richness of color, few will not concede that the green-wing teal is the daintiest of American ducks. It is familiar to every sportsman. Its range embraces the whole continent, and it visits, occasionally, the smallest and most isolated pools.

Anyone seeing these tiny ducks in their spring haunts will be charmed with their grace and beauty. Watch the antics of the drake as he endeavors to attract the admiration of his more sombre mate. She seems quite indifferent to his beauty, however, and flies away; but the minute she alights again he splashes down beside her, and proudly swims around, uttering his soft whistle again and again.

In the fall they sometimes go in enormous flocks. I have seen many thousands of them gathered on the mud flats, blackening the ground for half a mile or more.

In spite of its dainty appearance, the green-wing is, in this country (British Columbia) almost as foul a feeder as the mallard.

In the late fall, when thousands of salmon are rotting in every creek, the teal gorge themselves on the putrid fish and on the maggots they contain. I have even shot these birds in September, on their flight to the marshes, when their stench betrayed their taste for high living.

They also eat large quantities of salmon ova; filling their gullets till they can hold no more.

When clean fed, however, there is no better duck for the table. Nor is there one that, when in full flight, more severely taxes the sportman's skill.

They answer readily to the mallard call and are, perhaps, the easiest of all ducks to decoy.

They are early breeders and have full fledged young in July, when the blue-wing and cinnamon teal are still sitting.

THE BLUE JAY.

P. S. MOTTELAY.

The blue jay, with his brilliant plumage banded with black and white, and his gaudy blue crest, is one of our best known birds.

Although a beautiful bird, he is unpopular because he is supposed to eat the eggs and young of other birds.

The blue jay frequently manifests an inordinate curiosity, and when he sees anything moving about the bushes, rarely fails to institute an investigation. Should the cause of his alarm happen to be a hunter, the bird apparently becomes terrified and at once gives forth a harsh, warning note. Many a time, while stealthily creeping along in pursuit of feathered game, I have been observed by this meddling bird, who would instantly alarm everything nearby with his loud " squawk."

Blue jays nearly always go in pairs, or in small flocks of 8 or 10; though sometimes they band together in flocks of considerable size.

In their wild state they are difficult of approach, but in captivity they often become very tame. They heartily hate the owl, and when they find one, they assemble in the neighborhood and harass the poor bird until, to be rid of his persecutors, he flees to a denser part of the wood.

Besides feasting on young birds and eggs, the blue jay eats caterpillars, moths, beetles, fruits and berries.

It makes great havoc in the cherry trees, eating the finest fruit and even peeling off the bark.

Its nest is placed at a considerable distance from the ground and is loosely put together. It is composed principally of sticks and lined with roots and grasses. The eggs generally number 5, and are of a light green color, thickly spotted with brown.

DO QUAILS RAISE TWO BROODS?

Haslin, N. C.

Editor RECREATION: One of the erroneous statements often made, and I think generally believed, is that quails in the South rear 2 broods each season. While I admit that climatic conditions, food and cover in the South make it an ideal home for " Bob White "; yet I doubt if these birds are equal to the production of 2 bevies in a season. I state the following facts as the result of my own observation. Mating or pairing comes at any time, from March 20th to April 15th, depending entirely on the weather conditions. If warm and spring-like, then early; if not, late. But this by no means is an indication that nesting begins at once. That is never begun until insect life becomes abundant. As a rule, from May 20th to June 1st, they enter on the duty of reproduction. Then many days are consumed in depositing the eggs, and when the 13 days necessary for incubation is taken into account, it places the time of nidification near the first of July. During the time of " sitting " the cock performs his full share of duty, while his faithful spouse is out foraging, and *vice versa*. The fact that we often find very young birds in September or October has doubtless given rise to the belief that it is the second bevy reared during one season. In no case is that the true solution. The fact is, the first eggs, or young birds, have been destroyed, in some manner and the mother bird enters at once on the moulting period, and if yet early in the summer she will emerge in time to make a second attempt. This often results in young birds at the beginning of the shooting season, that are weak and totally unfit to be counted as game. It is beyond the natural, as much with them as with any other bird or animal that carries its young to the food, instead of the food to the young. If depositing and hatching the eggs was the end of the contract, it would be easily within their reach, but such is not the case. They are, when young, very delicate and need the care of the parent birds, not a few days only, but the greater part of the summer.

F. P. Latham.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF THE RED SQUIRREL.

In RECREATION for April, page 315, I observe you challenge the statement of E. S. Billings, in regard to the red squirrel. I will pick up the gauntlet, and give you the result of 3 years' study of the habits of this "Wolf in sheep's clothing."

He is both a granivorous and carnivorous animal. Pine nuts are his favorite food, but he is not averse to stealing a poor little chipmunk's winter store of hickory nuts and chestnuts when he runs across it.

He is an inveterate egg robber and might very properly be called the woodland pirate, since no bird's nest is safe from him, either on the ground or in a tree. He will drive a sitting bird from her nest, seize an egg and run out on the bough, where he will drain the last drop of meat from the interior. If instead of eggs the nest contains young birds, so much the better; for reddy is as partial to a nice young bird as is an epicure to mallard ducks. He will kill and eat a whole nestful of birds in a day, and be saucy afterward.

Where the red squirrel abounds there you need not hunt for the gray squirrel, as they cannot exist in the same locality. A red squirrel will attack and mutilate a male gray squirrel twice his own size. I have never seen this fact set forth in the sportsmen's papers, but am sure other sportsmen beside myself must have discovered it. I have shot many grays while in conflict with red squirrels and found them with wounds still bleeding. An old friend of mine has had the same experience. What I have written I have seen many times, and could relate many incidents which would make other sportsmen, as well as Billings and myself, expend a shell on the little red rascals whenever seen.

Long live RECREATION! It has been my monthly visitor ever since its initial number.

Jack Minton.

Mr. E. S. Billings, of Smyrna, N. Y., would do well to study a little natural history before he "wastes cartridges" on the red squirrel, or takes "side hunts" for hawks and owls as game destroyers.

The red squirrel is one of the most harmless of all our rodents, and the idea of its being able to cope with the gray squirrel, which is nearly twice the size of the little Chickaree, is simply absurd.

Unless Mr. Billings classes the field mice and rats, snakes, etc., as among the game, he will find it hard to prove his assertion that the hawks and owls are game destroyers. It is a well known fact among naturalists, as it should be to everyone, that the smaller rodents form the principal diet of the birds of prey.

Mr. Billings evidently belongs to that much to be pitied class of people who kill every harmless snake that crosses their path, simply because they have been told that the rattlesnake is dangerous, and "anyway they are such nasty looking things!"

I am not speaking at random, but can prove my assertions.

L. W. Brownell, Nyack, N. Y.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: So eminent an authority as John Burroughs holds the identical views entertained by E. S. Billings, in his letter on the red squirrel, which you publish in April RECREATION. In his chapter on "The Tragedies of the Nests," in the book "Signs and Seasons" occurs this paragraph:

"I have referred to the red squirrel as a destroyer of the eggs and young of birds. I think the mischief it does in this respect can hardly be overestimated. Nearly all birds look upon it as their enemy, and attack and annoy it when it appears near their breeding haunts. Thus, I have seen the pewee, the cuckoo, the robin, and the wood thrush pursuing it with angry voice and gesture. A friend of mine saw a pair of robins attack one in the top of a tall tree so vigorously that they caused it to lose its hold, when it fell to the ground, and was so stunned by the blow as to allow him to pick it up. If you wish the birds to breed and thrive in your orchards and groves, kill every red squirrel that infests the place."

RECREATION strengthens one in the desire to live on good terms with Nature.

What I heard a member of a village nine shout, last summer, bears repetition here: "Keep the good work a-goin'."

Marian S. Moffett.

Searsburg, N. Y.

Editor Recreation: The statement of E. S. Billings, in April Recreation, with regard to the red squirrel, is correct.

I have seen red squirrels chase gray ones and nip them as they ran. I had often heard of this and called it "fishy"; but I had to believe it when I saw it. In woods where reds are plenty and wax fat and are secluded from the haunts of man, you will rarely if ever see a gray or a black squirrel.

It is not my province to find fault with the people who fill our magazines with doubtful tales. They mean all right, but do not study their subjects sufficiently.

The red squirrel, when the breeding season has passed, has other thoughts than those of love and hate. A good repository for the coming crop of nuts; the selection of the nest for his children, and many other business cares, that no doubt escape our notice, occupy his time.

In order to study wild animal and bird life successfully one must spend not only one season in the woods, but many.

D. D. Wakeman.

THE CACKLING GOOSE.

Branta Minima.

ALLAN BROOKS.

(*See page 346.*)

The Cackling Goose is the smallest of the 4 subspecies of geese forming the *canadensis* group, and is only found in extreme Western America.

It is an almost exact reproduction, in miniature, of the Canada Goose, and can best be described as a Canada goose with the form and proportions of a brant; by which name it, and its near ally, Hutchins' goose, are often known on the Pacific coast.

The cackling goose can always be distinguished from Hutchins' goose by its tiny bill, which resembles that of the brant. On the wing, even at long range, it can generally be told from Hutchins' goose by the proportionately longer wings and shorter neck. Its "honk" is high pitched, but its peculiar cry is the chatter or cackle from which it derives its name. This I have heard only in fine weather, when the flocks were flying high, and I have never heard a similar cry from any of its allies.

The cackling goose is not confined to the coast or Western Cascade region, as I have taken it at Okanagan lake, 200 miles from the coast. This bird passes through B. C. late in the spring, and arrives later in the fall than Hutchins' goose. This indicates a more Northerly breeding ground. I do not think it breeds anywhere in B. C.

I have noticed a strong, sea-weedy smell in birds of this species, shot in the fall, which I have never noticed in other geese of this group.

It is the tamest of all geese, here in B. C., except perhaps the white fronted. I have walked up to within 40 or 50 yards of both these species, in open ground.

In spring the flocks of cackling, Hutchins' and snow geese often perform the most wonderful evolutions, shooting high into the air, with a chorus of cries and then hurtling earthward with one impulse. The thunder of their wings may be heard for miles, and the whole performance suggests a flock of plovers or sandpipers. These antics are generally the precursor of a storm, or a change of weather. The weight of the cackling goose varies from 3 to 5 pounds, being only a little more, on an average, than that of the mallard.

ARE THE PANTHER AND WILDCAT DANGEROUS?

I should be pleased to learn through Recreation, regarding the panthers and wild cats, of the Eastern States. While I believe them perfectly harmless, unless wounded or cornered, I have been told they would jump from trees and attack any one, with little or no cause. Do those animals differ so much from the cougars and wild cats of the Pacific coast?

Your magazine is all right, especially as to Guns and Ammunition.

Fred. Wiesman, Barberton, O.

ANSWER.

The stories you have read and heard, regarding the ferocity of the panther and the wild cat (lynx) of the Eastern States, are entirely fictitious. These animals are just as cowardly here as elsewhere, and no matter how skilfully a man may hunt a piece of country which they or either of them inhabit, he will rarely get sight of one. I do not believe that either a lynx or a panther ever attacked a man, in the East or in the West, unless trapped or in some other way compelled to fight.

I get a great many stories of these animals attacking human beings, but promptly return them to the writers, for I know as soon as I read them, they are false.—Editor.

CRATER LAKE TO BE A NATIONAL PARK.

The House Committee on Public Lands has unanimously agreed to report favorably the bill introduced in Congress, by Mr. Tongue, of Oregon, which provides for making a national park of Crater lake. As provided for in the bill, the park will cover about 250 square miles which includes the lake, its surrounding wall, and the adjacent mountainous country for a few miles in each direction from the lake. It does not include any agricultural or mineral land, and there is not a single settler within its proposed borders.

It is said the bill will meet with no opposition, either in the House or Senate, and that it is sure to become a law. This will be gratifying to every one who believes in preserving the natural wonders of American scenery.

Crater lake is not inferior to the Yellowstone or the Yosemite, in its great natural beauty and its various scientific interests. It is already attracting many tourists, and when once made a National Park, it will become one of the most popular resorts in this country.

The abundance of deer in the surrounding mountains and the nearness of Klamath Lake and Williamson river, with their splendid trout, will be additional attractions to lovers of hunting and fishing.

B. W. Evermann.

NOTES.

Mr. Anson Evans' water color word painting of "The Pewee," in March Recreation, is very pretty. Viewed, however, as a contribution to ornithological science, it is a shade too yellow. There are several pewees. Mr. Evans names the bird he attempts to describe, "pewee or phœbe bird (*Contopus vireus*)." The phœbe's scientific name is *Sayiornis fusca*. It is dull olivaceous-brown; not "dove color." Its note is "pĕ-wĭt′ phĕ′-bĕ"; not "pee-wee! pee-wee! pee-wit!" Eggs 4-5-6, normally pure white, not "3, murky white, a shade darker at larger end."

Not wishing to pose as an ornithological Columbus, I admit having obtained my information from a fellow named Elliott Coues, who is supposed to know a thing or 2 about birds. Mr. Evans should sit awhile at the feet of the elders, and rest his imaginative powers.

G. A. M., Pleasantville, N. Y.

Wild hogs and deer are plentiful in the forests here. There are also a few jaguars. Parrots, pigeons, turkeys, etc., are numerous along the river. In the lake are alligators and sharks. The river also has many alligators. I have shot several and have one good hide. Iguanas are plentiful; also monkeys.

Wm. Van Bushkirk,
San Juan River, Nicaragua.

NO CHANCE FOR ESCAPE.

Oh, birds! yours is a sorry lot—
For if you 'scape the cats
The women-folks will have you shot
To trim their Sunday hats.

Mr. C. A. Rawlee, while out hunting for minks, near the Paw Paw river, saw his dog making a great fuss at an old tree. On examination he found the tree hollow and plenty of mink tracks running from it to the river. Cutting a hole in the tree, he saw something jumping about and found 3 live fish. They had evidently been caught by a mink and hidden for future use. One was a sucker weighing about ½ pound. The other 2 were trout of about the same size. Mr. Rawlee cut the tree down, hoping to find the mink in it, but was disappointed.

C. F. Dey, Lawton, Mich.

SPRING.

W. H. NELSON.

The fleecy clouds across the sky
Float past on airy wing,
And faintly fragrant flutters by
The first sweet breath of spring.
'Tis laden with the scent of grass,
The odor of the flowers,
The benediction—brief, alas!—
That falls with April showers.

I mark from this, my window seat,
The budding trees close by,
And see, far off, the springing wheat
And pale-green fields of rye.
I hear the robin's happy notes
Among the orchard trees,
And through my open window floats
The murmurous song of bees.

The honeysuckle by the door
Shines in new tints of green;
The violets on the bank once more
In purple clots are seen.
The maples by the winding road,
The willows by the stream,
Glow as in other days they glowed,
Days that are now a dream.

Ne'er, ne'er, again shall shine the rays
That then in beauty shone;
Dark, dark, and few the coming days,
And I must walk alone.
No more for me the sunny skies
And fragrant breath of spring;
Too soon did childhood's prophecies
Of happiness take wing.

Teacher—Once upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?

Tommy (after a slight hestitation)—Which made the most?

"Say, old man," began the flour, "can you help a friend in knead? I'm afraid I'm in for a loaf."

"Oh, I guess I can raise the dough," replied the yeast, "though I haven't been working for some time, myself."

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

IN LETTERS OF GOLD.

R. B. BUCKHAM.

The approach of spring brings with it once more the old longing for field and cover, and for some days I have devoted my leisure moments to preparing for the opening of the snipe shooting season; loading fresh ammunition, unpacking the crisp, brown canvas suits from the camphor-scented chests, where they have "hibernated" through the long winter; overhauling our various traps, and carefully removing the guns from their chamois skin cases.

I find my double-barrel hammerless gun in perfect condition. Dear old partner! As I turn it over and glance along its graceful barrels, and at its inlaid stock, what reminiscences it recalls! How well I remember our first outing together.

At one time, my brother Eben and I were engaged in the practice of the law, in a small but thriving city on the shores of one of the Great Lakes. Six miles to the South of us stretched away Catlin's Bay, whose indented shores and well wooded promontories offered irresistible attractions for the ducks. During the migrating seasons, they were to be seen flying this way and that, or feeding in the marshes at the foot of the bay where Platt creek enters it. Taken all in all, this bay was one of the best ducking grounds it has ever been my good fortune to hunt over, and it was always a wonder to me it was not oftener visited by sportsmen. But if others did not improve their opportunities, we certainly did, and many a glorious outing did we have on that bay.

Late in the fall of 18—, it became necessary for me to go to Washington, to appear in a case for one of our clients, then pending before the supreme court. On the way home, thinking it but meet I should indulge myself in some innocent luxury, I stopped over in New York; and as hammerless guns had just then come into vogue, selected the best one money could buy, and a handsome one it was, too.

Having reached home, I placed it in a conspicuous place in the dining-room, and awaited my brother's return from the office. As I expected his quick eye soon caught the gleam of its shining barrels.

"Hello! What's this? A new gun; isn't it a beauty!"

"Yes; to-morrow is Saturday. The bay has not frozen yet and ducks are reported flying Southward. We must manage to get away to try it."

The day dawned crisp and clear, with a brisk North wind blowing; and with the Fates pronouncing such a benediction we could not but consider ourselves furloughed from our tasks, so hastened to our boat; having first closed the office door behind us and carefully pinned on it the usual sign displayed on such occasions,—

"OUT OF TOWN FOR THE DAY."

Every one of our clients knew well enough what that sign meant; and none of them was ever known to grumble at finding it there, either. Forsooth, they had good reason to be indulgent, for many a fat grouse and juicy duck have they eaten, as a recompense for any inconvenience they may have suffered from our absence.

Having tumbled our belongings aboard, we set sail for the foot of the bay. The stiff breeze carried us along at a goodly pace, and we could but sing the praises of our little craft as we sped along. She was a row-boat, fitted with folding centre-board and cat-rigged sail. To my mind, no boat is better fitted for lakes and ponds. While the wind favors, it is an excellent sailing craft, and in a calm, a transformation from sail-boat to row-boat is the work of but a moment.

The voyage to the foot of the bay was accomplished without incident worthy of note. Ducks were numerous, flying far up against the sky, but none came within range. As we ploughed with our momentum through the wide expanse of rushes into the mouth of the creek, however, we were suddenly surrounded by a great white cloud; a mass of waving, snowy wings. We had unexpectedly run into a flock of geese, feeding there near the rushes, and they were rising right and left in their clumsy flight. It was a sight long to be remembered.

"Give it to 'em," shouted my brother, who was in the bow of the boat, and seizing his heavy Greener, he set the example by making a skilful double.

Instantly the light little hammerless came to my shoulder, and its sharp, whip-like reports rang out, followed by a splash in the water. Slipping in another shell, containing No. 2 shot, I took quick aim at a clumsy fellow wabbling away to the right, and pulled.

"Bravo! Good for little spit-fire! You got him!" cried Eben, in admiration. "That was a good shot, I tell you!" And it was, for the little gun had proved deadly at fully 50 yards.

Having picked up the geese, we continued on up the creek. The sail was taken down, the centre-board drawn up and the paddle resorted to, for we were determined to avoid all noise, and did not even trust to the oars. Their continual drip drip, is audible for some distance, but the paddle, handled after the fashion of the Adirondack guides, and never removed from the water, is absolutely noiseless.

Eben sat in the bow, with his gun at ready, while I cautiously propelled our boat. The lake was at its highest, from the fall rains, and the banks of the creek were overflowed some distance into the woods beyond; the creek being well wooded, to its very banks. I skirted the edge of the hemlocks, keeping well under their shadow, often dodging in and out among them.

We proceeded in this manner for a mile or so without seeing a sign of game or hearing a sound, save the occasional splash of a musk-rat in the water. But as we were making a short cut through the firs, at a bend in the stream, we could distinctly see a flock of mallards, 5 in number, out on the open water before us.

Eben did not venture to turn to speak to me, or signal me in any way for fear of alarming them; but I stopped paddling to let him know I had seen them also. I did not even dare lay down the paddle and reach for my gun, but remained perfectly motionless while we drifted slowly along through the trees toward them, wholly unobserved.

Finally—an age it seemed to us, so great was the suspense—we came within range. As we emerged from the woods the birds rose and Eben scored a second pretty double for the day, right and left. The other birds, by good fortune, turned and attempted to fly over us, but I soon had hold of my gun and brought 2 of them down.

Having paddled up the stream to the rapids without farther luck, we turned and drifted down with the current. What a pleasure it was to float noiselessly along, at our ease, beneath the overhanging hemlocks and alders, surveying the banks as they passed, as if in review, before us!

At a glade in the hemlocks, we landed to stretch our legs and eat our lunch. Biscuit, chicken, eggs, doughnuts and pies rapidly disappeared before our keen appetites and were topped off with fragrant cigars.

After a short rest we returned to our boat and floated on again to the mouth of the creek, securing on the way a solitary Mallard, probably the sole survivor of the flock we had surprised farther up.

Meanwhile the sky had become overcast, and the wind was rapidly freshening with the setting sun. Armies of lowering cloud-banks were hurrying up from the North, and great blue, foam-crested waves were rolling and tossing into the mouth of the creek. The sail flapped wildly as we raised it, and our little craft seemed to shudder from stem to stern. The outlook was not altogether pleasing, but we had perfect confidence in the seaworthiness of our boat and rather enjoyed the hazard and the keen excitement, calling into play, as it did, every nerve and muscle. Strange indeed is man's nature, that he should relish danger!

"All ready now, hang onto your sheet." Slowly and heavily we beat out of the creek against the gale, into open water, breasting the huge waves which tossed their spray entirely over us. Once clear of the shallows and long stretches of sand beaches, we eased off and bore away on the starboard tack. As lightly as a cork, we rode over the white caps as we flew along, for fully 2 miles, and returned on the port tack.

"Can you make that headland?" asked Eben, pointing to a long, wooded tongue of land extending far out into the bay.

"Easily," I replied, tightening my grip on the tiller. And I did, with plenty to spare, too.

"Run close to the breakers, now!" My brother dropped our half-dozen decoys overboard close up to the foaming spray, as we swept by the point into the smooth water to leeward. Out on the end of the headland, we constructed an impromptu blind, from a clump of stunted cedars standing there, and so concealed ourselves within easy range of the decoys. We were glad enough to get on shore after our struggle with the waves, especially as we watched them dash angrily up the rocks on the windward side of the point.

Here we lay for some time anxiously scanning the bay. It began to look as though we were not destined to meet with success here. As the sun set and dusk came on, however, our luck changed. That evening's flight was a glorious one. Ducks of all sizes and descriptions swept in from North, South, East and West. Thicker and faster, they flew, and hotter and hotter grew our gun barrels, until the increasing darkness put an end to the sport, and we were compelled to desist. It would be difficult indeed to estimate how many scores of ducks flew over that point. Suffice it to say we actually bagged and secured 19 birds, between us, in that short space of time.

The voyage home, over the rough bay in the dark, was now before us, and it was no joking matter, either. It was with sober faces we shoved off and bade adieu to the shelter of the friendly cape. In order to weather the waves, which beat against us with terrible fury, it was necessary that the bow should be well weighted down. Consequently Eben sat well forward. Anyone who has ever tried it knows it is no easy thing to do to keep one's seat in the bow of a boat, even if the water is comparatively calm, on account of the rolling and pitching motion, which is much more pronounced here than in the stern.

If it had been anyone else, I should certainly have objected to his occupying such a hazardous position; but I never thought of cautioning Eben, having perfect confidence in him, and knowing that, with his experience, he was master of the situation if anyone was. Then I noticed he had a firm hold of the bow-rope, to steady himself.

We should have crossed the bay in safety, probably, had it not been for that bow-rope. Whether on account of its having decayed, through exposure to the weather, or through slipping from its fastening, I am not sure, but in one way or the other it succeeded in playing us a scurvy trick.

As we were traversing the very worst part of the bay, where the wind had full sweep over the lake, for a good hundred miles, and the huge billow piled up with a majesty grand to behold, one gigantic fellow, unnoticed in the dim light struck us squarely amidships. Over we keeled, in a trice, to the very water's edge. Just at that critical moment there was a loud snap; the bow-rope parted, Eben lost his balance and pitched into the water.

Instantly my head was in a whirl of confusion. A thousand thoughts flashed through my brain. To add to my consternation, the bow, lightened of its burden, shot up in the air, nearly capsizing the boat.

What I actually did in that moment of excitement, I am not positive, but I have a dim recollection of letting go the tiller with one hand, and of quickly seizing my gun with the other and holding it out over the water as I sped along.

Suddenly there was a pull as of a ton of lead on it, nearly wrenching my arm from its socket. By good fortune Eben had grasped the barrels as I passed by. Letting go the tiller entirely, I clung to that graceful stock with both hands. The boat fell away into the trough of the sea, and I finally succeeded in dragging Eben in over the stern, drenched and chilled to the marrow, but saved.

I soon had him stripped of his wet garments and well wrapped up in my own clothing, and after a few moments of vigorous rubbing his circulation was restored and his body glowing with warmth from his icy bath. We now returned to our course and soon reached home, safe and sound, none the worse for our adventure.

The next time I had occasion to examine the gun I found, to my surprise, the stock had been beautifully inlaid with a little scroll of gold on which was tastefully engraved, "Saved a human life, Nov. —, 18—." Eben maintains, to this day, that the little gun saved his life, and I verily believe it, for he could not have endured that ice-cold water 5 minutes without help.

THE MICROBE KILLER.

OLD SILVER TIP.

How things one has read about, heard about and talked about will at times flit through one's mind! Now, I have noticed that every new doctor has to discover some kind of a microbe, to get his name before the people. Immediately, up jumps some crank, who invents a patent medicine warranted to kill that microbe and hundreds of other kinds. The only trouble is, the medicine is more deadly than the microbe.

I had a "pard" once, who was continually saying he knew where he could find a "mine," until he made me so tired I decided to go with him to find it.

We had read, while in town, about how the health inspectors were fumigating the baggage of all first class passengers on the steamers, who were returning, after "blowing themselves" in Europe; how the process was spoiling no end of fine laces, etc. This was the topic of conversation, on our way to the mine.

On our second night out, rain threatened, so we "built" our bed. That is, we put a log under the head and another under the foot; then laid poles on these and spread the bedding on top. This raised the bed 8 or 10 inches. Before turning in we had it again about the microbes.

Pard's dog, as usual, lay between us, where he scratched fleas for our benefit. We had not been in bed long when I heard a purring sound under the bed.

"Scat!" said Pard. I smiled, for I knew what that purring sound meant. I had been there before. Throwing the blankets off, I made one jump, grabbed my clothes and sprang out of the tent. As I went I saw a little black animal with a white stripe down its back, jump on the bed. The cur grabbed it and shook it over Pard. Then I heard a smothered exclamation from my friend as if he had a bad taste in his mouth.

As I reached the open air, I was just in time to see a form crawling out from under the wall of the tent. It was Pard. One might have thought he had just come from the infernal regions, from the amount of sulphur and brimstone floating around. Out of the flap came the cur, head down, tail between his legs, and a sort of a dejected expression on his face, as much as to say. "What in —— did you do that for?"

Talk about fumigating clothes to kill microbes! I do not believe any microbes could stand that treatment! However, we would gladly have stood chances on the microbes. I have often seen a lot of children crying for something they could not get. We were just the opposite. We could have that bed, but we did not want it.

OFFICERS OF THE L. A. S.

President, G. O. Shields, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

1st Vice-President, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Washington, D.C.

2d Vice-President, E. S. Thompson, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

3d Vice-President, Hon. W. A. Richards, Cheyenne, Wyo.

4th Vice-President, W. T. Hornaday, 69 Wall St., New York.

5th Vice-President, A. A. Anderson, 93 Fifth Ave., New York.

Secretary, Arthur F. Rice, 155 Pennington Ave., Passaic, N. J.

Treasurer, F. S. Hyatt, Clinton Bank, New York.

SHALL WE LICENSE GUNS?

A Michigan correspondent criticises the declaration in the preamble of the constitution, to the effect that the L. A. S. is in favor of taxing guns.

I do not understand how any reasonable man can object to this proposition, after considering it carefully.

In no event would the national League make laws. Neither does the national body assume to dictate, to state divisions, as to what laws they shall ask their respective legislatures to pass. It will advise the enactment of such laws as it believes are needed, in the various States; but the active work of securing such legislation will be left entirely to State divisions. Thus it will become a question for the Michigan division of the L. A. S., when organized, to petition its legislature for a gun license law or not, as a majority of the members in that State may elect.

In no event would the national League advocate a gun license of more than $1, and probably never more than 50 cents. This we believe is necessary in every State, and especially in those where there are large cities containing large foreign populations. Every Sunday morning, throughout the spring, summer and fall, an army of Italians, Bohemians, Polanders, etc., marches out of every great city, armed with old muskets and cheap shot guns. These men and boys kill everything they can find—robins, blue jays, black birds, and all kinds of song birds. They kill not only for the sake of killing, but for meat; and the birds all go into pot.

Even a small gun license would stop a great many of these men from shooting, or from carrying guns. It is well known that a dog license of $1 rids any town or city of many of its worthless curs, as soon as enacted and enforced. So a low gun license would rid every city of many of its irresponsible shooters. All gun owners who might see fit to take out licenses would then be on record, and when they violated game laws, or committed other misdemeanors, it would be much easier to locate and convict them than if they were not so recorded.

In any case where a game license law may be enacted the legislature will be asked to provide that the funds arising from such licensing, may be set aside for the purpose of enforcing game laws. Suppose for instance, the Michigan legislature should pass a law placing a license of 50 cents on each gun in the State. It is safe to say that within 3 months 20,000 guns would be licensed, within that State. Here would be a fund of $10,000 to be used by the State authorities in enforcing game laws. What a great power this amount of money would be in the hands of a well organized board of State game and fish commissioners!

In some States there would no doubt be as many as 100,000 gun licenses issued, and on the basis proposed above this would provide a fund of $50,000 for the purpose of game law enforcement.

Who would object to the payment of a gun license of 50 cents, for the purpose of checking the slaughter of innocent birds and animals? Who would object to contributing 50 cents toward a fund to suppress these irresponsible foreigners and pot hunters? I do not believe there are a dozen respectable farmers or laborers, no matter how poor, in the State of Michigan or in any other State, who would not willingly pay such a sum for such a noble purpose. Certainly no sportsman would object to doing so.

HOW TO PROTECT GAME.

Last fall I was handed a copy of Recreation and after reading it I subscribed. I think it the best monthly published. I like the way you roast the game hog Something ought to be done here to protect game. Ten years ago one could go to any point North of Middletown, N. Y., and get all the game he wanted, in a short time. Now game is getting scarce. In every town there are one or 2 market hunters who do nothing in fall but hunt, and ship their game to market. We elect game protectors, or constables, but never hear of an arrest. Wurtsboro, Ellenville and Fallsburgh, N. Y. are noted for grouse and woodcock shooting; but the woods, in fall, are full of snares. I suppose any one knowing of these should complain to proper authorities. I have put several officers on the right track but they did not prosecute. Our trout fishing is also failing. Our streams are stocked, but the fry is, as a rule, put in the water too early. I have seen the snow shoveled off, holes chopped in ice and the fry dumped in. I don't think one in 5,000 could live. My observation leads me to believe trout fry should not be placed in streams until May, and then, only in small spring brooks and tributaries.

What course would you advise me to persue, next fall, in regard to snares and market hunters? It takes time and money to detect the culprits and we are not all able to spare either.

Reader, Middletown, N. Y.

FIRST BLOOD FOR THE LEAGUE.

As reported in April RECREATION the officers of the L. A. S. made a vigorous fight, at Albany, for the passage of the bill for the repeal of Section 249 of the game laws of New York. This law has been on the statute books 3 years, greatly to the disgrace of this State. As is well known it allowed the sale of game in this State, at any time of the year, provided it could be proven that the game came from some point 300 miles outside of this State.

Strenuous efforts have been made, before each session of the Legislature since the enactment of this infamous law, to have it repealed; but until now these efforts have been fruitless.

A bill was introduced at the opening of the present session of the Legislature, as usual. It was referred to the house committee on game laws, and an application was made to this committee, at once, for a hearing thereon. This was granted and the President, Secretary and Chairman of the Law Committee of the League, went to Albany and made vigorous arguments before the committee in behalf of the proposed repeal. They were able to convince the committee of the injustice of the old law, and of the great need of its repeal.

The committee reported the bill favorably to the house and it was promptly passed. Then it went to the senate, where it was also passed—the influence of the League having followed it there.

When the bill went into the Governor's hands, I prepared a brief in its behalf, had it signed by all the officers of the League and sent it to him. In due time the Governor answered that he had signed the bill.

This bill was fought by the railway companies, the express companies, the hotel men and the game dealers, and its final passage and signing is a great victory for the L. A. S.

This is our first really important work, but if you will keep an eye on this organization for the next 5 years you will see that it will accomplish many other reforms, even greater than this.

NEW YORK'S CHIEF WARDEN IS IN THE SADDLE.

The New York division of the L. A. S. has been organized by the election of Mr. E. A. Pond, of William A. Pond & Co., 144 Fifth Avenue, as chief warden. Mr. Pond is getting down to the detailed work of his State division as rapidly as possible, and desires suggestions from all New York members as to the best available material for county game wardens. If you know of a good true man in your county, who would accept the office of game warden, and who would work for the good of the cause, write Mr. Pond and recommend his appointment.

NOTES.

I like RECREATION, very much, and find great consolation in it when I can not go hunting or fishing. Am trying to do my part toward doubling your circulation and your power for the protection of game and fish. I like the stand you take, and every true lover of field sports should assist in this great work of game protection. I know of no better way than to subscribe for RECREATION, and then follow its advice. If any game hog will read RECREATION one year it will cure him of being a game hog. He will commence to feel hoggish as soon as he gets a reasonable amount of game. Then it won't be half the fun it was, and he will quit and go home.

I am glad to note the prosperity of the L. A. S. Think what the influence of 50,000 members would be, scattered all over the United States; and I believe we can get that number within a year.

A. E. Hobson, Crawford, Neb.

I took a large number of applications for membership in the L. A. S., at the Boston show. Some unprincipled wretch stole from my desk a book containing 8 of these applications. I was able to recall the names and addresses of 3 of the gentlemen enrolled therein, but cannot remember the names of the other 5. I must therefore ask each of the gentlemen who joined the L. A. S. at the show, to report to me, by postal card, in order that I may check up the Secretary's list and find who the missing members are.

At this writing the work of organizing the New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts division is in progress. Secretary Rice is sending out the notices to the members in these 3 States, calling for ballots for chief warden. Before this issue of RECREATION reaches its readers, these 3 States will have been thoroughly organized, and 60 per cent. of the membership fees turned back into the States, to be used in the work of game protection, at home.

Join the L. A. S. and get all your friends and neighbors to join it. We hope to have a game warden in each county in the State, before the end of the year. These wardens will be members of the League, paid by the League, and their work will be scrutinized by every active member of that order. These local wardens are to act in conjunction with the local state officers and see that the latter do their duty. Editor.

Mr. R. B. Lawrence, Secretary of the New York Association for the protection of game, is entitled to great credit for the indefatigable manner in which, for 3 years past, he has fought for the repeal of Section 249. He was with the officers of the L. A. S. before the assembly committee when it gave the hearing on the bill to repeal this law, and made an eloquent plea. The league officers are greatly indebted to Mr. Lawrence for his cordial co-operation in this work.

I need not tell anyone who knows me that I am thoroughly in sympathy with, and will support, any movement which has for its object the protection and increase of game. I therefore heartily approve the plan of the L. A. S. and we shall welcome its co-operation in this State.

J. O'H. Denny, Prest. Penn. State
Sportsmen's Assn.

Every member of the L. A. S. should avail himself of every opportunity to stir up his friends in the interest of the League, and induce them to join. If you want blank applications, write the Secretary and they will be sent you at once.

The badges are now ready for delivery. Send in your order, accompanied by the cash. Prices are as follows: bronze 25 cents, silver 75 cents and gold $2.50.

All who join the L. A. S. before June 1st will be enrolled as charter members. Send in your dollar at once.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

The editor sat in his well-worn chair, his head bowed low on his breast,
The tangled whiskers which fringed his face clung close to his tattered vest.
He sat reflecting upon his lot, and the sighs which he let escape
Seemed windy evidence that affairs with him were in desperate shape.
Delinquent subscribers came not in to gladden his heart with coin,
'Twas many a day since he stowed away a silver piece in his groin,
And his wife had told him that very morn, with a sort of a hungry frown,
His dinner that day would be turnips straight, with water to wash them down.

He'd chronicled every birth and death, with a comment on each event,
Had "Personaled" every man in camp, if he only a-fishing went;
At every wedding, no matter if the bride was a homely fright,
He'd laud her comeliness to the skies; just flatter her out of sight.
He often said that the minister was a Talmage of eloquence,
The brain of the young attorney-at-law a bonanza of legal sense—
In short, he'd puffed every living soul, from the Mayor to Bummer Jim,
Yet never a "thank you" had come his way, not a dollar been thrown to him.

While thus reflecting he heard a step, and a heart-warming "Howdy-do?
I reckon you're the editor man; I've bin a lookin' fur you!
I'm ol' Sam Bass of the Two-X ranch, bin takin' yer paper a year,
An' I want you to keep it a slidin' along; I've got the spondulix here.
I tell you, pardner, the ol' Gazette is a hummer from top to toe!
My woman says she'll stop keepin' house if it stops a comin', by Jo!
An' that reminds me, I brought a crock o' butter, of her own make,
An' throwed you in a hindquarter o' beef, jes' sorter fur friendship's sake.

"An' Tom—I guess you remember Tom! Got married last week, you know—
He told me to tell you that piece you writ about the affair wa'n't slow:
You said his gal was a 'rural sprite,' with a angel brand on her smile,
An' here's ten dollars that Tom sent in to show that he likes yer style,
An' here"—But the rancher heard a gasp, the editor toppled o'er
And fell with a dull and sickening thud on his den's uncarpeted floor!
The visitor knelt o'er the prostrate form and lifted the helpless head;
But the ten-dollar shock had done its work! The editor man was dead!

EDITOR'S CORNER.

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIPTS FOR 3 YEARS AND 3 MONTHS.

Read the deadly parallel columns:

	1895.	1896.	1897.	1898.
January....	$379	$723	$2,146	**$4,059**
February ..	256	693	2,127	**3,562**
March.....	300	1,049	2,215	**3,613**
April......	342	645	1,921	
May.......	292	902	1,596	
June	307	770	1,402	
July.......	345	563	1,101	
August	306	601	1,906	
September .	498	951	2,223	
October ...	438	969	2,586	
November .	586	1,054	2,440	
December .	652	1,853	4,760	
	$4,671	$10,773	$26,423	

Note the figures for March, '98. As Nasby said "comparisons are odorous"; and as the rooter said, at the country base ball game, "let the good work keep a goin'."

THE NEW YORK SHOW.

Captain J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary of the Sportsmen's Association, sends out a circular letter announcing that the dates for the next Sportsmen's Show, at Madison Square Garden, have been designated as March 2d to 11th, both inclusive, 1899. He adds, good naturedly, that this will be a strictly Sportsman's Show, and that no exhibits will be admitted that do not pertain to out door sports.

I am glad the Association has determined on this course. As I have before stated, the management made a serious mistake in admitting a number of lines to the last show that were not in keeping with the object of the exposition, and in which sportsmen are not interested. The self-playing piano, the Moxie stand, the slot machines, and such like, were not only uninteresting, but were more or less annoying to visitors. The managers recognized this, on the opening day, but it was then too late to remove the objectionable features. It is gratifying to know they are not to be seen at the next show.

STOP THE SPRING SHOOTING.

The manager of the Hotel Undercliff, at Putnam, Ill., sent out a circular dated March 7th, stating there was good duck shooting on Lake Senachwine, at that date, and inviting shooters to come there and participate in it. It is strange that intelligent hotel men should not have learned, ere this, that by encouraging shooters to kill ducks in the spring, they are destroying their revenue for future years. At the date of the letter referred to the ducks were on their way North, to their breeding grounds. It is safe to say each female arriving in the Canadian provinces would have brought back an average of 10 full grown young ducks next fall. The manager of the Hotel Undercliff would of course congratulate any, and every one of his guests, who could have gone out, in March, and killed 20 or 50 ducks. Think of the terrible destruction of eggs this would entail! Think of the thousands of ducks that would have come back next fall if their mothers had been let alone this spring, and that will never come back because their mothers were killed!

Stop the spring shooting! Shut up the resort hotels in spring, if necessary, and let the managers thereof go to farming rather than that they should encourage the slaughter of ducks that are on their way to their breeding grounds.

THE NEW FISH COMMISSIONER.

On February 1, the President appointed Hon. George M. Bowers, of Martinsburg, W. Va., to be U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to succeed John J. Brice, removed. The nomination was favorably reported by the Committee on Fish and Fisheries and was confirmed by the Senate February 11.

Mr. Bowers has now been in charge of the office for nearly 3 months, and I have only the most favorable reports of the way he is taking hold of the work. He is a man of excellent business training and is said to possess superior administrative ability. He fully appreciates the value of the scientific work of the Commission, and it can be safely stated that this branch of the Commission's work will not suffer. No changes have been made in the personnel of the Commission and it is not likely many will be made.

The alarm which was manifested by certain other editors seems to have been groundless, and it appears that the affairs of the Commission will be properly and intelligently conducted.

This issue of Recreation contains 11 pages of photographic ads. I believe this is a larger volume of this business than was ever before carried in any magazine, other than a photographic trade journal. I am so confident of this that I hereby offer to pay $5 for a copy of any magazine ever printed in the United States, other than a photographic journal, containing as much as 11 pages of this class of ads.

Recreation must be a good medium for this class of business or manufacturers would not use it so liberally.

Prominent features of June RECREATION will be, "The Puget Sound Salmon," by E. L. Kellogg; "Tiger Shooting in India," Lieut. J. P. Webster, of the British Army; "The Pompano of the Indian River," Mrs. Julia Wells; "Ducks and Quails in Florida," H. B. Allen; "Queer Patients and Queer Physicians," Dr. James Weir, Jr., etc. There will be the usual liberal supply of photographic reproductions, original drawings, poems, notes from the game fields and the fishing grounds, discussions on guns, ammunition, etc.

A reader of RECREATION calls my attention to the fact that RECREATION gun club, of Lexington, Va., announces its intention to hold pigeon and rifle shoots. I understand this expression, on the part of the Secretary of the club, refers to clay pigeons, and not to live birds. RECREATION is radically and unalterably opposed to shooting live pigeons, from the trap, and does not wish to be understood as sanctioning such alleged sport, in any instance.

There is a Post-office in Wyoming called "Four Bear." This name doubtless has a significance of some kind, and it is possible that a tale hangs thereby. Bears are not supposed to have tails, but possibly these 4, combined, may have a good one, and I should like to know the particulars.

Will not Colonel Pickett, who lives near Four Bear, kindly tell the readers of RECREATION what he knows about the origin of this name?

Traveler (in country town)—What's the matter with the people of this place? Is there some sort of an epidemic raging here? I see that nearly everyone has wads of cotton stuffed into his ears.

Native—No, there ain't nothin' the matter with us specially. This is our brass band's regular night for practisin'.—Stray Stories.

There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

Rusty Bill—Lady, could you let me have an old pair of pants?

Mrs. Brown—I am afraid these are too large around the waist for you.

Rusty—Well, couldn't you give me a breakfast that would make 'em fit?—Truth.

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 50 yearly subscriptions to RECREATION. Who will be the first to earn it?

HOGS.

G. C.

The woodland ways beguiled my feet
When but a little child;
I moved among them like a bird,
As wayward and as wild.
Even yet the city's crowded streets,
Its blocks of brick and stone,
Are tenantless and drear to me,
I thread the throngs alone.

The Sabbath's solemn-tolling bell
Not music is to me;
Above its clang swells on my ear
The anthem of the sea.
I hear Katahdin's moaning pines
And Tampa's sighing palms;
I'm midst wild Athabaskan storms
Or Carribean calms.

In through my window, open flung,
The city's tumult pours,
I hear far Moosehead's plashing waves,
And dip of quiet oars.
Men haste and loiter, come and go,
I reck not all they do;
For lo, on Puget's tranquil breast
I launch my bark canoe.

* * *

Alas, the hungry river drowns
The tiny rippling stream,
As harsh reality crowds out
A poet's idle dream.
Vanished the camp beside the lake,
Vanished the blazing logs,
I turn from fancy's roasted trout
To roasting human hogs.

The rooters in the farmer's fields
Are not the only swine;
You'll meet them on the streams and lakes
Wielding the hook and line;
You'll find them hot in chase of game,
From elephants to frogs,
Day after day, year after year
The same insatiate hogs.

The manly sportsman's simple needs
Not hard the task to fill,
And few his victims; but the hog
Knows but the greed to kill.
The hunter kills—then roasts—his meat,
And on such fare will thrive;
But when he handles human swine
Must roast his game alive.

The commander of the ironclad peered through the porthole at the enemy and then turned to the gunners.

"Give him grape and canister!" he shouted, hoarsely, grinding his teeth. "Give him grape, anyhow! Perchance we shall lodge a seed in his appendix vermiformis!"

And the horrible carnage went on.—New York World.

CANOEING.

OFFICERS OF THE A. C. A., 1897–98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.

Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Eastern Division, Francis J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.

Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in Recreation.

The following have applied for membership:

EASTERN DIVISION.

George E. Hutchins, 284 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.
C. A. Shamel, 182 Florida St., Springfield.
T. W. Burgess, 184 Bowdoin St., Springfield.
Foster H. Cary, Millbury, Mass.
Clarence W. Estabrook, West Newton, Mass.

SCHEDULE OF RACES, A. C. A. MEET, STAVE ISLAND, AUGUST 5–19, 1898.

There having been but one criticism of the previous programme the following has been decided upon. If there are now any disgruntled racers, who propose to kick on the schedule, they have only themselves to blame. Mr. L. B. Palmer is the only man who is not afraid of the chairman of the Regatta Committee.

Races for Decked Sailing Canoes.

Event No.

1. Record Combined Paddling and Sailing, ½ mile alternately, 3 miles. Start under paddle. Time limit, 1½ hours.
2. Record Paddling, ½ mile with turn,
3. Record Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

   The same rig and seat will be used in events Nos. 1 and 3.

   The Record races are prescribed by rule No. 5 of Racing Regulations. In addition to the Record prizes, a first and a second prize will be given for each race.
4. Trial Sailing (see rule 5) 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours. The contestants in Trophy race are selected from this race. First and second prize.
5. Novice Sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to September 1, 1897. First and second prizes.
6. Trophy Sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours. First and second prizes.

Event No.

7. Dolphin Trophy Sailing, 7½ miles, time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in Trophy race will not compete.
8. One man Paddling, double blade, ½ mile straightaway. First prize.
9. Tandem Paddling, double blade, ½ mile straightaway; 2 first prizes.
10. Atlantic Division Trophy
11. Central " "
12. Eastern " "
13. Northern " "

Sailing races held during first week of camp, provided they have not been sailed at Division Meets. Special conditions will be posted on the bulletin board.

Races for Open Canoes Under Rule 1.

	For one and 2 men.	For 4 men.	For War Canoes.
Maximum Length	16 feet.	20 feet.	30 feet.
Minimum Beam	29½ inches.	28½ inches.	36 inches.
" Depth	10 inches.	12 inches.	17 inches.
" Weight	50 lbs.	70 lbs.	120 lbs.

One and 2 men canoes, weighing less than 50 pounds may make up a deficiency of not more than 5 pounds by ballast. War canoe limitations do not apply to canoes built prior to October 1, 1897.

Event No.

14. Combined Sailing and Paddling, ½ mile alternately, 1½ miles, start under sail. Single blades. Open or partially decked canoes allowed. First and second prizes.
15. Sailing, 1½ miles, time limit, 1½ hours. Open or partially decked canoes allowed. First and second prizes.
16. Sailing, 1½ miles, time limit, 1½ hours, for open canoes without side decks. First and second prizes.

    In events Nos. 14, 15, and 16 the sail area is limited to 40 square feet. No rudder or seat projecting beyond gunwales allowed. One pair of detachable lee-boards may be used. The paddle can only be used for steering except in event No. 14 on the paddling leg. The same canoe, sail and lee-boards will be used in events Nos. 14 and 15. In events Nos. 14 and 15 canoes may have the usual bow and stern decks of about 32 inches and side decks of about 2 inches wide, with combing about 1½ inches high. Canvas covers and other substitutes for decks will be measured as decks.
17. Trophy Paddling, 1 mile straightaway. First and second prizes in addition to Trophy. Paddle optional.
18. One man Paddling, single blade, ½ mile straightaway. First prize.
19. Two men Paddling, single blade, ½ mile straightaway. Two first prizes.
20. Four men Paddling (Club or Division), single blade, ½ mile straightaway. One first prize.
21. War Canoes, ½ mile straightaway. First and second prize.
22. Relay race (Club or Division), open or decked canoes, paddles optional over sailing course. Three men from each club or division. Starters paddle to and around first buoy, and pass some article to second men, who paddle to and around second buoy passing to third men who finish. Three first prizes.
23. One lady, Paddling, ¼ mile straightaway, single blades. First prize.
24. Two ladies, Paddling, ¼ mile straightaway, single blades. Two first prizes.
25. Hurry Scurry. Paddle optional. First prize.
26. Upset Paddling. Paddle optional. First prize.
27. Swimming 100 yards. First and second prize.

As many as possible of the minor events will be run off during the first week of camp, probably commencing on Wednesday August 10th. These events are Nos. 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

Intending competitors in all races are advised to carefully study the Racing Regulations, as contained in the Year Book. Particular attention is directed to Rules No. 4, 6, 7, 9 and 13, which will be rigidly adhered to.

The Camp Site Committee beg to say that much of the success of the 1898 meet, depends on the early application by club officials and individual members of the A. C. A., for their camp sites. Each club should begin, now, their arrangements to enlist as many members as possible to attend at Stave Island, August 5th to 19th. Find out regarding the number of tents and the space wanted. Tents, cots, chairs and tables may be rented, at reasonable rates, by giving timely notice to the Camp Site Committee. The committee will do all it can to arrange for everyone attending the camp, and your hearty co-operation to make a beautiful camp, is requested by early attention to these details. "First come, first served," should prompt each club and individual to make plans early, thus greatly helping the committee, which has a great deal of work to do. If attended to early, it will save trouble and confusion at the opening time of the "meet."

F. S. Thorn, Chairman,
394 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
H. L. Quick,
Yonkers, N. Y.
Henry C. Morse,
Peoria, Ill.
Geo. L. Kelley,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Camp Site Committee.

The Transportation Committee announces that it is receiving very encouraging reports from all sections, regarding the attendance at the Meet August 5th to 19th, at Stave Island, and the prospect is good for a large camp. Two clubs, alone, promise 20 to 25 members each, and the Eastern division, we hope, will put over 50 under tents. Reports from Rochester, Buffalo, Toronto and Albany say all want to go back to "Stave."

The Committee has closed the contract with the Navigation Company, which controls the steamer "Valeria," on the following terms: From Clayton to Stave Island and return, 75 cents each passenger. This includes one canoe, and all duffle.

From Gananoque to Stave Island and return 50 cents each passenger. This also includes transportation of one canoe, and all duffle.

W. E. Barlow, Chairman,
Sing Sing, N. Y.
C. V. Winne,
Albany, N. Y.
L. A. Hall,
Newton, Mass.
F. S. Rathbun,
Deseronto, Canada.
Transportation Committee.

Following are the Innitou Canoe Club's officers elected for the year 1898: Commodore, Edward T. Brigham; Vice-Commodore, Eliott F. Trull; Secretary, Willard K. Fowle; Treasurer, Homer B. Grant; Trustee, Edward F. Wyer; House Committee, Willard K. Fowle; Wm. W. Crosby, Edward T. Brigham; Membership Committee, Arthur C. Wyer, Wm. W. Crosby, Homer B. Grant; Auditing Committee, Eliot F. Trull, Edward F. Wyer.

The annual meeting of the Waubewawa Canoe Association was held at the club house in Auburndale, Mass., on Saturday evening, March 5th. Reports of the various committees were read and the Purser's statement showed the finances to be in sound condition, the club having had a prosperous year. The election of officers for '98 resulted as follows: Captain, Louis S. Drake; Purser, Francis J. Burrage; Secretary, William V. Forsaith.

In making plans for your summer vacation do not forget the A. C. A. meet, to be held August 5th to 19th, at Stave Island on the St. Lawrence, the ideal canoeing water in this country. "Stave" is a picturesque island, full of little bays and covered with a fine growth of pine trees. It is protected by other near by islands, from high winds and seas.

Have you paid your dues yet? If not, do so at once, as, on April 1st, the A. C. A. Year Book goes to press, and we want your name in it. You surely do not want your name dropped from the Association, and thereby miss Recreation every month.

A most excellent racing programme has been prepared, as you can see. It gives all a chance to enter some of the races, even though they may not have "crack" racers. Rig up a sail in your open canoe, and get a pair of lee boards.

The inner man will be well provided for at the camp, as our friend, Mr. McElvany, will have charge of the mess table.

A "Vaux" canoe, made by J. H. Rushton, retail price $37.50, for 50 yearly subscriptions to Recreation. Who will be the first to earn it?

"Juddocks is an exceedingly kindhearted man."

"Yes, indeed. He had his dog's tail docked the other day, for fear he might step on it."

Lethargic Laertes—I hear yer got caught tryin' ter swipe a feller's chainless wheel las' night.

Sorry Sawyer—Yes; I didn't know there was a chainless dorg in the yard.

THE FLYING STEED.

MADELINE LACK.

Oh, what joy we know as we ride along—
As we flit and spin by the walking throng;
With a whirr and dash we are out of sight,
On the flying steed which is still as night.

Scoffers in scores but a few years ago
Declared it was only a fad—and lo!
They now pedal by, in wildest delight,
On the flying steed which is still as night.

" Honi soit qui mal y pense " let us say—
For the cycler's bliss, all the world gives way;
Let no dame be heard, whether wrong or right,
Till she tries the steed which is still as night.

Yet one timely hint may be all you need—
Dear ladies all, to my word give heed;
Know the wheel's great joy; give up the fight;
Buy a flying steed which is still as night.

NICKEL AND ENAMEL.

Nickel plating and enamelling of bicycles has become an art and a trade in itself. There are so many riders who have become attached to last year's mounts, and who prefer to have them overhauled generally for use another year rather than buy new models, that shops are giving especial attention to securing elegant effects in finish.

The bicycle of a few years ago, when wheels were uniformly enamelled black, relieved only by nickel plated handlebars, spokes and a few other parts, has given way to works of art in decoration. The advance has been gradual, to some extent, although at one time there was a sudden movement for glaring colors; but this has been toned down to a reasonable degree.

Without radical changes in models, it is practically impossible to decide whether a handsomely finished wheel, fresh from the plater's and enameller's hands is a '97 or a '98 model. Many small dealers have taken up the art of converting travel stained wheels, somewhat battered, into sightly and beautifully finished " '98 models."

" Isn't it tiresome! I've just got a lovely new bicycle, and now my doctor absolutely forbids me to cycle. What would you advise me to do? "

" Change your doctor."—Punch.

If you would live next to nature, read Recreation.

A WESTERN PARADISE.

Some wheelmen in the far West apparently live in a chosen land.

The elevated bicycle path, between Pasadena and Los Angeles, Cal., running 9 miles through a picturesque country, was completed April 1. This cycle way is 18 feet above the level of the streets and, of course, varies so that in some places it is 50 feet, in the valleys, and through one hill a short cut was made at grade. Electric lights are set every 100 feet along the track. This will be 9 feet wide on the roadway, with flaring edges, making the width 12 feet at the top of the guard rail. It is built of wood, the floor of boards turned on edge. In the centre of the track, which is of a dull gray color, to be restful to the eye, there is a 3-inch separator, to prevent collisions of cyclists going in opposite ways.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

A knight came pricking o'er the plain,
With a helmet and spear rode he;
And he sought yon lofty tower to gain
Where his ladye fair might be.

He climbed the hill—but his steed was slow—
Ah, then fate did her worst;
A wheelman captured the girl, you know—
For he scorched and got there first.

PASSING OF THE SWEATER.

The garment which is everywhere known as the " sweater " has had its day in cycling, and will be succeeded by more comfortable and sightly substitutes this year. There has been a gradual change in costume, as cycling has developed, and the tight fitting suits of years ago, with their festoons of braid and amplitude of frogs and buttons, have given way to the comfortable loose fitting golf suit of the present day. The sweater has retained its hold longer than any other of the old time garments, but is no longer proper for anything but cold weather riding. Some riders, ordinarily neat in their attire, have been remarkably careless, and even slovenly in appearance, when dressed for the wheel; but a better state of affairs is at hand, and the tailor and furnisher will now " make the man " to as great an extent awheel as when on promenade.—N. Y. "Evening Telegram."

When a woman is asked to guess the price of another woman's bargain, she always makes it twice as big as she really thinks, for the sake of courtesy.—Atchison Globe.

TRADE BLACKLIST.

The bicycle dealers of Philadelphia have decided on a plan to blacklist all wheelmen who are bad pay. At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Cycle Board of Trade it was decided to make up a list of all wheelmen who had purchased bicycles on the instalment plan and failed to keep their agreement. Every dealer in the vicinity of that city carefully scanned his books and sent in a list of those who had failed in their payments. Yesterday President Brewer completed his "blacklist," which contains nearly 4,000 names.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

The bicycle girl's in despair and exhausted
With winds that are blowing at such a swift rate,
Despite her wild efforts to do so—'tis dreadful,
Her hat on her head she can never keep straight.

Patent Office records for 1897 show that the greatest number of exclusive rights issued, relating to cycles and sundries, was on stands and racks, 124 in all. Patents were issued on 110 styles of puncture-proof tires, 106 handlebars, grips and stems; 105 styles of driving gear, the greater part of the chainless order; 85 saddles, 69 brakes, 51 styles of frame construction, 50 pedals and cranks, 26 guards and gear cases, 17 spring frames, 12 tandems and 8 bearings, other than the ball variety. And still the mills grind away.

"Did the doctor do anything to help your rheumatism?"

"I should think so. Anyway, it has gained on me steadily ever since."—Stray Stories.

Bicycle baggage legislation, so successful in various parts of the country, bids fair to give way in popularity this year to State measures providing for wide tires on vehicles in order to spare the road surfaces, so easily destroyed by narrow tires on vehicles heavily loaded. Three bills of this sort have been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature, and there is a movement in the same direction pending in New York and one in New Jersey.

"What's that book you're reading, papa?"

"The 'Last Days of Pompeii,' my pet."

"What did he die of, papa?"

"An eruption, dear."

The question as to whether a wheelway will be built over the Brooklyn bridge is as far from settlement as ever. Seven meetings of the committee appointed to urge the matter have been called, but no quorum has yet been secured. Consequently no work has been done. The members of this committee are evidently not politicians.

THE MODERN LAY.

"My lover's the man in the moon,"
Was once a most popular tune,
But the song that the maidens now like,
Is, "My lover's the man on the bike."

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

With the object of supplying members of the L. A. W. with bicycles at less than catalogue prices, some of the officers of that body planned a purchasing bureau for the benefit of its members, and incidentally for the benefit of itself.

The manufacturers declined to enter into the arrangement and the officers of the National Cycle Board of Trade are likely to instruct the secretary to warn members of the Board against granting the request.

The victim—That is a lovely suburban home you sold me. Every time it rains the lot is a sea of mud.

The man who sold—Well, don't you know enough to stay in the house when it rains?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SHRINKAGE OF THE L. A. W.

Notwithstanding all the recruiting that has been done, at heavy expense, the total membership of the L. A. W. fell, in 6 weeks, from 103,298, the figure on February 1st, to 102,502, on March 1st. In that time New York State had its total reduced from 26,956 to 26,829, a loss of 127; Pennsylvania from 24,888 to 24,839, a loss of 49, and Massachusetts from 12,571 to 12,408, a loss of 163. New Jersey has gained 4 members and now has 6,875, and Connecticut, by gaining 37, has reached a total of 2,085. Pennsylvania is still 2,000 behind New York, and the rivalry between the 2 divisions is likely to continue to bolster the membership.

The Associated Cycling Clubs of New York have voted to exclude women from century runs, in future. So have several of the independent clubs. This is right. Century runs are bad for both men and women, but especially so for women.

The first bicycle car ever built by a railway Company left the Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn, at 8:45 Sunday, March 20. This is one of the full length baggage cars recently equipped by the Long Island Railway Company for bicycles only.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MARLIN'S NEW DEMONSTRATOR.

Colonel George E. Bartlett, who has accepted a position with the Marlin Fire Arms Company, has had a life of adventure and unique experience in the West.

The past 20 years of his life have been spent among the Indians. For several years, a government scout, later, United States Deputy Marshal, and proprietor of the Wounded Knee trading post, he has lived near the red men and has had an opportunity to study them in all their phases. He has treated them as his friends; they have accepted his friendship and returned their own.

At the battle of Wounded Knee, Colonel Bartlett was a hero. It was only a few hundred feet from his trading post, that the battle took place and he tells some thrilling stories of his part in this bloody tragedy.

Colonel Bartlett, who has for years used a Marlin rifle, will test all guns made by the company, and will represent them at Sportsmen shows, giving exhibitions of rifle and pistol shooting, in which he is an expert. He was a central figure at the Boston Exhibit, where the Marlins had a large booth.

Tommy—Pa, what is "horse sense"?

Mr. Callipers—It consists in knowing when to say neigh, my son.

NEW LINE OF GOLF GOODS.

The B. G. I. Co., 315 Broadway, N. Y., has recently put on the market a full line of golf goods, on which they report immense sales. The reputation of this factory, for turning out high grade goods, of whatever kind it undertakes to produce, accounts for the sudden popularity of its new line. These people call especial attention to their single piece driver. This was devised by Mr. John D. Dunn, a famous English golfer, who is now associated with the B. G. I. Co., and who is well known to many American players. These are said to be the longest drivers in the world. This claim is made on the ground that the spring of the club is 4 inches nearer the point of impact than in other clubs, and that it is not deadened by a string, as in the ordinary spliced clubs.

These single piece clubs are bent at the neck, so that the grain is continuous from top to toe. Many experts claim these clubs will drive at least 20 yards farther than any spliced driver, with the same amount of power, and that they will outlast any spliced club ever made.

When you buy golf goods hereafter, please see that they are marked "B. G. I.," and in writing for them, or for descriptive circulars, please mention RECREATION.

TRADE NOTES.

The Worcester Game Protective Association recently ordered from Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kan., 1,000 quails, which were received at Worcester in due time, and only 3 of the lot were dead. The others were all strong and vigorous, and made long flights when liberated. This is a remarkable record for so large a shipment, and so great a distance.

Mr. Payne writes me he has shipped, within the past 3 months, over 1,000 dozen quails, mostly to the Eastern States. He estimates the increase of these, during the present season, at probably 150,000 to 200,000 birds. He says that if this offspring were not molested for another year, the natural increase would be from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 birds. Why not let them all alone for 5 years?

Miss Gusher—Oh, Mr. Inkleigh, how did you ever come to write that beautiful story?

Inkleigh—I needed the money.

The Stevens Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., has lately issued a new catalogue of rifles and accessories, which is far ahead of anything they have ever put out before. Every rifleman in the United States and Canada, knows these people make one of the finest lines of small bore target rifles in the world. In fact the manager of the Company showed me several orders from European gun makers, for boring and grooving large numbers of barrels that had been shipped him from abroad, for that purpose.

Every reader of RECREATION should have a copy of this new catalogue. When you write for it mention this magazine.

Nodd—I hear you won your case on expert testimony. What sort of an expert did you have?

Dodd—An expert liar.

Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y., is making its well known No. 5 single shot rifle in 30 calibre, chambered for the 30 U. S. Army, and the 7 MM cartridges.

The Company has had many calls for this rifle, from old hunters, on account of its simplicity, accuracy, and strength. The action is such that it cannot be blocked by sand, dust or water, and it stands all kinds of severe tests. The No. 5 Remington is an old time favorite with hunters, and they will be glad to welcome it in its up to date form.

The Remington people are also making their No. 3 single barrel shot gun in 24 and 28 gauge.

"I don't have any trouble keeping my calendar leaves torn off."

"Don't, eh?"

"No; my typewriter girl is always looking ahead to see when the next pay day comes."—Chicago Record.

I have not before acknowledged the receipt of the Cyclone Camera you sent me as a premium, for I wanted to prove its worth. Have done so now and send you herewith a picture of my place of business, taken and finished by myself, without any assistance or knowledge of photography other than that contained in the instructions accompanying the camera. I thank you for the present, for such I consider it.

W. B. Smith, Maxwell, Cal.

The picture is excellent, considering the facts stated above.—EDITOR.

Judge—The prisoner denies that he was in a state of intoxication, when arrested.

Sheriff—Well, your honor, he was in Kentucky.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the New Haven Arms Co.'s double hammerless shot-gun, as a premium for 30 subscriptions to RECREATION. Allow me to thank you for the same, with a big T. I am delighted with the gun. It is O. K. The shape is symmetrical, it is well balanced, shoots hard and close, and fits me like a duck's foot in the mud. I take great pleasure in showing my gun to my friends, and telling them to go and do likewise.

C. L. Stevens, Lanesville, Ct.

Mrs. Jaggs—If I got as intoxicated as you do I'd go off somewhere and shoot myself.

Jaggs—N-no you (hic) wouldn't, m' dear. If you wash (hic) hafsh as 'tox'cated as I am you couldn't (hic) hit shid of barn. —Chicago News.

E. D. Fulford, who won the grand American handicap, in March last, used a Remington gun, C. E. grade, listed at $95, and U. M. C. factory loaded trap, No. 3 shells. Mr. Fulford killed 47 birds straight, which was one of the most remarkable performances ever seen at the trap, under similar conditions. This is a good record for the Remington gun and the U. M. C. ammunition. Trap shooters everywhere will study these facts carefully when next planning to buy a gun.

"Who gives this bride away?" asked the minister.

"I do, willingly," replied her father, innocently, with an approving smile at the groom.—Philadelphia North American.

I thank you, most heartily, for the Syracuse gun you so kindly gave me for a club of subscribers to RECREATION.

I am more than pleased with the gun. It has given satisfaction in every way, and, considering the small amount of labor necessary to get subscribers it is certainly a very liberal premium.

RECREATION is always a welcome visitor, and I shall be glad to forward its interests whenever an opportunity presents.

Reeves H. Iszard, Atlantic City, N. J.

The native—Am I to understand that your religion lets a man have only one wife?

The missionary from Chicago—At a time.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales have moved from 302 Broadway, to 325 Broadway. They will occupy this store until some time next fall. Meantime, a new building is being put up, at their old stand, and when completed Schoverling, Daly & Gales, will return to the place where sportsmen have been accustomed to find them for so many years. It is said that when this new building is finished, S. D. & G. will have the finest sporting goods store in the United States.

Arthur—Has she given you any reason to hope?

Chester—Yes, she told me last night I reminded her of the only husband she had ever really loved.—Chicago News.

Please take out my ad offering trade on Ballard rifle.

I have received nearly 100 answers, and made a good trade, long since.

E. F. Pope, Colmesneil, Tex.

For Sale: Lefever 12 Gauge Ejector, $150 grade, Monte Carlo stock, Silvers recoil pad, for $50. Also another 12 gauge gun, 30 inch Crown steel barrels. Also 26 inch 10 gauge and 24 inch 12 gauge. One engraved stock with Silvers recoil pad fits these 3 pairs of barrels. This gun cost $200. Price $75. Both guns practically new. Correspondence solicited..

Hookway's Storage Ware-House,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Nothing makes a woman mad so quick as to have her husband laugh when she says she has always prided herself on her ability to keep her temper.—New York Press.

Join the L. A. S. at once. Send in your dollar and become a charter member.

IN BUFFALO DAYS.

CAPT. D. ROBINSON, U. S. A.

In the 70's, I was stationed at Fort Shaw, Montana, where buffalo came, every winter, within easy reach of the fort. In the very cold winter of '72, storms had driven them, in great numbers, to our vicinity. They could be seen from our quarters, browsing on the banks and bluffs of Sun river, on which the fort stood.

They were frequently hunted, and many were killed.

On one occasion, the wife of an officer, with her husband, joined our hunting party. The morning was bright and cold, with about 6 inches of snow on the ground, covered by an icy crust, strong enough in places to bear the weight of a man. After crossing the river, a dash was made at the herd, and rifles soon began to crack. Once on the run, it was everyone for himself, and little attention could be given to those who were left behind in the race.

The lady took a position whence she could view the sport. Her horse became restive, and bolted, carrying her into the rear of the herd; a most dangerous position, as wounded animals often charge their pursuers, or those near them. A run lasts until the horses become winded, some holding out longer than others. My horse had seen its best days, and was one of the first to give out. Pulling up, I looked back over the ground we had passed, and saw several buffalo down, and off in the distance, some one on top of a little mound. I rode over, and to my surprise found it was the lady who came out with us. She had been thrown from her horse, and had climbed the mound for safety, and to keep us in view. The rest of the party soon joined us, and we returned to the fort. That evening enough buffalo meat was brought in, to supply the garrison for several days.

The next and following days, the buffalo were numerous as ever, and remained in the neighborhood until the weather grew milder, when they moved Northward.

Before they got too far away, I made one of a party to have the last hunt of the season. We took along 2 wagons, a tent, provisions and a few men to assist in dressing the buffalo we expected to kill. About 12 miles out, we sighted a herd, and camped for the night. Early next morning we mounted, fully equipped for a big run. The country was rough and hilly, and taking advantage of the cover we approached the herd. The instant we appeared in sight off they went, we closely following. Our horses were in good trim, and after getting warmed up were as eager for the chase as we. We tried to pick out the young cows, and to do so, had to get well into the herd, with buffalo in front and buffalo behind us, all running madly in one direction. Occasionally a wounded animal would make a lunge at one of us, and drop to the rear. A good deal of ammunition was expended, the motion of the horses causing many misses, and many hits were not fatal.

While still on the run, a horse stepped in a hole, and fell, throwing his rider. We drew up, to render assistance, and were glad to find our companion not seriously hurt. This ended the run, as far as we were concerned, but the buffalo kept hoofing it as fast as ever, and soon disappeared in a deep cut or coulee, about 500 yards away.

While waiting for the men to come up with the wagons, we noticed that only a few buffalo appeared on the opposite side of the coulee. Our curiosity was excited, and riding over to investigate, we beheld a startling scene. The coulee had been full of soft, slushy snow. In this the leaders of the herd had plunged, and others on top of them, until the cut was bridged with carcasses, and the few survivors passed on over the bodies of the dead.

AS A REMINDER.

Albert (time, 11.59 p. m.)—Really, I must be going now; it's getting late.

Laura (yawning)—Well, you know the old saying.

Albert—What's that?

Laura—Better late than never.—Chicago News.

"Just the thing for Camp"

GOOD MILK
GOOD CREAM
NO SUGAR
and Condensed

Rich and Wholesome

* * *

Ask your grocer for a can of...

Highland Evaporated Cream

and the above is what you will get

Excellent in Coffee

HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM is simply rich, pure cows' milk, reduced by evaporation to the consistency of heavy cream. It keeps forever in the closed can, hence furnishes an ever-ready stock for all purposes for which ordinary milk or cream are used. As a cream, it is far less expensive than ordinary dairy cream.

WM. POTTER, Jr., Eastern Representative
HELVETIA MILK COMPANY
134 Milk Street, BOSTON, MASS.

"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."

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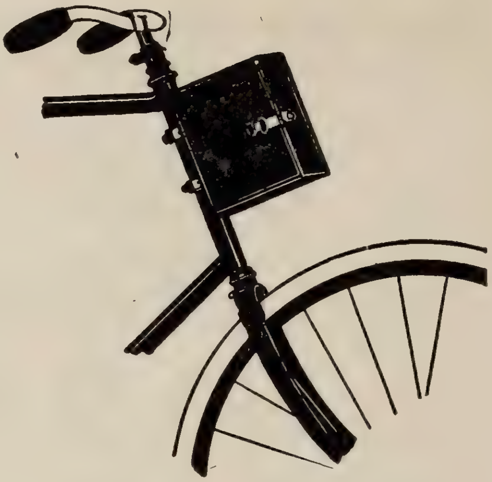

BULLS-EYE CASE ATTACHED TO BICYCLE.

BULLS-EYE KODAK

means photography minus the dark room, minus troublesome plate holders, minus heavy and fragile glass plates.

The Bulls-Eye Kodak uses light-proof film cartridges and can be

Loaded in Daylight.

It is the embodiment of photographic simplicity and perfection. A child can operate it, yet its capabilities are such as to commend it to the most expert amateurs.

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No. 2 Bulls-Eyes for 3½ x 3½ pictures, - -	$8.00 and $15.00
No. 4 Bulls-Eyes for 4 x 5 pictures, - -	$12.00 and $20.00

KODAKS, $5.00 to $35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalogue free at agencies or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

DID NOT FANCY THE CAMERA.

(From the "Arizona Kicker.")

One day last week, when the car of a travelling photographer reached this town and went into camp on a vacant lot in Apache Avenue, we called on the stranger and asked him if he knew the risk he was running. He replied he had been all over the West, and was old enough to take care of himself. We attempted to give him some fatherly advice, but he wouldn't have it, and we turned away in sorrow. His first customer was old Pete Johnson. Pete has a mouth on him like that of an alligator, and this is his tender point. He has killed 2 men and wounded 2 others for laughing about it. When we saw him enter the car we knew the photographer would take his mouth as a whole, instead of covering up half of it with a towel, and that if it showed in the picture shooting would be sure to follow.

Wednesday afternoon Pete called for his pictures, calculating to send one to his mother in Connecticut. He didn't look at 'em till he got into the alley behind *The Kicker* office. Then he opened the package, and as we happened to look out of the back window we saw him jump a foot high. There was some face where the face ought to be, but not much. It was most all mouth. It was a mouth which had no beginning or end—a sort of railroad tunnel, as it were. Pete didn't do anything just then but turn pale and hold his head down; but we knew his vengeance was only delayed.

When the sun went down in a blaze of glory and night enwrapped the earth, and the silvery stars came out one by one to do their twinkling act, the town was suddenly aroused by the rattle of small arms. Old Pete Johnson had gathered his crowd, and that crowd had quietly surrounded the photograph car and opened fire. Three wild yells from the photographer followed the first volley. Then all was silent—all except the steady pop! pop! pop! of the guns in the hands of men who had work cut out for them.

An object, which might have been the photographer, was seen flying across the vacant lots toward the sand plains, but its flight was so rapid and erratic that not a bullet took effect. When the car had been shot to pieces some one lighted a fire under it, and in the course of half an hour nothing but a heap of ashes was left to mark the spot.

No one knows what became of the man who came here with such confidence in himself to cater to a people whom he knew nothing about. We gave him due warning, and our conscience is clear. He is the fourth man who has made the same mistake within the past 2 years, and if the next comer wants to become a fixture he will get right down on the ground and seek to post himself in advance. We are not a purty crowd in this town, but we don't want our homeliness transferred to a card for outsiders to chuckle over.

BROMIDE PAPER.

Recently an amateur handed me a large number of mounted silver prints and wished to be informed as to the reason of their sickly, yellow color. Of course he used the combined toning and fixing bath. That I saw at a glance.

"Why don't you use the separate bath?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "it is such a long winded process, and I have so little time. The combined bath works so nicely I always use that. Beside the manufacturers of the paper recommend it; so I thought it would yield permanent results; but so far all prints turn yellow in a short time and I am becoming disgusted with photography."

I handed him a print made on P. M. C. bromide (platinoid) and asked what he thought of that.

"Will it keep?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," I answered, "just as well as a negative, provided it has been fixed and washed thoroughly."

He bought a dozen sheets and now you could not get him to use any other paper, at any price. Simple to handle, no waiting for sunlight and an absolutely permanent print. The metol Hydrochinon formula, given by the manufacturers, does away with the old Oxalate and Iron developer and the acid washings. Prints may be made at any time, using the light of the dark room lamp to expose by and developed at once, either one by one, as they are taken from the printing frame, or when the entire lot has been exposed.

I cannot understand why more amateurs do not use the P. M. C. bromide: for the pictures are more pleasing than the glossy ones, and are permanent. This paper allows more time for taking views, as no sunshine is needed for printing. A rainy day, or an evening may be taken to do the work.

C.

COPYING REFLECTIONS.

It is said the mirage has been photographed, and if the results are at all like the descriptions of this optical illusion, a series of them would be both pleasing and beautiful, for the reflections from lakes and other smooth surfaces are sometimes more attractive than the sources from which they come. There exists an old Chinese myth that the reflections in water could be fixed by freezing. David Winstanley was inclined to believe in the possibility of such a feat. He even gave an instance of the images of a table and other things being found in a block of ice. Although we cannot fix reflections in the bodies from which they are reflected, it is an easy matter to fix them on a photographic plate.

In copying the reflections from a mirror many additions may be made by painting on the surface of a mirror itself. This dodge is largely used by makers of photomechanical blocks, and is not generally known.

Supposing a reproduction is wanted from a picture in which something is to appear not in the original—say a book, flowers, a dog, or even a background. The original is first reflected from a mirror; the desired addition is next painted on the surface of the mirror in the exact position it is to occupy in the reproduction. The whole is then copied, and in the negative the painted objects come out as if actually in the original.

Many of the curious combinations now seen in some of the illustrated journals making use of photo-mechanical processes are explained by this system. It is obvious that a similar method could be utilized for cutting portions out when copying, and it is strange that it is not in more general use.

MR. CARLIN MADE IT.

In June Recreation is a beautiful picture entitled "A Bit of the Bitter Root," by one who signs "Rambler."

It is 8 years since I was in the Bitter Root country, but all the experiences, the pleasures and enjoyments of that picturesque valley come back to me, with one glance at that picture. To me it is alone worth the price of Recreation for 5 years.

That picture was taken from a little rustic bridge which crosses a little "run" about one mile South of Hamilton. The bridge was mostly used by the teamsters who hauled lumber from Brenan's sawmill to the railroad. The mountain in the distance is one of the old saw-tooth range, nearly opposite Grantsdale. Am I not right, Rambler?

The articles written by W. E. Carlin are very interesting to me. I like anything pertaining to the history or habits of animals. With your permission I may some time write of an exciting moose-hunt which I and another man had in the Big Hole basin.

Robt. McLaughlin, Belding, Mich.

I should be glad to have the story.—Editor.

NO MORE "ME AND MY GAME" PICTURES.

Amateur photographers are again reminded that mere pictures of camps, or of strings of game, or fish hanging up or lying on the ground, are not interesting to the general public, and are, therefore, not desirable for publication in Recreation. So many thousands of this class of photos have been published in the past 10 years, that they no longer appeal to sportsmen, except to the few who may have been in at the killing or catching. Stereotyped pictures of a deer lying on the ground, or hanging up, and the man who killed him, standing beside him, with gun or knife in hand, has become an ancient chestnut. The day of the "Me and My Game" photograph is past.

What the modern sportsman wants, consequently what Recreation wants, is photographs, showing action, or containing novel features of some kind. There are great opportunities for amateurs to display originality and inventive genius in pictures representing any of the outdoor sports. Many such have been published in Recreation, and I have others on hand for future use. Above all, do not let the people in the picture look at the camera. Do not let them indicate, in any way, that they know they are being photographed. It is not necessary they should be moving at the time the plate is exposed; but they should be posed in such a way, that they would appear to be in action.

Let every amateur bend his efforts toward obtaining photos of live wild birds and animals, of any and every kind. These are always interesting, no matter of what species, and the woods are full of interesting creatures that may be photographed with comparative ease, if the photographer will exercise reasonable skill and patience in seeking them.

George E. Moulthrop, photographer, Bristol, Conn., wishes to exchange lantern slides. Has fine variety, showing Connecticut scenery.

It may interest the readers of Recreation to know they can take X-ray pictures by flash light. For full particulars address,

Geo. D. Rees, Memphis, Mo.

Should be glad to exchange unmounted photographs with brother amateurs.

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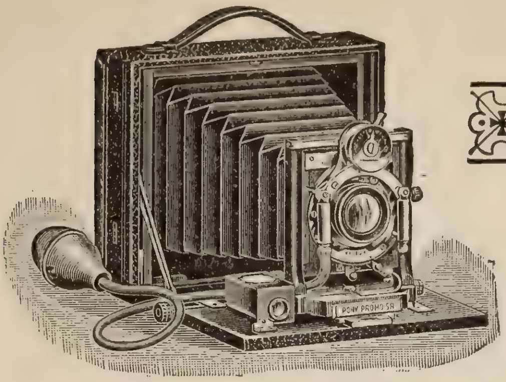

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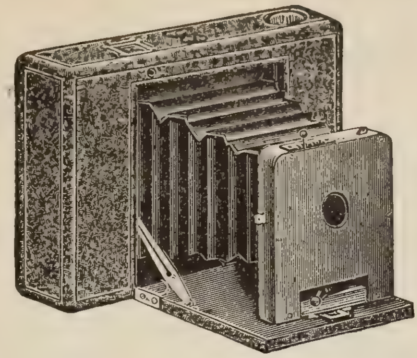

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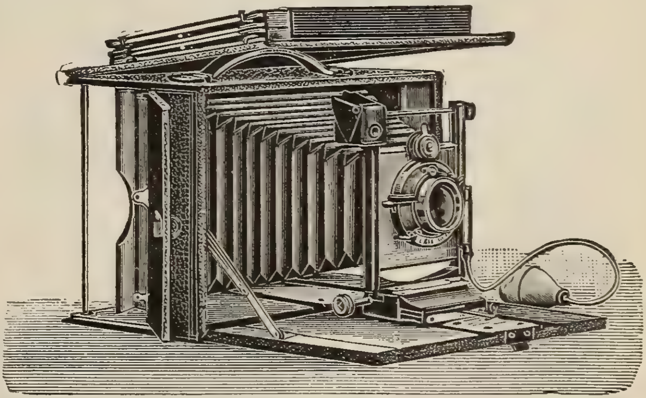

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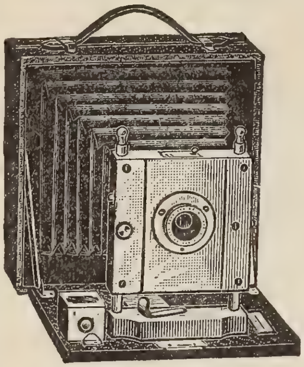

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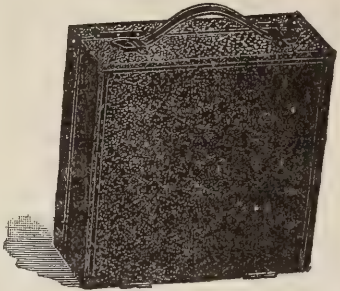

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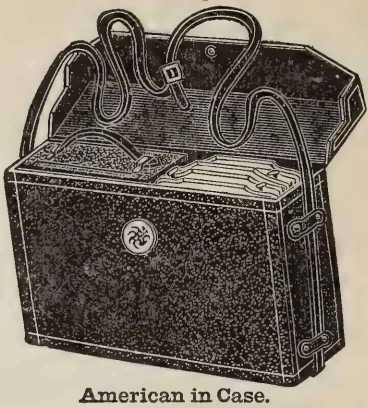

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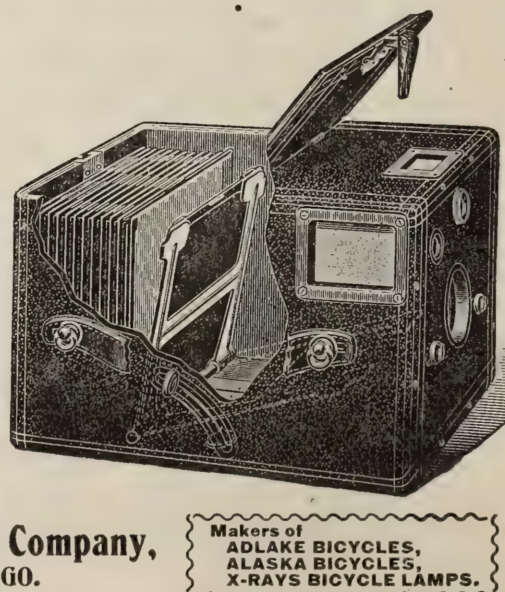

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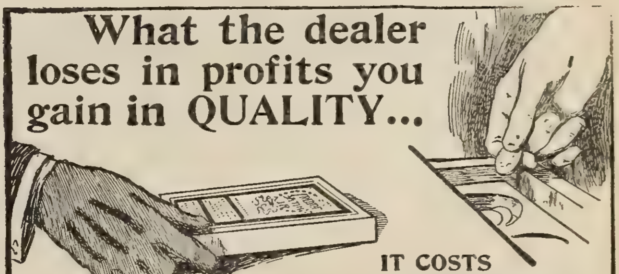

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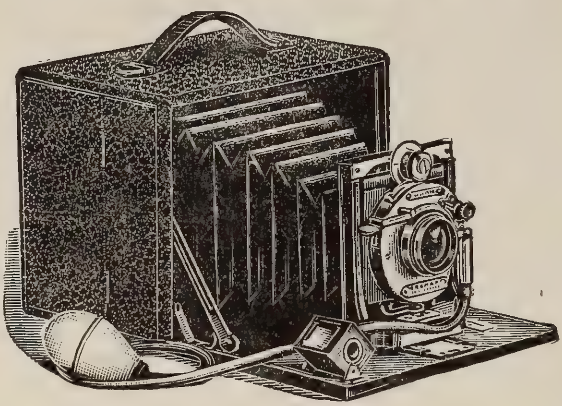

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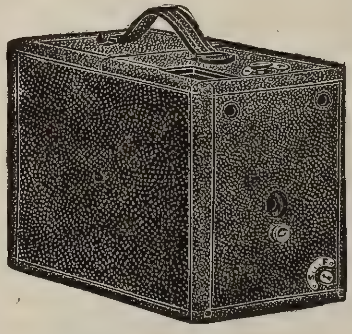

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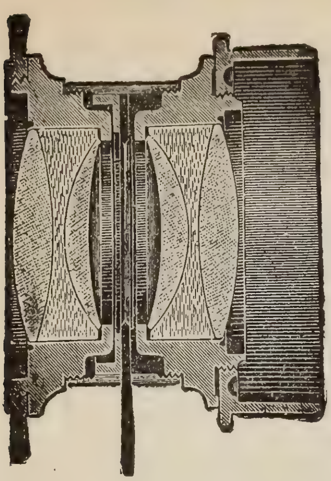

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Riley was a lazy fellow,
  Never worked a bit.
All day long in some store corner
  On a chair he'd sit.
Never talked much—too much trouble—
  Tired his jaws, you see.
All of us were making money;
  "Jest my luck!" says he.

Some one offered him ten dollars
  If he'd work two days.
Riley crossed his legs and looked up
  At the sun's hot rays.
Then he leaned back in the shadow,
  Sadly shook his head.
"Never asked me till hot weather.
  Jest my luck!" he said.

Riley courted Sally Hopkins
  In his lazy way.
When he saw Jim Dodson kiss her,
  "Jest my luck!" he'd say.
Leap year came, and Mandy Perkins
  Sought his company.
Riley sighed and married Mandy.
  "Jest my luck!" says he.

Riley took his wife out fishing
  In a little boat.
Storm blew up and turned them over.
  Mandy wouldn't float.
Riley sprang into the river,
  Seized her by the hair,
Swam a mile unto the shore, where
  Friends pulled out the pair.

Mandy was so full of water
  Seemed she'd surely die.
Doctors worked with her two hours
  Ere she moved an eye.
They told Riley she was better.
  Doctors were in glee.
Riley chewed an old pine splinter.
  "Jest my luck!" says he.

—Detroit Free Press.

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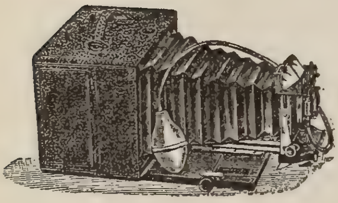

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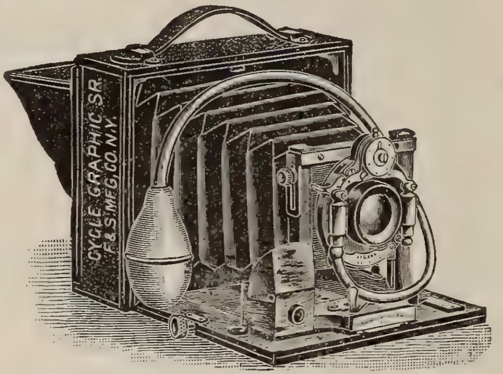

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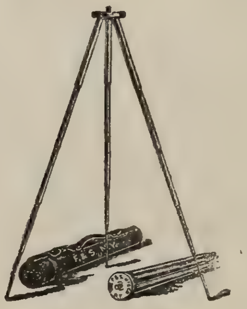

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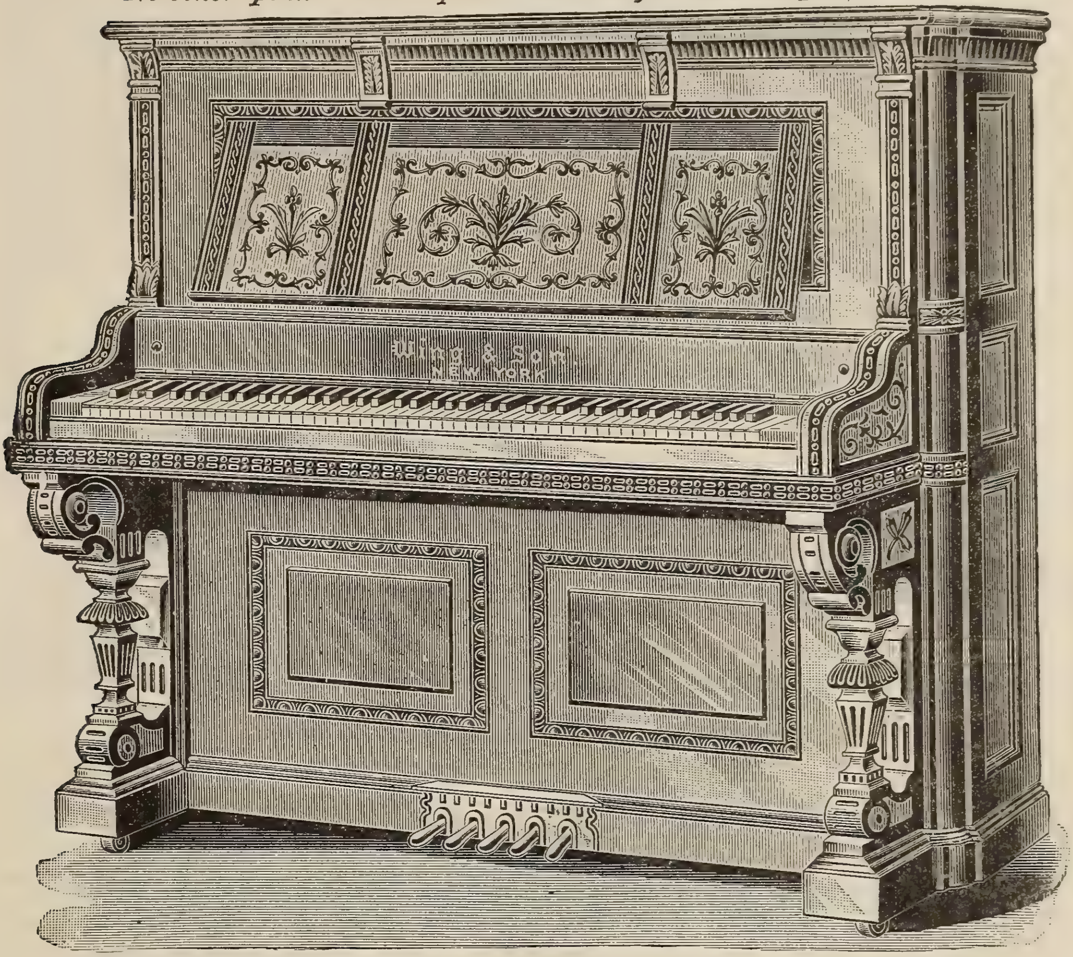

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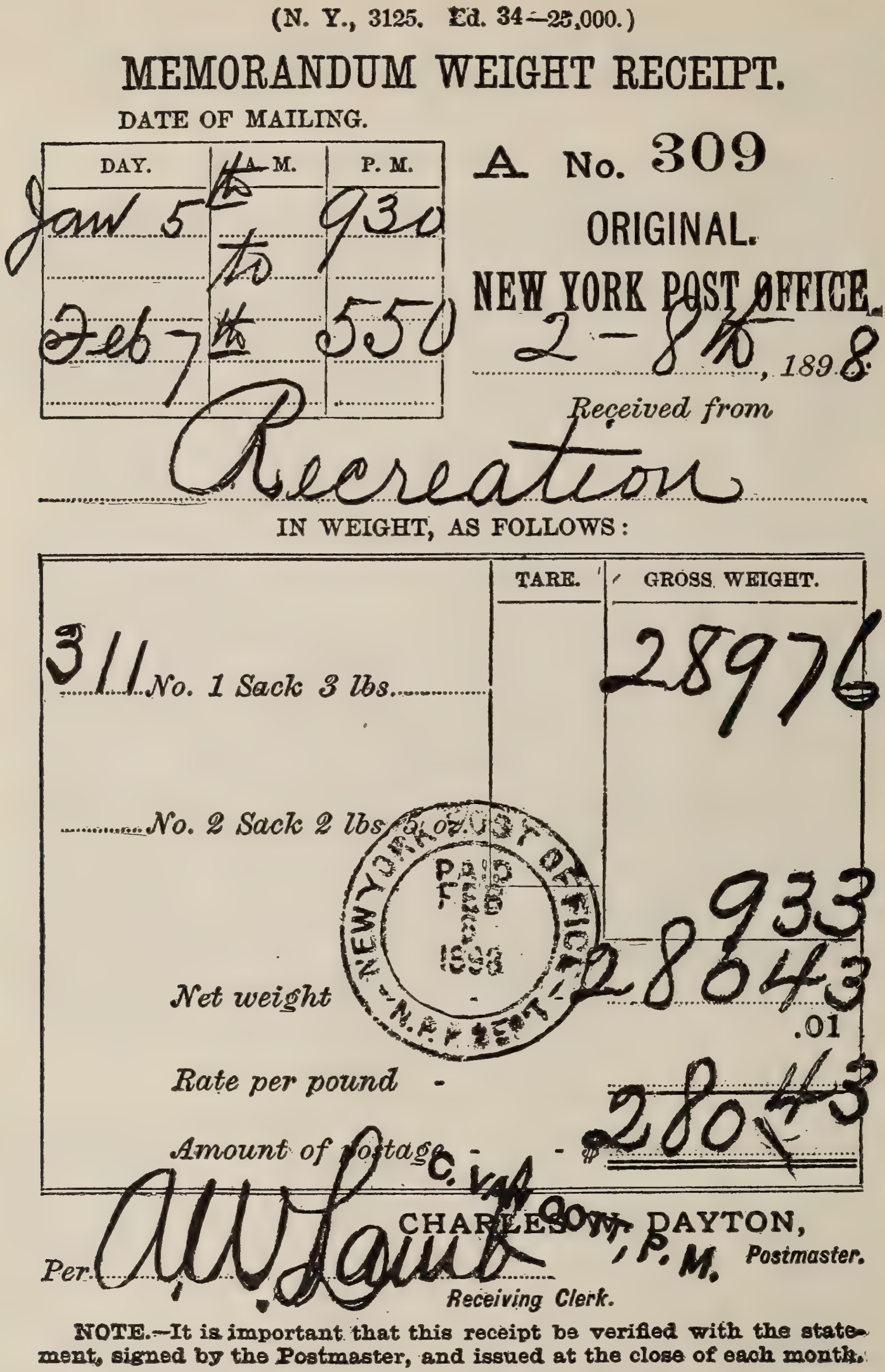

(N. Y., 3125. Ed. 34—25,000.)

MEMORANDUM WEIGHT RECEIPT.

DATE OF MAILING.

DAY.	A. M.	P. M.
Jan 5th		9 30
	to	
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ORIGINAL.

NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

2-8th, 1898

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311 *No. 1 Sack 3 lbs.*		28976
No. 2 Sack 2 lbs 5 oz.		
		933
Net weight		28043
Rate per pound -		.01
Amount of postage - -		$ 280 43

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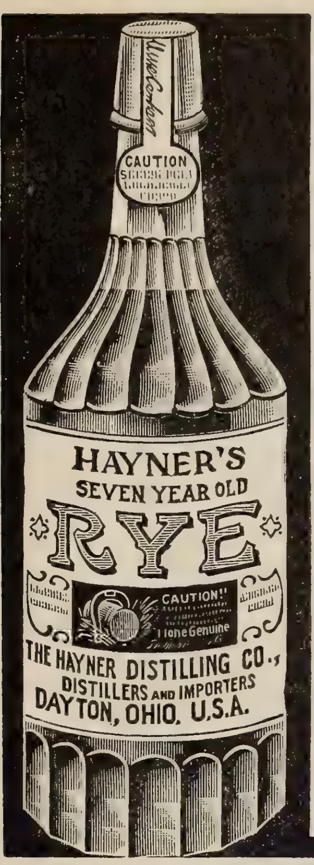
CHARLES W. DAYTON, *Postmaster.*

Per A W Laub
Receiving Clerk.

NOTE.—It is important that this receipt be verified with the statement, signed by the Postmaster, and issued at the close of each month.

Here is the postmaster's receipt for March RECREATION. It takes three copies of this magazine to weigh a pound. Figure this out and see how many were mailed. Then notice on page xli. the News Co.'s receipt for 15,000 copies. Put these figures in your pipe, and, after smoking them awhile, you can guess pretty nearly what the actual circulation of this magazine is.



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We will send four full quart bottles of **Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20. Express Prepaid.** We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are only dealers. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

References: Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.
HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 267 to 273 West Fifth Street, Dayton, O.

P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah., Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight, prepaid.

[We guarantee the above firm will do as agreed.—EDITOR.]

FISH NOTES.

If H. S. Estabrook, Hartford, Pa., will get some suckers, about 4 to 6 inches long, to use for lake trout, I think he will find them the best live bait there is. If he cannot get them, let him try shiners.

If anybody wants to spend a few days fishing in Vermont, let him go to Caspian lake, Greensboro. In good weather he is sure of lake or brook trout. The largest lake trout taken weighed 12¾ pounds. There are brook trout that will weigh 5 pounds each. The lake is stocked every year by the fish commissioners, with Mackinaw trout. I saw 3 of these last summer that weighed 23½ pounds. I had the pleasure of tasting one of them and it was excellent. A. W. Stone, Morrisville, Vt.

I see you ask about pickerel fishing, through the ice. If it is for sport, take a rod, the same as in summer. Let tip-ups alone. Cut 2 or 3 holes. Use a live minnow for bait. Try one hole and then another. When you get a pickerel on the rod you will have fun to get him through the hole. I would rather catch one that way than 5 or 6 with tip-ups. A friend and I caught 58 last winter, in 5 trips of 6 hours each. They weighed from 4 to 12 pounds each. It is now unlawful to fish through the ice, in this State.

H. L. Page, Rock Falls, Ill.

Wayne County, this State, is blessed with some excellent trout streams and an effort is being made to re-stock others, which are playing out. If sportsmen would interest themselves in securing fry from the State hatcheries there is no reason why the streams, with proper protection, should not continue to furnish good sport.

Paul W. Gardner, Honesdale, Pa.

Ask W. W. Blackwell, who wrote "Biking for Bass," not to send any of his friends to Middlesex Co., this State, as there is no such County in Michigan. We have the Au Sable river of which he speaks, and it is a beautiful stream.

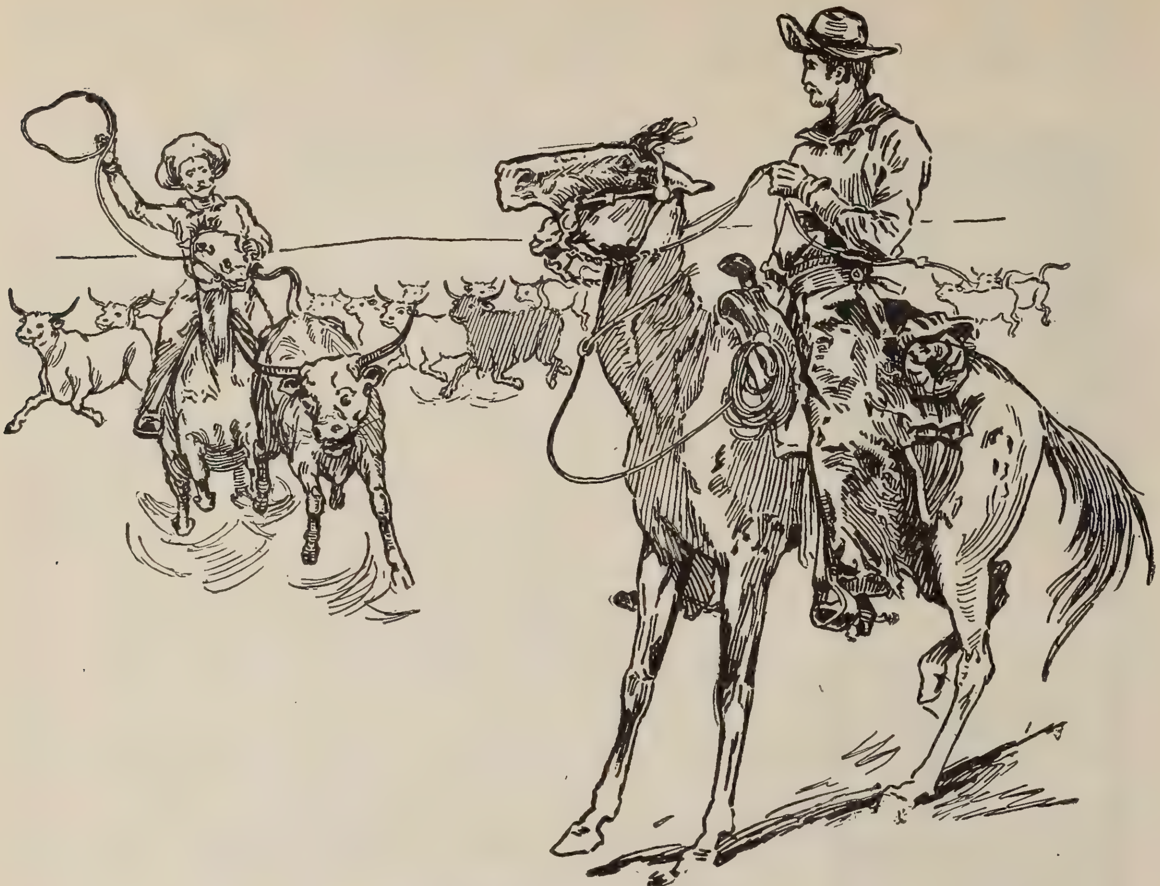
Seaman W. Smith, St. Louis, Mich.

There is excellent bass and pike fishing in Lake St. Catherine, a short distance from here.

E. L. Ward, Fair Haven, Vt.

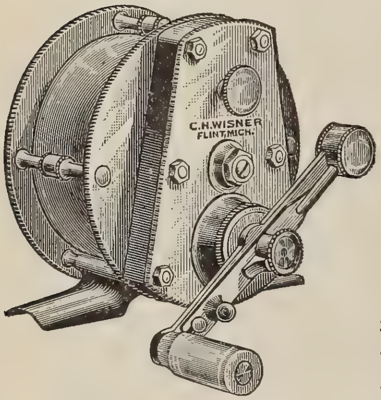
Will some one tell me how pike are caught, and with what bait?

Yeltrah, Burlington, N. J.



CUTTING OUT A BEEFER.

"THE MICHIGAN"



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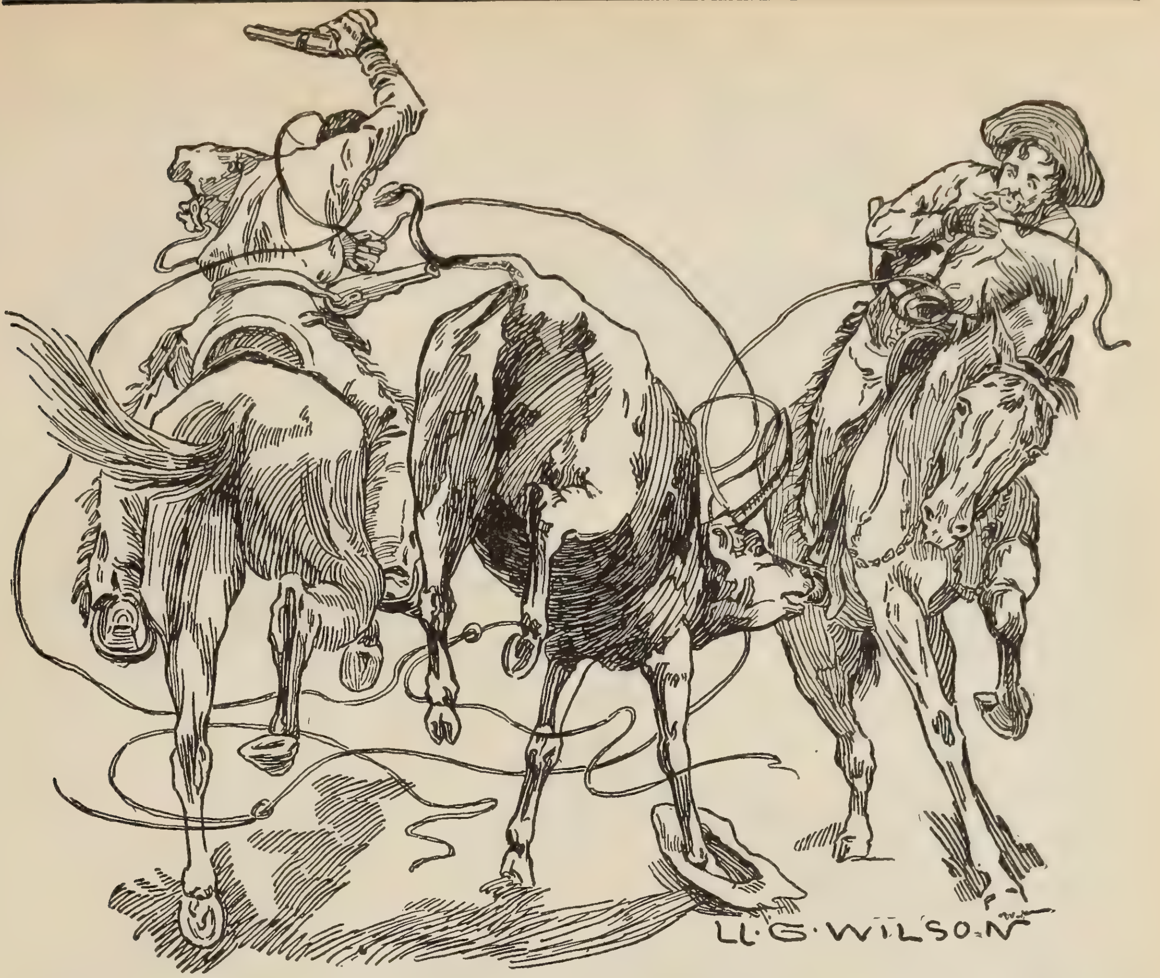
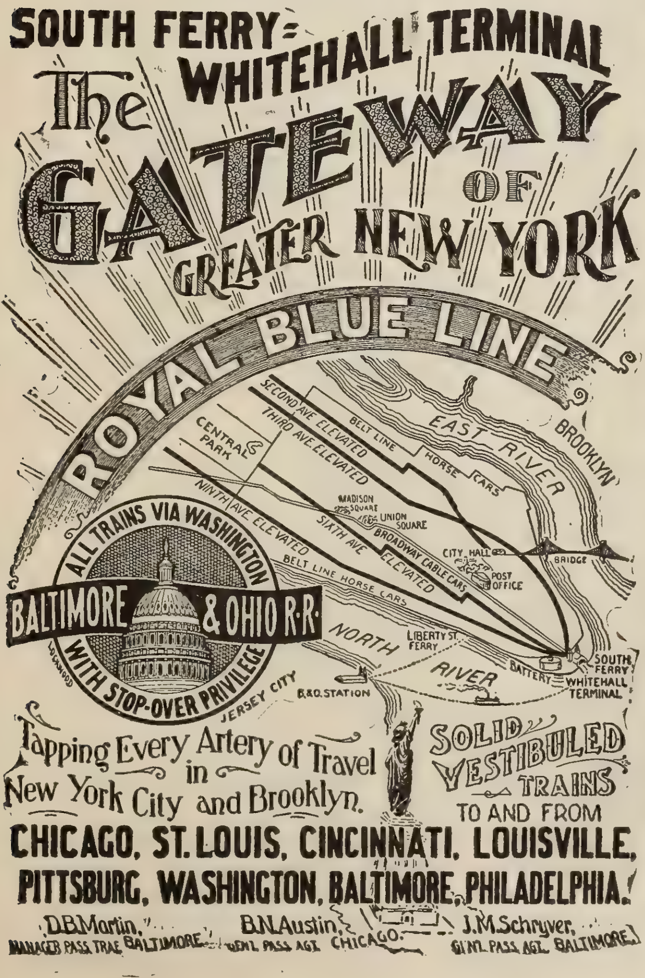


"FAN HIM!"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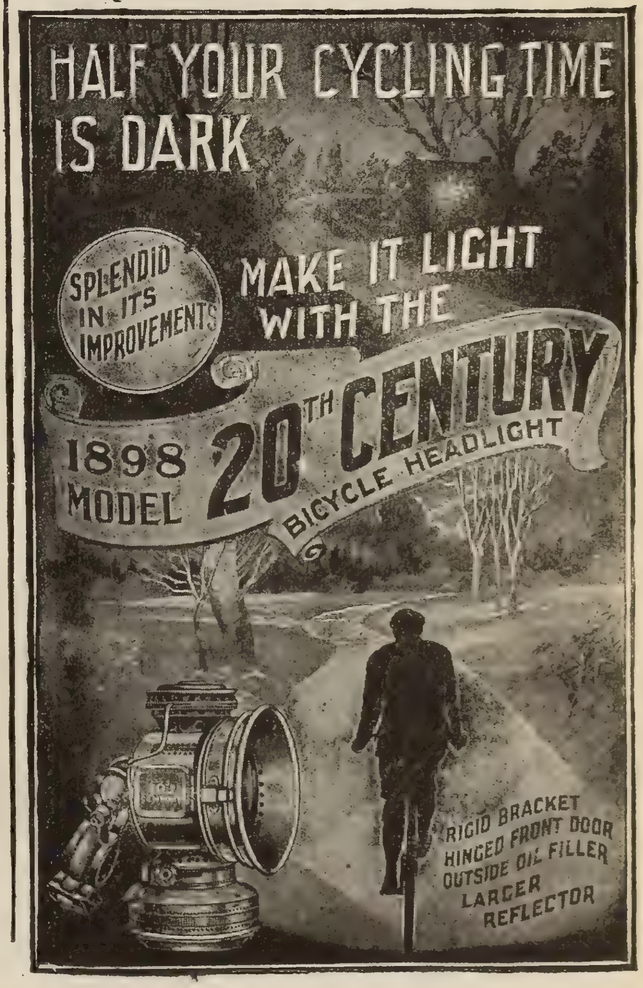
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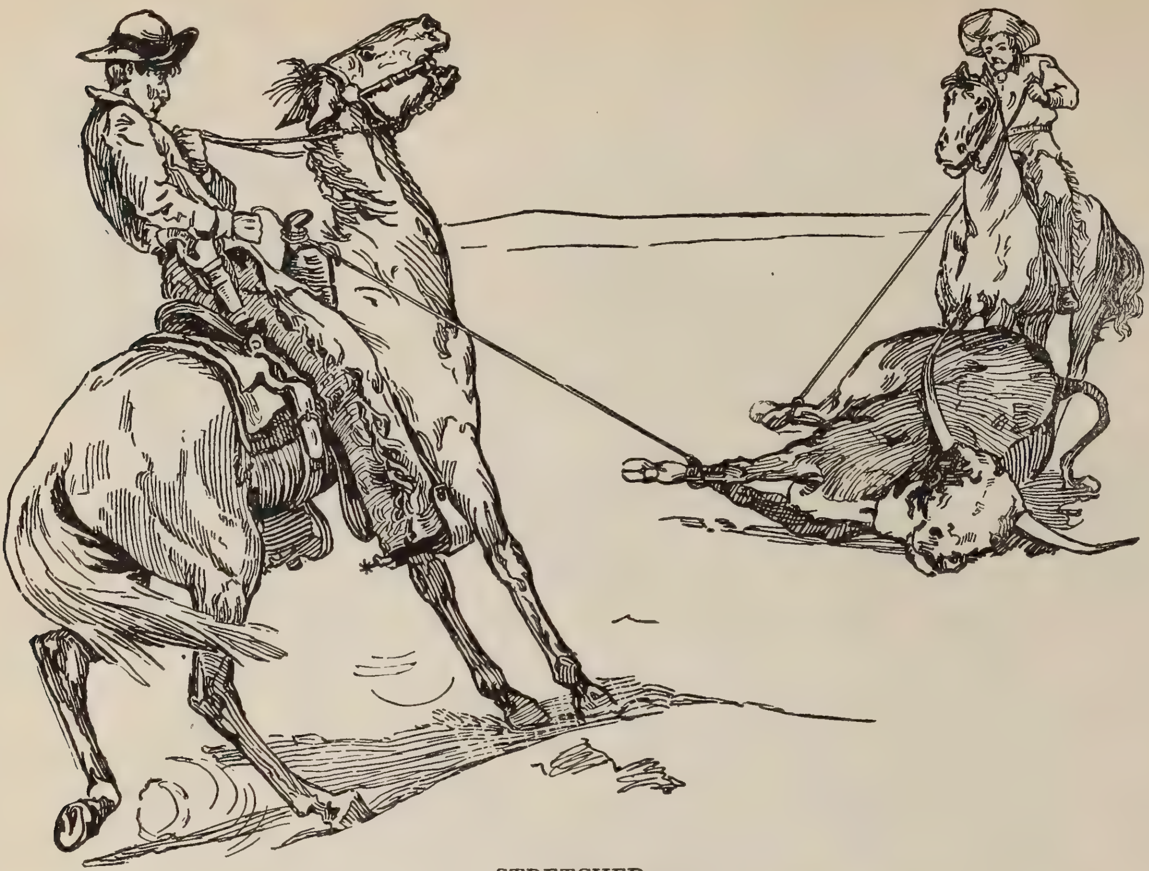

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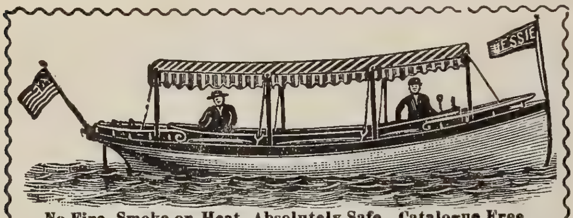

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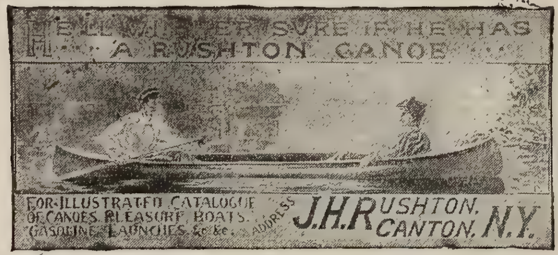
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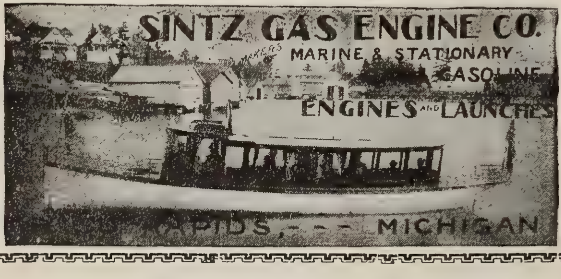
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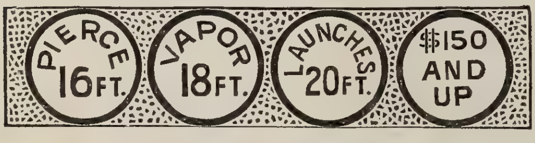
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Jas. E. Pepper & Co.
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READ COUPON ON BACK OF THIS LABEL

Game cannot be found in this part of California. If a poor little quail is heard 3 or 4 men are after him. Rabbits are scarce and wild. If one is seen he is going at a 2.40 gait. Deer were formerly plentiful, but now there is never a sign of one.

A. J. Thompson, Pasadena, Cal.

There is almost no game here except a stray fox, squirrel, or bevy of quails once in a while; but sometimes, in spring or fall, ducks stop in the sloughs around here.

Geo. M. Loosely, Jr., Rock Island, Ill.

There is not much game here except rabbits and quails. There has been a law on quails for the past 4 years, and they are numerous now.

Fred Zimmerman, Moray, Kansas.

There were many ducks here last spring, and if nothing happens to the quails, shooting will be good here this fall.

A. K. Mongo, Ind.

Our club house is at the Lewiston reservoir, which is a fine bass pool. Hunting is good there in season.

W. S. Schaill, Lima, O.

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John H. Dewar, Evanston, Ill.

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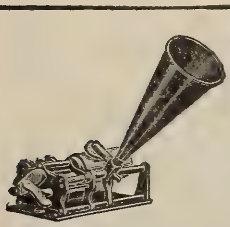

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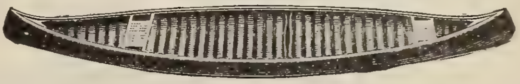

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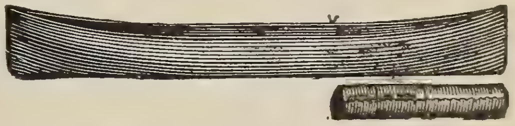

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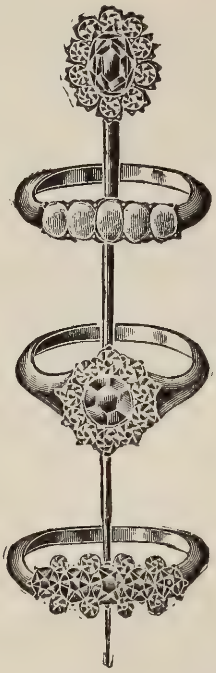

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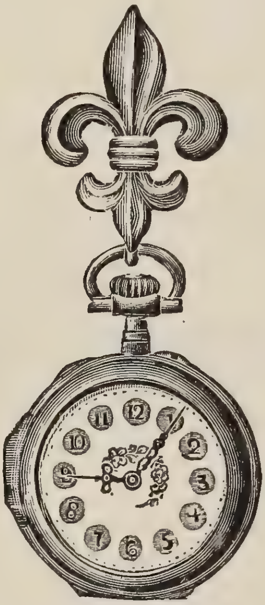

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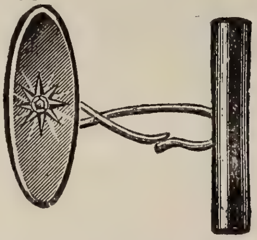

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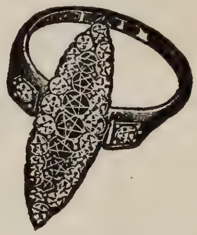

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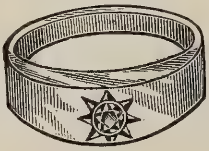

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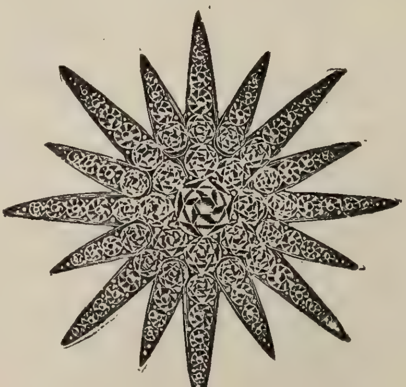

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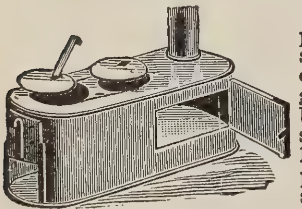

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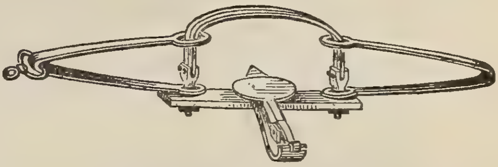

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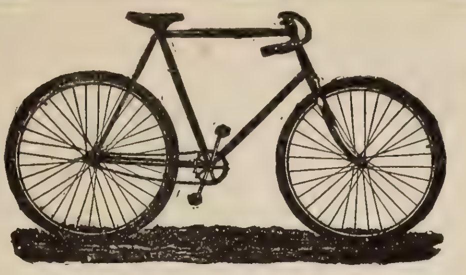

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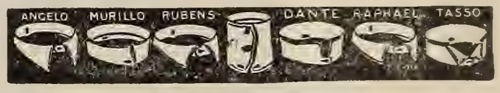

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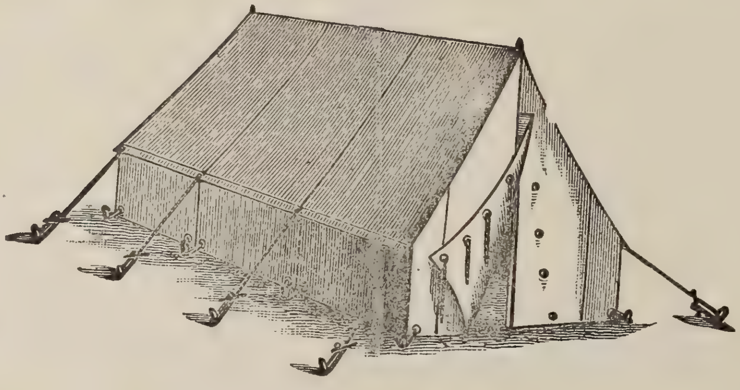

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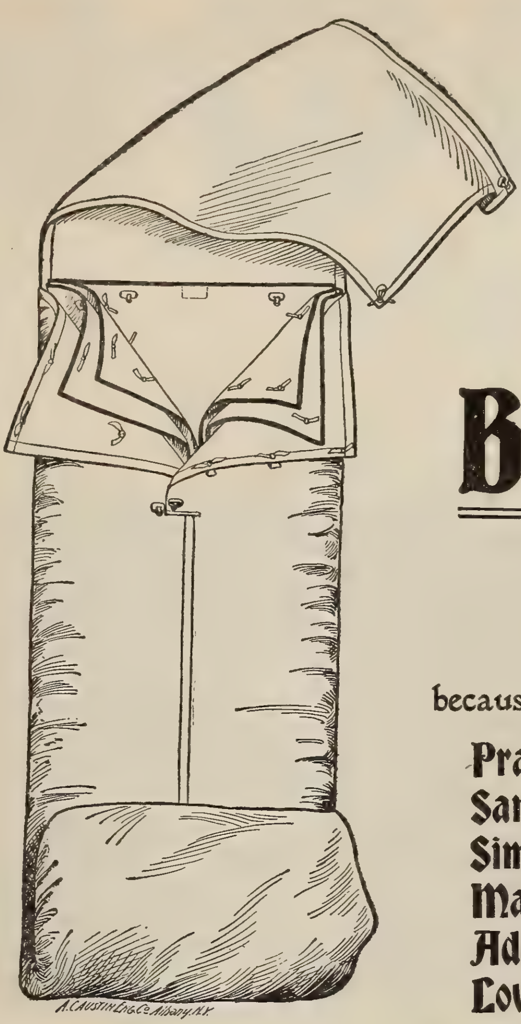
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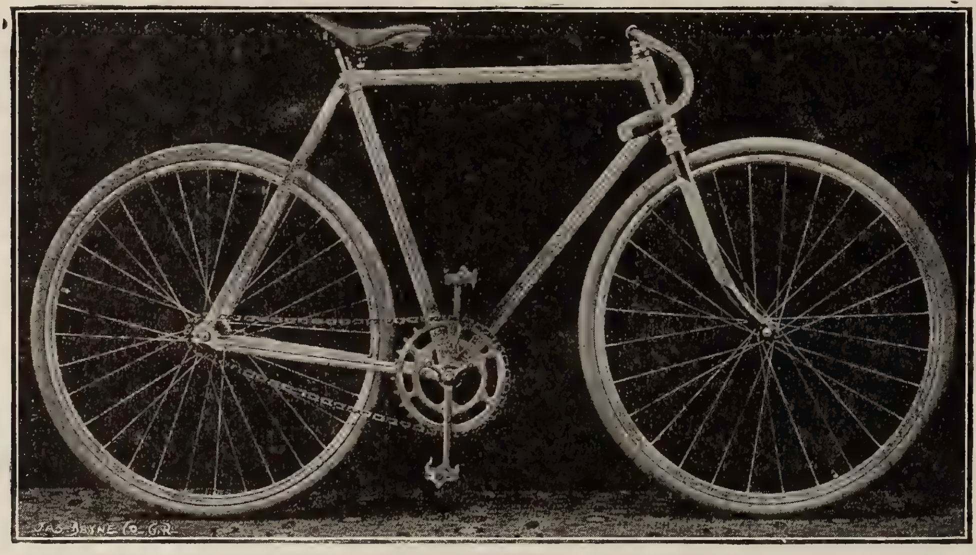

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R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
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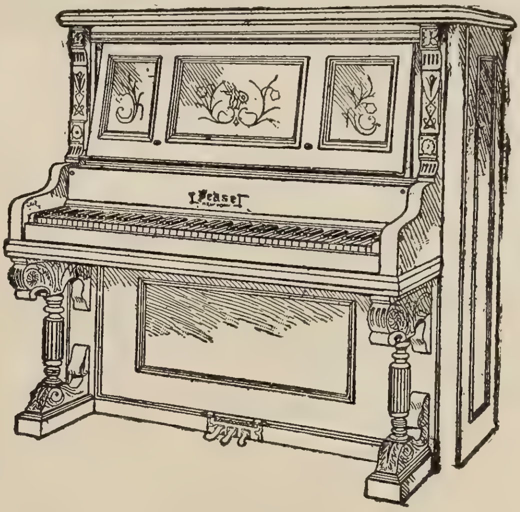

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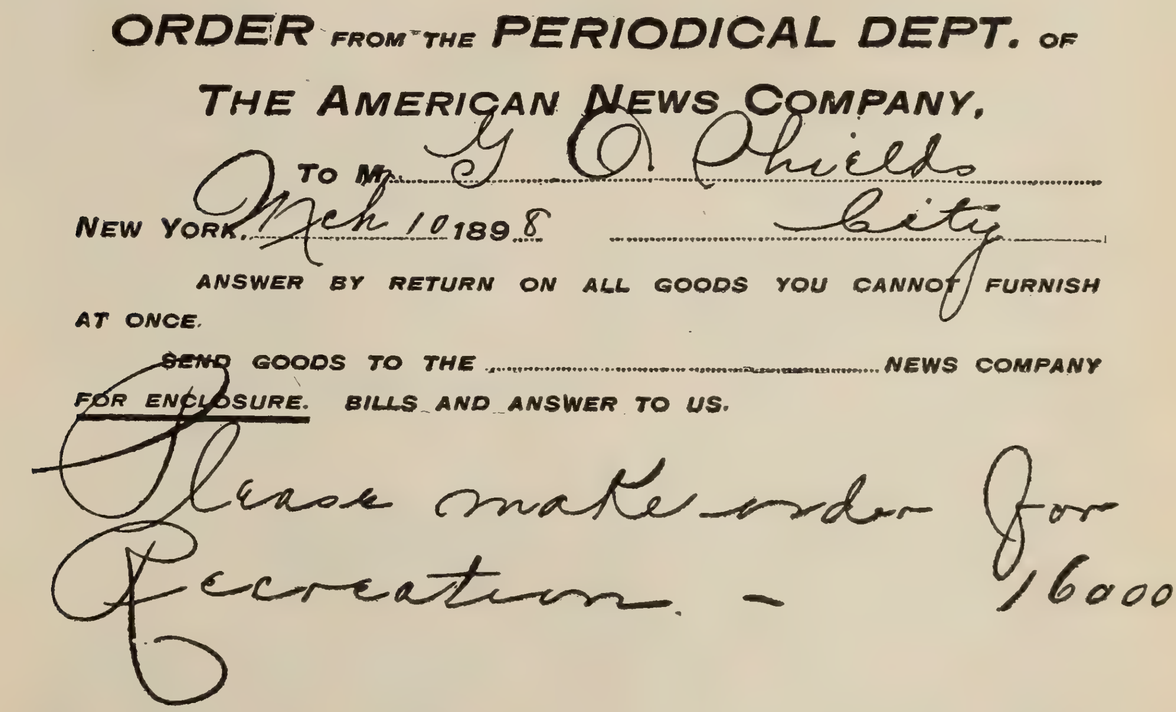

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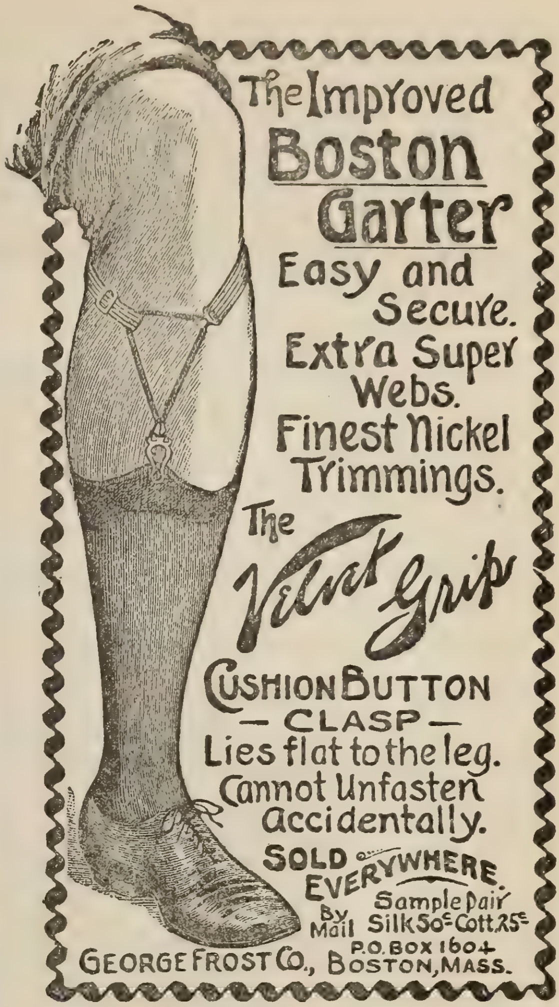
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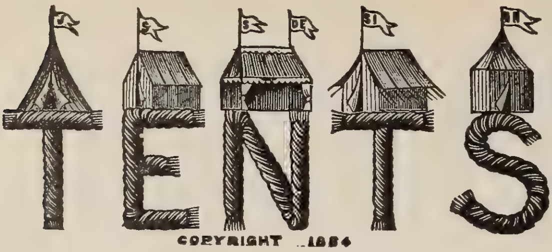

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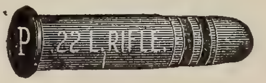

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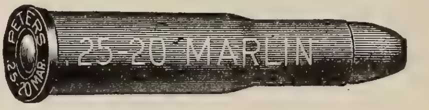

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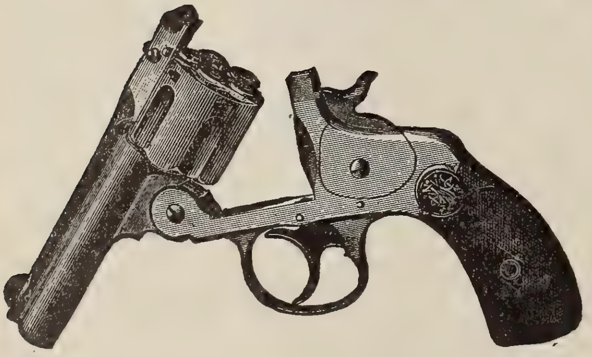

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SURE SHOT puts the puppy on the straight road to vigorous health. It not only destroys the worms, but builds up the growing dog's entire constitution, while the bones and muscles develop to their fullest strength. Price, 50 cents. By mail, prepaid, to any address.

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Are the best known and best liked of all Alteratives and Tonics for dogs. Nothing else equals them in any respect whatever for the treatment of Loss of Appetite, Mange, Distemper, Fevers, and General Debility.

Nearly every sickness to which a dog is subject can be overcome and cured with SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS. That is because they excite all the organs into natural, easy action, help to carry off wastes from the stomach, purify the blood, and give tone and strength to the entire system.

The pills are gelatin-coated, and it is no trouble at all to administer them.

When you are sick, you of course want the best medicine. Why should not your dog get the same consideration?

Sold by dealers for $1.00 per box, or sent by mail anywhere on receipt of price.

SARGEANT'S CARBOLIC "SOFT SOAP"

Twenty-five cents. If you do not know its virtues, a trial is all we ask. We allow keepers of large kennels the usual trade discounts in dozen lots.

☞ **Send for Polk Miller's New Book About Dogs. It is FREE!** ☜

SUPPLY DEPOTS

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New York, N. Y.
Henry C. Squires & Son
New York, N. Y.
A. E. Hamilton
Pensacola, Fla.
Simmons Hardware Co.
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Humboldt Cycle Co.
Boston, Mass.
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Columbus, Ga.
Eberhart Kennels
Camp Dennison, Ohio
Edw. S. Schmid
Washington, D. C.
J. W. Crank Drug Company
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Manufactured by the

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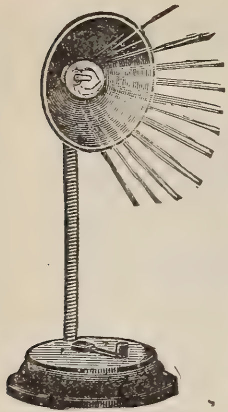

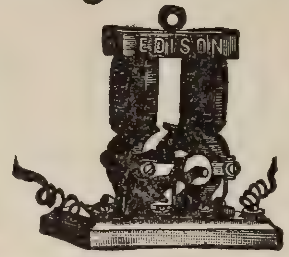

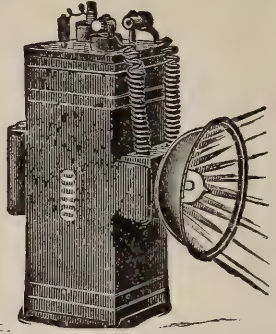

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We undersell all on Everything Electrical

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Battery Table Lamp
$2.75 Complete.

$6.00 Bicycle Lights, $2.75

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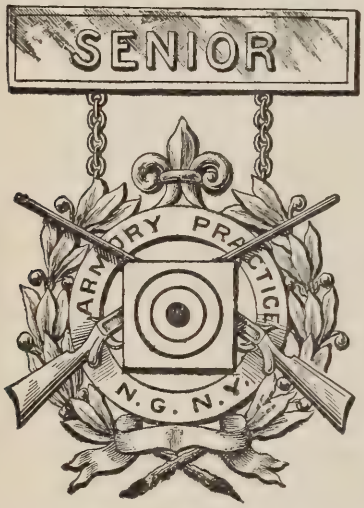

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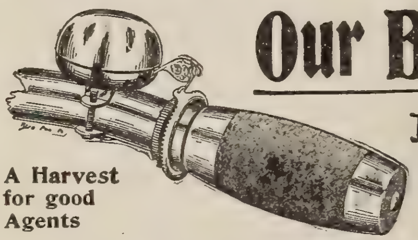

Our Bicycle Bell Ringer....

A Harvest for good Agents

IS what you need to heighten the joys and lessen the dangers of cycling. Rings the bell by a slight turn of the grip—a single stroke or continuous ring, as you wish. No need to let go of handle and lose control of your wheel when ringing the bell. If you knew its worth, you would never ride without it. Ask your dealer, or send $1.00 to us and we will send you complete outfit, prepared. Any one can attach it. Money back if wanted.

NEI & DEAN, Makers, 32 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The shooting here was not good last fall. Not so many squirrels as usual and a scarcity of grouse. They didn't winter well, as there were so many crusts and so much wet weather in the spring.

J. E. Hutchinson, Laconia, N. H.

Emilye—How badly your new skirt hangs!

Ethelynne—Yours sets nicely, dear! After all, old things are the best.—New York Journal.

Game is scarce here, except gray squirrels, and lawless hunters kill them off before the season opens. If action is not soon taken there will be nothing to shoot or hunt.

Frank E. Mills, Middletown, N. Y.

You don't really know how cold-blooded and heartless the members of your family are unless you wake up with a pain in the night, and they Sleep On.—Atchison Globe.

"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT"

The Fisherman's Automatic Reel

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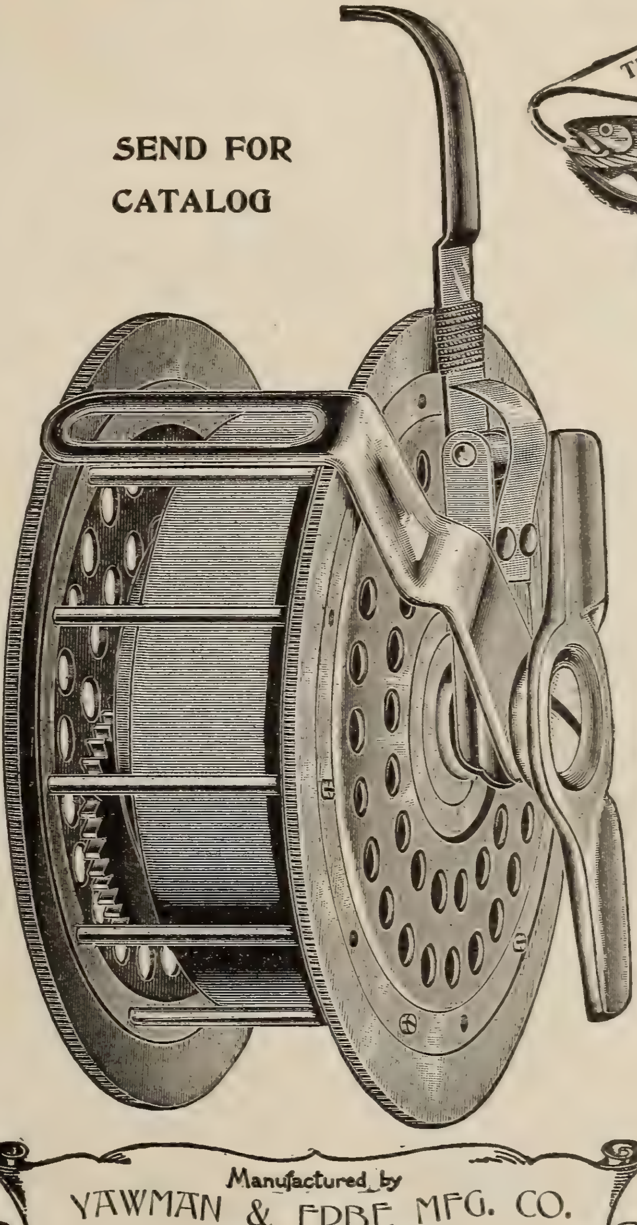
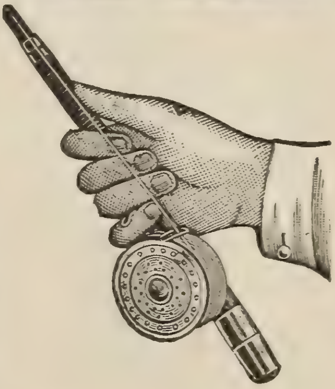


That Little Finger Caught Me
THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL



What we claim for the Automatic Reel

FIRST—It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world.

SECOND—It will wind up the line slowly if the angler chooses.

THIRD—No fish can ever get slack line with it.

FOURTH — It will save more fish than any other reel.

FIFTH — It will prevent tips, lines, and snells from being broken by large fish.

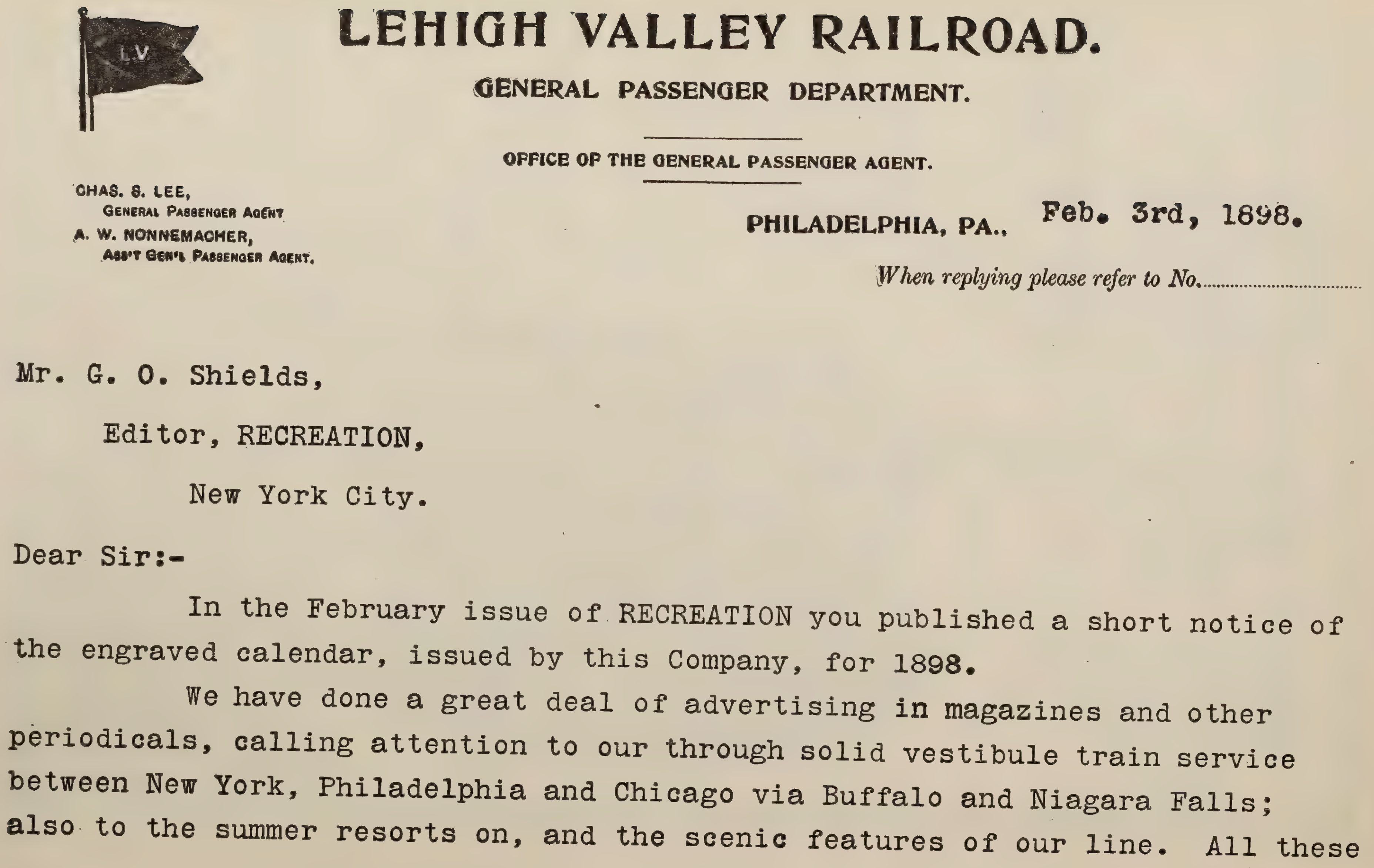
SIXTH — The reel is manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

SEVENTH—It enables the angler and makes it desirable to use lighter tips.

Manufactured by
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
344 No. St. PAUL Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y. U. S. A.

Every Sportsman Should Have One

Mention Recreation.



LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.

CHAS. S. LEE,
General Passenger Agent
A. W. NONNEMACHER,
Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 3rd, 1898.

When replying please refer to No.……………………

Mr. G. O. Shields,
Editor, RECREATION,
New York City.

Dear Sir:-

In the February issue of RECREATION you published a short notice of the engraved calendar, issued by this Company, for 1898.

We have done a great deal of advertising in magazines and other periodicals, calling attention to our through solid vestibule train service between New York, Philadelphia and Chicago via Buffalo and Niagara Falls; also to the summer resorts on, and the scenic features of our line. All these advertisements have stated that illustrated descriptive matter of our line and scenery would be sent free, on request; and while we have had a great many responses from people throughout the country, requesting copies of our printed matter, we have never had, from any one advertisement, such results as were brought forth by the mention of our calendar in February RECREATION.

I want to congratulate you, heartily, on the wide circulation of your magazine and the apparent interest with which it is read, through and through, by your subscribers.

I am so well satisfied with the value of RECREATION as an advertising medium that I have instructed my ad. agent to contract with you, at once, for a half page ad. for 4 months, on a cash basis.

Yours truly,

Chas. S. Lee

General Passenger Agent.

The most remarkable thing about this letter is that it is one of a class which comes to this office frequently. Mr. Lee writes in exactly the same vein as nearly all other advertisers do, who test RECREATION.

The Muskoka and Midland Lakes Resorts

Reached only by the

Grand Trunk Railway System

Is the Paradise for not only hunters, fishermen, and canoeists, but also those in search of health, where comfort and pleasure can be obtained economically.

The woodland and lake scenery would satisfy the most critical tourist.

Camping outfits can be purchased cheaply, or guides, thoroughly acquainted with the region, fully equipped for camping, can be secured readily.

Parties can be furnished with names of guides, and, by communicating with them, make all necessary arrangements in advance.

The following fish and game, in season, are to be found in abundance. the variety of which is not surpassed by any other sporting region in the world:

Fish.—Bass, pickerel, brook trout, lake trout, whitefish, perch, sunfish, salmon, trout, sturgeon, catfish. herring and muskalonge.

Game.—Deer, partridge, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese, plover, bear, woodcock, snipe, grouse, and moose.

A few of the other Principal Resorts.—Androscoggin Lakes, the White Mountains, the salmon resorts of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, Lake of St. John region, the River St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands.

For descriptive books showing routes and rates, apply to M. C. Dickson, D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.; D. O. Pease, D.P.A., Montreal, P.Q.; L. R. Morrow, C.P.A., Chicago, Ill.; R. McC. Smith, S.P.A., Cincinnati, O.

Chas. M. Hays, General Manager, Montreal, P.Q.
Geo. B. Reeve, Gen. Traffic Manager, Montreal, P. Q.
W. E. Davis, G. P. & T. A., Montreal, P.Q.
Frank P. Dwyer, E. P. Agent, 273 Broadway, New York.

...To "the" Pleasure Resorts of...
Texas and Gulf of Mexico

TAKE

THE
MKT
AND
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

Via CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, or ST. LOUIS

WAGNER BUFFET SLEEPERS
FREE "KATY" CHAIR CARS

For further information, address

W. S. ST. GEORGE, Gen. East. Agt.
309 Broadway, New York

The First Step

toward the most delightful outing you will ever take in all your life

is to write to Mr. I. M. BORTLE, General Passenger Agent of the Northern Steamship Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for the information he is waiting to send you.

> "Never," wrote **President McKinley**, "did I have a more enjoyable vacation than the trip I took from Cleveland to Duluth on the *North West*."

Thousands have said likewise—many even more emphatically—" A positively glorious experience!"

20 BOOKS

ON 20 DIFFERENT SUBJECTS, BUT ALL RELATING TO SOME DELIGHTFUL PHASE OF AMERICAN TRAVEL, VIA "AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

* * *

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE, POST-PAID, ON RECEIPT OF A 1-CENT STAMP BY GEORGE H. DANIELS, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.

Valley Home is a beautiful Summer resort for sportsmen. Is in the heart of a rich hunting country—rich in all that delights the heart of the sportsman. Elk, Deer, Mountain Sheep, Bear and a great number of fur bearing animals. No finer trout stream exists than the far-famed Shoshone river, on whose picturesque banks this Eldorado for hunters is located. Valley Home is nestled among the snow-capped rockies, and no grandeur scenery can be found in Switzerland. The canons and waterfalls are such that no pen can describe them. Ranch is 20 miles from Ishawood, Big Horn County, Wyoming.
Jas. L. McLaughlin, Proprietor & Guide.

I mail you a photo of a boy champion. For his age I have not seen his equal. He is my son, Rolla O. Brown, 2 years, 5 months, and 7 days old on the 14th day of October, 1897, the day I had his photo taken. He shoots an air rifle and at a distance of 6 feet will hit an empty 1 pound powder can at every shot. He is not strong enough to pull an ordinary trigger, so I had a special one made for him.

Henry T. Brown, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Mrs. Wiggins—I wonder why it is that those men who write the best poems on love are single men?

Wiggins—For the same reason, I suppose, that a man does not usually feel inclined to write poetry on the ocean after he has been seasick.

WHAT THEY SAY OF RECREATION.

RECREATION is the best periodical of its kind in America. The subscribers all like it.
Geo. Foulkes, Mansfield, Mass.

I have read many sportsmen's magazines but RECREATION is the king of all.
Frank Greenhalgh, Paterson, N. J.

I congratulate you on the bold stand you take in defense of our fish and game.
George H. Barfield, Merced, Cal.

Can't get along without RECREATION. It is the best magazine I ever read.
Wm. A. Dutcher, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

I took 20 subscriptions to-day in 2 hours. RECREATION is all right.
C. L. Flower, Greeley, Col.

RECREATION is the book of books for the enthusiastic sportsman.
Bert Livermore, Newark Valley, N. Y.

RECREATION is the king of all magazines. I can not do without it.
H. A. Munnich, Hagerstown, Md.

I consider RECREATION the best sportsmen's magazine in existence.
I. R. Emmons, Fremont, Neb.

RECREATION improves with every number. I read every word in it.
W. R. Saunders, Derry, N. H.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine I ever read.
Harry L. Frank, Golden, Col.

DR. JAEGER'S Sanatory Underwear.

Protects You Against the Sudden Changes of the Weather.

For Spring and Summer use: Light Gauze Underwear, Stockings, Taffeta and Flannel Shirts, Sweaters, Abdominal Bandages, etc.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue giving name of our agents in your city.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO
NEW YORK.
MAIN RETAIL STORE 16 W. 23RD ST.
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WASHBURNE'S PATENT

Improved Cuff Holder and Drawers Supporter

A Cuff Holder that holds the cuff just where you want it. No button-holes needed. No tearing of shirt or cuff.

Drawers supporters that are easily adjusted or taken off. Hold tight, hurt nothing, and save annoyance.

Sample of either of the above by mail for 10 cents.

Illustrated catalogue free.

American Ring Co., Box J, Waterbury Conn.

I like RECREATION better than any sportsmen's journal I read.
Dr. E. Guenther, Newark, N. J.

RECREATION should be subscribed for by every true sportsman.
H. W. Mallory, New Orleans, La.

RECREATION is the best book I ever saw for the money.
Jerome Shepley, Massillon, O.

RECREATION is the handsomest magazine printed.
E. J. Tull, La Crosse, Wis.

RECREATION is a cinch. Wouldn't be without it.
Robert Acker, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

"Yes, he was s.....o long;

and I landed him with a 'Bristol'—the staunchest, springiest rod that ever stretched a cast."

There is no rod made to-day—of any material—that will begin to please a fisherman half so well as a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod—made in 17 different sizes and styles, and weighing from 6½ to 11½ oz.

Our Catalogue "R" tells about 'em
Send for it

The Horton Manufacturing Co., Bristol, Conn.

Mention RECREATION.

RECREATION should be read by every sportsman. Its work is good, particularly in bringing before the public the violators of game laws, and game and fish hogs.
A. J. Durand, Moorestown, N. J.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine I have ever read. F. B. Fleming, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

I take great delight in RECREATION. It is the best periodical of the kind I ever read, and the information it contains is of great value. G. M. Soule, Stoneham, Pa.

You promised to improve and enlarge RECREATION, and you have kept your word, for to-day it stands at the head, regardless of price. C. L. Sperry, Sparta, Tenn.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE L. A. S.

ARTHUR F. RICE, Secretary L. A. S., 19 W. 24th St., New York.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed ONE DOLLAR for membership fee for one year.

I certify that I am eligible to membership in the L. A. S. under the provisions of the constitution, and refer to 2 League members (or to 3 other reputable citizens) named hereon.

Name..

Street or P.O. Box..

City or Town..

....

Detach this, fill out, and send in with your dollar, AT ONCE

References

For nearly 50 Years the name

"Davenport"

has been identified with the manufacture of

Guns◆◆◆◆◆

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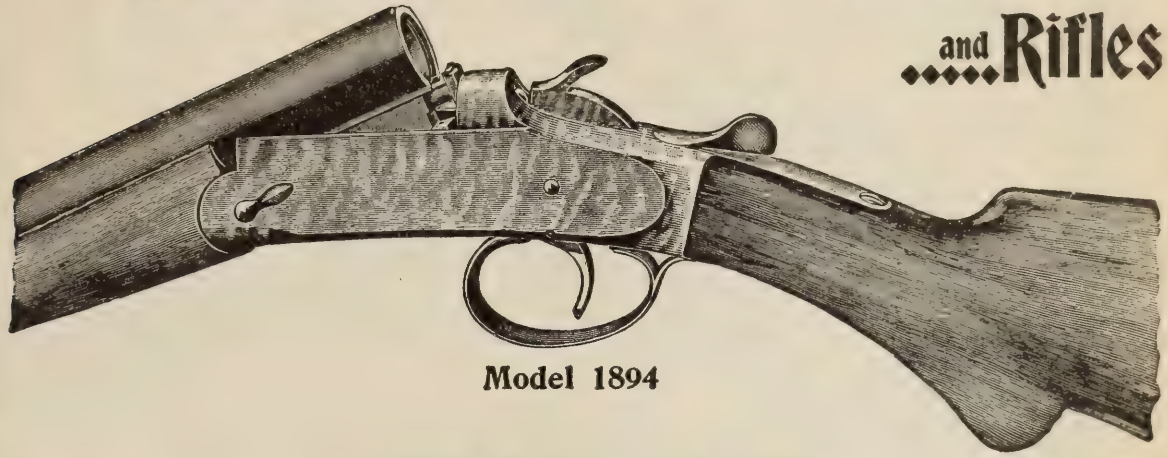

Model 1894

AUTOMATIC EJECTOR

Our present line is complete and varied and shows the result of years of experience

For catalogues and information address

THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO.

NORWICH, CONN., U. S. A.

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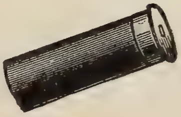
Ejector Guns no longer a luxury

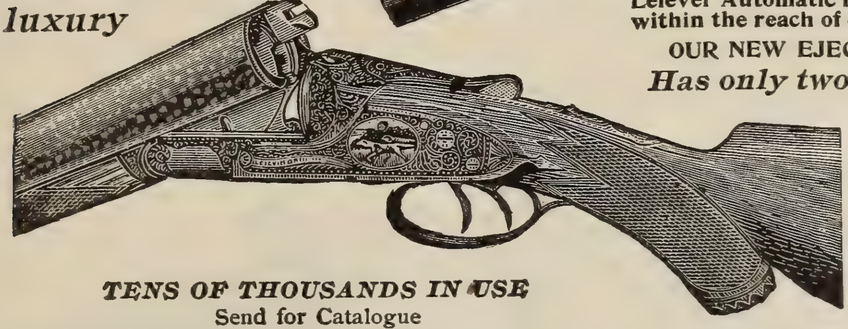


Good News for Sportsmen

Lefever Automatic Ejector Guns at a price within the reach of every sportsman

OUR NEW EJECTOR MOVEMENT

Has only two pieces: One in the Hammer, One in the Frame



We have decided to meet the demand for *medium* price Ejectors, and are now prepared to accept orders for all grades of our hammerless guns fitted with Ejectors.

TENS OF THOUSANDS IN USE

Send for Catalogue

LEFEVER ARMS CO. - - Syracuse, N. Y.

Mention RECREATION

Date,..1898

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 19 West 24th St., New York:

Herewith find One Dollar, for which please send me RECREATION for one year beginning with..number.

Name,..

....

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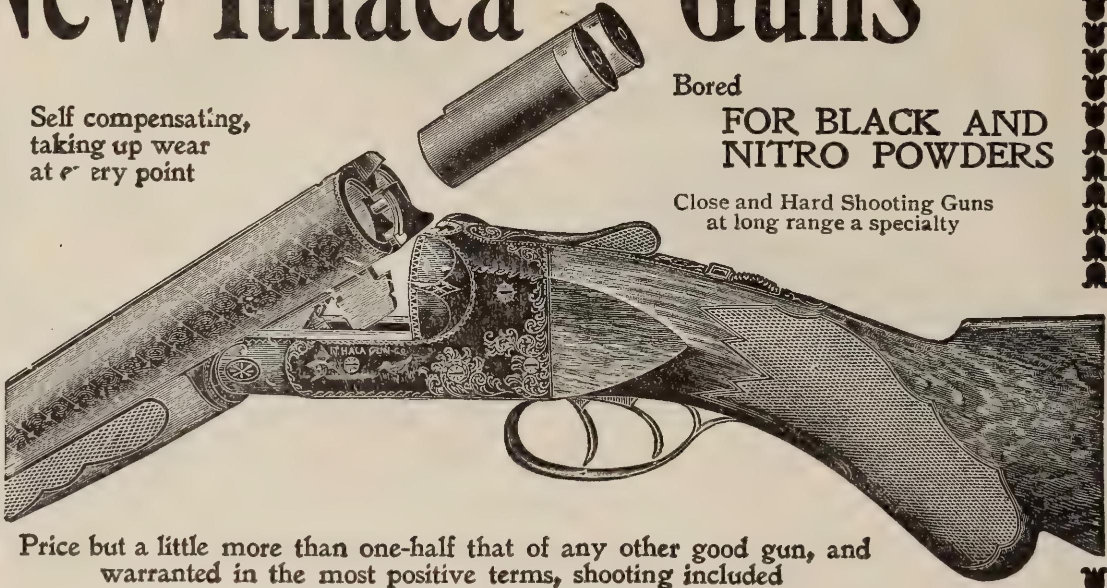
Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT, AND SEND IN.

New Ithaca Guns



Self compensating, taking up wear at every point

Bored
FOR BLACK AND NITRO POWDERS

Close and Hard Shooting Guns at long range a specialty

Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and warranted in the most positive terms, shooting included

ITHACA GUN COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.

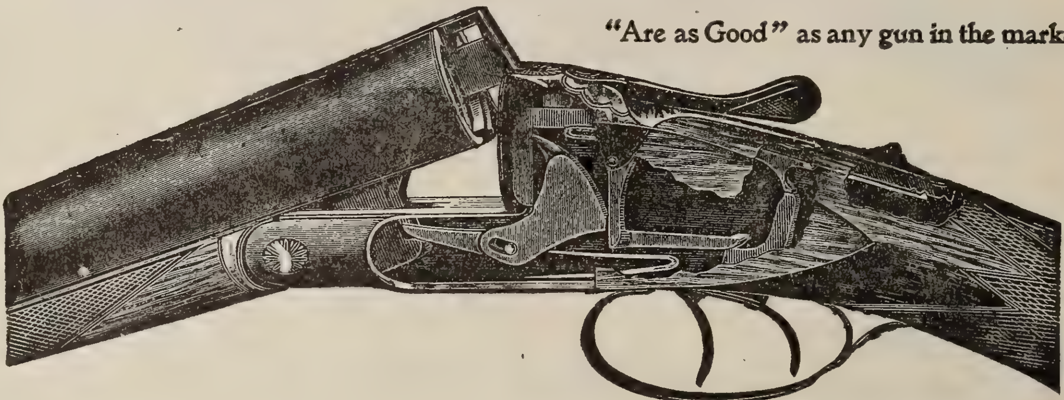
Send for circular
Mention RECREATION

Manufacturers of fine Hammer and Hammerless Guns

FOR FIELD OR FOR TRAP,
FOR POT HUNTING OR FUN,
NO SPORTSMAN IS EQUIPPED
WITHOUT A SYRACUSE GUN

"MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY"

We do not say that SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUNS "Are as Good" as any gun in the market.



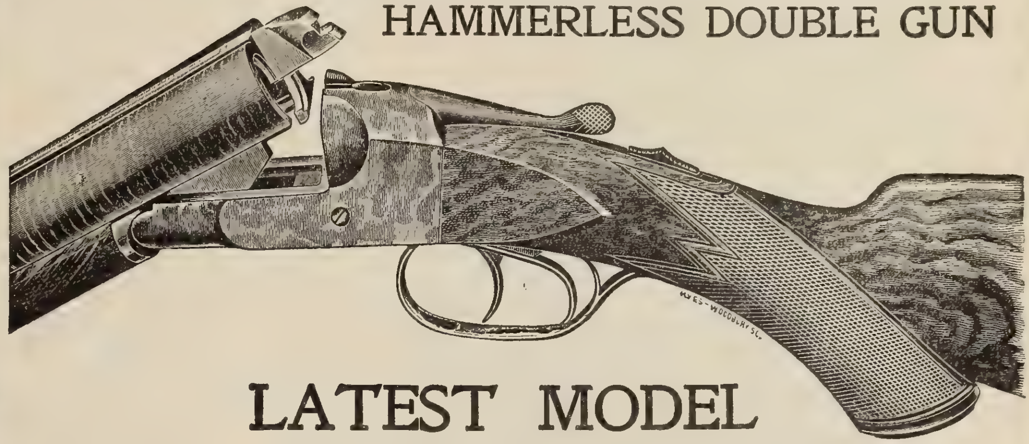
Their simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.

SYRACUSE ARMS CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Sole Agents, HERMANN BOKER & CO., 101 Duane Street, New York City

Forehand Arms Co.'s

EJECTOR AND NON-EJECTOR
HAMMERLESS DOUBLE GUN



LATEST MODEL

Read what men say of the Forehand who are using it

HADENSVILLE, TODD CO., KY.

FOREHAND ARMS CO.,
Worcester, Mass.

DEAR SIRS:—Please send me one of your catalogues. I bought one of your No. 1, full choke, hammerless, non-ejector guns last fall, and have killed a good many ducks, squirrels, some rabbits and quails with it. I consider it the best gun I ever owned, although I once owned a Rigby that cost $300.

R. C. HOLLINS.

Am well satisfied with the Forehand gun you sent me. Have done some remarkable shooting with it on wild geese and ruffed grouse. My gun not only looks well but is a hard shooter. All the subscribers are highly pleased with RECREATION, and several have told me they will renew next year.

A. T. BAKER,
67 Frank St., Lowell, Mass.

We get Thousands of such Testimonials—all Unsolicited

We challenge competition in Beauty, Workmanship, Simplicity of Mechanism, Shooting Qualities and Price. We target all our guns with nitro powder. For Catalogue, address

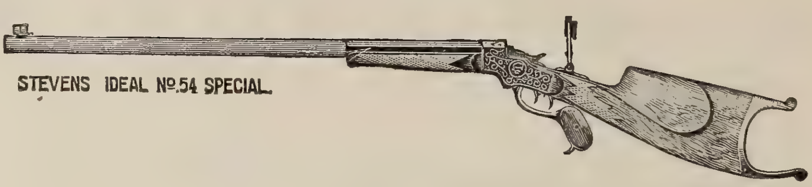
FOREHAND ARMS CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

A RECORD THAT IS A RECORD

The Stevens Ideal

AT THE NEW ENGLAND SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 14–26, 1898


STEVENS IDEAL No.54 SPECIAL.

CHAMPIONSHIP

(50 shots, possible 1250)

1st	F. C. ROSS, 1200
2d	H. M. SPENCER, 1181
3d	H. M. POPE, 1178
4th	E. S. PILLARD, 1177

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1st	H. M. SPENCER
4th	F. C. ROSS
5th	E. S. PILLARD

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1st	H. M. SPENCER
2d	F. C. ROSS
4th	M. DORRLER
5th	E. S. PILLARD
6th	H. M. POPE

BEST CONSECUTIVE TICKETS

(5 in number)

F. C. ROSS

All of the Above Shooters Used Stevens Rifles

Our new catalogue containing valuable information for shooters is now ready. Free on receipt of stamps for postage.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
P. O. Box 444
Chicopee Falls Massachusetts

★ THE NATIONAL FAVORITE ★

DU PONT SMOKELESS POWDER.

WINNER OF WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP

AT TARGETS.

ALSO

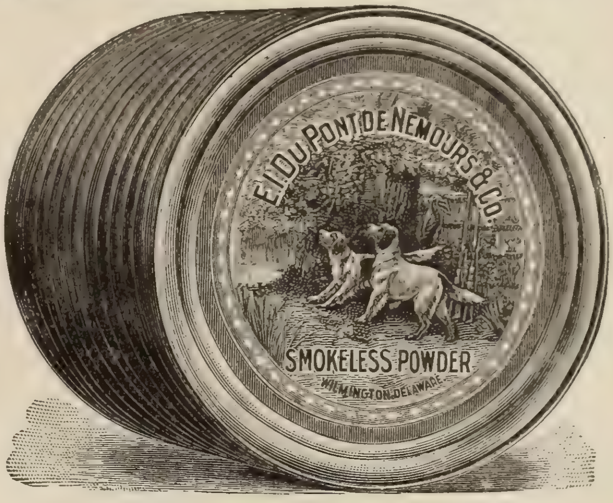
CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

AT PIGEONS.

Specify

Du Pont Smokeless

when ordering shells.



...The...

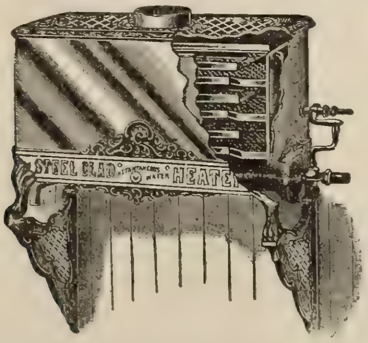
Steel Clad Instant Water Heater

NOVEL, DURABLE, LOW COST

The Perfection of Efficiency, Economy and Durability

PATENTED JUNE 8, 1897

Consists of a series of metal shelves, one below the other, the alternate shelves slanting in opposite directions so that the water runs the whole length of each and off on to the next, through the whole series to the outlet.



The Steel Clad Instant Water Heater is invaluable for use in summer cottages and summer hotels. If you have a home in the Adirondacks, the Catskills, or elsewhere, write us for circular and full information.

Price, Russia Iron Body and Nickeled trimmings,	*$17.50*
Brass Body, Nickel Plated or Oxidized, -	*18.50*

Net, F. O. B. N. Y.

STEEL CLAD BATH CO.

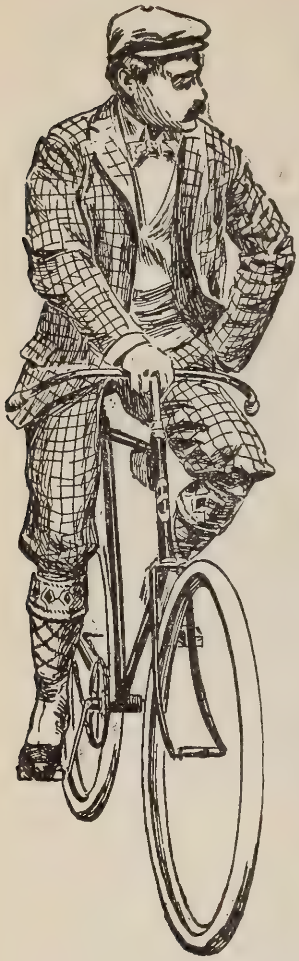
446 West 27th Street, New York

Recreation Gun Cabinets

Will keep your guns clean, free from dust, and dry. They are handsome, convenient, and cheap.

Write for illustrated circular and testimonials

G. S. HUDSON & SON
Ellisburg, N. Y.



What's the Use

of walking when you can get a first-class, high-grade bicycle for nothing?

How?

By getting 75 subscriptions for

Recreation

If you live in a town of 3,000 or more, and if you are a hustler you can get these in 2 days.

I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

RECREATION

19 West 24th Street
New York

I spent the entire summer in the Clearwater country, in the employ of the U. S. Geological Survey, who were making a triangulation survey with a view to setting aside a large portion of that country for a timber reserve. The proposed reserve embraces 6,000 square miles. If it should be set aside it will in all probability be conducted in part as the Yellowstone Park is, and will put a stop to the slaughter of game by trappers.

C. M., Darby, Mont.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

We have fine fishing here in the old Wisconsin river, mostly small mouth bass and pike; and on our big marshes, some of the finest chicken shooting to be found anywhere.

We have 30 members in our fishing club, and a club house and grounds about 7 miles up the river. Quite a number of 4, 4½ and 5 pound bass were caught here last season.

Last fall a number of deer were killed within a few miles of us.

Alex. M. Muir, Grand Rapids, Wis.

Snipe and plover were abundant last spring, and there were a few ducks. I like the way you give it to the hogs.

Price Smith, New Castle, Ky.

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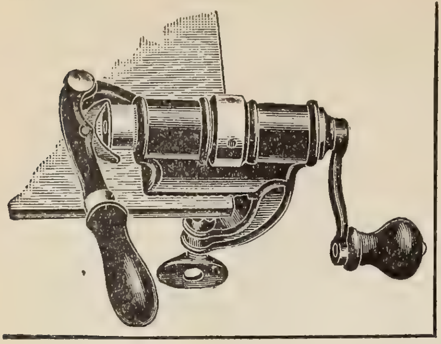

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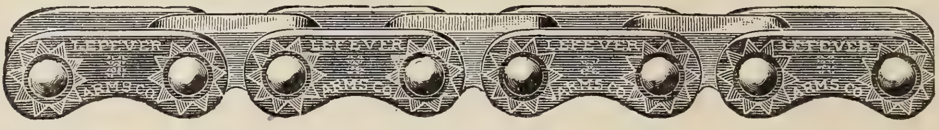
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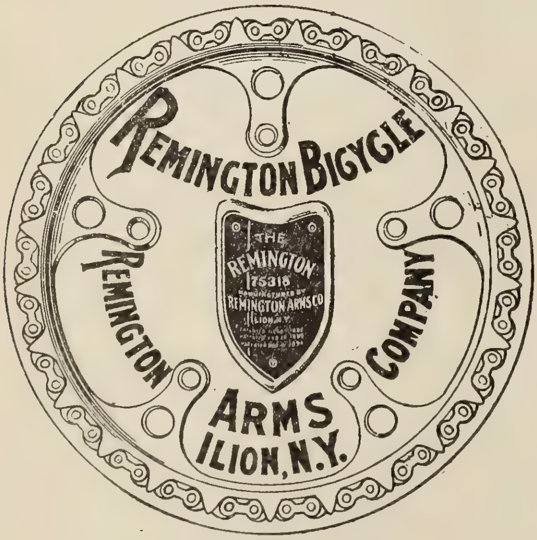
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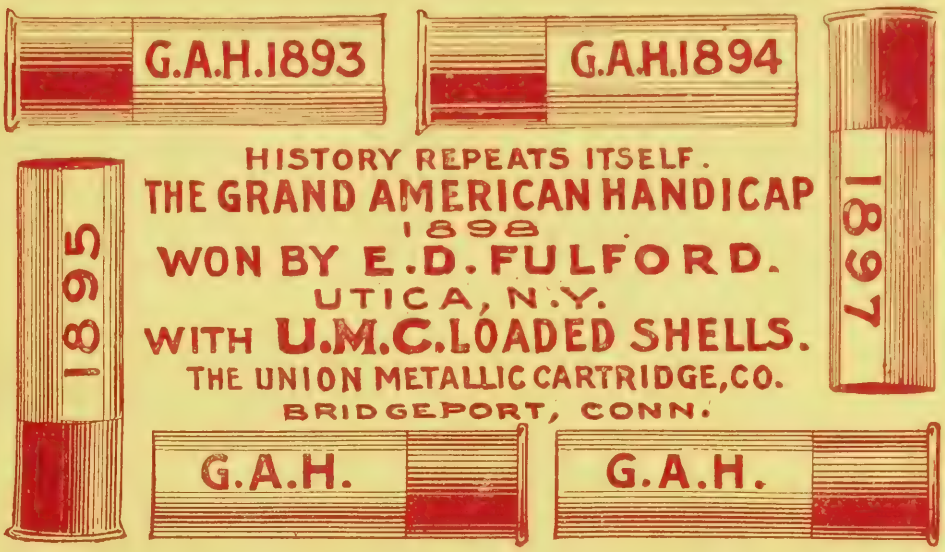

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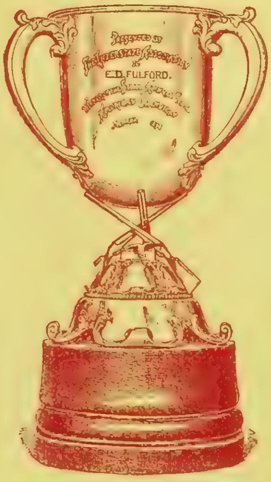

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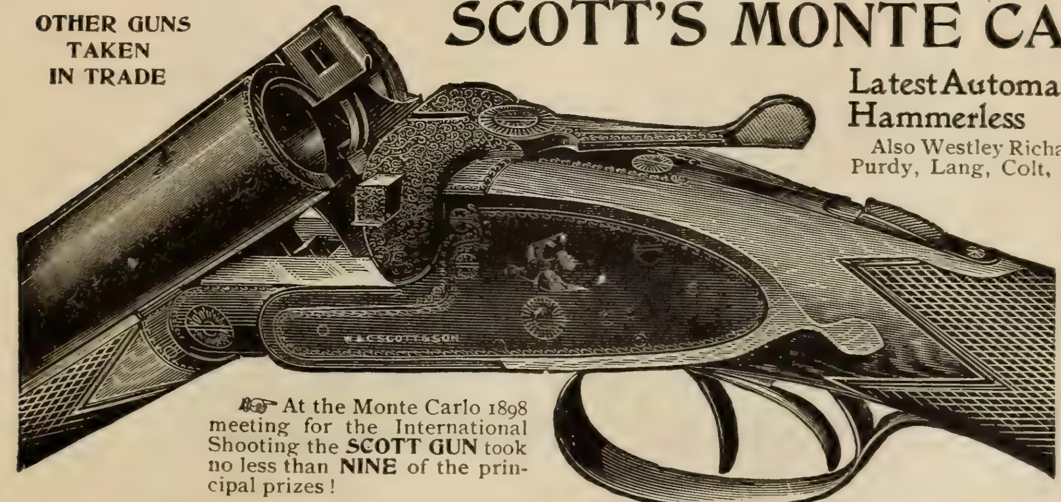

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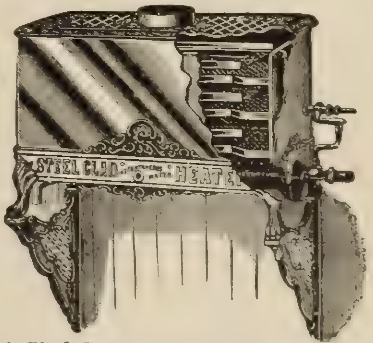

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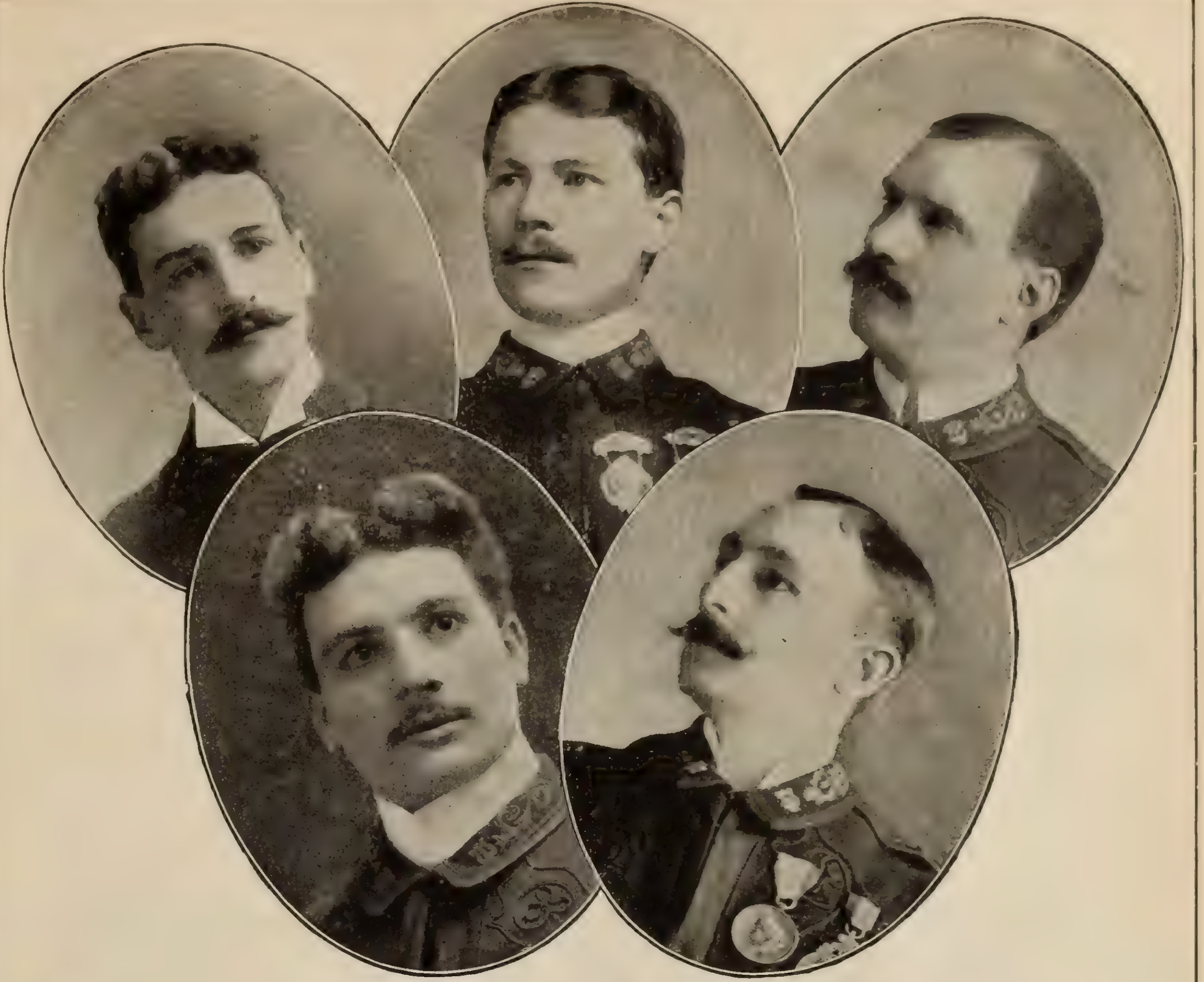

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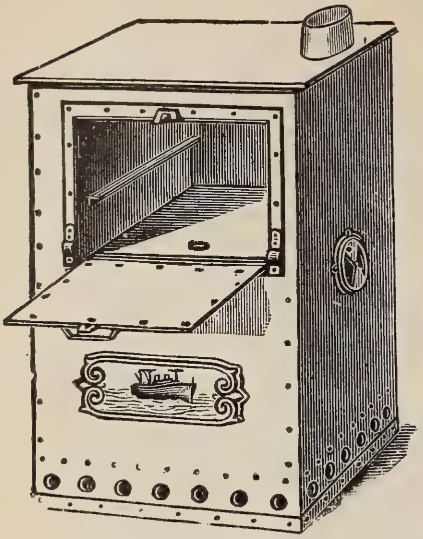

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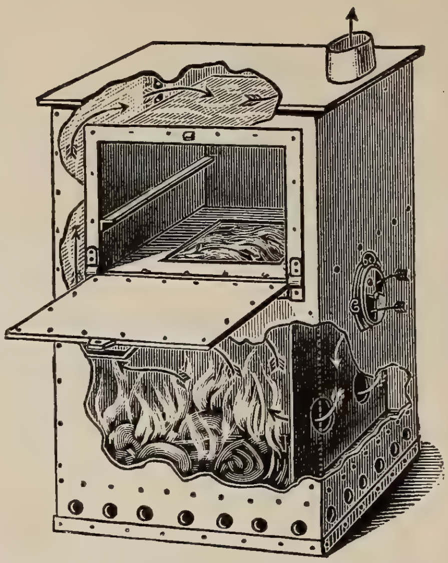

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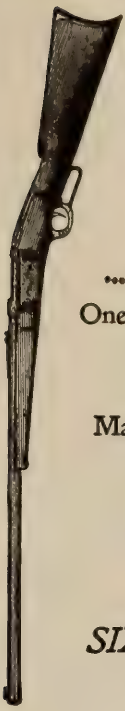

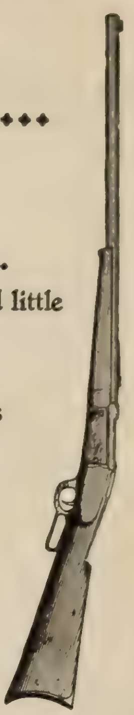

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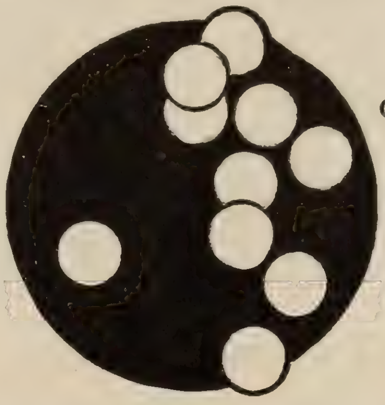

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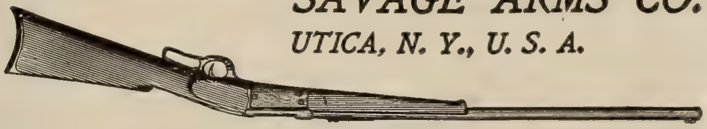

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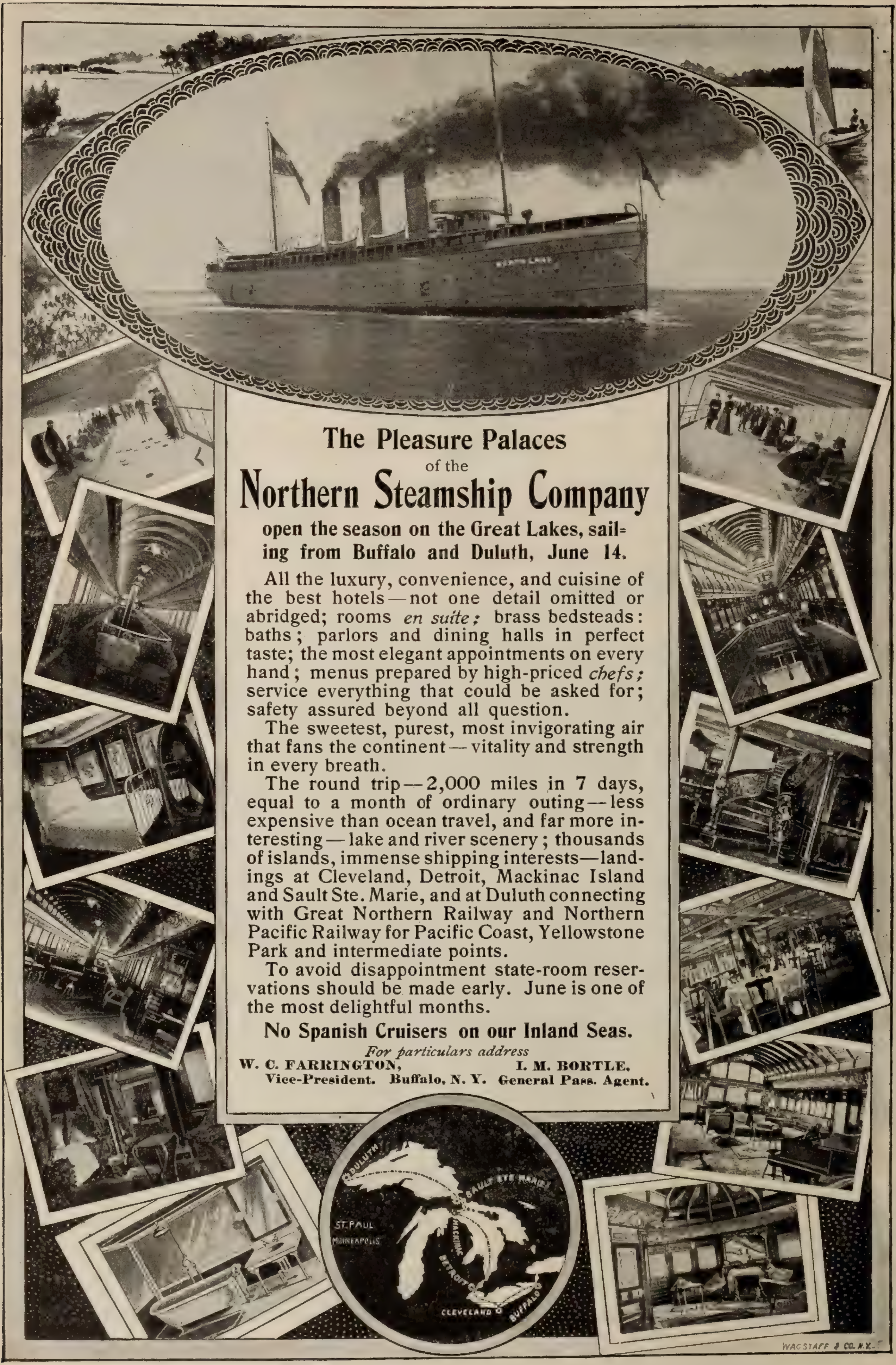

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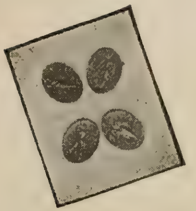

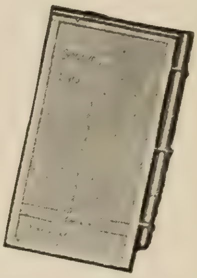

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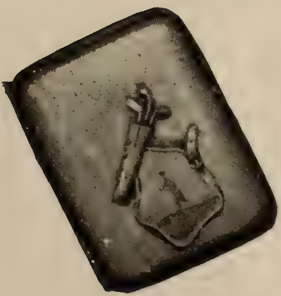
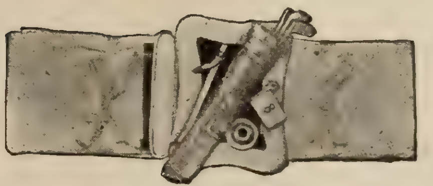

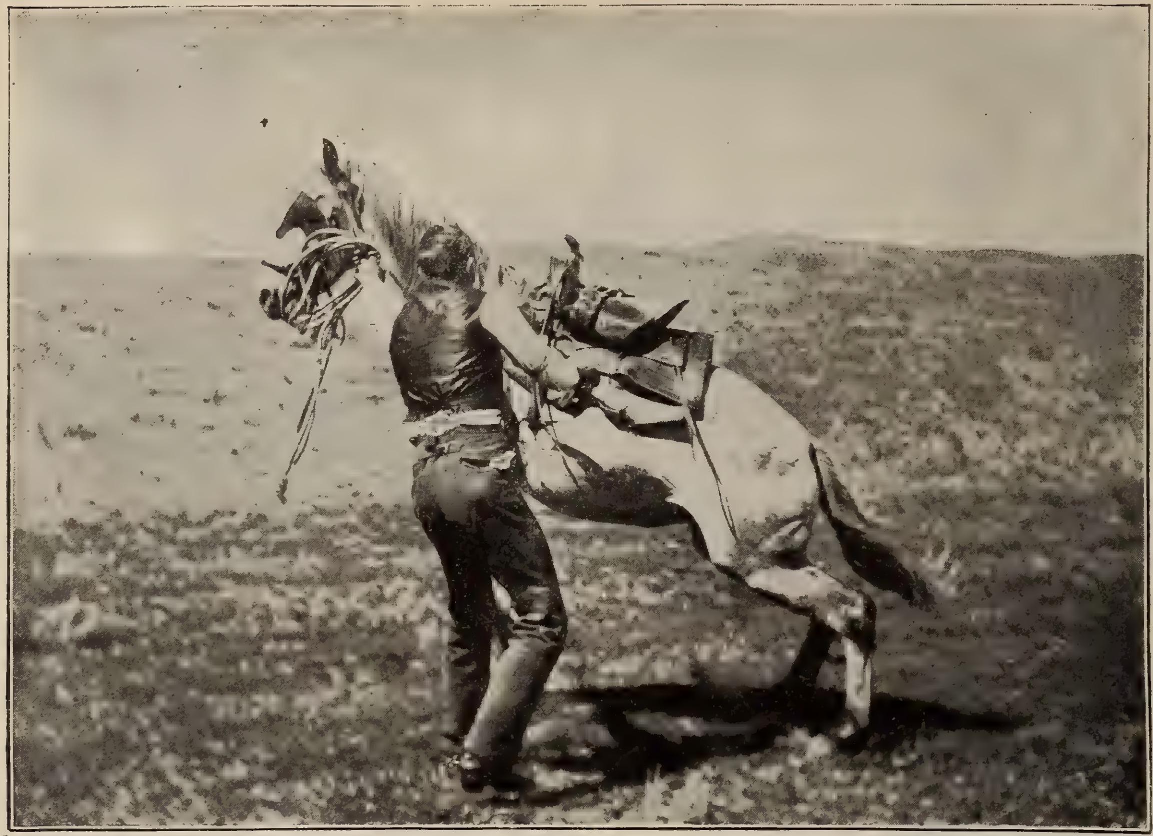

"Saddling the Wild Horse"

* * * *

Look out for this cowboy. He's going to ride this little gray horse, straight up, in the July issue of RECREATION, and in the August number another cowboy will be shown in the air, having been shot up by a "big red" broncho.

Remember These Are Original Photographs

Send 25 cents, in coin or stamps, for sample print of this series, interesting alike to the western rancher or the city man.

L. A. HUFFMAN, PHOTO.

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NEW DEPARTURE
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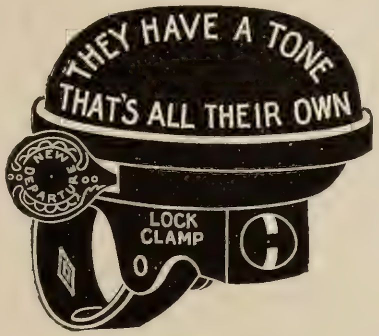
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LOCK CLAMP

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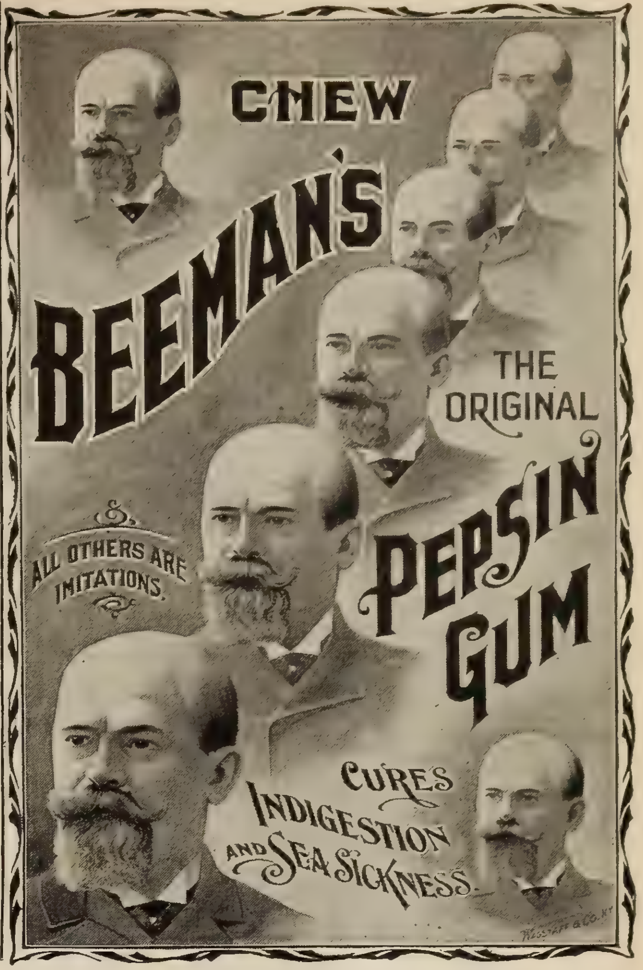
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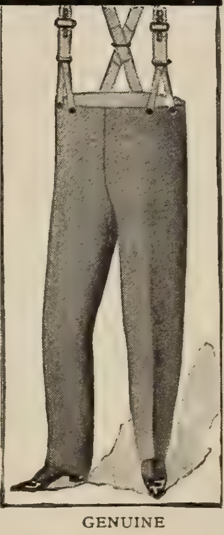

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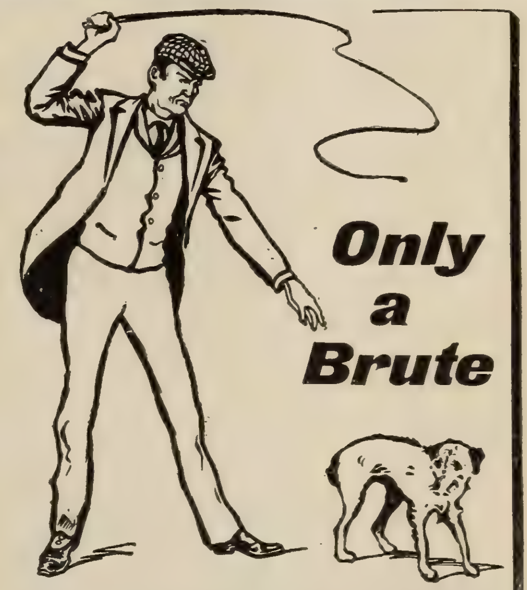

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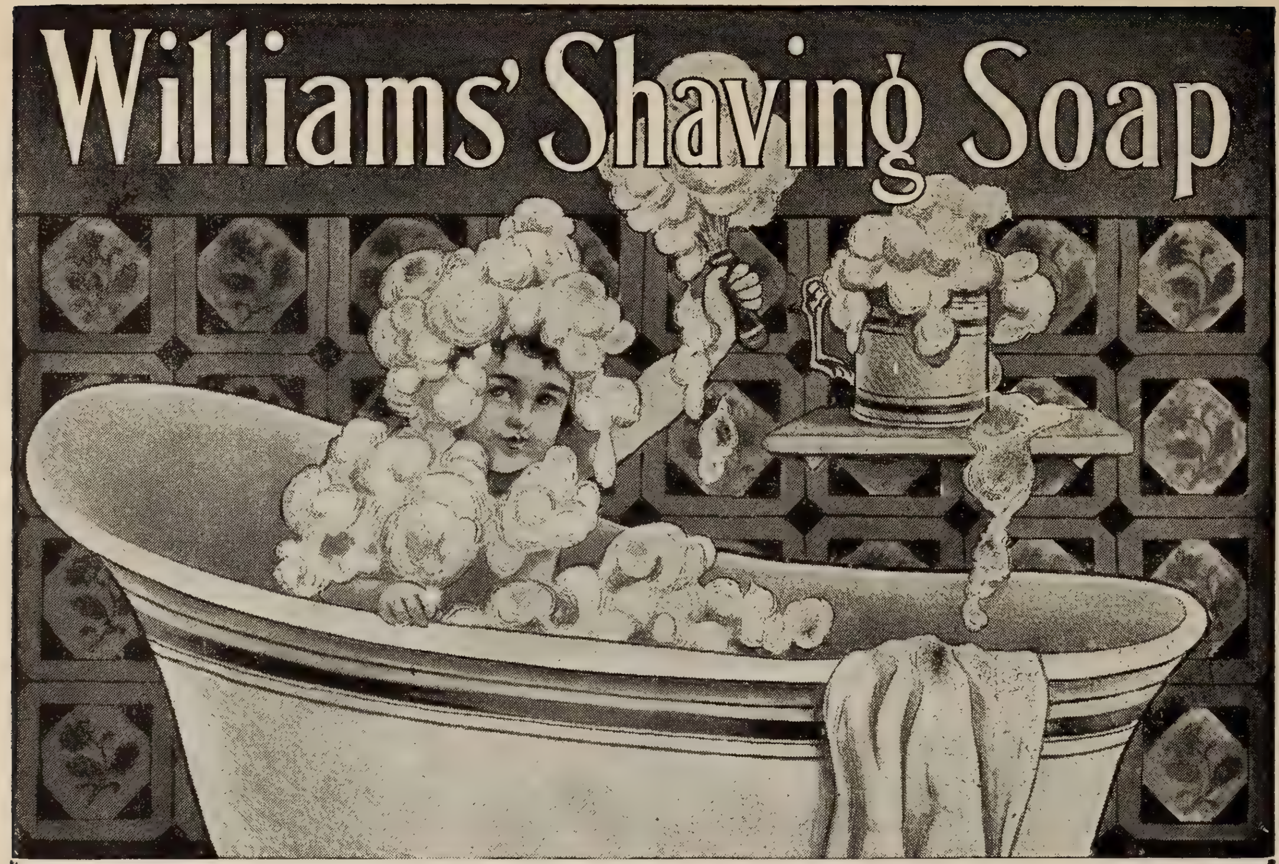

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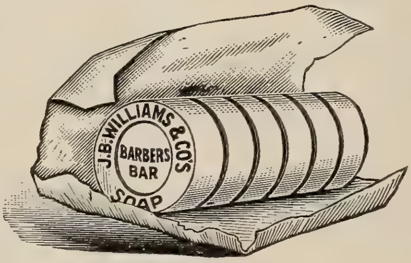

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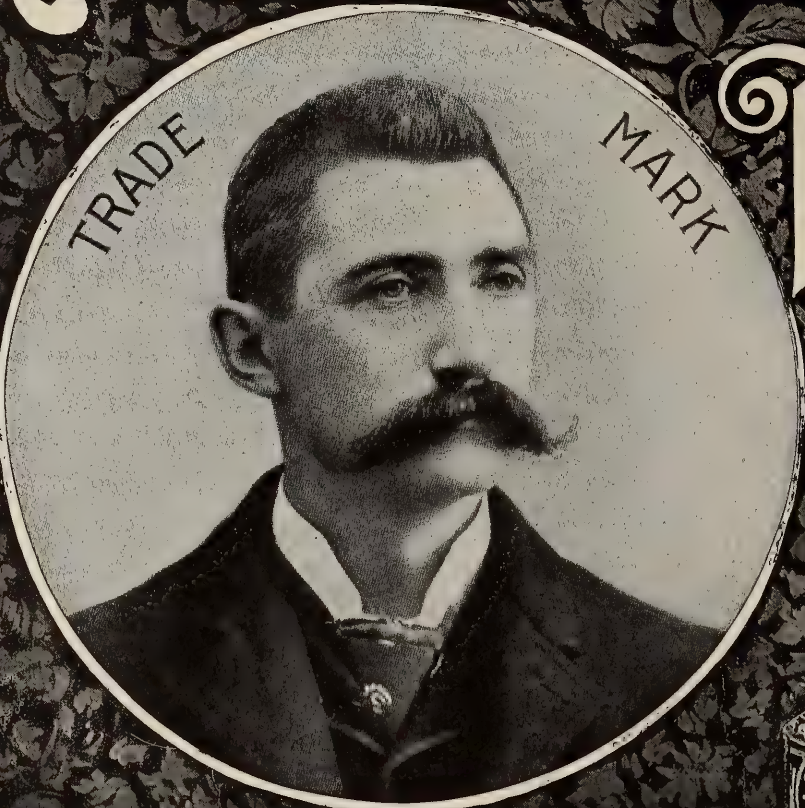

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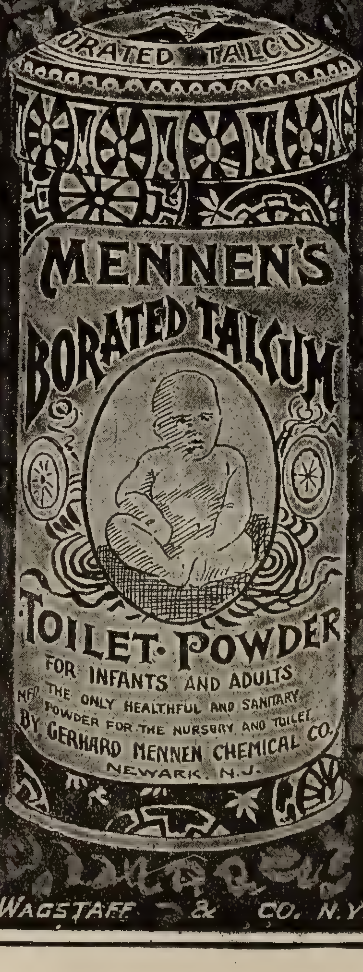
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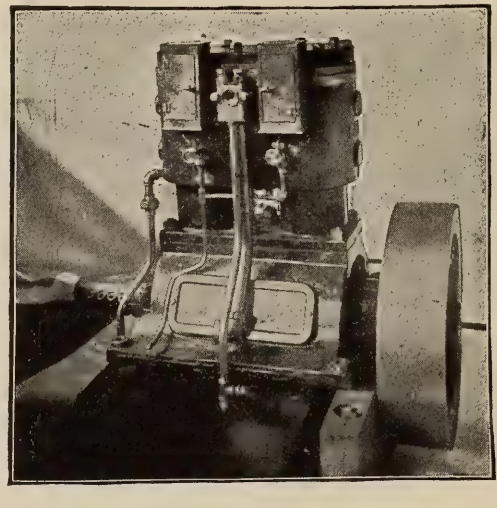

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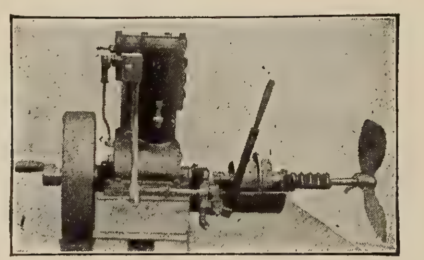

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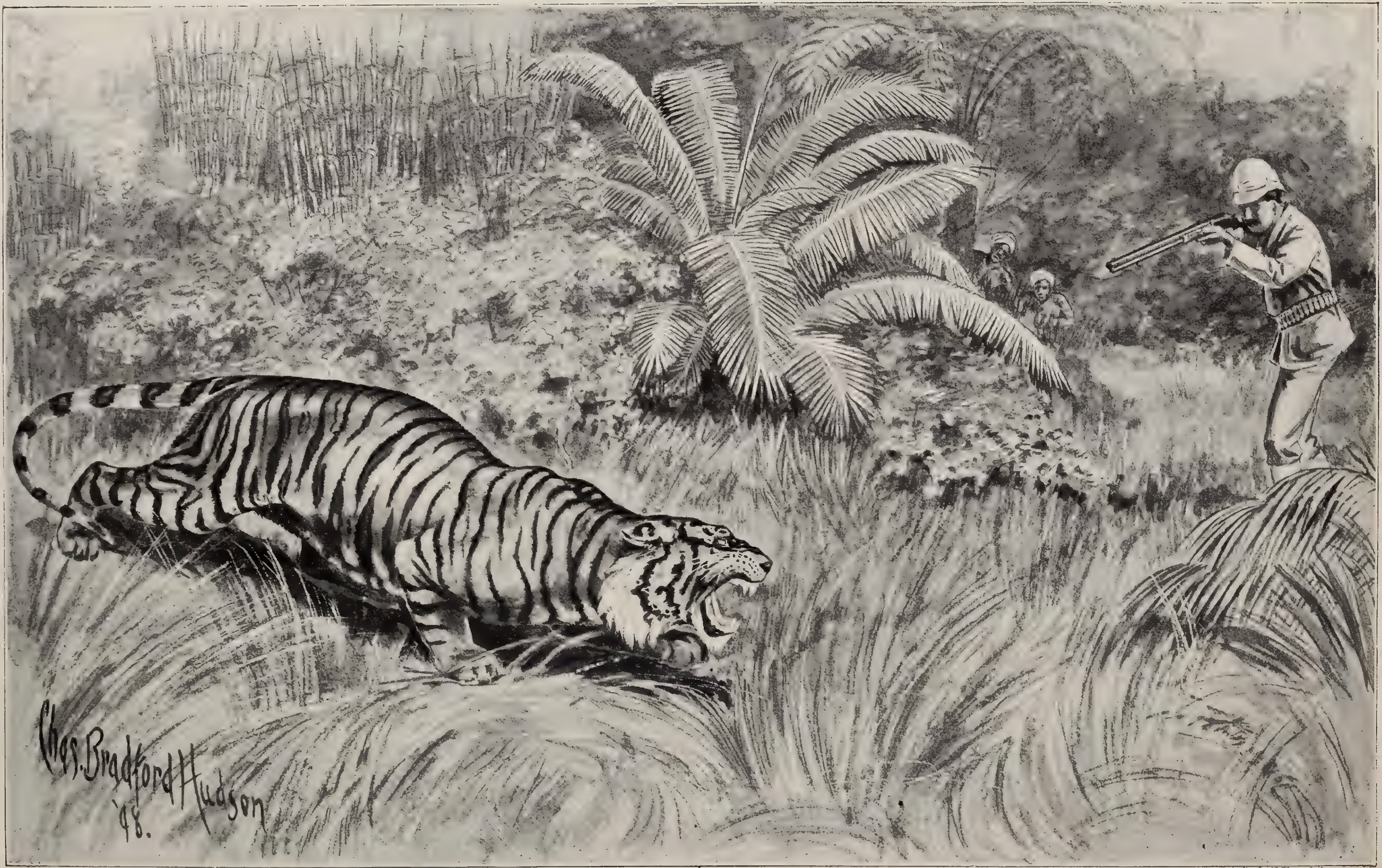

Chas. Bradford Hudson
'98.

"HE SALLIED FORTH, GROWLING HORRIBLY AND GIVING ME A FINE VIEW OF HIS OPEN MOUTH."

RECREATION.

Volume VIII. JUNE, 1898. Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

TIGER SHOOTING IN INDIA.

LIEUT. J. P. WEBSTER.

It was my good fortune to be stationed at Jubbulpore, India, from January, 1881, to October, 1882. During that period I spent many a day in pursuit of *Felis tigris,* then plentiful in and about the Betul district.

Tiger hunting is at its best during the hot season; that is, in April and May. Then the water supply of the country is at its lowest point, and the tiger frequents the valleys where much of the game he feeds on has congregated, and where the village cattle are regularly watered.

In India, tigers are divided into 2 classes: game killers, or those that habitually prey on wild animals, and cattle lifters, or those that feed on domestic cattle. The regular game killing tigers are wary animals, and it is useless to devote much time to hunting them. They are scattered over extensive tracts of jungle, and are so active that they are seldom brought to bay. On the other hand, the cattle lifter is usually an older and larger animal, and not at all given to violent exertion. If the weather be cool he follows the herds of cattle wherever they go to graze, and kills many a head. In the hot weather he remains in some strong cover close to the water, and, of course, when the cattle go there to drink, has no difficulty in killing all he requires. A tiger of this kind will kill an ox every 4 days. If very hungry and not disturbed, he will devour both hind quarters the first night. He will not go farther than he can help after this meal; but will return again the next evening and finish the carcass. In the meantime he stores it away under a bank, or covers it with leaves. Tigers that prey on cattle are generally known to the cowherds and others who resort to their neighborhood. These beasts do not confine their attacks to the cattle of a single village, usually having a whole circle of villages where they are on visiting terms. They do great damage; 60 or 70 head of cattle, worth $25 to $50 a piece, being destroyed by one such animal in the course of a year.

The best way of hunting the tiger is with the aid of a trained elephant, as is the custom in central India. This was the method I usually followed, although I have many times shot them on foot. The latter, however, is a dangerous practice and the sportsman rarely follows it long. The average length of a full grown male tiger is about 9½ feet, and its weight 325 pounds. Occasionally one hears of tigers 11 and 12 feet long, but those stories lack confirmation. I have never seen one, either alive or stuffed, that measured over 10 feet 4 inches.

I recall, with no small amount of satisfaction, my last tiger hunt, in which I succeeded in killing a cattle lifter who had long eluded the native hunters. Possibly, had I not appeared on the scene, he would have continued his marauding expeditions indefinitely, as the natives were beginning to grow superstitious regarding him, and vowed he bore a charmed life.

Early one morning in May, 1882, I

started, with my native shikari and a strong gang of beaters, bent on the destruction of this tiger. For some weeks he had paid frequent visits to the neighboring herds of cattle, now here, now there, until the loss he caused had become a serious matter.

My beaters were supplied with drums, horns, and in fact anything that would make a noise, and, besides being thoroughly posted as to the habits of the game, they knew every inch of the jungle.

The evening before I started, the tiger had killed a full grown ox and dragged it some distance into a thick clump of tamarind trees and young bamboos. There we expected to find him, but he evidently had been disturbed in his meal; for we found the remains of the ox with only one hind quarter devoured. After looking for an hour for recent signs of the tiger, we came to a small stream which ran through a perfectly open and level forest. There my shikari, whose keen eyes nothing escaped, struck the trail at once. The bed of the stream was about 10 feet below the level, and almost dry. The tiger had gone loafing along, leaving tracks which were not an hour old. We followed the marks for about half a mile and while ascending the sides of a small ravine, I heard a slight noise like the crackling of a dry leaf. Pausing and turning, I saw distinctly a movement or waving in the grass, as if something was making its way to a dense thicket some 75 yards to the right. I felt sure, as did my shikari, that this was the animal we were after; and, sure enough, when we fired a shot, there was a roar and the tiger made a dash for the thicket. My beaters immediately surrounded it and commenced to yell, blow horns and beat drums, making the most horrible din imaginable. A number of the men threw large stones which fell on all sides of the beast and proved effective in starting him from cover. Out he came with a rush and a roar which could be heard a mile. He looked as big as an ox, but was an arrant coward at heart, and before I could get a shot, slunk back and disappeared in the grass, from which he refused to budge for some time.

Finally one of the stones must have struck him, for he sallied forth growling horribly and giving me a fine view of his open mouth, garnished with most serviceable looking teeth. I fired quickly and had the satisfaction of seeing him drop; but in an instant he was on his feet again. A shot from my second barrel caught him behind the ear and he sank to the ground. I might now have bombarded him in perfect safety; but, thinking him dead, and to avoid spoiling his skin, I refrained from shooting. On our stepping to within 20 feet of him he managed to raise his head and growl savagely, his eyes gleaming with the frenzy of his intense though futile rage. Those who have not seen the fierce light that scintillates from the eyes of a wounded tiger, or any other of the large Felidae, can hardly imagine its wondrous brilliancy and concentration. The animal had not strength to raise himself from the ground, and indeed could do nothing more than lift his head and growl. Not wishing to prolong his misery, I shot him through the brain.

He was a splendid specimen, measuring 9 feet 3 inches, with a coat in good condition. His long, perfect teeth showed he was in the prime of life, but the pads of his feet were worn quite smooth as if he had lately done considerable traveling.

Mr. Borem—I am opposed to intoxicating liquors as a beverage, yet I believe liquor rightly used is a benefit to humanity. I am fully convinced that whiskey was once the means of saving my life.

Miss Cutting—Perhaps it did, but I fail to see how that proves it a benefit to humanity.—Chicago Record.

ON CAPE COD MARSHES.

WALDO.

Every sportsman has his hobby; for each there is some one tribe of the feathered, furred and finned denizens of nature's wilds, the pursuit of which furnishes him with ideal sport. This one is never so happy as when tramping brown October stubble in quest of Bob White; that one knows no thrill like that which passes through his whole being at the sudden whirr of a ruffed grouse; another is never in such close touch with nature as when, rod in hand, he wanders down a mountain brook, and deftly whips the deep dark pools; and to a fourth the bay of a hound is sweeter than the most perfect symphony ever written. As for myself, I have said I have no choice, but as the long, hazy, lazy August mornings slip away an irresistible longing for the brown salt marshes of old Cape Cod, and the whistle of yellow-legs and plover, sends me speeding back to boyhood's home as rapidly as steam can carry me.

My destination is Sandwich, and the glimpse from the car windows of the familiar spires of the quiet little town, hidden among its trees, makes the conductor's stentorian announcement entirely superfluous. Ah, how good the clear invigorating salt air is as I step off on the little concrete platform and find George waiting to grip my hand and to fill my all too credulous ears with tales of the sport he has had and the big bag he made no longer ago than yesterday. So we make an appointment for 3.30 the next morning and I hie me home for a supper for which the salt air has already given me a ravenous appetite, and then to bed.

And seemingly my head has hardly touched the billow when the buz-z-z-z-z-z of the alarm proclaims 3 o'clock and sleepily I tumble out to get into old togs and hip boots; to fill the pockets of the old hunting jacket with shells and a substantial lunch and to creep out into the gray night. As I approach the old church the call of a yellow-leg from an indistinct figure approaching from the opposite direction answers the call of a plover and I know George is on time.

Together we tramp down the old familiar beach road, past the outlying farm houses, across the railroad, and then turn off across an old pasture where we walk plump into the midst of a flock of quail that in the gray dawn afford us but a momentary glimpse of speeding feathered balls, gone with a whirr that has set every nerve tingling with pleasant anticipation of coming October sport. The wash of the water on the shore grows louder; the light moist East wind is filled with the odor of salt marshes and of tarry nets drying on the beach banks. Now we are on a narrow strip of marsh and splash across to the banks of the famous Cape Cod ship canal, that is to be some day, perhaps. At present it is a mile long, and the mouth has so filled in with sand that it can be forded and I follow George across. On the farther bank he discloses the hiding place of a basketful of decoys and carrying these we once more start over the marshes. A half mile tramp brings us to the stand, and we are none too soon, for as we enter it another figure, just visible, turns back to another stand not so good.

"THE 2 GUNS SPEAK, AND SPEAK AGAIN."

The stand is built of bushes thrust into the mud and securely lashed to a strong wooden frame work. It is nearly square, the bushes on the side from which most of the shooting will be done being lower than on the other sides. There is an entrance at one end. Crevices are filled with seaweed. Within is a comfortable bench with a good back and a rest for guns. It will accommodate 3, but is more comfortable with only 2. In front is a great pool left by the last tide, little mud islands showing here and there. It is the best feeding ground on the marsh. In a few minutes George has a dozen decoys most artistically arranged out in the water and then we make ourselves comfortable and wait.

Gradually the sand hills in front assume more definite shape; indistinct specks round out into stilted stacks of salt hay; the perspective of marsh stretches farther and farther above; a faint yellow flush in the East turns to a deep orange and a rim of red peeps over the sand bank, increasing until a great globe of fire, the sun, mounts up, rolling back the fog from the hills behind us and flooding the great broad marshes with a glorious light. At a discreet distance a flock of crows caw their noisy way to the shore, and from over the beach banks float the harsh screams of the gulls feeding on the bars. Now and then, a tiny white speck far up in the blue, wings its way in land crossing to Buzzards bay. With heavy flight and dismal "quork," "quork," a night heron poises and drops among the grasses along the creek.

Faintly, from far up the marsh, sounds the whistle of a yellog-leg. In an instant George is alert and the little tin whistle that hangs about his neck is brought into play. Call for call he gives and now there are several, and we know there is a flock. Nearer come the clear sweet notes and now the man in the stand above us takes a hand. It is a contest in calling. In the distance a dozen little black specks head in toward the other stand. But George is a master of his art. More and more plaintive and seductive grow his calls. The specks hesitate; an uncertain whistle floats down the wind. Then the little tin whistle begins to talk to itself in an indescribably contented undertone. Such a breakfast, and so much of it! There is not a place on the marsh like this! What fools they are not to come! It is enough! There are half a dozen long inquiring notes; a prompt decided response, and a head appears above the other stand to watch the birds heading our way.

Past they swing back of us and then catching sight of the decoys, suddenly turn and with shrill whistles that fill all the air, set their wings and drop down. As well bunched they drop their long legs and the tips of the long wings meet overhead, the two guns speak and speak again. Only 3 sound the alarm note and start off on strong wings, and even these are beguiled back by the seductive whistle, to fall with the others.

And so it goes, now a flock, now a single, an occasional plover or perchance a curlew; some coming in readily, others requiring an immense amount of coaxing and still others, grown wary, offering only chance shots as they speed by. And so the morning wears away, all too quickly. Before, the grass crowned sand hills, occasional breaks affording glimpses of the deep blue bay beyond, with now and then the white sail of a mackerel fisher; above and back the level marshes in changing shades of brown and green stretching away to the uplands, and crossed here and there with irregular lines marking the windings of a creek. Peeping through a mass of elms the spires and buildings of the village, and beyond all the broad fields stretching away up to the wood-crowned hills purpling in the distance. Great fleecy clouds drift overhead, throwing fantastic shadows on the marsh and anon throwing down a cap full of rain to tip with a glistening diamond each blade of grass. One could sit for hours—such a perfect scene. With regret we finally gather up the decoys and plod homeward while the day is still young, the charm of the early morning weaving a spell that the promise of a royal dinner of broiled plover alone can break.

"WE GATHER UP THE BIRDS AND PLOD HOMEWARD.'

A WISH.

WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

Just to lie in the woods in June,
With a life that's bubbling free;
With a will that's strong, and a heart in tune
With the hopes that used to be.

DUCKS AND QUAILS IN FLORIDA.

H. B. ALLEN.

After a lapse of 6 months without any shooting, Jake and I became restless, and longed for another Florida outing. As we take our vacation together, in the winter, and as that time was drawing near, we got together one evening. After talking the matter over, we decided to make a second trip to the land of the alligator and the cracker.

Arrangements were begun at once. Gunning duds were gotten down and packed; guns and ammunition looked after; and, fully as important, our 2 pointers, Pete and Chum, were made comfortable in their respective portable kennels.

The trip to Jacksonville was made by steamer. A day later and we were at the home of A——, a friend of ours. His house was on a shell mound, not many miles from the head of Indian river, where he had lived for a number of years, so knew the country.

Our first day's sport was a go at the ducks, in a saw-grass pond a mile from the house. The water was reached just as the sun showed himself above the horizon. To build a blind and to set out the decoys, occupied only a few minutes. Taking our places, we were ready for the ducks.

Soon the warning "mark," from A—— caused me to crouch low and to look skyward. A string of black-ducks were circling toward the decoys. A second later the 3 gunners straightened up and opened the engagement with a volley that brought 4 birds tumbling into the water. A—— dropped 2 of them with his Winchester "corn-sheller," while Jake and I killed one each. Our host's spaniel retrieved the birds nicely. So the fun went on until noon, when we pulled out for home.

Now comes the part of the story I have been trying to get around to. All along I had been bragging to our friend about the merits of my dog—what a wonderful nose he had and what a hard worker he was. To show off these qualities, I determined the first day we should have with the quails, to leave the other dog at home, and to have Chum do all the hunting.

The day after our little hunt my friends tried the ducks again, but I took Chum and started for the pine woods, after quails. I wanted to get the dog into trim before showing him off. Birds were plentiful, covey after covey was found. Chum did pretty work from the outset, and I soon had a good bag.

On getting back to the house I found the other hunters ahead of me. They said the ducks had come fast and furious, and their story was verified with a pile of mallards, teal and baldpates.

After supper we all drew up to the open fire, for the night was cool, and had a pipe all around, intermingling a few pipe stories. It was decided to try the quails in the morning. Then, after a night-cap of orange wine, we went to bed.

With the sun, we were up and ready for the day's sport. I made straight for the pines, the scene of yesterday's hunt, giving Chum the word to get to work, as soon as we left the house. Before reaching the woods, he made a stiff point, 100 yards ahead. We walked up to him and flushed a bunch of birds, which sailed away, minus 3 of their number.

The covey was marked down; Chum found 5 of the birds in rapid succession, all singles. No more getting up, we went on toward the woods.

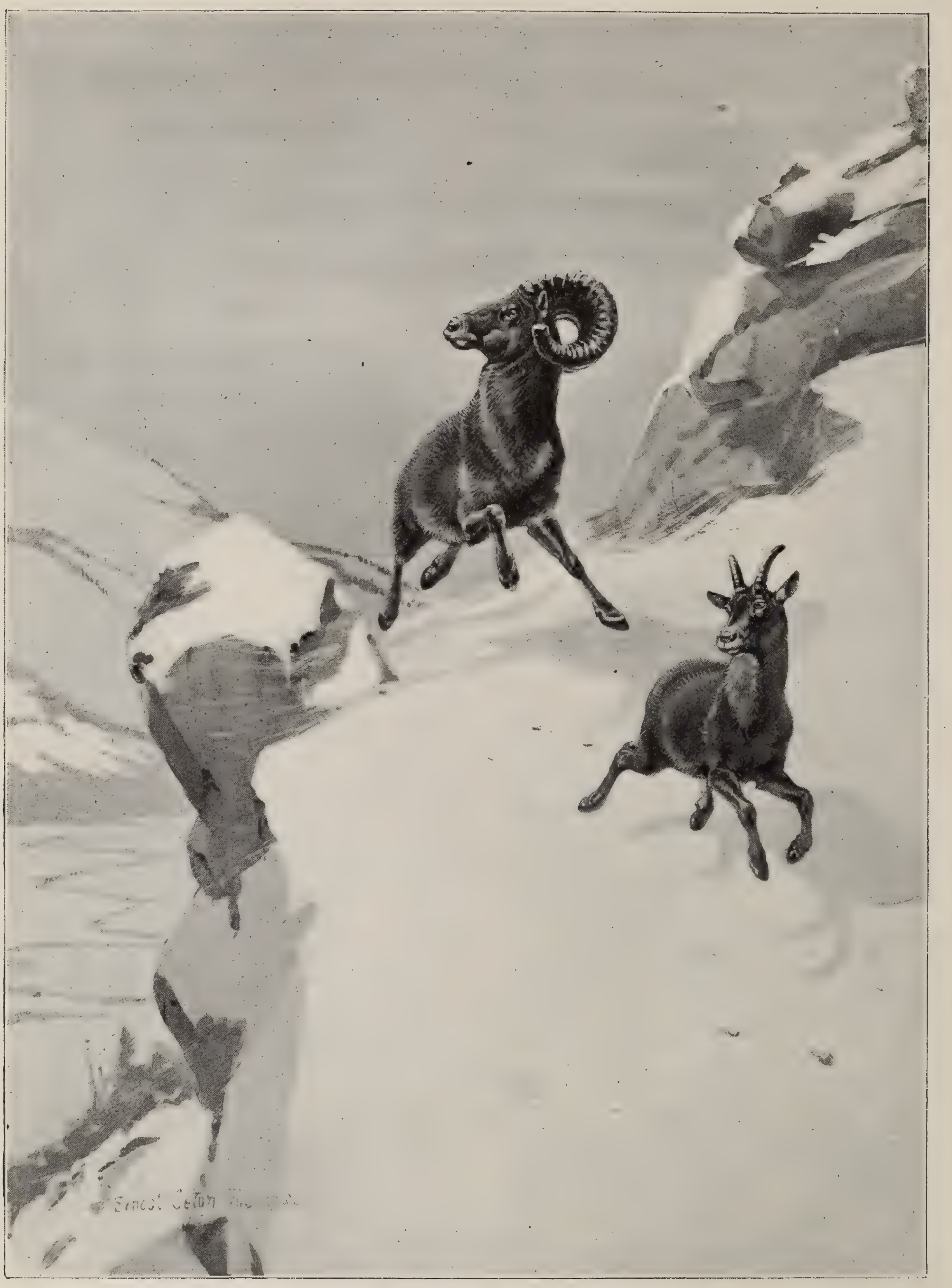
At the edge of the pines we hunters got a scent, and not an old one either, nor were we deceived as to the quality of the game. Not wishing to force our company on the animal, I called Chum to heel. Then we hurried on toward the woods again. It was ordered differently, however, for we had gone only a rod or 2 when we saw the skunk in a sandy spot a few yards ahead, calmly awaiting us.

We had evidently surprised him, but he had already cleared decks and was ready for action. I seized Chum by the collar, handing him over to Jake, while I should take a shot at the skunk. As I raised my gun, the animal started to run. This was too much for the dog. He broke away from Jake and ran in, to mix with the animal. He did mix it, and so did the skunk, which soon escaped into a hollow log.

Well, we poked around and finally killed the beast. In the meantime, Chum had been forgotten. When we looked for him, he could not be found. Appreciating his condition, we concluded he had gone to the house. This knocked out my scheme, as I thought, for showing him off; but luck this time was kind.

Rounding a little swamp, on our way to the house, imagine our surprise to see Chum on one of the prettiest points man ever saw! How long he had held it, is more than I can tell. Stepping up to him, I flushed a single woodcock, which I missed.

It was several days before I could get near enough my dog to pet him for his good work under such difficulties. I was proud of him, for he had shown himself to much better advantage than even I had hoped for. A—— has not to this day gotten over talking about that last point.


Ernest Seton

"HO, MY FLOCK, A STRANGER, A STRANGER!"

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.*

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

HIS HOME.

Around the mountain's frowning crest
Where lines of rugged rock stand forth,
Where Nature bravely bares her breast
To snowy whirlwinds from the North;
High in the clouds and mountain storms,
Where first the autumn snows appear,
Where last the breath of spring-time warms,
There dwells my gallant mountaineer.

Perched high on dizzy battlement,
He proudly views his wild domain.
Below his feet, with swift descent,
The peak drops downward to the plain.
Like terraces the rocky walls
Stretch far across the steep incline;
The slopes between, where slide-rock falls,
Give grudging foothold to the pine.

Three thousand giddy feet below
The map-like valley lies revealed.
The fettered stream bends to and fro,
Its voice in icy silence sealed.
That speck of dingy white down there,
Just where the two streams come together—
Ah! That's some hunter's canvas lair,
A Sibley tent for winter weather.

Upon the mountain's rolling crest,
Half circled round by pines and cedars
Spread open parks and meadows, dressed
With choice grass for sturdy feeders.
These are the pastures for the flocks
That knife-made ear-marks never bear,
Whose only fold is Nature's rocks,
Above the mountain lion's lair.

HIS NEIGHBORS.

The mountain lamb, so small and gray,
Is cradled in the snow,
On rocky ledge, hid far away,
Where Mother Ewe guards night and day
Against each hungry foe.

The golden eagle, soaring high,
Marks down the lambkin small,
He scans the flock with eager eye
When wounded sheep lie down to die,
And tears them where they fall.

The gaunt coyote skulks below;
No mutton falls to him;
But with the big-horn dwells a foe
Who stalks him through the drifted snow,
—The mountain lion grim.

The shaggy grizzly plods along,
And seeks his humble fare,
To him the roots and grubs belong,
For mountain mutton climbs too strong
To suit a clumsy bear.

The mountain grouse feed fat up here
In peace around my sheep.
The snow-shoe rabbit feels no fear
Beside our gallant mountaineer,
Upon the rocky steep.

The Clark's crow flits with rasping cry
Among the stunted cedars;
The raven slow goes croaking by
To join the scavenger magpie,
And feast with unclean feeders.

HIS FATE—AS IT STRUCK HIM.

"Look! A something is climbing our mountain!
It seems but a speck far below!
It has paused at our half-frozen fountain,
To look at our tracks in the snow."

"It is gray; but it can't be a grizzly,
Though surely 'tis something to shun.
It is high; and its head is all frizzly!
Ha! It may be the Man-with-a-Gun!"

"Let's be moving! Keep close to your leader,
And scamper to still higher crags,
Quick! The Mother Ewe—follow and heed her,
And see that no careless lamb lags."

"There! In safety once more we are hidden;
Now paw through the snow for your grass.
Here we fear not that strangers unbidden
Will on these high pastures trespass."

* * *

(*A Spectre rises.*)
"Ho! My flock! A stranger! A stranger,
Behind yonder snow-laden pine!"
Bang!—"I'm shot! Quick, fly out of danger!
Dash down by the nearest incline!"

* * *

He fell through a distance appalling,
Far down to the slide-rock below,
—Three hundred feet, plunging and rolling—
And landed stone dead in the snow.

At sunset the hunter there found him,
Five miles from a tent or a bed;
But he camped with a sheep-skin around him,
And dreamed on a mountain ram's head.

Yes, the Big-Horn still roams o'er the rugged Shoshone,
But the game laws are strict, and the range is not free.
I am old and rheumatic, life's pathway is stony,
But the head of that Ram is a joy unto me.

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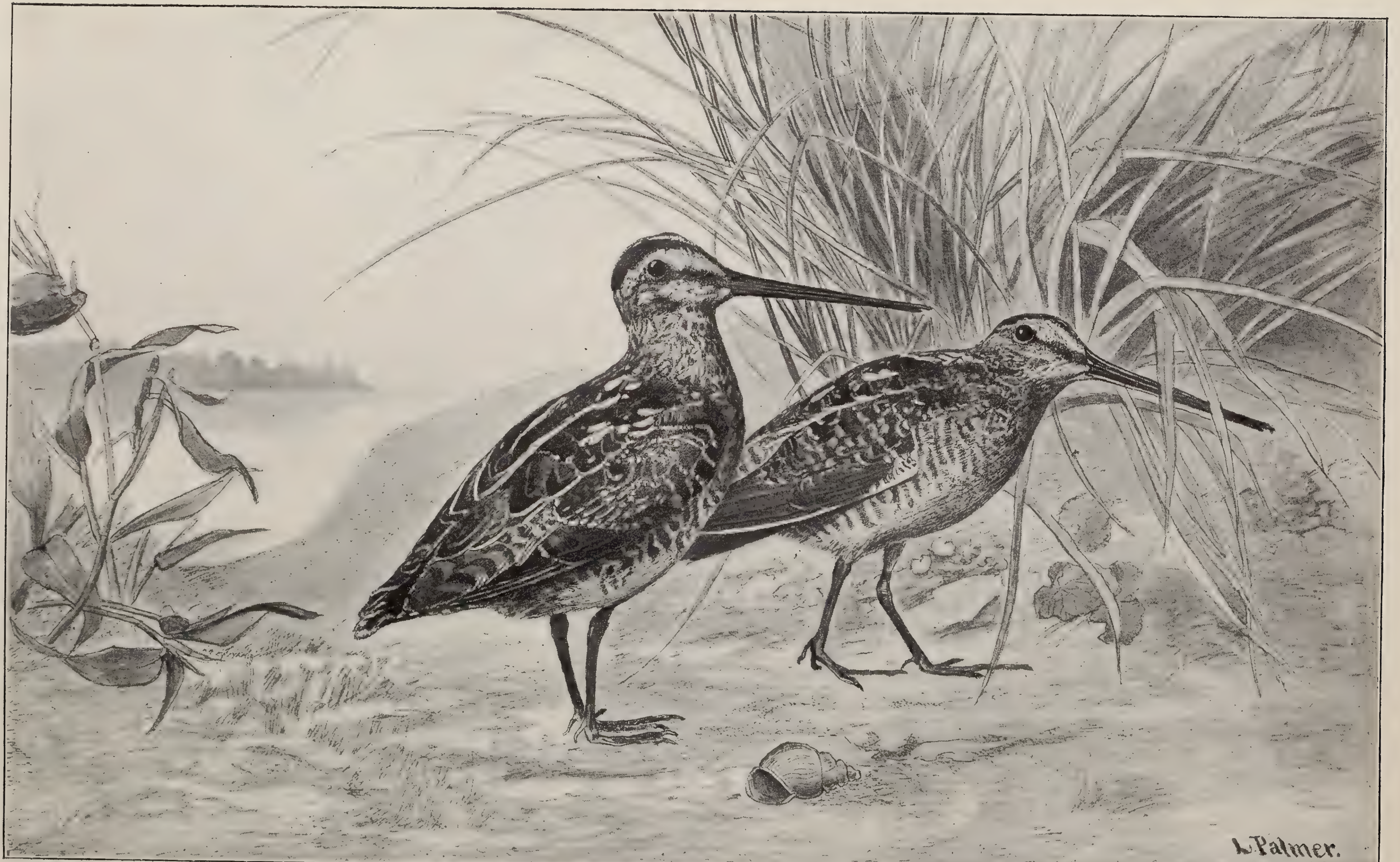


WILSON'S SNIPE, *GALLINAGO WILSONI.*

THE POMPANO OF THE INDIAN RIVER.

JULIA C. WELLES.

The whole East Coast of Florida is thoroughly saturated with the spirit of Izaak Walton. This is not to be wondered at when it is known that the Indian river so teems with fish, as to make fishing cease to be sport, at times; as for instance, when an inlet becomes so choked with fish as to completely close it to navigation.

Often after a "cold wave," the beaches may be found strewn with fish, chilled to death, and the decaying bodies then become a menace to the health of people frequenting the region.

One Northerner remarked, after a day's sport on the lower river, "It's no sport to be swamped by them." And this is true. Sometimes when sailing, at night, your boat stops with a sudden jar, and while it stands shivering like some frightened thing, the fish divide at your bow, and go by in phosphorescent streaks.

If beautiful, it is startling, for the moment.

"I always hated to hear the other fellow tell how many fish he caught," said the same Northener, "until coming here. Now it don't disturb me a bit. I'm going back to the Inlet, and I'm not going to see how many I can catch, but how much fun I can have with one."

"To do that," said the skipper, "you must hook a pompano." Near the hotel, is an old hulk made fast, with state-rooms that let at $4 a day. I have seen an angler, sit in a chair, on the deck of the "floating hotel," and haul in steadily, until he had a half barrel of fish. Every time the cook would throw out his potato peelings they would rise at them. Finally the angler, not sure whether he was pleased or disgusted, would throw down his line, declaring that for once in his life he had had enough.

Lines hung over the guard in all directions, and it looked odd to see a lady step out of the rear door of her state-room, and, in her dainty silk gown, lean over the rail and play her line till she was tired; while a negro boy on the deck below, would take the fish off and throw them into a box, with her name on it, as fast as she could haul her line up.

The boats for hire, which crowd around the "hotel," are so littered with fish, in all stages of freshness, or the opposite, as to give the place a decided flavor. But people come here to fish and this is incense to them.

And such fish! Blue fish, pompano, sea bass, cavallia, up to tarpon and sea-cows (manatee) if one cares for such bulky sport. The fresh arrival, in search of the unusual, always expresses a desire to catch a tarpon, right after breakfast. He usually doesn't know what he is talking about—at least that's what the skippers say—and who wouldn't be surprised if he expressed a desire to catch a whale: whereupon if he insists, he must charter the launch, and enough men to make a small crew. In many cases the skipper does the fishing. One woman caught a tarpon this way, had her picture taken with it, and wrote home all about it. Yet such fishing is little sport. It is wont to leave a lack of satisfaction; and a feeling that somehow you have come out at the little end of the horn. Still, the boatmen say "it's good for business."

The size and strength of the tarpon makes the taking of them a herculean task. It is better suited to the ideas an old whaler, or a manatee fisher, than to those of delicate men and women.

But the choice pre-eminently of all anglers, here, is the pompano. Of this the kindling countenance of the old skipper, when you land one of these grand fish, is sufficient proof. Added to this is the fact that it is the dainty of dainties—the *ne plus ultra* of epicurean tid-bits.

This fish, although on an average, not much larger than a fair sized turbot, will tax the strength of a strong man. Furthermore it will use up a good part of his time, for it is the gamiest of its kind. When a pompano takes your hook, it is enough to make you think you have a hold on the lower regions. He is like the Irishman's flea—now you have him, and now you haven't. At one time he threatens to take you overboard—down, down, to Pluto. The next instant he is up in the air, with wings on him. Now it is a game of wits between you. He's playing with your string and with you; flecking your line about as if to remind you that he holds the reins now. You are on your mettle, provoked on your side by his small size, which is out of all proportion to his strength and his energy. But you're bound to win, or go overboard, and down to the little—when "Ho—h." At last you are master. And you feel like a conquerer when once he is boated and you gloat over him, with the skipper.

On your return, when some one calls out to you—as every body does to every body else here—

"How many did you catch?"

You do not feel abashed, as you answer, "Only one—A pompano"—and hold him up to view.

This fish is known as the "leaping fish," and the feats recorded of him would be taken as "fish stories" in any place, excepting Florida, where they are well known facts.

At the risk of having my veracity questioned, I will venture to quote a few of them.

We had been telling a friend of the wonderful things which had happened on the Indian river; and he had come South partly on these representations. It is a fact that, like children, these fish never perform, when you want them to. Save for the few dead fish along the shore (it was just after a cold wave) there was no evidence in proof of our statements. Our chagrin was complete.

One day we were crossing the river in a steam launch, our dory trailing behind. At a point about mid-way of the Indian river, just above that gem of picturesqueness, the town of Eau Gallie, our friend was twitting us about the impressive absence of wonderful things, in the finny line, and we were defending ourselves as best we could. Finally he asked.

" Where are your fish with wings on them—those pompano that can play skipping rope? "

Just then there was a splash, a streak of silver, and a pompano, of rare beauty, leaped into the dory, curling and curving all over the sides of the skiff, in its frantic efforts to get out. At length it was exhausted and lay panting in the bottom of the boat—A living confirmation of all we had said, and an utter confounding of our doubting friend.

On another occasion, while a party of young people were returning from a frolic, a young woman was struck in the side by one of these fish, with such force as to seriously injure her and she was obliged to keep her bed for several days.

The pompano will leap for a light, and there is danger in having a light in your boat at night, for fear of their swamping it. In running a naphtha launch at night the noise of the machinery seems to startle them, when they leap over it, from either side, sometimes landing on top of the awning. At one time in trying to disentangle our propeller, which had become clogged with sea weeds, we extracted a pompano, with a gash in his side, which had been made by the flange.

A party were returning from Sunday services by boat, in true Venetian style, when all hands, as is the custom here, dropped their lines over-board, and began trolling for blue fish. The minister's wife, greatly scandalized, proceeded to lecture them on the sinfulness of fishing on the Sabbath. Just at the moment when she had waxed most eloquent, and her hearers were abashed, a large pompano leaped into her lap. She ceased her sermon to admire, and, admitting that in this country one must fish whether one wants to or not, she joined in the laugh and enjoyed the fun as much as the others.

The reason for the Indian river being so remarkable for its fishing, is that it is a lagoon, running parallel with the ocean, and is cut into by numerous inlets. Its warm waters and its abundant food make it a favorite feeding and breeding ground for the finny tribe.

IN SYLVAN GLADES.

ELIZABETH A. VORE.

Through whispering pines, o'er brake and brae,
Where festive, dancing sunbeams play,
And aromatic breezes sway
The low-hung bough—
My steed and I, companions meet
For eerie sylvan retreat
Like winged arrow swift and fleet
Haste onward now.

A quail's note greets us as we pass—
A low wh-i-r-r, and a rustle in the grass,
Where the faint wind's footsteps softly pass
On stirring reed and rush.
Yon singing thrush on swaying weed,
Watching our reckless, headlong speed,
Breathless, from sheer surprise must need
His sweet song hush.

Oh noble steed lead ever on the way—
We care not now for time, nor night, nor day,
Some eerie spell our souls doth sway,
Within this sylvan glade.
Here let us wander on for aye,
Forever and forever and a day—
Bewitched are the feet that stray
With the sma-folk of the shade.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. E. VAN DYKE, RED LODGE, MONT.

ON GUARD.

ELK ON THEIR NATIVE RANGE.

PUGET SOUND SALMON.

E. L. KELLOGG.

Of the many anglers throughout the country, but few have ever enjoyed a battle with that royal antagonist, the salmon. Especially is this the case East of the Rocky mountains, where, if one wishes to take a salmon, he must pay well, both in time and money, for the privilege.

The salmon is the king of our Northern fishes. From my childhood, I have been familiar with him. In the ice-cold mountain torrent, reached only after battling with the current for 1,000 miles; or leaping from the sparkling waters of the Pacific, his silvery sides glittering in the sunlight, I have seen him. Everywhere, in brook, river, or bay, and no matter of what species, whether chinook, dog, jack, tyoe, humpback, or silverside salmon, I have found him to be the same gamy hard-fighting fish, worthy of all respect in life and highly to be esteemed in death.

On the Pacific coast, where the salmon may be readily taken with rod and line and the sport is within easy reach, the privilege is but little appreciated. In fact, so little have our anglers comprehended the opportunities offered for this highest type of piscatorial enjoyment, that it is hardly ever mentioned. Hundreds of fishing enthusiasts come to the coast and go away again without ever knowing they have missed an opportunity for sport such as they probably never had before.

The reason for this apathy is the abundance of the fish, which breeds a sort of contempt for that which is so common. During the "run," salmon are seen piled on the docks in thousands, are brought in by boat loads, car loads, ship loads, and are sold on the streets so cheaply that, often a fine fish may be bought for a nickel. This lending itself, however unwillingly, to the uses of commerce has, apparently, caused the salmon to lose caste with the sportsman. Yet, every one of those countless thousand victims of the net, if given the opportunity, would have shown himself as brave and hardy a fighter and as worthy a foe as any of his famed congeners of the Canadian rivers.

Many fish, of course, are taken with hook and line, but in so clumsy a manner that the true value of the sport is not appreciated. The tackle in universal use on Puget sound, and, in fact, in all Pacific coast waters, is the heavy hand line and big, bungling salmon troll. The rig is so heavy that the only thing the fisherman need fear is that the fish, in his desperate struggles, may tear the hook from his jaws. Even with all the chances against him, the salmon does not fall a willing victim to the angler, but gives him many a hard tug before being brought to gaff. Given a fighting chance against proper tackle, and the Puget sound salmon is a close second to his Canadian brother. So far as the fish himself is concerned, I am not prepared to concede anything. The Eastern salmon has the rushing current of a swiftly flowing river to aid him in his battle for life; and this same river and its wild surroundings give to the sport, in the East, its main point of advantage.

For taking the salmon with a troll in salt water, almost the same tackle should be used as when casting a fly in a river. A light, moderately stiff rod, a multiplying reel filled with at least 100 yards of good silk line; substituting for the leader and flies, a good sized trout spoon, preferably one with two spinners.

The run of salmon in all the waters of upper Puget sound usually lasts from the middle of September to the middle of December. The favorite time of day for the trollers is in the gray of the morning. My experience has been that there is no particular gain in losing one's beauty sleep, especially if the tide turns in the middle of the afternoon. The schools of fish run into the harbor with the incoming tide, and usually take a spoon well on a flood tide in the evening.

It is the middle of October and at the height of the salmon season. We take a light row-boat and start for a few hours' sport. The tide still runs out a little, but is almost on the turn. The waters of the sound are ruffled by a light breeze and dance in the sunlight. The early autumn rains have washed the smoke from the air and the curtain is drawn aside from the grand mountain scenery of the sound. In the West the jagged outlines of the Olympics cut sharply against the sky, their summits powdered with newly fallen snow. To the Eastward are the wooded foothills and the rocky crags of the Cascades, ending in the Southeast with the towering white bulk of Mt. Rainier.

The tide is so near the turning point that no time must be lost, so we pull steadily away from the docks of the city. One rows, while the other sits in the stern of the boat making ready the tackle. It is well to get our hooks into the water, as we are likely to find stragglers almost anywhere. It is usual, where 2 go in a boat to take turns at the oars, the one who rests taking both lines. If a fish is hooked on the spoon of the rower, he drops his oars and kills his fish; the other taking in his line as rapidly as possible that there may be no tangling during the battle. We lay our course toward the open sound to meet the incoming fish. After rowing one or 2 miles, we see the schools; their presence made known by sundry silvery flashes in the air and heavy splashings in the water.

The tyro holds the rods, one in either hand, having paid out some 20 yards of line from each reel. We pull back and forth 2 or 3 times over the place where the salmon were seen leaping most frequently, without any result. Suddenly, you, who, for the nonce, are the line-holder, cry: "Hold up! Hold up! I've got something. It feels as if my line were snagged." In a jiffy, the oars are in and the rower has taken his own rod and begins reeling in line for dear life. After the first heavy surge, you have felt nothing on your hook and commence reeling in to see what is the matter. Ten feet of line comes in and you feel nothing. "He's off," you say dejectedly; but before there is time for a reply, there comes a tug and you exclaim, "No; he's there yet," and continue winding up. Five—10—15 feet of silk is brought in. There seems to be a dead weight on the line, but it comes along smoothly and without much resistance.

"Is this what you call a gamy fish? Why he's got no more fight in him than a sucker!" The salmon hears your contemptuous remark, probably, for the words are hardly out of your mouth before he makes a short dash, followed by a spring and savage shaking of his head. The knowing one smiles complacently and says, "You are not done with him yet." You do not hear him, though, for you have your hands full. The reel whirs like an angry rattlesnake and the line runs out until 1-3 of it is gone. You put on the brake, but still it goes. Fifty feet more and the fish suddenly turns and comes straight toward the boat with a speed that makes you hustle to keep a taut line on him.

He makes a broad sweep around the boat, jumps again, and takes another run. Then he fights the line, running this way and that. He bunts and zigzags, trying his level best to rid himself of his tormentor. A few minutes of this and he seems to give up. He comes right along like a well halter-broken colt.

"He's done for. Get the gaff." You are mistaken in your fish, however. He catches sight of you and down he goes. Ten, 20, 50 feet he bores toward the bottom of the sound and there he sulks, coming up, in the end, 30 yards away.

After another fight, you coax him to the boat again and think you must have him tired out. The gaff is ready, but he sees it. Now look out, for he makes a rush directly under the boat. This is the most dangerous maneuver of all, as your line must run freely or he will draw the rod across the gunwale and snap it in a twinkling. Some way—you don't know how—you get the line from under the boat and are ready for another bout.

This time he strikes out for the open sea and takes nearly every yard of line you have; but in the end you stop him. At last, when it is a question which will give up first, you or the fish, he is gaffed and lies quivering at your feet. As you contemplate his silvery beauty, you estimate his weight—10 pounds about—and then exclaim, "What would I have done with a 25 pounder?"

In 2 hours trolling you may take from one to half a dozen fish, ranging in weight from 5 to 20 pounds. I have known 20 salmon to be taken in little over an hour's fishing, a heavy hand line being used, so that little time was lost in playing them; and, to be truthful, I have pulled a boat for half a day and never gotten a strike.

No angler should visit the shores of Puget sound during the months of September, October, or November and go away without enjoying at least one day's royal sport with this king of our Northern waters. Everything is right at hand, for I have caught as fine fish as ever swam within 100 yards of the wharves of this city of 50,000 people.

"I suppose," he ventured, "you would never speak to me again if I were to kiss you."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "why don't you get over the habit of always looking at the dark sides of things?"—Cleveland Leader.

RECREATION LODGE

SUMMER HOME OF MR. GEORGE A. BAKER, NEAR WATAH, L. I.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. MURPHY.

A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES, OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

From steamer running 13 miles an hour. See page 467.

CANOEING FROM BOSTON TO BOSTON.

JOSEPH F. ROCHE.

On the day our vacation began, the Doctor and I started on our cruise which was to be from Boston to Boston, not going over the same water twice. Our start was on the Charles. This stream empties into Boston Harbor, after passing through some of the most picturesque farming country of Massachusetts. As it nears the harbor, it passes the conservative old town of Dedham. A mile or two farther on it broadens into Big and Little Cod Bay. It becomes narrower through the Newtons, Waltham, Watertown, Cambridge and then expands until it passes out at Charlestown, washing the old U. S. S. Wabash, and the century old historic U. S. S. Constitution, now painted a sickly yellow.

Our first day was devoid of special interest and we lost some of our enthusiasm when at night we counted 8 "carries" we had made; so about 7 o'clock the Doctor suggested retiring. Later he suddenly awakened me. I will never forget how he looked, even in the semi-darkness. His face was ghastly, as he told me to get up quickly, but admonished me to make no noise, as some one was sneaking about the tent. The Doctor had often smiled grimly as young students and probationary nurses fainted at the operating table; yet he was shivering at the approach of footsteps, on a farm not 10 miles from law-abiding Boston. Small wonder I was scared. Scared!!! That is not the word. I was paralyzed with fear, but did my best to hide it from the Doctor. I rested on my right arm; listened, and heard the slow, measured tread of some one bent on surprising the innocent, sleeping inmates of our tent. I reached for the camp hatchet, which I had carefully put at my side before falling asleep. It was not there.

With courage born of desperation I threw aside the flaps of our tent door and stepped out into the darkness, saying, in a good, hospitable sort of a way, "Good night! How do you do?" For a reply came retreating footsteps. The Doctor and I then became truly brave. One started to the right and the other to the left, to head off the midnight marauders. The Doctor had not gone far when he stumbled over a yearling calf. Picking himself up, he said, as he gave me his hand, "Don't tell the boys. They will never believe you if you tell them we were sober."

We returned to our bed of pine boughs and were soon asleep, nothing disturbing us until morning. Then a cruising party, seeing our tent and no life, awoke us, introducing themselves with the suggestion that one fire might be made for the one breakfast. When we turned out they had a fire started. Introductions were waived and all sat down to a hearty meal. This shows the fraternal feeling that exists among canoeists. When 2 canoeing parties meet for a rest, there is usually a free exchange of provisions.

The second day was practically the first of our cruise. Quick paddling brought us, shortly before noon, to the picturesque Charles river rapids. At times there is not enough water to permit going through in a canoe, but on this day we paddled and poled. It was interesting and even exciting, as we dodged one rock and then another. The swift water threw us bow on; then the stern swung, and as we came out all right the Doctor said, "That was a narrow escape."

The "carry" made, we immediately pushed on, for our visitors at breakfast and companions for the remainder of the trip told us of a spring where dinner would be taken. We took our time after dinner, as we had only a short paddle to Natick, where we were to stop for the night.

The next morning we went to the Cochituate lakes. Our friends had taken the canoe through the town, by a team, during the night. Here we learned they would like to join us in our trip. We were delighted, for they proved jolly young fellows. At 6.30 we pushed out to cross the Three Lakes. These lakes are the source of supply for the Boston Water System. It was a stormy day and the water was rough. An official of the water works, at the lakes, said, "I have been in this vicinity for 15 years and have not seen the water any rougher than it is to-day. I wouldn't take $10,000 and cross them lakes in such crafts as them canoes." However, we put out, carefully skirting the shore of the lakes and getting as free from wind as possible. We reached Saxonville in about twice the regular time. On our return trip we learned that the water official had followed us in a large boat, expecting to pick us up out of the water.

At Saxonville a teamster carried the canoes over the Sudbury river. The water was low and dirty. We had to wade more than a mile and a half, dragging the canoes after us. We finally struck clear water, 4 feet deep, running through rich meadows.

About 5.30 we pitched tent on a rise of ground, in the district known as Wayland. I was put on the invalid list, my arms being so burned they hung helpless at my sides. The next morning large blisters covered both arms. I learned that one should not be too brave on his first cruise, nor expose even his arms to the sun.

At our Wayland camp we were visited by the owner of the land, who asked us to pay 50 cents for the privilege of camping. The amount was cheerfully paid, for there was a fine well of delicious water and the top of a stove on the ground. The latter was perfect. We placed it over 2 logs, started a fire, and could thus use our kettle, tea pot, and a wash dish all at once. This was much better than the regulation little camp alcohol stove.

The next day at noon, in a heavy rain, we entered the quaint old Concord river at the historic town of Concord, Mass. A short time was devoted to dinner, after which we pushed on, with the hope of making Lowell that night. We saw the statue erected to the Minute Men of the Revolution, but we had a poor opportunity to appreciate Concord and its vicinity, for the paddling was done in a drizzling rain. We passed, farther on, the stone marking the scene of the last of King Phillip's Wars. The rain came down so heavily we were obliged to give up the idea of reaching Lowell. Near by was a summer hut. The occupants took us in, giving us full permission to use their stove and eat our supper under cover. As my arms were quite sore, I was detailed to cook while the others attended to the camp and bedding. After a hearty supper and a game of cards we bade good night and good bye to our kind hosts, for they were to start, shortly after sunrise, for Boston. We had a rule that a guard should sleep at the tent entrance. The Doctor was guard that night. When he awoke the next morning he found a large cake of ice, about a pint of rye whiskey, half a pineapple cheese and half a pound of crackers, with a note from our host, asking that we accept them. They were most welcome, for our provisions had become somewhat dampened the day before. We reached Lowell early. There we had our canoes carried across the city and put into the Merrimac river, below a place known as Hunt's Falls. We stopped not for dinner, but pushed ahead, reaching Lawrence after dark. There we stayed until next morning. From Lawrence to Haverhill is a short paddle, through a charming part of the Merrimac valley. Between those towns we had more rapids to contend with. We took the wrong side of the river, making our trip more adventurous. From Haverhill to Newburyport was without incident. At Newburyport we lay off for a day, resting ourselves for the most adventurous portion of our cruise—the ocean trip.

Leaving Newburyport early in the morning we soon reached the entrance to Plum Island sound. The tide was just right to carry us through to the Ipswich river. Then we were on wide ocean in a 16 foot canoe. Any one wishing to make this trip will enjoy it, hugely, if he strikes the wind off shore, as we did, skirting the coast, running into Squaw river. We camped in the quaint old town of Gloucester, feeling quite elated over our successful run on part of the broad Atlantic. The next day was the last, but proved the worst of our cruise. A start was made at sunrise. Paddling was good until Boston light was seen in the distance. From that on the canoe rolled and pitched as it never did before. As we approached the upper harbor we saw Deer island, and envied the prisoners, secure on dry land, while we, drenched to the skin, having committed no crime, were forced to battle our way up to Boston. Shortly after sunset 2 canoes put into East Boston and 4 tired, drenched, well tanned canoeists sought their respective homes.

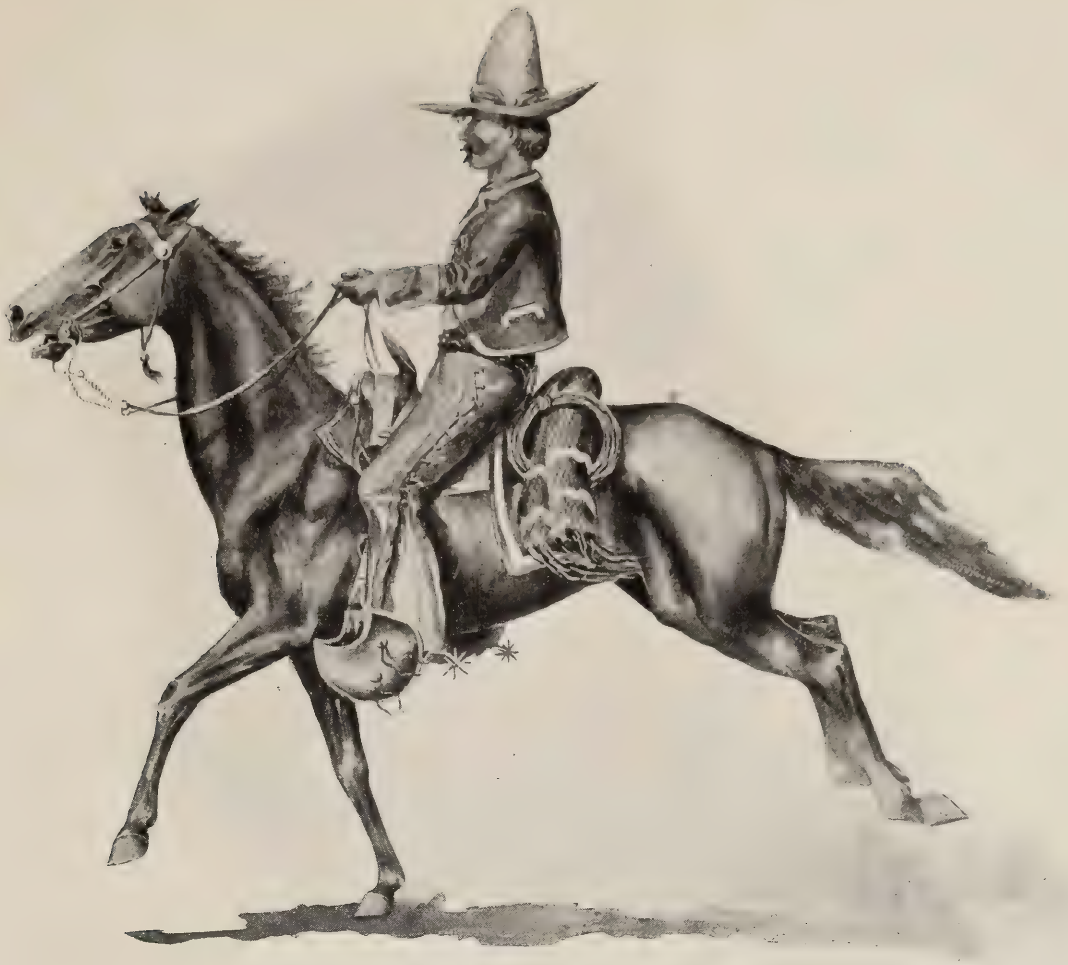
IN ROBIN TIME.

LEONARD HULIT.

I'se a lis'nen fo' de singin' ob de robins
In de trees;
An' a countin' ebery hour 'til de dronin'
Ob de bees;
For my heart goes a little faster when de buds
Begins to sprout,
An' de "pussy willows" whisper dat de time am up
For trout.

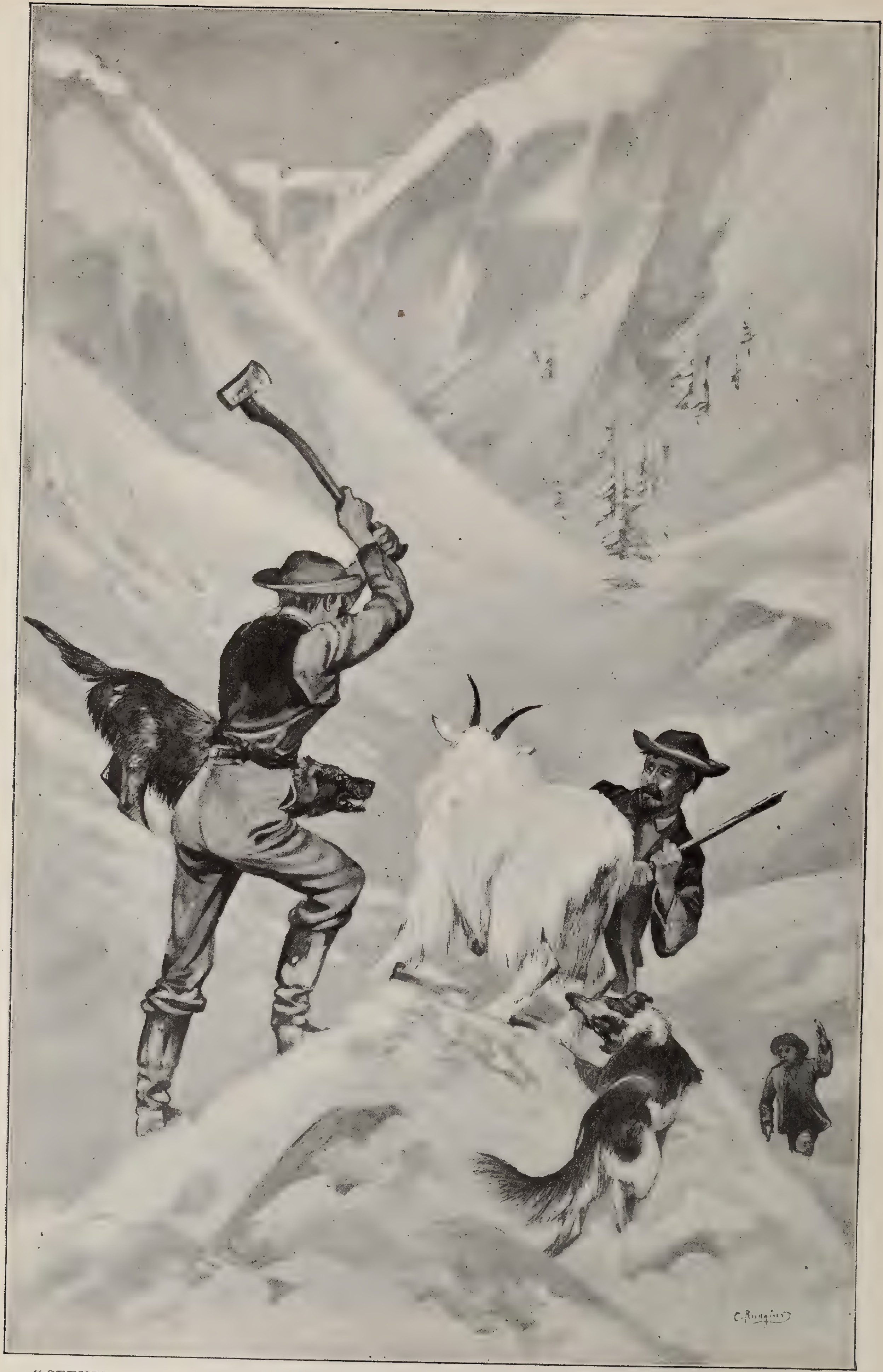
Da's a pickaninny feelin' comes a creepin' trough
Ma knees
When de whip-poor-will am callin' low beneath
De bloss'min' trees,
An' de bull-frog tunes his fiddle to de music ob
De stream,
While de daisy buds am bustin' an' de meadow 's
Gittin' green.

Maybe it am only fancy, maybe it am
Solem' fac';
De comin' ob de spring-time seems to set old Time's
Clock back;
Fo' de many happy voices dat floats on de warm
Sou' breeze;
Sets me longin' an' a lis'nin' for de robins
In de trees.



HITTING THE TRAIL.

BREAKFAST FOR 2.
Camp of Shenandoah Canoe Club, Rivington, Va.



"SEEING THE DOGS COULD DO NOTHING WITH HIM THE MEN ATTEMPTED TO SETTLE THE MATTER WITH THEIR AXES."

A NOVEL GOAT HUNT.

O. D. HOOR.

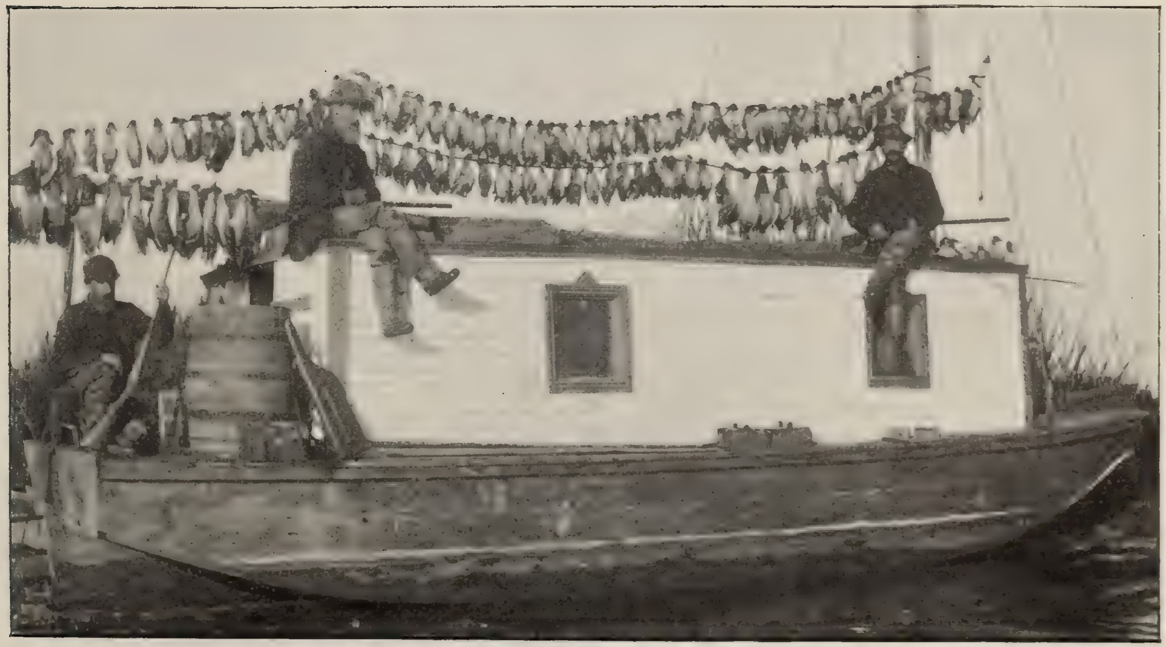
On September 22d, 1895, while I was superintendent of the Abbott group of silver mines, in the Trout lake mining district of British Columbia, I took part in one of the most exciting goat hunts imaginable. That morning I went, with my brother Will, and Andrea Provost, to put some timbers in a tunnel that needed shoring. With us went our dogs, Tuck, a large black and white collie, and Sport, a brown retriever. We entered the tunnel, leaving the dogs outside on the dump.

While we were at work, old Tuck saw a goat coming down the mountain side, fully 1,500 feet above the tunnel. He remained quiet until the animal reached the bottom of the gulch, then both dogs went after it. Fresh snow, a foot in depth, lay on the ground, so they were able to keep their quarry busy and prevent him from leaving the gulch.

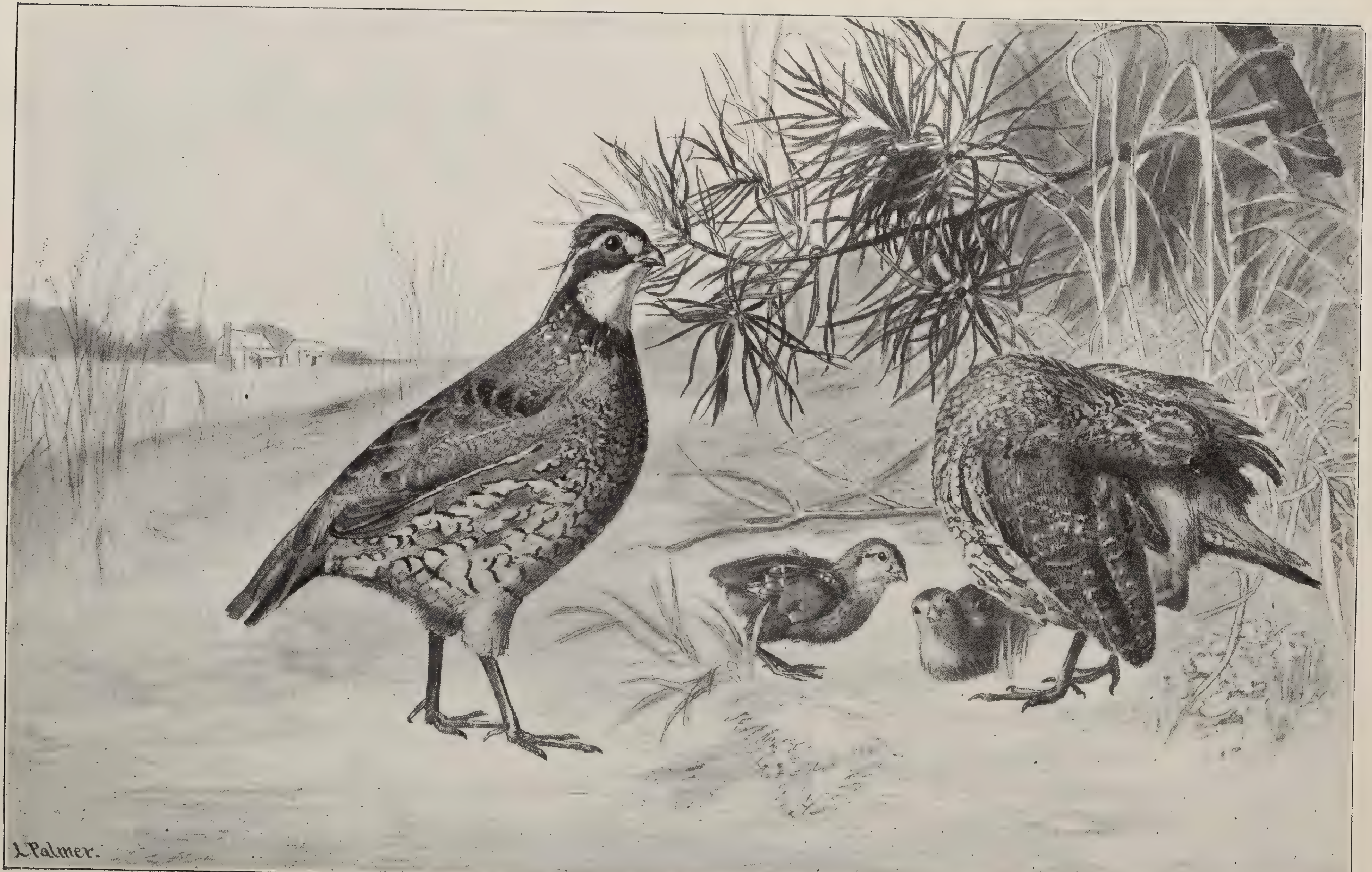
Their barking brought the men out from the tunnel to see what was going on. Believing the dogs were after a bear, they called me and yelled to the men at camp to bring the gun. The only gun in camp belonged to Mr. Malson, our hunter, and he was away with it at the time. I ran up the gulch until I saw the goat. Returning, I told my brother and Provost to get their axes and keep above the old fellow, while I ran back for our camp ax.

After fighting the dogs for half an hour, in the gulch, the goat got on a small ridge or hog-back. There he cleared a small spot, by trampling down the snow, and stood his ground. Will got on one side of him, Provost on the other. Tuck snapped at his hind quarters, while Sport, in front, tried in vain for a throat hold. I stood below in the gulch, to prevent the possible escape of our prisoner in that direction. Seeing the dogs could do nothing with him, the men attempted to settle the matter with their 3½ pound pole-axes. They struck him at least 20 times, on the head, without knocking him down. At last Will aimed a vicious blow, but the goat moving suddenly, he missed his aim and the ax flew from his hand. As a result he lost his balance and fell squarely upon his intended victim. Provost in turn, threw himself on the struggling heap, and the 2 men managed to hold the animal until I cut his throat.

We dragged the carcass to camp, skinned and dressed it. It weighed, dressed, 225 pounds. We did not stretch the hide, but cut it nearly square. Dried, it measures 5 feet 8 inches by 6 feet 4 inches. I still have it. When Malson came in that night, without any game, he had to admit we were the boss hunters of those parts. I shall never forget the hour's sport we had with that goat, nor the grand pot pies we made of him.



WHAT DO YOU CALL THEM? See page 459.



AMERICAN QUAIL, *ORTYX VIRGINIANUS.*

CAMPING AT LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

C. C. MARING.

"You fellows go out and catch some fish, and I will finish getting things in shape."

George H. said this to Fred R. and me, shortly after being landed by the little steamer Stehekin, at one of the picturesque camping places on the shores of Lake Chelan. "All right," I said, and I dropped camp drudgery to get my tackle in shape.

"I think the chances are better for getting something for supper if I take the gun and follow up the gulch back of camp," said Fred. So it was agreed that he should endeavor to get a shot at some grouse while I tried my hand at landing a few trout.

I had put my trolling line out and had rowed, perhaps 10 rods from camp, when there was a jerk on the line that nearly took my rod overboard. I dropped my oars, caught the rod, just as it was getting out of reach, and immediately started to reel in the line. Could the dead weight at the end of my line be a trout, or was I snagged? In my excitement I rose to my feet and, when all but about 50 feet of line had been reeled in, I could dimly see a long, shining body at the end, and knew I had hooked one of the beauties for which Lake Chelan is famous. A few more turns of the reel and the fish saw the cause of all its trouble. It made a sudden rush toward the boat, as if to have revenge; but quickly turned and jumped at least 3 feet out of the water. A rush to deep water and back to the surface was so sudden I was unable to keep a tight line. However, he was securely fast and after nearly half an hour, during which the performance was repeated several times, I got in the fish close enough to place my finger in its gills, and, it was my prize. What a beauty! A dolly varden (Salvalinus malma) that must have weighed over 8 pounds. I had never caught a larger trout and was quite satisfied to return to camp without trying my luck again.

George met me at the landing and greatly admired the fish. We busied ourselves about camp until Fred made his appearance. We could see from his looks that his trip had not been successful. "What luck?" we asked.

"Nothing," he replied.

After looking around and seeing no fish he seemed to feel better and proceeded to tell us of his trip. "I followed up the gulch nearly a mile," he said, "and had gotten into what I thought good grouse country, when, all at once I ran into the hottest yellow jackets' nest you ever saw. Gee whillacum! but didn't I get out of there! In my mad rush I ran right into the largest covey of grouse I ever saw, but of course I was not hunting grouse just then. When I got away from the hornets, I sat down on a rock to recuperate and was getting about rested when I turned my head slightly and there, within 6 feet of me, was a good sized rattler. Another mad rush, this time for camp, where I knew the only snake remedy for miles around was located, and here I am."

We both sympathized with him but told him we thought the seeing of a snake did not justify the opening of the remedy. "Well, Fred, you have passed through more than I have, but you were not so successful," I said. "Come down to the boat."

I took the fish from the boat and held it up for his inspection. He did not say a word, but a long drawn out whistle showed his surprise.

George prepared the evening meal, and the many compliments he received, as we ate, proved it was not his first experience at cooking over a camp fire.

At the beginning of the meal Fred remarked that enough had been cooked to feed a regiment; but his opinion was altered when he found our appetites were only satisfied when the last morsel was eaten.

As the evening wore on we lounged about our roaring camp fire and laid plans for the morrow. Then, as is usual under such circumstances, we fell into a reminiscent mood and related adventures of different kinds through which we had passed. Some of them had been told before; but a good story will bear repeating, especially in the glow of a camp fire. There the relator is at his best and his listeners are appreciative.

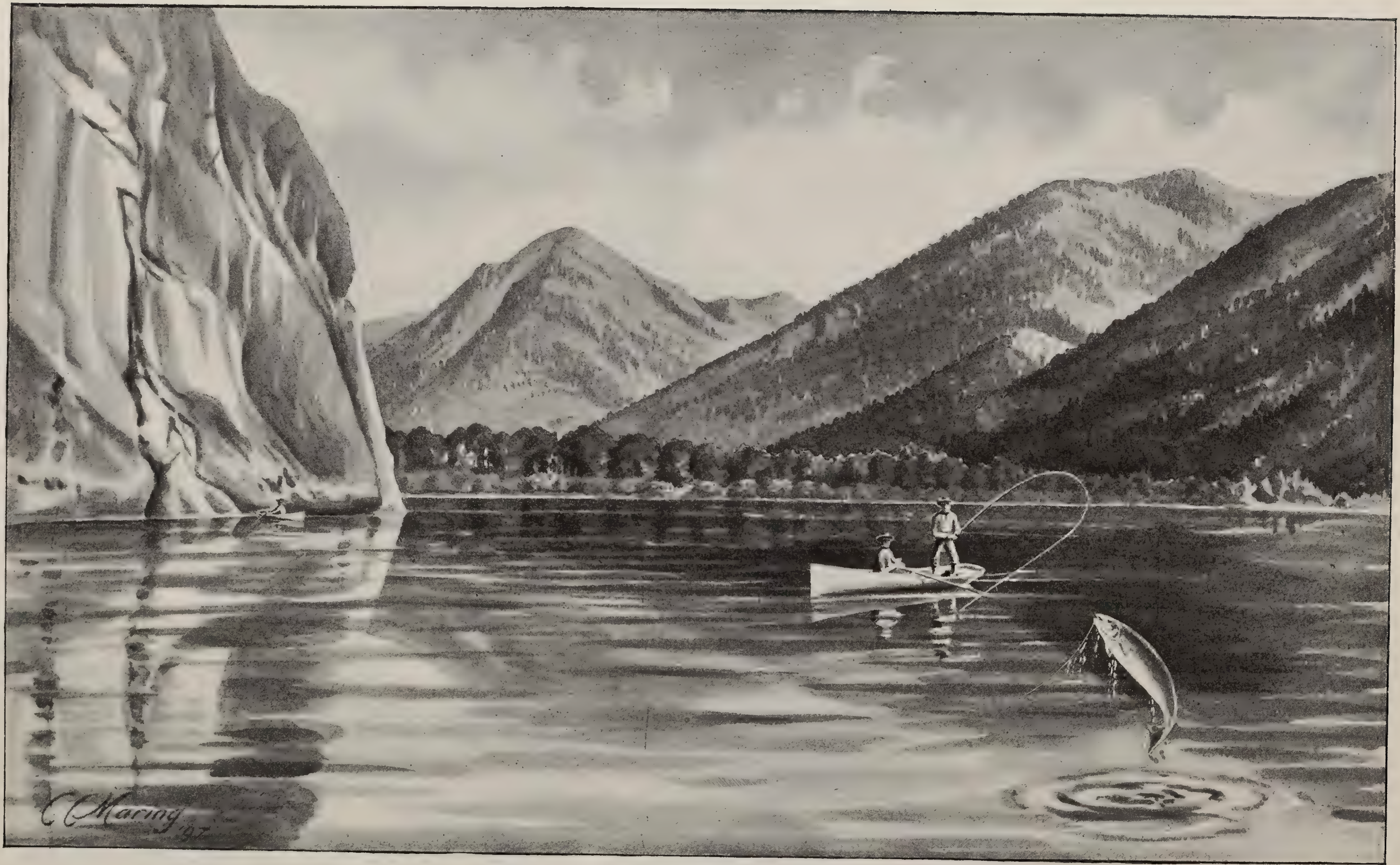
Fred's story was one of these twice told tales; but it had been some time since we had heard it and, as the scene of his adventure was not far distant from our camping place, we were glad to hear it repeated.

Fred had said nothing for several minutes but, from the quantity of nicotine he was taking into his system and the clouds of smoke he was blowing into space, we knew something was to follow.

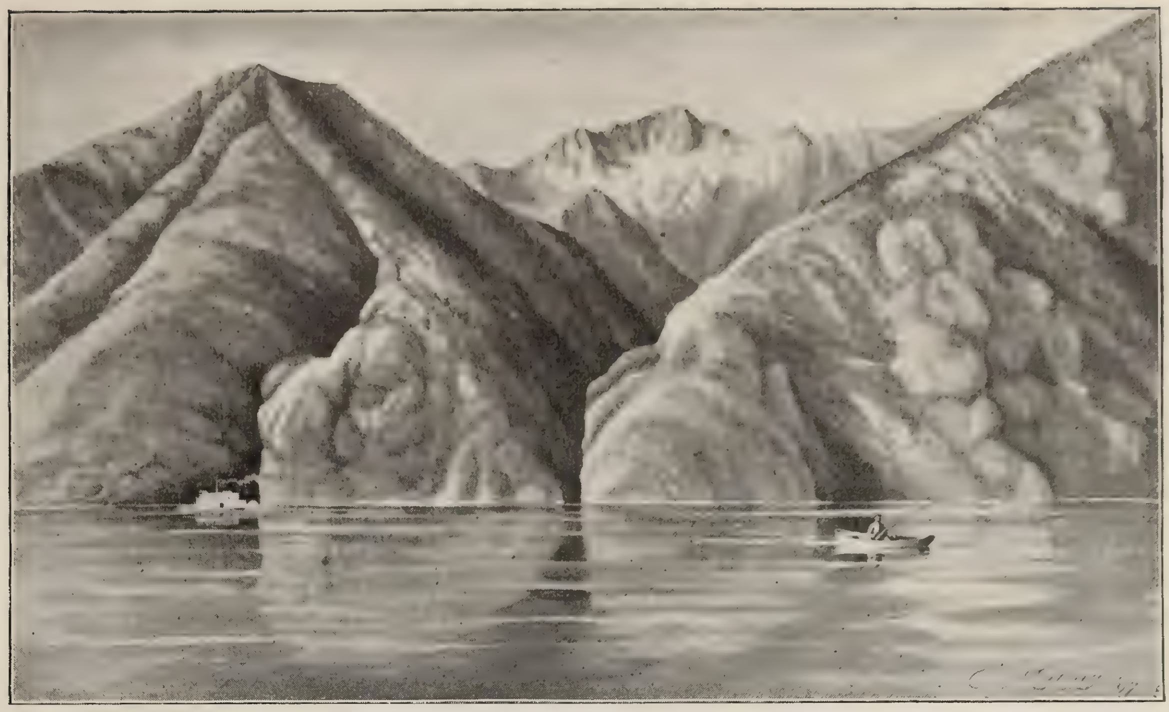
George even went so far as to bet with himself that we were going to hear that goat story again, and so it proved.

"Well," said Fred, "I will tell you of my experience in hunting mountain goats in this vicinity. In the fall of '91, I had occasion to visit Chelan Falls in the interest of a Spokane wholesale house. The day I arrived, a hunter brought in one of the largest goat skins I had ever seen.

He had killed the animal 2 days before. I was, of course, much interested and the



"HOOKED."
PAINTED ROCK, LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.



THE HOME OF THE MOUNTAIN GOAT, LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

old gentleman, whom I will call Henderson, kindly gave me all the information I desired.

He told me of the location—that there were plenty of goats—and that my chances for getting one would be good if I went to the same place.

I really did not feel that I could spare 4 days for a hunt of this kind, but the temptation was too great, and I made arrangements with Henderson to show me the way to the hunting grounds.

The steamer left for up the lake the following morning, and Henderson and I were among the passengers. We were landed at Goat Harbor in the early afternoon. Henderson said it would be advisable to make camp and get an early start in the morning.

A hard bed, and dreams of ferocious "billy" goats were not conducive to sleep, and I felt in the morning I was not in condition for the work ahead of me.

After partaking of a hurriedly prepared breakfast, we started up the mountain to the left of the creek. We had not gone far before I discovered I was no match for the old gentleman.

It was up, up, up, and so often were stops made, because of my "wind going back on me," that it was too late to do any hunting by the time we reached the goat country.

Henderson said the early morning would be the best time to hunt, anyway.

Extreme fatigue rendered a bed on the ground, rolled in my blanket, a very restful one and I awakened ready to enjoy my surroundings.

We had reached an elevation of, perhaps, 6,000 feet above the lake, and were surrounded by the wildest kind of scenery.

After proceeding up the main canyon we came to a deep one with a small creek in the bottom, running into the main creek. We were slowly following up the left side of this when Henderson stopped suddenly, and pointed across the canyon.

Sure enough, there was a goat walking near a perpendicular wall of rock. I was so interested in the view I had forgotten all about the gun, and before it struck me that I was there for the purpose of killing a goat, it had passed out of sight.

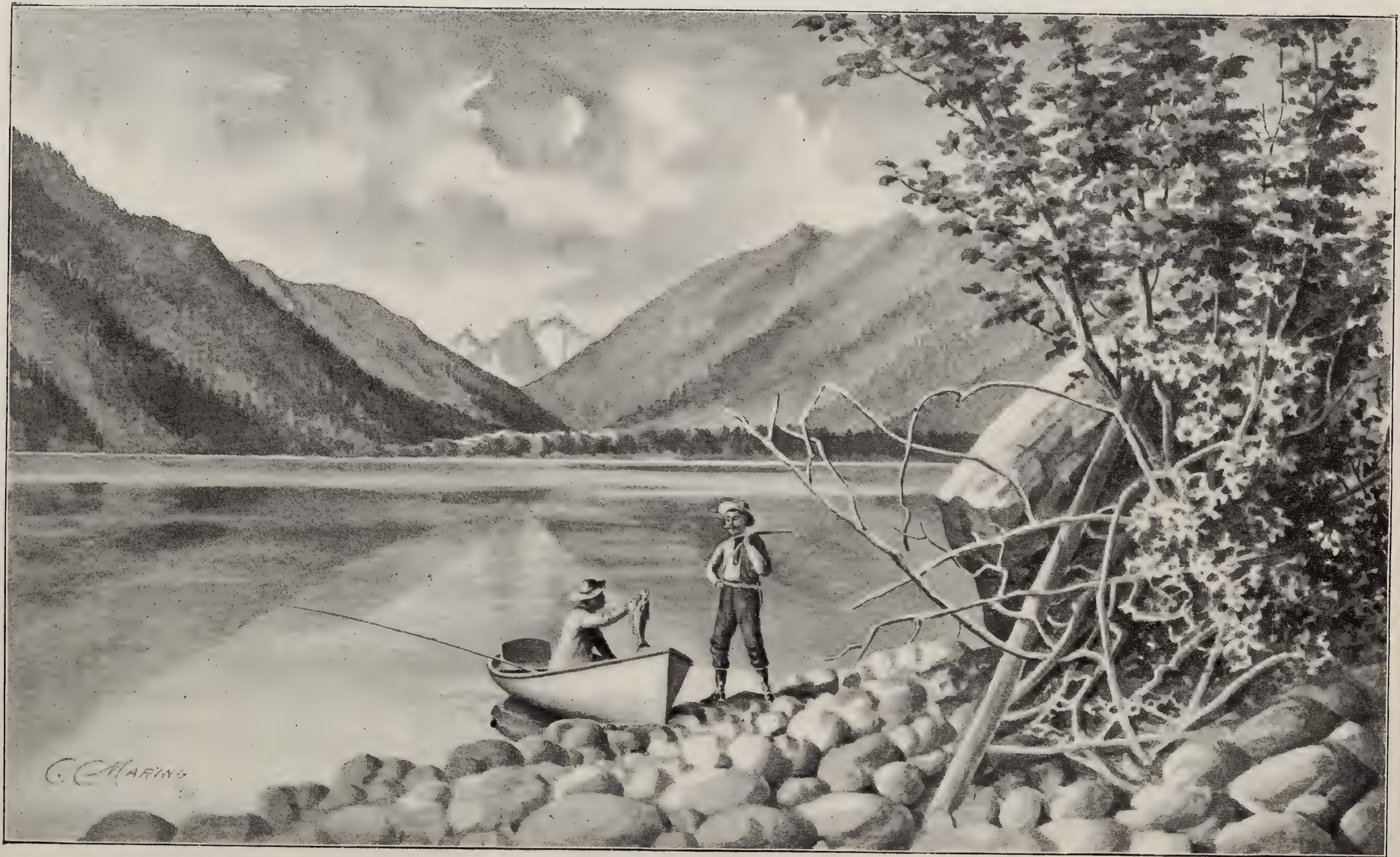
"You had better get yourself in position for any more that may come along that way," said Henderson.

I found a good location and had just gotten in position when 2 goats came into view on the same trail. The one in the lead was a fine looking fellow and I quickly took aim and fired. A little cloud of dust at the goat's feet showed I had miscalculated the distance. The goat stopped for an instant and I took a more careful aim.

After the report, "billy" reared up on his hind legs, gave his head a playful shake and scampered away behind some rocks.

"That was a little closer," said Henderson; "but I think your aim was a trifle low."

I then fixed the sights to suit the distance according to Henderson's idea, and waited nearly half an hour before another goat made its appearance. When it did come I promptly fired. This time I had surely hit my mark. The goat fell, rose to its feet, made 2 or 3 spasmodic jumps and rolled



NEAR STEHEKIN, LAKE CHELAN.

over the cliff, lodging on a ledge of rocks. It must have fallen over 40 feet and if it had not been killed by my shot the fall would surely have put an end to its earthly career.

Well, I had shot my goat, and the next thing was to get its hide. It seemed very near, yet to reach it we had to feel our way down to the bottom of the canyon and up on the opposite side. After the hardest kind of work, we reached the place where the goat was when the shot was fired.

The goat lay on a few projecting rocks, not over 40 feet below us; but a perpendicular rock, above and below, made it impossible to get any nearer. After an hour spent in vainly trying to find some way to dislodge it, we gave it up.

When I found I could not get the goat, I used a few of my usual expressions of disappointment so forcibly that Henderson's opinion of me must have changed. It was some time before I cooled off sufficiently to look at my surroundings.

Near by was a "lick," and from the looks of the deeply worn trails it must have been a goat country for many years.

I was passing along the trail where I had seen my first goat when a few drops of blood on the ground attracted my attention. I decided then that my second shot had not gone far astray and we commenced to investigate. We followed up the trail and had not gone more than 100 yards when we were surprised and delighted to find the goat, dead.

We reached the lake that evening and the following morning returned to Chelan Falls. I had been in no condition for such a hard climb; but although it took me several days to recuperate, I never regretted having taken the trip to Goat mountain."

George, who had remained silent while several stories had been told, was asked to say something.

"I was just thinking," said he, "of my only narrow escape from drowning. It was while fishing on Green river, in Western Washington, several years ago. Would you like to hear about it?"

"Yes; go ahead," we urged.

"Well," he continued, "I had accepted a friend's invitation to spend a week at his ranch on Green river. The fishing was fine. I would go out in the afternoon and start in fishing about a mile above the ranch; then leisurely work my way back, trying the best pools as I moved along. In this distance I would always get all the trout we could use for supper and breakfast.

My fishing always ended at a large, dark pool, near the cabin. My special reason for stopping at this particular pool, was to catch one of the big trout which I knew to be there. I had seen them jumping late in the evening, but, so far I had been unsuccessful in finding, in my collection, a fly that would attract their attention.

As I left the cabin, the last evening I was to be in the country, I told my friend I would devote my time to the big pool.

I fished at different parts of the pool at least an hour, during which time I tried all my flies and used all the skill, I possessed, in making my casts, but to no avail.

I had made one toward the middle of the pool, and while wondering what I should do next, allowed the fly to sink.

It was probably a foot beneath the surface when there was an unexpected jerk at the line and I knew I had succeeded in hooking a big one.

My location was decidedly unfavorable for landing a big fish, as I stood on a steep bank about 6 feet above the river.

The fish was a large rainbow trout, possessing unusual vitality; but it was at last conquered and I was slowly pulling it up the steep bank, when, from its own weight, it broke loose and rolled back into the water.

It is hard to say just what happened during the next few moments. In my excitement I must have tried to catch the fish, for, the next thing I knew, I was floundering in the ice cold water. The current on the side where I fell runs swift and deep, and I was rapidly passing down stream.

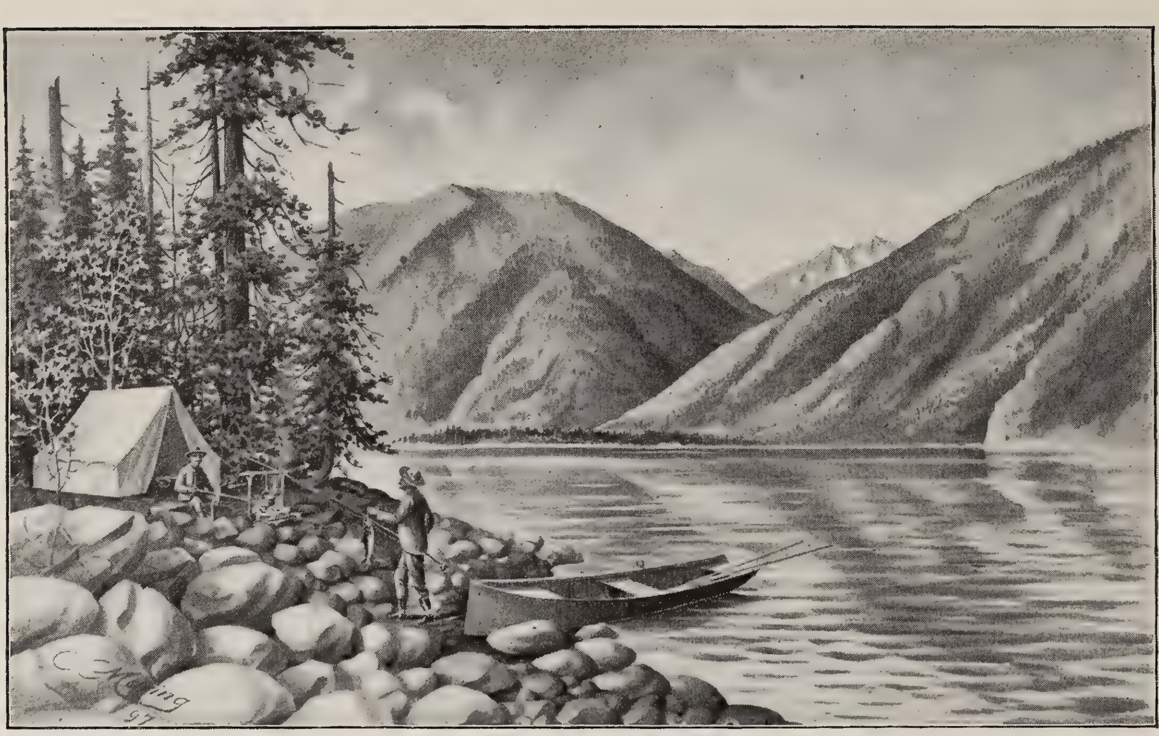
I am not a strong swimmer and with my heavy boots and clothing I felt powerless. By putting forth every effort I succeeded in reaching shore, but the bank was so steep that I was swept away by the terrible current. My strength was fast failing and I knew I would sink in a few moments if something unexpected did not happen. Ahead I could see some overhanging branches and these I frantically grasped as I came within reach. They were of sufficient size to hold my weight and had I had the strength I could have pulled myself up by them to the top of the bank.

A short distance below me was one of the wildest parts of the river, perpendicular walls of rock on either side and rapids that I could not hope to pass through in safety, should I loosen my hold on the branches.

It was a decidedly uncomfortable position, and my arms had become so tired that I had about made up my mind to take my chances with the rapids, when I heard a voice calling from the bank above me.

My friend had gone to the pool to see what luck I was having with the big fish. He had found my rod and had seen where I had taken my slide.

Then he commenced to search for me, and from up the river he saw my perilous position and reached the bank above me as soon as possible. After telling me to hold on a little longer, he returned to the cabin, secured a rope, and with the aid of a long pole drew me out to terra firma. Had my friend not had a little curiosity to see me land a big fish I am sure that would have been my last fishing excursion."



A LAKE CHELAN CAMP.

Other stories were told, and so rapidly did the time pass that it was nearly midnight before we turned in.

While at Stehekin, I had the pleasure of meeting the Pearl brothers. These gentlemen have been hunting and trapping in that vicinity for several years. They have a decidedly picturesque camp and the many specimens of goat, bear, cougar, and lynx skins with which they are surrounded, show them to be skilled in their occupation. An evening spent with them is one of the pleasant recollections of my trip to Lake Chelan.

During the few short weeks we spent there our fishing and hunting adventures were numerous, and I was not always the successful member of the party.

Fred's experience with yellow jackets and rattlesnakes was not repeated, and he kept our table well supplied with grouse. If mountain goat had been good to eat, we would surely have had "goat" on our bill of fare. Several times during our stay we caught glimpses of them, up near the snow, as they slowly moved along some wild and seemingly impassable part of the towering peaks.

For the benefit of any readers of RECREATION who may wish to visit Lake Chelan, I will say, in conclusion, that it is one of the really picturesque lakes in the United States. It is over 50 miles long, with an average width of about a mile. It is quite remarkable from the fact of its being the third deepest lake in the world. This was ascertained during the past summer, when government engineers let out over 2,600 feet of line (all they had) and failed to reach bottom.

Along the shores of the lower end of the lake, beautiful camping places may be found anywhere, but for many miles on the upper end, the mountains rise so abruptly from the water that it is impossible to make even a boat landing. Still, there are many good camping places and I can recommend Stehekin, Moore's Railroad Creek (there is not a railroad within 100 miles) and Safety Harbor. At the latter place if you are able to climb to the summit of Goat mountain, and don't object to staying out over night, you can safely count on getting a shot at a goat. Deer, bear, and cougars are also frequently seen.

At Stehekin and Moore's Railroad Creek are beautiful mountain streams from which you will be able to catch a mess of brook trout at any time.

The lake is very accessible, and can be reached, without undergoing any hardships, by way of the Great Northern Railway, and the Columbia river steamers.

As soon as the beauties of Lake Chelan become better known I am sure many of RECREATION's readers will explore that locality.

QUEER PATIENTS AND QUEER PHYSICIANS.

JAMES WEIR, JR., M.D.

When we wish to study, understandingly, the mental habitudes of the lower animals, both in sickness and in health, we must dismiss from our minds that false doctrine which teaches that man is a special and individual creation and *not* the last link in an evolutionary chain which reaches back to primordial protoplasm—a formless mass of " first matter," in which, not even the cell, the most primitive form of organized matter, can be discovered and differentiated. Man has so long arrogated to himself the title of " thinker," thereby placing himself on a pedestal far above the levels of the, so-called lower animals, that he is loth to abandon the idea that he alone of all creatures, possesses mind and intellect. Yet it can be clearly demonstrated that not only do the lower animals possess mind, but also that their minds are subject to the same derangements (in kind if not in degree) that make themselves evident in the insanities of human beings. Epilepsy, locomotor ataxia, paresis, apoplexy, delusional and illusional insanity (temporary as well as permanent), erotomania, acute and chronic mania, imbecility and idiocy are, by no means, of infrequent occurrence among the lower animals.

Instances of acute mania or frenzy in horses or cattle are daily happenings—the newspapers throughout the country chronicling one or more at almost every issue. Several months ago I saw a cow with acute mania, the attack having been brought on by fright. She was a country-bred animal and had been driven into the city to be sold for beef. The noise of the streets, together with the unmerciful lashings of the drover's whip, induced a wild and ungovernable terror in the animal. Suddenly this terror changed into murderous frenzy, and this hitherto docile creature became a raging, maddened beast seeeking to do violence to all things. She lowered her head, and, with a loud bellow, ran full tilt against a brick wall, the violence of her impact breaking off one of her horns and bringing her to her knees in an almost unconscious condition. She next tossed a dog high into the air, having first disembowelled him with her remaining horn. Then she started down the street after the man who had been driving her. Thus the driven became the driver, not much to my sorrow be it confessed. The cow finally ran through an open gate into a yard that was surrounded by a high fence. Some one closed the gate, the insane animal thus becoming imprisoned and incapable of doing further damage. A policeman was about to kill her, when I suggested that she be allowed to remain in the yard until night. By that time her frenzy, in all probability, would have passed away, the streets would have become quiet and she might be driven to her destination without further trouble. This was done and all came about as I had predicted.

Again, certain of the lower animals, notably the sow and the bitch, are frequently the victims of puerperal mania, or the insanity that sometimes follows the birth of young. In the human female puerperal mania very frequently leads to infanticide. The sow and the bitch when afflicted with this form of insanity not only kill their young, but frequently devour them. Many animals are born idiots or imbeciles. Darwin describes a dog which he terms a semi-idiot, noting particularly its "senseless habit of rotation or gyration," a common symptom of insanity in the animal according to Lindsay, another careful observer. A French scientist, Pierquin, describes an imbecile pup whose mother recognized the unfortunate condition of her offspring long before man, with all his vaunted intelligence, had the slightest inkling of it. This dog devoted the greater portion of her time to the care of her imbecile son, thereby neglecting the remainder of her litter. A friend of mine, a sportsman and breeder of fine dogs, says that on more than one occasion imbecile puppies have been born in his kennels, and that the mother-dogs seem to recognize the lack of mental power in the young ones so affected, almost as soon as they are born.

Animals frequently lose their mental equipoise and sink into imbecility after having been subjected to surroundings in which their terror and alarm have been greatly incited. " A parrot," says M. Pierquin, " noted for its intelligence and vivacity, was owned by a captain of a French man-of-war. During a naval combat this bird showed its terror by cowering. It became insensible to the usual civilities offered to it, acquired a dull, stupid look and made monosyllabic replies to questions. This condition of mental imbecility became permanent." Bees at the time of swarming, unquestionably " lose their heads," the queen being the first to become *non compos mentis*. She suddenly leaves the royal cell and runs hither and thither throughout the hive creating turmoil and confusion. The worker bees seem to catch the contagion of her madness and rush about in a tumultuous and disorderly manner. Finally, the queen in her insane wanderings, approaches the entrance of the hive, through which she passes, followed by a vast multitude of her seemingly maddened and mentally irresponsible subjects, and the swarm is inaugurated.

Sometimes animals seem to be fully aware of their mental ailments, and show chagrin and sorrow when their condition leads them to make abnormal exhibitions of themselves. A very intelligent and high-bred English fox-terrier, the property of my brother, developed epilepsy during the last year of his life. He would accompany his owner to the football field where he would be overtaken, sometimes, by his malady and fall down in convulsions. As soon as he recovered consciousness and noticed the boys laughing at him, he would hang his head, tuck his tail between his legs, and sneak away to the outskirts of the field, where he would remain until his master was ready to return home. This behavior on the part of the dog occurred frequently and was noticed and commented on by everyone who witnessed it. Another feature of this animal's malady brings it very near indeed to the phenomena of epilepsy as we observe them in human beings. Frequently at the moment of seizure the dog would utter a peculiar and distressing cry, which, in quality and character, closely resembled the stifled scream so often uttered by the human victims of this disease when seized with an epileptic cataclysm.

Snakes, when exuviating, sometimes have attacks of acute mania or frenzy. On one occasion I witnessed the actions of a copperhead (*Ancistrodon contortrix*) which was about to shed its skin. This snake showed, plainly, that it was the victim of furiosity. It would draw itself into a coil and strike furiously at the surrounding bushes, the ground; in fact, at everything and anything. It would race rapidly, to and fro, about a spot 10 or 12 feet in diameter, or, would lie extended, beating the ground with its tail. This lasted for several hours, until the creature became completely exhausted. I finally killed it, but have no doubt, if I had allowed it to live, it would have regained its normal mental equilibrium as soon as it had thrown off its old skin.

Another fact, which demonstrates that the intellectual faculties of the lower animals are the same in kind as those of man, is that temporary as well as permanent derangements of mental continuity may be produced in the former as well as in the latter by and through the agencies of drugs, diseases, injuries, etc. Thus, many of the lower animals easily acquire a love for alcoholic beverages and readily and speedily become confirmed inebriates. The continuous indulgence, by such creatures, in alcoholic drinks begets disease and they become veritable dipsomaniacs.

A dog of my acquaintance, owned by a saloon-keeper in St. Louis, Mo., learned to turn the spigot of the beer-keg, thus allowing the beer to flow into the drip-tub beneath. He would then drink until he could hold no more. Normally, this dog had a very peaceable disposition, but, "when in his cups," as his master often declared, "he was a holy terror and would fight anything from a pismire to an elephant." This animal died of alcoholic apoplexy.

Animals exceedingly low in the scale of life become intoxicated when alcohol is administered to them, plainly showing, by their actions, that they are drunk. Says Romanes, the famous naturalist and biologist: "A tipsy jelly fish rolled about in the water just like the staggering of a drunken man, and this was followed by torpidity, or a state of complete drunkenness, from which nothing could arouse it. In the course of a few hours it began to recover, and eventually recovery was complete." By exercising great care in the amount of the dose of alcohol administered. I have succeeded in making actinophryans (minute, microscopic animalcules very much lower in the scale of animal life than the medusa or jelly fish) dead drunk. They having passed through all the gradations of inebriety, from mere increased excitability to complete torpor. By the addition of fresh water I have restored them again to their normal condition.

Birds often become drunkards and frequently die from the effects of alcoholic beverages too freely administered to them by their foolish owners. A parrot of my acquaintance had repeated attacks of alcoholic convulsions. I warned its owner against the practice of giving this bird its favorite tipple, port wine, but to no purpose. To gratify the curiosity of his patrons (the man was a barber), the bird was daily made drunken with port wine negus, to which it finally fell a victim. It gave, before its death, unmistakable evidences that it was suffering from a violent attack of *mania à potu*. It cowered on the floor uttering shriek after shriek of alarm; it pecked at imaginary objects in the air, chased phantoms to and fro about the room, and finally died in violent convulsions.

Although dreams are not symptoms, *per se*, of disease, I think it proper, however, to introduce them when writing of these queer patients; for, it happens that dreams, on occasions, induce in animals a momentary insanity during which they may commit dangerous and hurtful acts. The dreaming animal, when suddenly aroused from slumber, is apt to confound the real with the imaginary. I was once severely bitten by a dog which I had awakened from a dream, he, evidently mistaking me for an enemy created by his dream consciousness and transmitted, for the time being, to his active, waking consciousness. When speaking of dreaming animals which have been suddenly aroused, Dr. Lindsay says: "Usually there is more or less mental bewilderment, with a tendency to morbid fear and irascibility. The animal is apt to be 'roused' in more senses than one; it is liable or likely to confound friend and foe, and to attack, or flee from both, according to its natural disposition. In exceptional cases, there is developed on the moment a degree of excitement of the nature of delirium or mania, or amounting to ferocity or furiosity, all more or less dangerous to man as well as other animals. And it is probable that some sort of conviction that such dangers are always liable to arise from the violent, sudden awakening of a sleeping animal, has given rise to the proverb which urges us to 'Let sleeping dogs lie!' We should never forget that such a dog may be dreaming at the moment of his sudden arousing, and that while he may be revelling in imaginary joys, the arbitrary cessation of which will give rise to keen surprise and disappointment, he may equally be an actor in some tragic drama, involving danger to his own life. In which case the sudden shock of his awakening may naturally appear as but part of his fancied reality, and he may show his belief in the unreality by identifying those who actually arouse him, with the imaginary enemies to whom he attributes all his pains or pangs."

Very young children of civilized peoples as well as the adults of certain primitive races fall into a somewhat similar error—they confound the real and the imaginary and regard dreams as actual occurrences. Even civilized adults, on occasions, are unable, for several seconds or minutes, to separate dream from reality, but carry the action of a dream drama on into their vigilant, active consciousness.

When animals have minds weakened by disease, the delusions of their dreams are prolonged and carried into their waking state where they may last for some time, thus becoming an evidence of true temporary insanity. The epileptic fox-terrier mentioned above, on 2 occasions had his delusions prolonged for 5 or 6 minutes after he had been aroused from sleep, for he chased imaginary rats about the room, until he was stopped by a peremptory order. A dreaming cat, after having been suddenly awakened, has been seen to chase an imaginary mouse. A suddenly aroused starling has been observed to dip its beak time and again into an imaginary water-bottle, then elevate its head and go through all the motions of swallowing.

When sick, some animals show conclusively that they know how to secure relief. The dog, when suffering with sick stomach or nausea, due to indigestion, will seek out and devour the long, lanceolate blades of couch grass (*Triticum repens*). The horse and the mule when ill with "scours" will eat dust or clay. The horse which has contracted the "scratches" will, if allowed, hunt out some miry puddle and wade in the sofe ooze until his itching pasterns are plentifully and effectually daubed with the clinging, pasty mud. Sick cats will find a bed of catnip though it be a mile from their homes. Clay, both moist and dry, seems to be an universal remedy for a variety of ills among the lower animals. Wounded elephants have been seen, repeatedly, to plug up shot-holes with lumps of wet clay. I have seen a cow, in mid-winter, wade in a shallow pond until she had thoroughly plastered an ulcerating sore on one of her legs with mud. She would do this several times a day; always standing on the banks of the pond until the mud had partially dried out, thus forming an efficacious plaster.

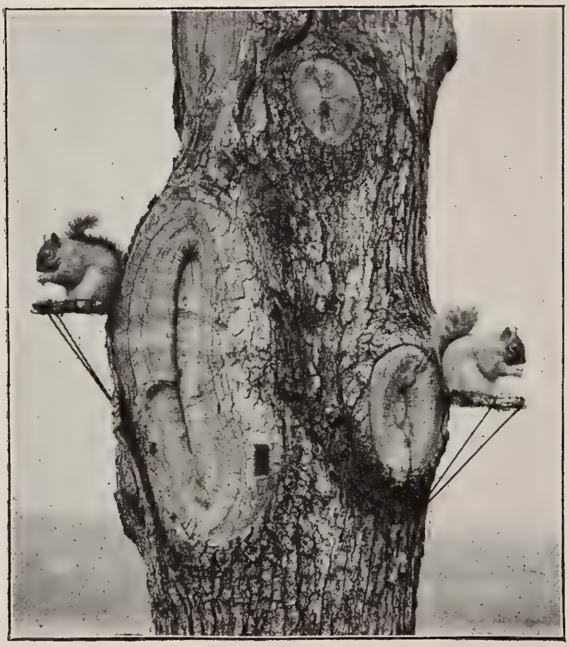
An acquaintance, a physician, vouches for the following: A sow had been kicked in the abdomen by a mule and severely injured. Her owner had her removed to a pen and confined therein. He noticed, on the following day the sow's abdomen was enormously swollen. She had left her comfortable straw bed, and stood by the door of the pen, grunting as though asking for it to be opened. My friend, the physician, happening along, suggested that the door be opened. He told the owner that his hog had peritonitis, and would probably die. The door was opened and immediately the sow proceeded toward a disused spring, situated some distance from her pen. This spring issued from beneath the roots of a large tree, and, being strongly impregnated with iron, was not used for potable purposes, and was fenced about with rails. When the animal arrived at this fence, she stopped and resumed her grunting; noting which, her owner let down the rails. The hog walked through the gap, immediately entered the shallow depression that formed the bowl or bed of the spring and laid down in the cool water. Here she remained for 5 days without food (though corn in abundance was placed within her reach), and then emerged from her sanitarium completely cured.

When animals are treated for disease by man and are benefited thereby, they frequently remember their experiences and seek the aid of man when they again need his services. The sportsman and dog-breeder mentioned elsewhere in this paper, assures me that the following is absolutely true: One of his dogs, a fine fox-hound, became very sick with distemper, and it was with great difficulty that he succeeded in getting the animal to swallow a bolus of sulphur and lard. The remedy acted promptly and beneficially and, in a few days, the dog regained his health. Some time after, the same dog was again taken sick with distemper, and, as soon as he saw his master with the sulphur bottle and lard, he crouched at his feet, then turned upon his back, and, with open mouth, waited until the bolus had been prepared, which he at once swallowed. This hound evidently remembered his master had relieved him once before when he was ill, hence, when he saw the sulphur and the lard, he prepared himself for treatment and swallowed the nauseating dose, believing he would thereby get relief.

The saliva of the mammalia, man being excepted, appears to have a curative action beyond its mere cleansing power. Thus, severe wounds in the horse, ox, dog, cat, monkey, rat, etc., speedily get well if they are situated where the wounded animal can reach them with its tongue. Sometimes it happens that animals are wounded on their heads or shoulders or in places which they cannot lick. When this occurs, they frequently secure the assistance of physicians, animals belonging to their own species, which gladly perform this surgical operation for them. For instance, one of my dogs contracted an ulcer on one of his ears; he was unable to lick it himself, but soon enlisted the services of one of his companions, who performed this operation for him, and, under whose treatment, the ulcer speedily healed. Sir John Lubbock informs us that a sick ant in one of his formicaries, was duly fed and taken care of by the other members of the colony. I have seen, repeatedly, red ants (*formica sanguinea*) carrying wounded and disabled companions into the nest, and Belt gives numerous instances of ants of various species which care for and assist sick or maimed associates. The educated physician of to-day, with his ponderous materia medica and his numerous drugs, with science and the arts to assist him, does not seem to be very much in advance (if successful treatment is any criterion) of these queer physicians which administer Nature's remedies to themselves and to " their still queerer patients." Of course, when manipulative measures are required, man is infinitely superior, otherwise, I hold that the above observation is to a certain extent true.

SQUIRRELS IN THE CITY.

This remarkable photograph of 2 of the friskiest denizens of the wild wood, is the result of infinite patience and months of waiting and watching. It was taken by Mr. E. H. Barney, of Springfield, Mass. His home is on the edge of the city's beautiful park and close to a strip of wild woodland. In front of the house is a magnificent old oak, in the season of acorns a favorite resort of squirrels from both the park and the woods. Mr. Barney has taken great interest in them, supplying them with nuts, through the winter, by means of little wire platforms on the tree trunk. He discovered that one would have done quite as well, for the squirrel is nothing if not select, and insists on dining alone. The oldest and strongest dines first and will not allow another to eat at the same time. When he is through, the next strongest takes his place, while sometimes 10 or 12 look down longingly from the branches above. No attempt has been made to tame them and the little animals are quite as wild as any ever sighted over the barrel of a 22.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. H. BARNEY.

BREAKFAST IN THE PARK.

Mr. Barney spent months in an endeavor to get a photo of more than one squirrel, and at length succeeded. Neither was aware of the other's presence. The camera was focussed on the tree, on cloudy days, that there might be no shadow. Then Mr. Barney retired to his house, with the bulb end of a long rubber tube, and waited. This was done many days before 2 made the desired combination. At last 2 fat rascals consented to sit. A pressure and release of the bulb, giving a time exposure, and Mr. Barney's little black box contained a rare bit from dear old Nature.

WOMEN IN CAMP.

MRS. S. E. ABBOTT.

On August 8, 1895, a party of 3 left Leadville, Colo., on an extended camping trip in the mountains. Mrs. M—, my husband and I led the way, to make a temporary camp and await some friends, when we would all go on together.

A few hours' ride by rail took us to Wolcott, where the pack outfit was in readiness. No time was lost in getting away from town, but we were glad to camp early the first night, for as yet we were not hardened to the rough work.

Making our way onward for several days, through beautiful, rugged mountains, we reached a stream where we were to wait for the others. They did not come for nearly a month; and we, meanwhile, lived in sweet idleness. The first thing we did, of course, was to fix up the camp and surroundings. After the tent was made homelike, nails were driven into convenient trees for towel-racks—and hat-racks too, for that matter; stumps were utilized for wash-stands, and gooseberry bushes for clothes-lines. My husband built a few rustic seats in shady corners, and even put up a swing. A target was also arranged, and this was frequently in use, for I had a little 22-calibre rifle and 1,000 cartridges.

When the household affairs were running smoothly, we began to look about for some excitement. About 6 miles up the creek there was a little lake. Starting early one morning, we made for this, with our minds set on trout.

The horses were unsaddled and turned out to graze, while we fished. I say we, though my friend and I seemed only to frighten the trout into deep water. My husband, with clouded brow, seated himself at the other end of the lake, where he was successful in luring enough innocents out of the water for our supper.

On another trip after trout, toward the latter part of the month, we saw fresh elk signs. My husband was at once eager for big game, but did not go out until September 2. That morning he started on horseback, leading a pack animal. He had not gone far before seeing a fresh trail of elk. This led him through dense timber for a mile. Here the sign seemed more recent. Dismounting, he dropped the reins, then dodged from tree to tree, sometimes crawling on all fours.

Proceeding in this way for a few minutes, he found himself within 25 yards of the herd. Cows and calves could be seen, but he was looking for the leader. After what seemed hours of waiting, the bull walked out of a clump of bushes, sniffing the air as if scenting danger. No sooner did the hunter see its immense antlers than the Marlin came into position. At the report, the great beast dropped out of sight so quick that the shooter doubted his good luck. However, investigation showed that the bullet had broken the bull's neck, killing him instantly. At the shot the herd fairly tore up the earth as it went down the mountain.

Taking the head—a good specimen—and the hind quarters, he packed them into camp, returning on the following day for the remainder of the meat.

With grouse in plenty, gooseberries galore, beside our well-filled panniers, we did not want for enough to eat; but we began to grow discontented. Every day we expected to see our friends, but still they did not come.

Several days after the elk hunt, my husband took me out, that I might try to kill a deer. Starting rather late, we took the trail to Trout creek. After crossing it, we moved along more cautiously, in the hope of seeing game. A number of does and fawns were seen, but we had almost given up the hope of getting a buck. As the hours passed, we condescended to kill a few grouse, for they were better than no meat. Riding leisurely along, we came to a small park, and as we rode into it, a snort came from a clump of pines. Instantly a buck sprang out and started across the open. My husband's horse, an old-timer, would almost hold his breath while a shot was being made; and the knowing animal at once stopped. Jerking his rifle from its scabbard, the hunter sent a bullet after the vanishing buck, hitting him squarely through the shoulders. Down he went, then scrambling to his feet tried to run, then fell over for good.

The report started another deer, which, in its effort to escape, nearly ran over me. Now, no woman will tolerate such antics, especially when she is carrying a rifle and is dying to shoot at something. Up came the rifle, "bang-bang." An astonished man looked in our direction, and saw a fallen buck and a much excited woman standing over it. This was my first big game. Both shots struck it and either would have been fatal; but—well, I was taking no chances.

An hour later the deer were hanging in the shade of a pine tree not far from the tent.

The time went by, day after day, and we began to wonder why our friends did not come. Finally, on September 15, as we were at breakfast, a horseman rode up. It was M——, who had galloped on ahead. The others soon came into sight. One of them, a Mr. H——, had come from New

Mexico to kill an elk, if possible. The third man of the party was Reed, our guide. He had taken my husband out 6 consecutive years, and was a man who could be depended on.

During the day, the new-comers were told our experiences in this camp. What interested them most was the fishing at the little lake; so, on the following morning, they must start for a string of trout. They went, and after a very pleasant day, as they said, returned with 65 good-sized fish. Perhaps the number had something to do with the " pleasant day."

Several days later, camp was broken, and we were off for the Hahn's-peak region and a permanent camp. The first day, we travelled in a snow storm. If you can imagine 6 weary people, like so many mummies, riding Indian file, each in a rubber coat, and hat pulled down over the ears, a half-circle curve in every back—then you will have us as we looked. We were indeed glad to go into camp, and from the amount of snow that fell, it seemed that we might have to lay over several days. The snow quickly disappeared, however, so but one day was lost.

As we neared the hunting-grounds, game became abundant, especially pronghorns.

Our objective point was finally reached —a beautiful spot among towering mountains, green trees and pretty streams. One day was occupied in making everything comfortable and homelike. Then the men declared a grand hunt was in order, and must be had without delay. They stoutly maintained that for some nights they had heard, in their dreams, the whistling of elk.

The next morning they started together. M—— was the first to return, reporting a 4-point buck killed. My husband separated from him to try for an antelope, and was successful, returning toward evening with a young buck.

Some days later, my husband prepared to go to town, 15 miles away, for a few needed supplies. It looked like a storm, and even began to snow before he started. During his absence, the other men put a barricade around the front of the largest tent, so that all should be comfortable in case we were shut in for a number of days. Anxiously we awaited the return of the absent one, for it snowed as it can snow only in the mountains.

After what seemed a short time, considering the distance, and the rugged, slippery trail, horse and rider appeared, covered with snow and dripping. I was greatly relieved, you may be sure. It snowed 2 days, then the sun shone once more.

When the hills were dry again, one of the men appeared before us with this startling announcement:

" Now, ladies, we are going to be real good to you, and will escort you to any nook or corner of the mountains for a big hunt."

Both of us wanted to go, but each had a different point in view, so we separated at camp. My husband and I hunted over the hills, for several hours, without getting sight of anything. To make matters worse, several rifle-shots were heard in the distance, and I felt sure that my friend would beat me. Approaching the summit of a hill, we dismounted to inspect the other side on foot, for it was good-looking ground for antelope. We worked carefully along, and at last lay flat on the very summit.

Right below us was a bunch of pronghorns. My husband raised his head to get a better view, when the watchful little animals were off in an instant.

It was now or never. Rising quickly, I fired. The first shot was too high. " Bang-bang," went the rifle again; this time in the right place. I saw a buck go tumbling headlong, strike a tree and stop. He was lying flat on his back, kicking, when I reached him. How I got down that hill to my game is yet an unsettled question in my mind. I do not remember anything except that I was on foot, though it was more like flying. One bullet had passed through the heart, another through the shoulders. No wonder he tumbled. He was loaded on my horse, while I rode my husband's.

We had just reached camp when the other hunters came up from another direction. Of course each had experiences to tell that evening, as we sat around the fire. Many were the congratulations showered upon the women, for my friend, also, had killed a buck.

On October 6 we left our beautiful woodland retreat, turning our faces once more toward the haunts of man. We were in no hurry, traveling leisurely, and hunting by the way. One evening, while sitting around the camp-fire, we heard the most peculiar sound one could imagine. It sounded like the gradually rising wind, but after reaching a certain pitch it descended, ending with " ouk-ouk-ouk," the last tones being a whistle.

I looked at Mrs. M——, who turned her eyes toward me; then both looked at the guide.

When we demanded an explanation, he laughed.

" Don't be alarmed," he said; " it's only a male elk calling his cow."

An elk hunt was at once decided upon for the next day. The morning gave promise of a fine day. The way those men stepped around reminded one of a lot of boys preparing for a rabbit hunt. Of course we looked gloomy at the prospect of being left alone all day, but it was only deception on our part. We ventured to ask if they intended to take us, and were politely told we were not wanted.

A short time after leaving camp, the hunters came up with half a dozen elk. The guide at once gave his directions: "Henton will stay near me," he said, "while you 2 must go over on that side-hill to head them if they make off in your direction."

The elk saw their pursuers and changed their route. Although the animals went somewhat faster than usual, the hunters kept close to them, but not close enough to shoot. At last they were turned up a narrow gulch, offering a shot to M——. He fired, hitting a bull and knocking him down. However, a wounded elk is not a dead one, and he was on his feet in a moment, making better time than before. He turned broadside on the hill, and M—— got a second shot, but missed.

"I'll get him," he declared, "if it takes till Christmas." He got within shooting distance once more, and again fired.

"You've got him; give it to him again," shouted his companion, in excitement. There was no need of it, for the last shot had settled the elk. The rest of the herd made their escape.

The hunters returned to camp in high spirits, only to find the women had flown. The husbands were wild and wanted to do all sorts of unnecessary things. The guide tried to quiet them by saying he would soon bring the truants back.

After bidding them good-by in the morning, we decided to have a little hunt of our own. We took the trail, turned up the first gulch we came to, then rode on and on for an hour or more, when we dismounted and ate our luncheon at a stream. Here we saw deer sign, and determined to follow them. One trail led into another until the day was far gone. We then tried to locate camp, asking all the saints to help us. Finally we determined to climb a hill, but as it was too steep to ride, we tied our horses and went up on foot. When we descended, more disheartened than ever, we saw that we had taken a different route, and could not find the horses.

While we were deliberating what to do, our dog flushed 3 grouse, all of which we secured. "This don't look so bad, after all," said my companion in misery, trying to infuse a little courage into me. "I have some salt, matches, and a piece of candle. The guide told us, you know, never to leave camp without them."

It was soon dark, and we decided to remain just where we were, occasionally firing a signal. We built a big fire and sat down to pluck and cook the grouse.

I took my revolver and fired, 1, 2, 3. Oh, joy! there was an answer.

We spoke in low tones, from fear, I suppose. Soon we fired another signal and a second. Each time the answer drew nearer. The fire was dying out, and it was growing chilly. We had no hatchet and the little brush we gathered before night was almost gone. To add to our misery we had fired too often. Only one cartridge remained.

What should we do, fire the last cartridge? Yes, we decide to let it go. It was fired, and I pressed the trigger hard, to make it sound louder.

The answer was very near this time. I put my hand to my mouth and gave a call. This was also answered. A rush of horses through the bushes, and we were found.

"Where are the horses?" was the first question, quickly followed by a dozen others.

I need not describe the ride to camp. I do not remember much of what occurred; but I do know we were received with joy and thanksgiving. The guide had followed our signal from the first, on a straight line; but we were a long distance from camp, and the night was dark. The ground, too, was rough. Our horses had broken loose and gone to camp, arriving some time before us.

We reached Leadville a few days later, October 11, after an absence of nearly 3 months. So ended our long, enjoyable, and to us, eventful vacation in the mountains of Colorado.

AN ANGLER'S DESIRE.

G. A. WARBURTON.

A brook in spring, flush, sweet and cool;
A cloudy day, a crystal pool,
A rod, a line, a leader fine.
A dozen flies and joy is mine.
But one thing more—I hate to ask it,
For I may never need—a basket!

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE AND CARIBOU.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

The finest country for moose, in North America, is the province of New Brunswick. It is also the most prolific region for caribou, with the single exception of the distant and (to the sportsman whose time and means are limited), almost inaccessible plains of Newfoundland.

While every hill and valley in the wilderness of Maine has for the past 5 years resounded with the crack of the hunter's rifle, and big game, with the exception of deer, is now threatened with extinction, the moose and caribou of New Brunswick are dying of old age, or of indigestion brought on by lack of proper exercise. In this gentle, bounteous wilderness is still to be found the forest primeval. Through the valleys wander streams whose sources are unknown. Here are vast areas of timber land undefaced by the greed of man; lofty cataracts whose hoarse soliloquy is seldom heard by human ear; beautiful nameless lakes whose stillness is broken only by the splashing flight of ducks, the leap of the land-locked salmon, the uncanny laughter of the loon, or the plunging stride of the giant moose.

The hunting season of 1897, in this province, has witnessed the pioneer invasion of an army of American sportsmen who have heretofore sought the moose and caribou elsewhere, and sought them vainly. The returns of the Crown Land Department show that something less than 100 American amateur hunters have this year visited our hunting grounds. Of this number only 6 persons, so far as known, failed to kill either moose or caribou. The majority secured specimens of both of these noble game animals, beside an occasional bear or deer.

Until the present year, the record moose for New Brunswick, as well as for Maine and Nova Scotia, was that shot by Sir Harry Burrand, on the Canaan river. Its horns measured 5 feet 3 inches, from tip to tip. This noble head was presented to the Prince of Wales. It fell to the lot of an American visitor last September, however, to bring down a moose, on the Tobique river, with horns spreading 5 feet 6 inches. The lucky sportsman was Mr. Stephen Decataur, of Portsmouth, N. H. No less than 7 moose were shot, on the Tobique, the Restigouche and the Nepisiguit, last season, with spreads of over 5 feet. It is now reported that Honorable John Costigan has shot a moose on the Tobique lakes with a spread of 6 feet, but as the head has not yet reached the settlement, the report cannot be verified.

The game laws of the province are liberal in their terms, and still well adapted for the proper protection of the game. With the exception of grouse, the open season for every kind of game is uniform, extending from September 1 to January 1. The law is in the interest of morality, if nothing else. It reduces lying to a minimum. Nobody thinks it necessary to hunt for one kind of game under pretence of hunting for something else. The shooting of cow moose and female moose calves is prohibited under heavy penalties. Each hunter may shoot 2 moose, 3 caribou and 3 deer in a season. At the next session of the legislature the law will probably be amended, reducing the maximum to one moose, 2 caribou and 2 deer. Non-residents who desire to hunt moose and caribou in the province are required to take out a license; paying a fee of $20, and giving a bond of $100, that they will observe the law. Residents pay $2. No license is required for the hunting of deer. During the past season some doubt arose, among the various game officials, as to whether, under the wording of the law, a tax was placed on non-resident guides. The law will be made definite on this point at the next session of the Legislature; and it is practically certain that a tax of $20 will be imposed upon non-resident guides operating in this province. This will not be welcome information to some of the Maine guides who contemplate hunting here next fall. The law will be nothing more than just, however, for the game law of Maine shuts out non-resident guides entirely.

By some non-resident sportsmen, objection is taken to the license fee of $20 which they have to pay. The tax is defensible on several grounds. In the first place the entire proceeds are applied to game protection. Then it tends to keep out such reckless and irresponsible individuals as have over-run Maine, like a devouring host. It is not the wish nor policy of the Government that sportsmen should come here in such numbers as to reduce our game supply. When they do so, the regulations will be made still more stringent. What is $20 to the man who gets his moose? It was Gordon Parker, one of the most deservedly popular of American sportsmen, who said: "There is a vast difference between hunting moose and a moose hunt, and the place to have the latter is in New Brunswick."

Owing to its central location, both from a railroad and geographical standpoint, there is no more convenient point of departure, for the big game hunter, than Fredericton, the capital of the province. If a man were to place the palm of his hand on a map of New Brunswick with its base resting on the city of Fredericton he would have "right in his mitt" all the choicest game country of the province. His thumb would touch the mouth of the Tobique river, a stream almost unrivalled on the continent for its wealth of fish and game as well as of natural scenery. His fore-finger would strike the head-waters of the far-famed Restigouche and Nepisiguit; his second finger, the wonderful moose and caribou grounds of the Miramichi. His third finger would cross Cains river and Little river; and his little finger would rest on the historic plains and lakes at the head of Canaan and Salmon rivers.

It would be a toss of a nickel as to where he would better go. His chance of success in any direction would be good, and if he were a steady shot and had a reliable guide, would be absolutely certain. There are guides in this province who in many years experience have never, in a single instance, failed to produce the living target. I wonder how many American sportsmen have an accurate idea how numerous moose are, at the present time, in this region? One of the most widely known American amateur hunters, and a man of rare literary talents, is Mr. Frederic Irland, of Washington. Last fall he emerged from the head-waters of the Southwest Miramichi with the finest moose he had ever shot. Mr. Irland's statement was: "I believe if you were to measure off a block of land in the region where I hunted, 5 miles square, it would contain not less than 250 moose." Mr. Carl Pickhard, of New York, with 2 friends, camped for 8 days, in September last, on the Gueggas lakes. They brought out 3 fine moose, 3 caribou, a bear, an otter and a fox. Mr. Pickhard said they saw 24 moose during their short stay at the lakes.

Caribou are fully as plentiful. The great plains or barrens of the Northwest Miramichi, Southwest Miramichi, Nepisiguit and Salmon rivers are swarming with them. Not long ago 2 Fredericton sportsmen, while hunting on the Northwest Miramichi, saw in 4 days 130 caribou. In December last a sportsman from Newcastle, in the same section of country, saw a single herd numbering over 100 individuals. Only a fortnight ago a herd of 50 caribou were seen near Doaktown, on the Southwest Miramichi.

I have been at some pains to locate reliable guides, in the different sections of country, whose services can be secured by visiting sportsmen in the hunting season. There are some excellent Indian guides at the mouth of the Tobique, whose names are not known to me. Many other good men might be named, but I can vouch for the ability and honesty of every man mentioned below:

Henry Braithwaite, Stanley, York Co.
William Griffin, Green Hill, York Co.
William Grey, Jr., Bathurst.
Alex. McVay, Boiestown.
Thomas Downs, Campbellton.
James Logan, Marysville.
Arthur Evans, Zionville, York Co.
George Armstrong, Perth Centre, Victoria Co.
John Stickney, Bloomfield, North Co.
Frank Bartlett, Mersereau's P. O., Blissfield, North Co.
Burpee Saunders, Penniac, York Co.
Gower Price, Ludlow, North Co.
Richard Cole, Sussex.
Cyrus Kierstead, Fork Stream, Canaan, Queens Co.
Asa Marston, Sisson Ridge, Victoria Co.
Newell Barnard, Edmundston.
Adam Moore, Scotch Lake, York Co.
Jim Paul, St. Mary's, York Co.

The last 2 named are Indians. Should the sportsmen desire further information, as to guides or otherwise, I would refer him to the following reliable gentlemen in the principal game localities:

William Chestnut, Fredericton.
Robert Armstrong, Newcastle.
Henry Bishop, Bathurst.
S. E. MacDonald, Cherry Vale, Brunswick, Queens Co.
T. F. Allen, Andover, Victoria Co.
Milton Dayton, Edmundston.
J. S. Bassett, Campbellton.

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMEN'S GAME PRESERVE.

A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN WHO HAS HUNTED ON IT TELLS WHAT HE SAW THERE.

70 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Editor RECREATION: Some of your readers having recognized our moose head in your ad of the American Sportsmen's Game Preserve, have asked my opinion of this section. These I would like to answer through your popular magazine and so save myself some letter writing. This country is a moose country *par excellence*. There are a very few red deer, and a few caribou. Hay bay, on Lake Kippewa, is probably the best part of this section for caribou. Black bear are fairly numerous. The Indians trap a number each spring, shooting moose for bait. One Indian, in the spring of 1894, killed 12 moose for bait and trapped 8 bear. Another Indian killed 18 moose in 2 weeks in the spring of '95. This is quite easy in the deep snow after locating a yard. There are also wolverine, lynx, otter, mink and foxes. The best feature is the fine fishing and partridge shooting. These latter add materially to the menu of the camp table. The country is hilly, with many lakes and ponds.

Early in summer moose are found about the lakes and on the bogs and meadows. In September in common with all the deer tribe, they go back to the ridges; but a good place to find fresh tracks, at any time, is about these ponds where they come to drink. The new growth of the extensive brûle makes fine feed, and is a good place to find them. There is plenty of moose wood and ground hemlock on the ridges. In fact the feed is unlimited. I have still-hunted, "tramping the bush" as Canadians call it, for 3 seasons, from Deux Rivieres to Lake Kippewa, and it is all a good moose country.

It is hard to beat the customs of a country, and the heavy socks and moccasins to be had at the country stores are best to wear. Provisions are cheap and good. First class guides can be hired at $2 a day. It is best to take a cook for the party, who also helps with the packing. Guides do not, as a rule, furnish canoes or camp outfit.

To my mind there is but one right way to hunt moose, and that is by still hunting. A good hunter must know the habits of the game—what it feeds on—when and where it is apt to lie down, which direction it is likely to take when started. All this and more can be learned better in 2 weeks of still hunting than in 20 seasons of paddling about the lakes and calling.

The satisfaction and the results are greater. An Indian said, in commenting on my success in hunting, "Go through the bush makes luck." Hamilton Vreeland, M.D.

CAMP RECREATION.

J. W. WARREN.

The idea of "Camp Recreation" originated in my mind one hot day, last August, while working in the hay field. Perhaps it was a longing for the cool shade of the pines and hemlocks, that led me to think of the place and to exclaim to my brother, "Let's go camping, to Green pond. It's just the place to have a good time and rest for a few days." We had made indefinite plans for a few days, at the sea shore, but never once had we thought of Green pond, which had all the advantages and none of the drawbacks of other places. It was only 8 miles from home and we could take all the camp luxuries we wanted, without any trouble. A consultation with a friend living near by, and a hastily written invitation to 2 friends at Middletown, N. Y., which soon brought a letter of acceptance, completed our plans. A few days were spent in making a tent and getting things together.

Then the 12th came, bringing a welcome change from the intense heat, and we started for the pond, in high spirits. Our wagon was a large covered camping wagon we boys had planned and built 2 years before, and which had done good service on several trips. We carried our birch-bark canoe, and other things too numerous to mention.

It did not take long to reach the foot of the mountain, where all the things were unloaded, and the empty wagon drawn up the steep rocky road to the pond. This is about 2-3 of a mile long and ½ mile wide, and lays on a broad shelf of Green Pond mountain in the town of Sherman, Fairfield Co., Ct.

Words cannot describe the beauty of this lovely pond; its bluish green water glistening in the sun like an emerald, in a setting of dark hemlock and pines. Its shores are rock-bound but not steep, with no swamps near to mar their beauty. No sign of civilization is near. We could well believe we were on some lonely lake in the vast forests of Maine.

The remainder of the day we spent in carrying our things up the steep road to the pond. Next day found us all in camp, W. L. B. and W. L. C., of Middletown, N. Y., H. V., L. G. W. and J. W. W., of Brookfield, Ct., and the camp routine began with military exactness. We spent the day in building a table with seats facing the pond; also a fire-place, and finished our hemlock bunk. The following days were occupied in exploring the country and climbing the mountains from which some fine views could be had.

Some of us tried fishing; but although we could see large bass swimming lazily around, yet we were unable to catch any. Two photographic outfits enabled us to take home many views of camp life and mountain scenery, that we prize highly. Two violins for those musically inclined, and a large supply of reading matter, including RECREATION, helped to pass many pleasant hours, when tired of tramping. We had a well stocked arsenal and often did our Winchesters wake the echo against the mountain. We made some fine scores at target shooting. The 18th was visitors' day and our camp was dressed in holiday attire. Nine friends and relatives came, and we gave them a good camp dinner, in which flap-jacks took first place. The next day was W. L. C.'s last in camp. On the 22d, we broke camp and returned home.

One thing that helped to make our trip pleasant was our birch canoe. Not a day passed but some or all of us were exploring the shores in it or paddling around to enjoy the smooth gliding motion; it seemed to be just the thing we wanted to make our camp a success.

The most pleasant part of the day, to me, was at sunset when the shadows crept slowly up the slope of the mountains until only their tops were gilded by the setting sun, and the quiet so peculiar to the woods, settled down with the darkness over all the earth. The evenings were cool enough to make a fire not only a luxury, but a necessity. The scenes that will linger longest and clearest in our memories will be those of the evening hours spent around the camp fire, watching the dancing flames and the play of the light and shadows on the dark back-ground of the woods.

HOW WE GOT THE COONS.

J. T. MARIS.

A warm rain had softened the snow during the night, making an ideal time for coons to run. Daylight found me in the woods and I soon located game in 2 old oaks. I felt a little dubious as to my ability to capture a coon alone, as I had no dog. I therefore, secured my brother's aid, as I was sure there would be fun enough for 2.

Eating an early dinner and equipping ourselves with gun and ax, we were soon at one of the trees. The hole where the coons had entered the tree was about 30 feet from the ground. By the aid of a pole, I soon reached a position where I could chop a hole through to their nest. I caught one by his tail but he turned quickly, and came near catching my hand with his teeth. He then jumped and landed on the ground near my brother, who fired right and left, scoring a clean miss each time. The coon was now making off at a lively gait. I had all the extra shells in my pocket, and before I could throw any down to my brother he had dropped the gun and given chase to the fleeing coon. My brother always prided himself on his speed, but by putting forth his best efforts he could barely hold his own. It was a "straight away" race, with the odds in favor of the coon. The animal finally climbed on a fence and ran along the top rail. My brother saw his advantage, spurted ahead, got a club and when the coon came up, landed a blow which proved him more skillful with that weapon than with a gun.

He came back puffing like a wind broken horse, and carrying the coon by the tail. "I've—puff—got—puff—him," said he. Just then he realized it wasn't a dead coon he was carrying, and another resort to the club was necessary. I killed the other coon in the tree and threw it down.

Taking our game we struck a bee line for the other tree. It was an old hollow shell and we decided to chop it down. When it fell we had considerable difficulty in locating the coons. After chopping several holes we were pleased to see 2 nice fellows peeping out at us. While we were discussing how we could best dispatch them, one jumped out and was gone like a flash. I reached for him with my club but failed to score. I gave chase and headed him off. He ran back under the log by my brother, who tried to hit him, but failed. The coon turned again and went straight away through brush and briars so thick as to be almost impenetrable. I yelled to my brother to bring the gun, and went after the coon. The best I could do was to keep him in sight. Thought I could make him climb, but he probably knew those trees were not high enough to put him out of reach of a gun. Bang, went the gun and I knew my brother was having trouble with coon No. 2. My chase suddenly came to an end; the coon disappearing under a rock. I could see him there but decided not to tackle him until help arrived.

In a few minutes my brother hove in sight, carrying a large coon. He said he grabbed the gun and started to follow me, but remembered there was another coon in the tree and looked back just in time to see it leave. He quickly brought the gun to his shoulder and fired, with a result that proved his aim was true. Getting a stick and twisting into his fur, we soon had my coon where a club could reach him, and he was laid beside his mate. Our 4 coons made a goodly show, and as we turned homeward we knew this had been a "red letter day."

PETE'S DAY WITH THE RABBITS.

SEM.

A party of 5 of us recently had good sport and got a fair bag; but the feature of the day was not the game or the shooting—it was Pete. Pete is of Teutonic origin, and this was his "off-day."

He got lots of shots, but though he tried hard, he did not seem to connect. He carried his big 10 pound 10 bore, bravely, but misfortune had marked him for its own. We started to hunt a piece of swamp land, nice deep muck, with bunches of grass here and there to serve as a side walk, and there Pete met with his first mishap. His legs were too short or the bunches of grass were too far apart, and, as he soon tired of jumping, he determined to try a more natural means of locomotion; he walked. Then the trouble began. He had left his boots at home and wore shoes, and the soft black mire enveloped his shapely legs to his knees. He snorted and plunged, panted and puffed; he tried to walk slow, then he sank deeper; he tried to walk fast, then he got winded. Each foot weighed 100 pounds and when at last he did get out, he gasped "Py Ghee, so soon I get von foot out, de odder vos stuck shoost so fast." But Fortune was soon to dangle a prize before his eyes. Up from under his very feet sprang a cotton tail. With a convulsive jerk he swung his gun into place. His finger trembled on the trigger, but just then a big tree got in the way and Pete had to wait. Soon he caught sight of his prey again. Once more he readjusted himself, but by the time all was ready, another tree got in the way. Poor Pete! he lowered his gun in despair. He had come out to shoot rabbits, not to cut down trees. Again Fortune smiled. The rabbit squatted in plain sight, no tree, no bush now. Up went the deadly tubes, distance carefully measured, effect of recoil upon the aim, all were considered; eye, breech, muzzle and rabbit formed one straight line.

B-o-o-m! The ground shook, the shooter swayed; the mud was strewn with wads and clouds of smoke arose. Could there be a hair left? Yes: there he goes, badly frightened but safe and sound. Pete did not stop to explain, he just started for another rabbit.

For 2 hours he met with no further mishap; then, just at noon he saw something. "Vas ist das?" Can it be any rabbit would tempt fate, by calmly sitting still, with that gun in the neighborhood? Yes: there he is, all unconscious of danger. B-o-o-m! The hills echo and re-echo and as the smoke gently lifts, gently as if loath to uncover the work of ruin, there appears a great gaping rent in the ground, fully 10 feet from where the rabbit had been.

Pete reloaded thoughtfully and listened to faithful old Spot who was just sending that rabbit around the field. Soon it came back and as it went sailing past him, Pete shut both eyes, and turning his head that he might not see the awful ruin that was suddenly to overtake the rabbit, he let go. "Now py sheeminy, I make sure of dot nex rebbit," said Pete, as the game shot over the hill to stop with the next man.

Soon after this we came to a little creek, and improvised a bridge, out of a good stout rail that just reached across. I wore hip-boots and waded out to give each equilibrist a helping hand. "Now here comes de middle-weight," sung out Pete, and with his gun thrown jauntily across his arm, he started on his perilous journey. But something was wrong, and the rail "busted." Down went Pete. The frantic grab he made for the bank, threw him forward, and he got a good soaking.

Soon Spot had another rabbit on foot, and this rabbit, as if to console Pete, went up to him and sat still. Up went the gun, but missed fire. To the question, "Why didn't you try the other barrel?" Pete said, "I can't shoot mit der left." Pete was mad now. He espied, about 10 yards off, a poor little chippy-bird, "Now py ——, I shoots someding!" He aimed long and carefully, adjusted his second finger to the first trigger, and as the 10 bore roared out the little bird fell. But that was not all. He forgot to hold his gun firmly and, as if to punish him for shooting the poor bird, the butt slipped under his arm and the lever caught him square in the mouth. "Well, Pete, did you get anything?" said one of the men as he came up to the shooter. "Did I?" said Pete, "Shoost look at my snoot!"

That ended Pete's day with the rabbits. He had fun and so did we.

MAINE MOOSE AND DEER.

I went to Greenville, Maine, in October, and spent 7 weeks on the East branches of the Piscataquis river. We had a successful hunt. We all killed the legal number of deer. Some of the largest I ever saw were among those we captured. One of our boys went up Moose Head lake to Lake Chesuncook, with a guide. In one week from the day he started he was back to the home camp, having killed a large moose on Quaker brook. Its horns spread 54 inches, and its head weighed 110 pounds. It was the largest moose brought to Greenville Junction during our stay. Maine will always be a hunting ground, on account of the rapid growth of the spruce pine; which lumbermen tell me can be cut every 15 to 20 years. Hunters and guides say game is on the increase. Parties wishing a splendid time, will find the Moose Head lake country as good as any East of the rockies. Everything any camper could wish, in the way of provisions, canoes, and guides, can be had at the little towns. For moose and caribou, I would advise parties to go up the lake and over the carries of the Penobscot. For deer, anywhere about the Junction or about the railways one can kill all the law allows. Ducks were in abundance on West bog, a branch of the Piscataquis.

J. H. Wollam, Rising Sun, Ohio.

EN ROUTE TO ALASKA.

We are stuck here waiting for transportation North. Captain Abercrombie, and the rest of us are fuming at the necessary delay. Had a great time coming across the country, with the reindeer. Landed them safely in Seattle, and they are now at Pyramid harbor.

We expect to use some of them on our expedition to Port Wells and the Suchitna river, across to the Tanana. I hear there are 1,200 men at Valdez, trying to get over the glacier. Captain Howe is to go with our expedition as guide.

Seattle is the best outfitting point, for Alaska, with Tacoma second. Everything needful, of good quality and at reasonable prices.

When you get a bill changed here, they promptly give you gold in change. Everything is gold and silver.

If we don't find a way out from Port Wells, will go into Cook's Inlet and try another route.

I look forward to a trip full of hard work, but interesting and exciting. There may be times when we shall be glad to sup off rotten moose meat, or fish. Then I shall be reminded of the feasts we enjoyed at the Camp Fire Club, especially the time when Dan Beard set up the whale blubber.

George Baggs, of Seattle, an old Colorado prospector, has a partner in Alaska, whom I expect to see. He is an old timer there. He had an awful experience, being 3 days in a bear trap, in midwinter.

Luther S. Kelly, Vancouver, Wash.

MAINE'S GOOD GAME LAWS.

In answer to H. E. Barton, who in January RECREATION asks if any section has a law to limit the killing of game birds, I would say in Maine we have just such a law. As the amount of big game is limited, so is the small. No person can have in his possession, at one time, more than 30 birds of one variety. It is also unlawful to hunt game of any kind on Sunday. I notice communications from readers who oppose the using of metal-patched bullets, in the woods, on account of their great range and penetration. It is unlawful to use the metal-patched bullet on deer, moose and caribou in this State, under penalty of $50 for each offence. Who can doubt the wisdom of these 3 laws? Keep up the good work of roasting game hogs and pot-hunters. It seems to me Indiana has taken the most effective way of crushing the pot-hunter, by making the sale of game unlawful; for if there is no market for his game, he must give up his vocation.

G. S. Morton, Augusta, Me.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A SPORTSMAN AND A GAME HOG.

Amesbury, Mass.

Editor RECREATION: In this section we don't fully understand what a game hog is. No one here ever gets an over dose of game, but there are some of us who, had we the opportunity, might develope into hogs. I don't think many of our shooters would let a duck go by, within range, without trying to bag it. There must be a fine line between the sportsman and the game hog.

Suppose 2 men go hunting and each uses 25 shells. One man gets 20 birds out of his shooting; the other, say 4 or 5. Now is the former more of a hog than the latter simply because, with the chances equal, his superior skill enables him to score a larger bag?

Or, is there any point, in numbers of game secured, where the sportsman leaves off and the game hog takes his place.

I have shot for many years, and at nearly all kinds of game in this section; yet, I have never seen the man who failed to accept any chance offered because he had conscientious scruples about killing too many birds or deer. I know the Maine law regarding deer (only 2 to each hunter) does not deter the sportsman from sending a bullet after the third one; and I do not understand how an unwritten law will stop a man's shooting too many head of any game.

I voice the desire of several in New England, especially in Eastern Massachusetts, in asking you to state the exact point where the sportsman leaves off and the game hog comes in evidence.

H. F. Chase.

ANSWER.

The term "Game Hog," means a man who kills more than a reasonable bag of game in a day, or on a single hunting trip.

Now comes the question, what is a reasonable bag? Of course this varies under different circumstances. There is an unwritten law, however, among all high minded sportsmen of the present day, that a reasonable bag of game, for any one season would be: One moose, one deer, one mountain sheep, one white goat, one bear, one antelope.

For a single day's shooting: Two wild turkeys, 3 wild geese, 10 ducks, 10 grouse of any species, 10 squirrels, 12 quails or other small birds.

If a man makes a trip to a ducking country, a grouse country or a quail country, it is generally agreed that he may kill the number of birds specified above, on each consecutive day for, say a week, provided the weather and other conditions are such that he can save all the game.

You suppose a case of 2 men going on to the marshes, each provided with 25 shells. One man gets 20 birds with his 25 shells. If he does this, then he gets twice as many as he should, and hence becomes a game hog. If he be of the highest type of sportsman, of the present day, he will quit on the 10th bird, no matter how thick they may be flying, or how many birds he *could* kill with the unused shells he may still have in his belt.

I am aware there are but few men in any town or city who absolutely quit when they get enough, if there be an opportunity to get more; yet there are, in the aggregate, thousands of such in the country at large. If all men would do as these latter, then we should have plenty of game for all time to come. If all men had been doing, for the past 20 years, as these men do now, we would not be hearing the doleful lamentations that come from every quarter of this broad land as to the scarcity, or the total extinction of the game in various localities.

True we are taking advanced ground; but the time has come when we must occupy it, or submit to the total destruction of every kind of game bird and mammal in the country, within the next 10 years.

Which would you rather be—a high minded, up to date sportsman, or a game hog? Would you not rather quit on your 10th bird, or your first deer, and see the game of the country preserved and perpetuated for ages to come, than go in and kill your 20 or 50 birds at every opportunity, and leave the whole country a barren desert—so far as game is concerned—within a few years.

Several states have enacted laws placing limits on the bag for each man, for a season or a day, on about the basis of the schedule above. All the other states should follow this example at once. In fact all states *should* have had such laws long ago.

Each sportsman should look beyond his own selfish interest. He should have some regard for his children and his grandchildren. He should have some regard for posterity in general. He should have some regard for the beauties of nature. What would all our great marshes and lakes be, without a water fowl sailing or drifting over them? What would our uplands and our great prairies be without a grouse or a quail? What would our forests be without a deer or a squirrel, or a song bird? What would our Western mountains be without an elk, a mountain sheep or any other large mammal?

Yet as I have said, unless we do consider something else than our own love of sport, or our own love of slaughter, then we must expect to see the whole country as barren of game, in 10 years, as the Alaskan glaciers are of roses.

You say you have shot for many years and yet have never seen the man who would fail to take every shot that offered. God pity the blood-thirsty wretches you have been hunting with! You admit that your friends and companions are, or have been, or would be law breakers if an opportunity offered. You admit that the laws of Maine limit each hunter to 2 deer. Yet you or your friends would certainly shoot the third if you knew you would not be caught at it. This is a most pitiable confession for any man to make who claims to be a sportsman. Whenever you or your friends have killed deer in Maine, or anywhere else, in excess the number allowed by law, or of the number needed for camp use, or to take home to your families, you have descended to the level of game hogs, and your names should all be so recorded, that the public at large might know you.

I wish you had been with me on some of my many trips in the South and West. I could have shown you many places where men have stood and looked at great bands of elk, or deer, or mountain sheep, or at great rafts of water fowl, or great packs of prairie chickens, within easy range, and where not a shot has been fired, because the men did not need game. According to your admissions you and your friends would have killed all you could of these birds or animals, whether you had use for them or not.

With 2 friends I stood on the wall of the Black Canyon, in the Big Horn mountains, 17 years ago, and for half an hour watched a band of 150 elk that were almost under our feet. We could have thrown a rock in the midst of them, yet we had all the meat we needed and had had all the sport we wanted; therefore we did not fire a shot at these animals. We had plenty of cartridges in our belts, and more on our pack horses; but we were not game hogs, even in that early day. The annals of field sports are full of such records. The readers of Recreation could write down thousands of them for your instruction. In fact many of them have already been written and published.

I trust you will speedily change your mind as to the justice and expediency of any man killing all the game he can, without regard to law or decency.—Editor.

QUEER JUSTICE.

Chester, Pa.

Editor Recreation: I have been requested by Dr. D. P. Maddux, who is a member of the L. A. S., to call your attention to a case that was decided against the Delaware County Fish and Game Protective Association, in the Delaware County Court, to-day. The facts in the case are that on January 15th we caused the arrest of 2 men for having in their possession, and exposing for sale rabbits, out of season. The men were taken before an Alderman, convicted and fined. They refused to pay the fine, and appealed the case to court. When the case came before the Grand Jury, we produced 4 witnesses who testified to the defendants having these rabbits in their possession, out of season. What did the Grand Jury do but ignore the evidence and the bill and place the entire costs on me, personally?

How or by what authority they held me, personally, for the costs I do not know; for in the first place in entering the complaint I did it in the name of our Association, as Secretary; and we clearly proved, to the Alderman and to the grand jury, that my charges were true. This is shown by the fact that the Alderman fined the men.

In the second place the action was brought on behalf of the commonwealth, as every one knows all game mammals are commonwealth property.

Then again, what right had this grand jury to deprive us of a trial in court, after producing sufficient evidence to show that the defendents did have this game in their possession, out of season?

The affair appears to us as being a grave injustice, from beginning to end; and it behooves all persons interested in the protection of game to seek some means of overcoming such infamous proceedings. Why should I, as an individual, or as an officer, interest myself in the enforcement of the game laws, knowing that I may be subjected to greater prosecution than the law breaker himself, when taken into court. These grand(?) jurymen have no more right to hold us responsible for these costs, than they have a policeman who arrests a thief.

Our game law of '97 is clear; but when a grand (?) jury becomes prosecutor, defendant, judge, jury, and all, where is our remedy?

This is a case that is of vital interest to every one in our State, and I trust you will give it your attention, and furnish us with any information, or plan whereby we can get justice in the matter.

W. L. Burk.

ANSWER.

Your experience is certainly an unique one, and a tough one. It is said there is but one thing that God does not know; and that is, what the verdict of a petit jury will be. It seems we might now amend this old adage by including the recent grand (?) jury of your county.

There can be but one explanation of this strange proceeding, and that is that at least a majority of these are pot hunters and game hogs. If they had been decent, law abiding citizens they would undoubtedly have indicted these game law violators, on the evidence you claim you have furnished, and would have sent them to the proper court for trial.

I presume you have simply no means of legal redress. This is one of the evils that must be endured. I trust, however, your associates have protected you, and have not allowed you to personally pay the costs in this infamous proceeding.

I hope you will send me the names and addresses of all the members of this remarkable grand jury, in order that I may send them marked copies of this issue of RECREATION.

One means that might possibly reform these men would be to induce as many as possible of your friends and neighbors to join the L. A. S. In this way, we would be able to spread the gospel of game protection throughout your county, and this grand (?) jury might, in time, be taught their duty toward decent people.

HOW ABOUT THE GAME PRESERVES?

Portage County, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: I am pleased with the stand you take regarding the game and fish hogs. Give them solid shot at every opportunity. There is another class that I think come very near the hog line, though these same parties term themselves true sportsmen.

I refer to the clubs who buy or lease large tracts of fishing or hunting grounds, for their own exclusive use; and even though their tracts should include the only place for such sport in the vicinity, they peremptorily refuse to allow others to shoot on their domain.

We all know they have a legal right to do as they like, with their own property, but from the standpoint of justice to others, is this right? People in our State, except those owning the preserve, think these men are nearly as big hogs as those who bag more game occasionally, in one day, than they can use at that time. What do you think about it Mr. Editor? Nimrod.

ANSWER.

This is another of the knotty problems that many of the sportsmen of to-day are compelled to struggle with. At first sight it looks like a hardship to the many, for the few to buy or lease large tracts of land, and forbid others to shoot or fish thereon; yet these few have just as good a right to do this as any man has to buy a piece of land, fence it up, and forbid others to enter upon it for any other purpose. It would be just as unreasonable for me to complain of not being allowed to go on my neighbor's land and dig his potatoes or harvest his apples and eat them, as it would be for me to complain of not being allowed to go on his tract of marsh land and shoot ducks; or to go to his private trout stream, and catch his trout. The right of property is guaranteed to every man, by the constitution of the United States, and by the laws of the several states; and no man can reasonably complain of his neighbor, or of any number of his neighbors, exercising this right provided they have secured a legal title to the property in question.

TOO MANY DEER.

I live in the backwoods of Sawyer county, Wis., on a homestead; and have cleared and fenced about 4 acres, which I have planted with garden truck. The fence is made according to the statutes of this State; but the deer do not care a snap for fence or statutes, when they see the tender sprouts in the field. My hound was killed by game wardens, while driving off and following deer in the woods. One morning of last July, when I opened the door of my log cabin, I found 9 full grown deer in my clearing, devouring my crop. With my old muzzle loading shotgun I was only able to scare them, as it will not kill rabbits at 20 yards distance. I am a poor man and have to depend for a living on what I can raise on the homestead. This fall there is not enough left for my winter supply. Now what shall I do? Will the State pay me for my loss? I am not much of a hunter, on account of poor eyesight, or I would do my best to make the trespassers pay for what they eat and ruin. There are hundreds of poor settlers in North Wisconsin suffering in the same way. All would welcome some of the despised "game hogs" to protect their fields. We are allowed to kill potato bugs, but have to let the deer depart in peace, after they have destroyed our crops.

Christian Logge, Sawyer County, Wis.

GAME HOGS.

Windsor, Colo.

Editor RECREATION: We have it on good authority that 2 small hunting parties, each numbering 4 or 5, killed 170, and over 200 ducks, a few days ago, in the vicinity of Windsor. We were foolish enough to think that Colorado had a game law to protect the ducks from such wanton destruction; but must have been mistaken. We supposed 20 ducks at one time was the legal limit for each person, for one day; but it seems the restriction is generally disregarded. We also supposed game was the common property of all the people and that all had equal rights and privileges before the law. It seems this is not so; for men band together, buy exclusive rights, and exemption from the pains and penalties of violated law, to hunt on our lakes and reservoirs, because they have more money than the commonalty. These men exclude all but the favored few, and exterminate the game without let or hindrance.

We are also informed that wheat is scattered around the lakes. This attracts the ducks from every quarter, the slaughter begins, and the hoggish propensity is glutted.

If the restraining law is not rigidly enforced, a few more years will witness the entire annihilation of all our water fowls in Colorado.

This is to caution all our people, especially all sportsmen, to keep within proper bounds, and not recklessly engage in the wanton destruction of our game—what little is left. Those who delight in wanton destruction of our game birds are dangerous citizens, and should be shunned.

Geo. J. Rowe.

WITH THE GROUSE IN MICHIGAN.

One morning I started to hunt over the 4 miles to where my friend Bill was stopping. About 2 miles from town my setter pointed. In endeavoring to get closer to him I straddled a log—when whir-r-r—from under it went the first grouse of the season, without my firing a shot. In a patch of alders the dog flushed a wily old cock, and just as he reached the top of the brush I caught him, and he struck the ground with a thud. At Saddle-bag lake, formerly a favorite haunt for grouse, I found one more bird. I saw but 3 birds all day; yet when I reached Bill's, he congratulated me on having seen so many. Owing to the failure of the beech-nut crop, the birds have migrated from that part of the country. The next morning we started for the lumber country, 12 miles North of Evart; sending our things by wagon, while we walked, and hunted on the way.

On the third day we were up early, and found the birds plentiful. We came in at night, tired but happy, with 11 big birds. When I returned home, at the end of a week, with 42 grouse and 17 quails, I felt I had my share for one season. I shoot 2¾ drams of smokeless powder and 1⅛ oz. of No. 8 soft shot. I find I can kill as far with my 28 inch open gun as I ever could with a 30 inch choke bore.

Guy D. Lundy, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

SOME CALIFORNIA DUCK HOGS.

Here is a report of some exploits of certain members of the family *swinus merganser—var. Californicus.*

> Wednesday of this week was the banner day for duck shooting, in this neighborhood. Thousands of widgeon visited us and fed on the farmer's grain, in ponds and along creeks. On that day Dr. C. F. Grant had the shoot of his life. He bagged 82 birds. J. H. Durst killed 48. Frank and Sam Enochs and Nate Hollingshead brought in over 70.
>
> The day following there was no shooting. Where Dr. Grant killed 82 Wednesday he got but 10 Thursday, and where Durst got 48 he bagged but 29. This is the story from all hunters. The ducks left, or else refused to fly.
>
> While speaking of Wednesday we must not fail to mention the exploit of Joe Hollingshead, at pot shooting. At his ranch he baited a small pond which he could approach behind an embankment. The ducks soon crowded the hole and Joe went forth to the slaughter with his old muzzle-loader heavily charged. He fired one barrel and knew no more. When he came to his senses, a few seconds later, his face was bleeding and sore and before him the water was sprinkled with dead ducks. The old gun had worked both ways. As Joe picked up and counted 20 ducks he felt of his face and began to figure how many ducks he would have killed had he been able to fire the second barrel.

Wheatland (Cal.) "Four Corners."

I am informed that J. H. Durst, who is mentioned in the above report, is the editor of the "Four Corners," and he at least should have known better than to have been found in this herd of swine. Many game hogs are ignorant of the laws, and even of the ethics of sportsmanship, but a man who reads, and a man who assumes to write stuff for others to read, should certainly be far above such dirty work as is credited to these 4 animals.

Note the lamentation of the editor, where he says, "The day following there was no shooting." He seems surprised that the ducks should have fled from a country where they were so ruthlessly slaughtered; but if they had not done so, they would have displayed far less intelligence than their pursuers did. Any duck that had as much sense as a mud hen would take the hint and get out of a country that was infested with such vermin.

Editor Durst seems to entertain an unfavorable opinion of Joe Hollingshead because of his pot shooting tendencies, and while the old gun treated Joe exactly right, he is not a bit more a pot hunter than Mr. Durst, Dr. Grant, the Enochs or Nat. Hollingshead. Joe at least had sense enough to quit when he got enough, while the others did not.

A HEART SHOT AND SOME FOXES.

W. T. FOGLE.

I can heartily second all Hon. L. A. Huffman says in regard to heart shots not proving instantly fatal.

While hunting on the headwaters of Moon Creek in Canyon City mountains, Eastern Oregon, I discovered 3 deer. Two were lying down, while the third stood guard, meanwhile feeding near by.

I crept up a small gulch to within 75 yards of them and saw all 3 lying down. Selecting the best looking one, I aimed back of the shoulder and fired. The deer sprang to its feet, ran about 125 yards across the gulch and fell. On examination I found fully one-half the heart shot away.

I have shot a number of deer through the heart, that have run from 50 yards to ¼ mile.

The photo of red foxes, on page 435 of Recreation, reminds me of a silver fox at Wickiup Flat, where I and Buckskin Sam camped 2 weeks in the summer of '89. She had her den in a small rimrock about ½ mile from our camp. Although we frequently saw her it was only once that her little ones were seen. One evening Sam saw them all playing near an old pine log. They were capering about like so many kittens. On discovering Sam they scudded into their hole, and one bright-eyed little fellow poked his head out and barked his shrill warning. Almost instantly the mother appeared, and with all her art endeavored to draw Sam's attention from her little ones. The mother love was so strong that, when Sam approached her den she came within 10 paces of him.

PRACTICAL GAME PROTECTION.

Berthoud, Colo.

Editor Recreation: The shooting was fine here last spring, ducks and geese being plentiful, but as nearly all the private lakes or reservoirs are either posted or rented, it is difficult matter for a "foreigner" to get any shooting. I have been, for a number of years, trying to get the farmers to keep the hunters away, and it is being done now. In consequence we have lots of ducks nesting around here, every summer. I allow no one to shoot on my lake, not even myself; and it is a pleasure to see at least 100 little yellow dumplings swimming around with their mothers, perfectly secure from hunters or hawks, as I wage an eternal war on the latter.

Last summer, while cutting alfalfa, I found about a dozen duck nests, and as I raised the cutter bar and left a shelter of hay standing around them, the eggs all hatched and ultimately found their way into my lake, safe from intrusion. The young ducks would frequently come into the barn-yard, to eat with my Pekins. I thought a lot of the little things and would as soon commit murder as kill one of them

Frank Cook.

Here is an excellent lesson for farmers. If they would all take as good care of the birds' nests they find as Mr. Cook does, bird life would be much more abundant than now, even in spite of all the killing.

Don't raise the birds for sportsmen to kill; but raise them and then forbid all men to harm them—just as Mr. Cook does.
—Editor.

FUR, FIN AND FEATHERS.

Have just had a day's hunt with Prof. O. J. Blanchard, and his famous pack of dogs. With 8 dogs we arrived at the coon dens at daybreak. The dogs treed 2 coons, before the latter had time to reach their dens in the rocks. The fox dogs found a fox track. We turned them loose, and they soon had the fox running. The ground was damp and they had no trouble in keeping close to their game. We had no chance to shoot, as he did not come within range. As the chase swept past us, we loosed the 2 lurchers.

They passed the other dogs. Coming up with the fox the leading lurcher struck him with his shoulder. Over rolled the fox; and before he could regain his feet, the second dog caught him, and brought him to us.

We left the 2 coons and the fox at a house near by, and went on toward Mt. McGregor.

In a patch of briars, on the way, the dogs found a lot of rabbits. Four bunnies were run in, where we could catch them. The rest got to holes in the ground.

In a thick clump of pines, a little farther along, the Professor and I each secured a grouse. We now had all the game we cared to carry, and took the road for home.

W. B. Scoten, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS IN OHIO.

The open season for rabbits, squirrels, quails, ruffed grouse and mongolian pheasants expired December 15, after nearly 4 months of the best hunting we have enjoyed for several years. Rabbits were unusually plenty, and despite incessant shooting by market hunters and game hogs, there are sufficient left for seed. Quails were more numerous than ever before and most of them escaped the would-be nimrods of these parts. The quails were wild, and when a covey was flushed they would fly high; rising from the ground perpendicularly. Cover for them is excellent, and if they can escape hawks, and that depraved specimen of humanity, the person who hunts during the close season, we will have splendid shooting next season. We have good game laws, and the State game warden lives here. As a result, violations of the law are becoming less frequent than formerly. Grouse and mongolian pheasants are seen oftener, and in time we will have good grouse shooting. The pheasants cannot be killed until the fall of 1900. State Game Warden Reutinger liberated 2,500 pairs of pheasants, last fall, and as they are a hardy bird, there should be thousands of them in Ohio when the time for lawfully shooting them comes around.

W. B. C., Athens, O.

WYOMING GAME.

I have been continuously in the game districts of Wyoming, since the 14th of July, '97. Have had every opportunity to observe the present condition of the game, and to estimate the quantity killed, during the past year.

There has been a large decrease in the number of bull elk and yearlings. The hard winter of 1896-7 made havoc among the elk. The bulls are not as well horned this season as of late years. All that survived the winter were in too poor a condition to grow large horns.

Deer in this country are not plentiful. Mountain lions keep them reduced in number. About 600 sheep winter on the tributaries of the Snake river. From time to time a competent guide procures a fine head, for his party.

Mr. Frank Peterson secured 2 heads, and James Simpson, also, was fortunate. Few sheep were killed, however.

Antelope use the ranges, in this locality, during the summer only. They are being exterminated rapidly.

Bears have been plentiful this season. Some have been shot, others trapped, and more are still roaming.

Little has been accomplished in the way of game protection during the past year.

W. L. Simpson, Jackson, Wyo.

HOW SHALL WE CLASS THESE MEN?

I forward you to-day a picture of duck shooting on Grizzly bay.

The old man (with a beard) sitting on this end at the scow, is C. J. LeGros, the most noted market hunter in California.

One of the other 2 is cook and skipper. The game has to be carried about 15 miles in a duck boat, to Dutton's Landing, where the river steamer picks it up, for San Francisco market.

The third man is a hunter who came aboard to have his picture taken.

My first day's shoot was from 12 m. to 4.30 p. m.—128 birds bagged; 97 teal, 15 mallards, 14 sprig, 1 gadwall, 1 widgeon. No flock shots and no water shots made. I was shooting for sport and birds flew about all the time.

The next day I shot from about 12 m. till 2 p. m., killing 34—mallards, sprigs and teal. Then I ran out of shells and had to come home.

"Le" shot the same day, in the afternoon, killing 74. Total number of ducks on the scow, when picture was taken, 236.

Jas. Maynard, Jr., 653 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

See picture on page 437. I will leave it to the readers of Recreation to name these men, each to his own liking. What do you call them?—Editor.

GAME NOTES.

A reader has asked me to publish an illustrated article on how to skin and cut up a deer, or other large game animal. The first part of this question is one for a taxidermist or a naturalist, while the second part is one for a butcher. Is there among all the readers of Recreation a man who is an expert in both of these lines? If so, will he kindly write a brief, terse, yet full description, of the process of skinning and cutting up a deer, into roasts and other pieces of suitable size to give to one's friends, or to hang up in the ice box for future reference?

As to skinning an animal, full information on that point is given in Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," pages 39-42. This book is published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York City.

Elk, deer, and sheep are plentiful here. They seem to be holding their own if not increasing in number, sheep in particular. Some years ago, sheep scab killed vast numbers, but of late no trace of it has been seen. Bear have been more plentiful this year than for some years past. Grouse and trout are numerous. We certainly have a fine game country, and any sportsman can be assured of a good time if accompanied by a competent guide.

We have a few men who pose as guides, but who are mere imitations. Sportsmen should make it a point to avoid them and secure the services of competent and reliable men.

Jack Hurst, Ishawood, Wyo.

"A letter from Mr. Wood Duck," in January Recreation, brought to mind an item I read in a New York daily. I quote the following from it: "Mr. Small of Philadelphia, Pa., shot 10 swans, 2 geese and 50 ducks in one day." In another place the same paper speaks of 2 men from Hoboken, N. J., shooting 15 swans, 25 geese, 50 ducks and 10 snow geese. I think these 3 men must have good long bristles.

R. C. Reed, Fair Haven, Vt.

AN AFTERNOON'S RECREATION.

MORRIS.

I try to be a good man and aim to live in a proper way; and have tried to think my wife used excellent judgment when she chose me for a husband. To be sure, I gave her every opportunity to think well of me, visiting her nearly every evening and, perhaps, showing the best side of my character. Now a man may mean well and try hard, but when he gets to be 40 he usually acquires a hobby, or a vice that he needs to guard against. My particular extravagance is a sailboat, and one of my pleasures is fishing. I aim to limit myself in the summer to one day a week, and then go without any vacation; as by so doing I can keep along in my business to better advantage than if I left it entirely for 2 weeks.

I had already taken my day, in the week in question, when one morning in the latter part of August, I had occasion to drive to the railway station, located between the town and Long Island sound. I transacted my business and was just about to start for the store again, when a friend asked me if I knew the bluefish had struck on. " No. When did they come? " I asked. " I don't know when they came, but yesterday afternoon one boat caught 38 and another 25; and they run fair size, too, from 2 to 3 pounds. At sundown they told me the reef was alive with them, but the wind dropped, and they had to leave."

On the way up town, I carefully thought the matter over. There were 3 little children home and not a mouthful of fish in the house. I imagined how delighted my wife would be with a fresh bluefish, and how nice one would taste for breakfast. In fact, I thought the matter over so much that I stopped at the store of a friend and told him how the case stood. He was fixed a good deal as I was, with not a mouthful of fish in his house; and he responded readily to my invitation to go fishing after dinner. " Anybody else going? " he inquired. " No; not that I know of." " Well, let's ask Pete." Ask him we did, and a newspaper man was added to the party. " Now, what time do you want to start? " they asked me. " Oh, I think if you are at the dock by 2 o'clock it will be about right. Fish should bite best the latter part of the afternoon." So 2 o'clock, we made it.

At the appointed time, my 2 friends, Harry and Pete, met me at the wharf. Harry had the deep sagacity to bring a pie, and Pete, a bag of doughnuts. I furnished the water, a jug of which I already had in the boat. You never can tell when you will get back from such a trip and the subject of victuals is, at times, an important one. My boat was the best it was ever my good fortune to own. In length she measured some 20 feet over all, with a beam of 7 feet. With her white hull and tapering spars she was as pretty a marine picture as one would often see. Nor was her beauty all confined to her looks. She was hung, as boatmen say, just right, and a child could steer her in any weather. Her long flat floor made her stiff, and often, with the rest of the fleet wallowing through it with jibs lifted and mainsails fluttering, in a strong breeze, we would just have our washboard down even with the water.

Our fishing ground lay 4 miles off shore and about a mile Northwest of a large island with a lighthouse on it. The wind was Southwest, and brought the reef dead to windward of us. After rowing out of the narrow creek, we trimmed our sheets flat aft, to work out of the harbor and out to sea. Back and forth across the channel we went. Now well over to the salt meadows on the East side; and again, close to the point on the West shore, with its big hotel and crowd of guests lounging in the shade and children playing in the sand. At last we weather the point and make a long tack to the Westward, up under the shore through the Southwest channel and across the bay, then around we come and head for the reef. A glorious afternoon it was, one of those times when it is good to be alive. And then, as Pete said, considering the destitute condition of our families, we felt as though we were doing some good in the world. Half an hour, and the rip on the reef was in plain sight, and over went the lines.

Not a fish was in sight, but it was still early. We cruised the length of the reef in the slack and back again in the rough water, without getting a rise. An hour was spent in a fruitless research for the fish. We tried Stony Island reef, with the same result. The sun was sinking lower in the West, and the wind was dropping as well, and yet no fish. Harry had just asked me if there were any fresh fish in the market, when I saw one leap, some 40 rods away, and to the windward of us. Then another broke, and another, until the water was alive with the leaping fish. But the tide was strong, and the wind rapidly growing less. It was of no use; and 3 disappointed men sat and watched the show, with never a chance to get the coveted dainties. The sun sank behind the Western horizon, and with sails idly flapping we took the 10 foot oars and started for home. Two hours of hard work and we reached our moorings.

A little later, we carefully picked out the freshest looking bluefish from the icebox of our local dealer and, politely declining his offer of paper to wrap them in, we went to our several homes. I remember as we were going up the street, each with his fish, that Pete asked Harry if he knew how many different kinds of a darn fool a man could be. Harry gave it up.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE ON TOMAHAWK LAKE.

Marion, Ind.

Editor Recreation: Our vacation, and where we should spend it, had been the subject of most of our conversation for some time. At last, we concluded to take the advice of some friends and try the lakes which abound in the Northern part of Wisconsin. We left here one hot sultry day, in August.

Our destination, Tomahawk lake, was reached the following afternoon. We hurried to the hotel and were soon ready for a pull out on the lake.

The first afternoon we were disappointed; but seeing others coming in with strings of bass and pike, we knew there were fish, and fish we were bound to have. Next morning, our guide, Patrick Deeney, Mr. R. and I started for the West arm of the lake, which is about 8 miles from the wharf. A good lunch and a jug of milk were put aboard the boat and, of course, the ever present camera. We fished over a good deal of ground, gradually working our way to Gibbs point, where we were to lunch. The Gibbs party had taken frying pan, lard, etc., so we might enjoy a fish fry. If Mr. George Gibbs ever should want the place of chef in a hotel, I think suitable recommendations could be furnished him. His fish were done to a turn, even if they were turned with a forked stick.

After taking some snap shots of the situation, we started on up the lake. We fished until almost night, every one doing his best.

The party came home tired, but elated over the day's catch. Every day was a repetition of the one preceding it; always in the boat or wandering through the big pine woods in search of botanical and geological specimens. Some of my friends think they could not sit still in a boat, to fish. Let them, for 15 or 20 minutes, play a 3-pound bass, or an 8½-pound pike, as I did, and they would grow enthusiastic over fishing, too. I can feel that electric thrill in my arm yet, as it came up through my little steel rod. Let me tell the ladies a thing or 2. When you are tired out in body and mind, with all the vexations that go with keeping house, just pile a few old things in your grip, and tell that husband of yours you want to go fishing with him. I will guarantee your headaches and household cares will disappear as if by magic; and after your first experience with a small mouthed bass you will always be a devoted fisherwoman.

Et Cetera.

A SURREJOINDER IN THE OUANANICHE CASE.

Burlington, Vt.

Editor Recreation: I have a word more to say about the ouananiche, and my reasons for regarding that fish with less favor than some writers claim it deserves. I have had some experience with game fishes. In fact, I have been fishing for them 40 years. In the last 13 years have caught them in Nova Scotia, Canada, and in 14 States of the Union, and therefore believe I know something of a fighting fish and how to handle a rod. The latter I can prove by the 21 pound 10 ounce, lake trout exhibited in a window on Washington Street, Boston, some 4 or 5 years ago. During that time I have seen 3 men only, that as fishermen with light tackle, would rank as Gilbert and R. Heiks do among shot gun men. One, the best, was at the Grande Decharge last June. Two or 3 things have been admitted anyway. The Decharge may be over fished. There may be times when the ouananiche loses his nerve. And 4 pounds is a big one. Now then, a lady, with hardly any experience in fishing, borrowed an old cheap rod at the hotel, and brought in an ouananiche that weighed nearly 4 pounds. As her name, with an account of her catch, is recorded on the hotel books, I give it here: Mrs. S. W. Ritter, of Philadelphia.

"You must learn all over again. No previous experience is of any value." Opinions do not amount to anything? Well, here are facts to consider. Could the lady have landed a trout of that weight, in a boiling, roaring stream?

H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, is a fisherman of mature age and wide experience. Here is what he had to say, after having fished the Metabetchouan and Grand Decharge: "Philadelphia, September 8, 1897. I am glad you wrote as you did in Recreation, about the ouananiche. It is a much overrated fish, and does not compare with the trout and salmon. Go for him; I will back you up." That's another opinion based on experience, and as reliable as any. It is better than some which, if common report is true, were written to boom business for R. R. and hotel people. I have plenty more of the same sort, but one is as good as 100.

The ouananiche resembles a mackerel in shape and color. Some jump out of water and some do not. They are a game fish, but cannot out jump all the bass nor outfight all the trout. The hotel rates are high. The trains run every other day, up to about June 15; boats next day, and same way on the return trip. I believe it is any sportsman's privilege to express his opinion of any fish or fishing ground. I have stated the truth as it appears to me. I have no friends to reward or enemies to punish.

J. C. French, M.D.

WORK OF WISCONSIN WARDENS.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

Editor Recreation: A party of deputy fish and game wardens, assisted by Sheriff Shafer of Fond du Lac, captured 117,900 feet of nets, 9 miles off Oshkosh, last winter. When the news reached Oshkosh, fishermen there became furious. A party of 35 armed fishermen started out to meet the victorious wardens, and recapture their nets at any cost. Chartering an ice boat, a local reporter sailed out and informed the wardens of their danger. By the aid of glasses, the wardens saw, and easily avoided the excited fishermen. Had the 2 parties met, bloodshed would have followed. Twenty-nine names were taken and arrests will follow. In the 2 sleigh loads of nets taken were 393 gill nets, averaging 300 feet in length (between 22 and 23 miles) valued at $3,144.

William Able, of Oshkosh, was recently convicted of illegal fishing, and is now serving sentence in Fond du Lac jail. This is the first of 29 similar cases that will follow, and is a great victory, for the state of Wisconsin. A good deal of night angling is being done on Lake Winnebago, through the ice. A bright light is used to attract the fish to an opening, where they take the hook readily. Fifty to 100 pounds is said to be the average night's catch, for one man. Fish caught during the past 2 weeks were ready to spawn. Therefore the season should have closed 6 weeks ago. Some months ago a man named Lucia was convicted of illegal fishing, and his sailing yacht confiscated. The boat's timbers were chopped to splinters, and the sails burned. Lake Winnebago was the scene of another raid, in which the warden captured 72 nets, and 8 barrels of fish. When catching fish that are ready to spawn, fishermen do not seem to think they are "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." S. L. C.

WHAT THE LOCH LEVEN TROUT IS LIKE.

Please describe the Loch Leven Trout, in the columns of Recreation. Do you consider them valuable for inland lakes, in Michigan?

W. F. Prescott, Leslie, Mich.

ANSWER.

The Loch Leven Trout may be described as follows:

Body rather more elongate than in our Eastern Brook Trout; head pointed; caudal peduncle slender. A double row of teeth usually present along the body of the vomer, and a transverse row of 3 or 4 opposite its junction with the palatines. Fins moderate, the caudal emarginate, becoming square in large individuals.

Color, generally grayish or greenish along the back, lighter on sides and belly; round black spots on head; upper half of body with numerous x-shaped or even rounded black spots; dorsal fin gray, with numerous black, white-edged spots, but without any white tip to fin. The young have the par marks like most other trout, and small reddish spots are also present which usually soon disappear.

The Loch Leven Trout was originally an inhabitant of Loch Leven and other small lakes of Scotland, but it has been introduced into many other waters. It seems better suited to lakes than to streams, and might thrive in the small cold lakes of Michigan.

It attains a weight of several pounds, the largest one I have seen recorded weighing 18 pounds. The average size probably does not exceed 4 or 5 pounds. One example in the ponds at Howieton, 6 years old, weighed 7 pounds.

This trout is generally highly esteemed, not only for the red color of its flesh, but because it possesses a peculiar delicacy of flavor.

Like the Brook Trout this trout ascends streams for purposes of spawning, which occurs in the fall, between September and November inclusive. It is, I believe, not regarded as possessing good game qualities.

The U. S. Fish Commission has cultivated the Loch Leven Trout to some extent, and has met with good success with the plants which it has made in numerous small lakes.

SALT WATER NOTES.

Asbury Park, N. J.

Editor Recreation: Little has yet been done in the line of angling, in this vicinity. April is always a month of expectancy and is ever one of small results, so far as salt water fishing is concerned. White perch are plentiful in our tidal streams, and are taking the hook fairly well.

There are many surprises in store for the angler who is skeptical in relation to the merits of this fish. With trout tackle, and a fair amount of endeavor, coupled with the "how and where," there is sport at hand for the wielder of the rod. The perch will take a large variety of baits, but of all, the salt water shrimp is far and away the best.

Flounders are now in evidence, in all the streams, and afford some sport. They are better than no fish, to take on the line, but little can be said of their game qualities. They are, however, welcome, as they are the first to break the monotony of our long winter wait. A great disappointment is felt at the almost total absence of the whiting, which was so abundant last year and which afforded such grand sport throughout the entire winter. The cod has not put in appearance in-shore, so the winter has been a fishless one.

Preparations are now well under way to

welcome the king of salt water fishes—the striped bass—which is due here at any time; though few are taken in the surf earlier than May 15th. June is the best month for that fish.

As the bass and kingfish are both gloriously game, and as June is their best month with us I will later furnish you a chapter on each species, as I have found them for many years, together with the tackle, bait, time of tide and the most successful hours for taking them.

To me there is a charm in salt water fishing to be found in no other manner. I freely acknowledge the pleasure of a stroll along meadow and forest stream, in quest of *fontinalis;* the glories of a struggle with muscalonge, or salmon is most inspiriting. But the solemn grandeur of sea and river, when fishing conditions are at their best, always make a deep impression on me and leave a conviction that it is not all of fishing to catch fish.

Leonard Hulit.

FISHING AT HENDERSON HARBOR.

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: Several years ago, I got my fishing tackle together, and with my family, started for Henderson Harbor, on Lake Ontario. We went to an old farm house where we staid all summer and lived on fish and all the good things one is able to get on a large farm. The morning after our arrival I started, bright and early, with my boatman, to find some black bass. We fished all day and caught 50 beauties that weighed from one pound to 3. We were not allowed to keep any that weighed less than a pound. The boatman are strict in enforcing that rule.

One of the most pleasant trips I had was taken to Galloup island, 12 miles out in the lake from the Harbor, and containing about 300 acres. There is a light house on one of the points, and about 100 yards out from that is an immense bowlder, around which hundreds of bass find a feeding ground.

A party of 7 gentlemen (?) and 3 boatmen started, in a yacht, one Monday morning for the island, on a 3 days' fishing trip. The weather was favorable for the sport, and we had a fine time. We returned Wednesday evening with between 600 and 700 bass, weighing from 2 to 5 pounds apiece. It was the finest catch ever made there, by any one party. I fished altogether about 50 days, that summer, at the Harbor, and succeeded in capturing about 900 bass; keeping the family well supplied with fish.

G. W. H.

Note the interrogation point after "gentlemen." G. W. H. forgot to put it there, but I have supplied it. Still there is really no doubt as to the species to which either G. W. H. or his fellow fishers belong. They are all fish hogs, if this report is anywhere near accurate.—EDITOR.

UNCLE TOM'S LAMPREY EEL.

Uncle Tom, now dead, was a great sportsman, fond of both fishing and hunting. Profane, eccentric, careless regarding religious belief and practise, giving no thought to the future unless it concerned a hunting or fishing excursion; yet, withal, he possessed an abundant supply of good nature. Uncle Tom conceived the idea of making an artificial lamprey eel, for a fish lure. Procuring an old kid glove, he spent one Sunday patiently sewing, until he produced a good imitation of a lamprey eel.

The next day he went out with his new lure. He returned at night, without a fish, and looking tired and disappointed. As he passed a group of friends, they said, "Well, Uncle Tom, what luck did you have?"

"No luck at all," said he.

"What's the matter, wouldn't the lamprey catch them?"

The reply was quick and gruff. "No, the d—— thing wouldn't wiggle."

FISH NOTES.

A merchant of this place, Mr. A. J. Jones, grew tired of hearing the boys tell of the big fish they caught. He offered a $10 rod as a prize for the largest bass caught in this vicinity, with hook and line, and a $7.50 rod for the largest carp. The boys were to register and pay a small fee in each competition, and the fish were to be brought to the merchant's place, and weighed.

Seventy-six carp were registered, the prize fish weighing 10½ pounds. Three days after the contest closed, a carp weighing 15¼ pounds was captured. I won the bass rod, with a 3 pound 3½ ounce black bass. During the summer I caught, in all, 47 bass. What was once one of the best bass streams in the country, has been nearly ruined by mill refuse, dumped in it at this place.

C. E. Plessinger, Anderson, Ind.

Six or 7 years ago a man living with us, caught a lake trout about 14 inches in length. I cleaned the fish, and found in it a rattlesnake 11 inches long. The snake had probably tried to swim the river and the fish swallowed him, head first.

There are plenty of brook-trout here. They rise freely to the fly, during August and September.

There are not many deer left. Government troops were sent to guard the game in the Sequoia National Park, but they kill more game than was killed before they came.

There are many quails in the foot hills, and a few Canada grouse in the pines.

E. H. Washburn, Three Rivers, Cal.

Enclosed find photograph taken off Cape Hatteras, on my trip from the West Indies. It shows one of the largest shoals of porpoises I have ever seen, during my 12 years between the West Indies and New York. The steamer was going at the rate of 13 miles an hour, when the picture was taken.

Charles Murphy, New York City.

(See page 432.)

Game Warden Johnston, of Oshkosh, Wis., recently burned a big stack of nets and lines captured in a raid against fishermen who were violating the laws. The nets and lines were estimated to measure at least 20 miles. About 25 nets were piled up in the court-house yard, on a pyre made of boards and boxes; sprinkled with kerosene and then lighted.

The contraband material made a pile about 6 feet high and covered a circular space about 6 feet in diameter.

If all game wardens would improve their opportunities as vigorously as Mr. Johnston does they would be great Doctors of Ichthyology.

My partners and I spent 2 weeks in Middle Park, last fall, fishing, and had first class sport. Grand lake is a good place for ¼ pound trout, and occasionally a large one is taken. In an hour o. fishing, we could supply the table for 7, and have some left for our friends. There are still a few deer here. Near the top of the range are 2 bands of mountain sheep, and some grouse and ptarmigan. The elk are gone from this side.

I. F. McKay, Empire, Col.

We have ducks, grouse and deer here; also excellent trout and grayling fishing in the Ausable river. I caught 8 speckled trout last season that weighed 3 pounds apiece, but do not care to be put in with the porkers. I took them on an 8 ounce split bamboo rod and No. 6 fly hook.

T. E. Douglas, Grayling, Mich.

Bass fishing is good here. Clarence Ecklesheimer caught a black bass that weighed 8 pounds. We have a fish here called speckled perch that weighs from ¾ to 1½ pounds. In one day a two-legged hog caught 143 and sold them at the rate of 8 for 25 cents.

J. Lloyd, Winter Haven, Fla.

We have good fishing here. I send photo of a string of fish caught in the Cedar river. All were caught, through the ice, with live bait, in half a day's fishing. One bass in the lot weighed 4½ pounds.

H. D. Haffa, Waterloo, Iowa.

A DAY IN JUNE.

W. C. KEPLER.

A day in locust scented June—
  The sky a cloud spread field of blue
Through which the sun comes filtering down,
  To drink from earth the last night's dew.

A little breeze is springing up,
  That nods the barley to and fro,
Then hides itself among the leaves,
  As though too tired to longer blow.

Along the margin of the stream,
  The coarse wild grass grows thick and high;
And in its shelter closely hid,
  The cunning wild fowls snugly lie.

It winds along with lazy reach,
  With here and there a little gleam,
Almost too languid to reflect,
  The sun's caressing amorous beam.

With rod in hand and shouldered creel,
  I follow through its waters cool;
And with light sweep I cast my flies,
  Upon the mirror of each pool.

With skilful hand I draw them in—
  Poor victims of mankind's deceit—
Until the waning day declares,
  That from my sport I must retreat.

Then with regret I backward turn,
  Once more unto the great city's strife,
With strength renewed and cheerful heart,
  To live again its hustling life.

CLEANING THE SMALL BORE SMOKELESS.

Editor Recreation: I have never had an opportunity to use the 30-40 rifle, or indeed, any other arm, on large game. I have, however, thoroughly tested its mechanism and accuracy.

I have not found it either a slow or clumsy operation to load the box magazine; though perhaps Dr. Conyngham, in his article in February Recreation, did not refer to this by his use of the word load. If he meant that the feed of the magazine was rough and jerky, I agree with him. I have also found the action easily sanded. In these respects it is not up to the Winchester standard of excellence.

With respect to the trigger pull, I find it admirable. I do not object to the " crawl " of which the Doctor complains.

There is a springy feel to the trigger as the finger touches it, the lower point moving ¼ inch before the real pressure begins. I have not found this feature confusing.

The Doctor justly complains of the factory sights. When I first tried my gun, finding that it overshot, I asked an explanation of the Winchester Co. They said the gun was sighted for 300 yards, and would therefore shoot about 5½ inches high, at 50 yards. Preferring to have it sighted point blank for 100 yards, I procured Lyman's Model '95 sights. The factory front sight is ½ inch in height; Lyman's is 1-16 of an inch higher. With the latter, the point blank range is reduced to about 75 yards, and, with half the trouble, they give twice the accuracy of open sights. I hope Dr. Conyngham will try them.

I also have experienced the difficulties of cleaning the arm, but have learned how to avoid them. Before the rifle is sent from the factory, the bore is generously lubricated with a heavy adhesive oil. Before firing, this should be entirely removed. The heat resulting from the great velocity of the forced bullet converts the oil into a lacquer which nothing but a wire brush will remove. Those unused to the quick twist of the new rifles, are liable to find trouble in satisfactorily cleaning them, from another cause.

The cleaning rod should not be held rigidly in the hand, for its passage would then be across the lands and grooves, and not along their length. Small particles of the cleaning cloth and a portion of the lubricant used, would thus be scraped off and retained in the grooves. Hours of work will not clean the gun unless regard is paid to this. In the 30-40 Winchester there is one turn in 8 inches; the cleaning rod should turn completely around 3½ times in its passage from breech to muzzle. If this is done, swabbing the gun twice with an oiled patch will completely clean it.

I would like to ask readers of Recreation, if they have had any trouble with the 30-40, shooting from a rest. Holding the gun loosely, I have found it very accurate; held tightly or rested, the flight of the bullet is as erratic as that of a woodcock.

Will some one tell me whether a practical hunting telescope has yet been evolved, for black powder rifles. Arjeeb.

PATCHED BULLETS AND SMOKELESS POWDER.

Editor Recreation: In March Recreation, Mr. H. Roberts, of Syracuse, N. Y., asks if paper patched lead bullets, used in the 30-30 or 30-40 cartridges with high power powder, would " lead " the rifle barrel. My experience—which covers a long use and trial of all kinds of rifles and ammunition—convinces me that paper patched lead bullets *will not* " lead " the rifle barrel.

How can a paper patched bullet " lead " a rifle barrel? Does Mr. Roberts think the lead might soak through the so-called " patch "? That is the only possible manner in which a rifle barrel can become leaded from the use of paper patched bullets. The stronger the powder, the better the results from such bullets. I have never known of the leading of a rifle, where patched bullets and smokeless powder were used. Thirty-five grains of Walsrode high pressure military (not shot gun) powder and a 200-grain paper patched bullet gives a splendid target, in the 30-40 government shell. The paper patched and metal jacketed bullets may be fired alternately, for a great many rounds without cleaning the rifle barrel, and the target will show good results. Such, however, is not the case when lead and metal-jacketed bullets are alternated. The latter bullet, under these conditions, will not give even an indifferent target, but the shooter will find that his bullets strike anywhere and everywhere.

I would like to call Mr. Roberts' attention to the Swiss military rifle. This arm is 30 calibre and carries a paper patched bullet with a metal covered point, and the bullet is propelled by high power smokeless powder.

G. Allen Rowe, Calumet, Mich.

LYMAN SIGHTS.

Mr. C. W. Perry, in February Recreation, gives some excellent advice regarding the use of Lyman sights. I have used them for 20 years, in all kinds of hunting, and am ever ready to say a kind word for them. As my method differs slightly from Mr. Perry's, I will describe the sights now on my heavy hunting rifle.

The front sight is invariably the cheap

"ivory hunting," with sides of ivory filed down to a thin edge. This weakens it somewhat, but it gives a fine and clear sight for both short and long range. Should the ivory get broken, when in the woods, the sight is still good enough for ordinary work, or can be made better by the substitution of a piece of wood or bone. As the sight only costs 50 cents it is wise to carry an extra one, on hunting trips.

For a middle sight the old step, with the horns filed off, or any low step sight, is best. The ivory triangle leaf sight, when turned up, is too high for short range shooting and cannot be adjusted. The step sight should be well below the line of the tang and front sight. It can easily be raised to correspond with the tang, when necessary, and, as Mr. Perry says, proves all sights to be correct when the 3 are in line.

For big game hunting I take out the inner rim of the tang sight. By long usage the inner rim may work loose and drop down half way, thus obscuring the sight, and possibly spoil a grand chance for a quick shot. The big hole of the tang sight is admirably suited to quick shooting and is accurate enough when one knows how to use it. To make it just right I have lengthened my stock 1½ inches, which carries the eye a little farther from the hole and the nose away from the thumb usually on top of the grip. It is an advantage, in guns with heavy recoil, and prevents flinching. With 2 back sights we can break one and still be ready for war. Finally, I never try to see any but the front sight when shooting at running objects.

C. A. C., Silverton, Colo.

ANY OLD GUN BETTER THAN A NEW ONE.

Pueblo, Colo.

Editor RECREATION: I have handled nearly all kinds of rifles made in this country and want to express my opinion of the new 30-30. The idea of hunting any kind of large game, with a 30 calibre gun would, in the early days, have been laughed at. I have been on the Western frontier ever since '69, and have used all kinds of guns on all kinds of game. I prefer the 45-75 Winchester to any other repeating arm. The 44 and 45 are the choice of all old hunters and frontiersmen, from Texas to Montana. Of single loaders, the Sharps were the best, both for long range and killing power. In the days of the buffalo large calibre rifles were always used. The old army musket had more killing power than some of the new fad rifles. I saw Frank B. Stanley, of Fort Worth, Texas, kill a buffalo, 400 yards away, with an army musket. The bullet entered the breast, going through the liver and lungs and out of the left side, through the short ribs.

The animal dropped in his tracks and died before we got to him. I do not believe the fancy 30 calibre would have killed him with a half dozen shots.

I would like to see one of those Eastern fellows tackle a grizzly with a little 30. There would not be enough left of the dude to bait a fish hook, when the bear had been hit often enough to make it mad.

F. W. Hambledon.

HIS OPINION OF GREENER.

Twenty-five years or more ago I used to do a little shooting, but since then I have had neither time nor opportunity to do any. At least I thought I had not, and in that I believe I made a mistake in which I am not alone. Several months since, in anticipation of a removal from this State to one where there was more game, and the intention to take more holidays when I did move, I began to make some inquiries about guns. As a further means of acquiring information I bought a copy of Greener's "The Breechloader, And How To Use it." I did get considerable information from its pages, but when I closed it, it was with a firm determination to buy an American gun if I bought any at all. Mr. Greener is, I presume, a fine gun maker; but I think no self-respecting American sportsman would buy one of his guns after reading his book. His overweening conceit, and his contempt for everything of American manufacture is disgusting. Wherever he mentions an American gun, and he mentions only 2—it is only to disparage them; but all the time, he exalts the Greener. Briefly summed up, his advice to his readers would be, "Buy a Greener gun; if you can't, buy some other English gun; under no circumstances buy an American gun." Of course, he does not say this in so many words, but nobody can read his book without seeing this sentiment stick out in every line. American guns are good enough for me, and if they were not, I think Mr. Pooh-Bah Greener's book would have converted me to a belief that they were, and not only myself but any other American.

Jas. F. Fitzgerald, Ottawa, Kan.

SMOKELESS POWDER FOR THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. has just issued its '98 catalogue, and it is needless to say it is a corker. It contains the usual great fund of information about the Winchester guns, that has appeared in previous editions of the same book, and a lot of new data about new guns, smokeless powder cartridges, etc.

Among the interesting features of this new catalogue, is a page on the subject of reloading smokeless powder rifle cartridges. This is a topic on which I have had a great many inquiries, and I have always replied to them to the affect that it is not wise to monkey with the buzz-saw. The Winchester people say, emphatically, that smokeless powder cartridges cannot be successfully reloaded and that exhaustive tests have demonstrated the folly of attempting to do so. It has been shown by these tests that the first firing of a smokeless powder shell, weakens the brass, and that in a large percentage of cases, a second shot, fired from such a shell, results in its breaking, and a portion of it being wedged into the chamber. It is wise, therefore, for all riflemen, using smokeless powder rifles, to use only factory loaded ammunition.

Another interesting feature of this new catalogue, is that it gives an exhaustive chapter on the much discussed question, as to whether intense cold will affect smokeless powder. The Winchester people, in common with the powder makers, have conducted exhaustive tests in this line. They have placed large numbers of cartridges in a refrigerating machine, and have reduced the temperature around them, to 90° below zero, which is colder weather than has ever been recorded by any Arctic explorer. Then these cartridges have been taken out and some of them fired, while thus frozen, with remarkable results. It has been found that there was a loss of but a few feet per second in the initial velocity, and practically, no less of penetrating power. Others of the cartridges have been fired after being partially warmed, and still others after they had returned to a normal summer temperature. These latter showed they had not been affected by the cold, in the least.

The Winchester Catalogue is sent free to anyone who may ask for it. If you want a copy say so, and say you saw it mentioned in RECREATION.

Please inform me, in next RECREATION, as to the proper distribution of a purse, in the following rifle contest:

A, B, C, D and E compete. A and B make a score of 21. C makes a score of 20. D and E make a score of 19 each. The purse is divided into 3 prizes, 1st, 2d and 3d. How should it be divided.

We have a rifle club here and there is a question as to what the proper division of this purse should be. Most of the members are readers of RECREATION and we would like your opinion; or would like to be informed as to what the law is in relation to divisions, in such cases.

George A. Philips, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Unless some special provision had been made in the first place, as to dividing first prize on highest scores, the highest scores of A and B would take first and second prizes. It is not likely the scores of 21 are of equal value. The National Rifle Association Rules provide a variety of means of deciding which is the best of 2 or more scores which count the same total. I think the best score of 21 would take first, the other score of 21 would take second and C's score of 20 would take third; unless, as I said, it had been agreed that highest scores should divide.

NOTES.

H. J. Henry, McDougall, N. Y., asks in RECREATION which is the best single barrel shot gun. This, like most other questions, may be answered in several different ways.

I bought a Remington single barrel shot gun, in the fall of '97, with the intention of experimenting. It is a 20 gauge, and gave me entire satisfaction. It proved so effective that I soon had a buyer for it. I then bought a 12 gauge, single barrel, but it does not do the work the little Remington did. If I were to buy another single barrel I would surely get a Remington. The price is low, so that any one can afford one.

I did some of the best shooting with this little gun that I ever did, or expect to do, with a single barrel. There may be other guns as good, but I have never found any of them.

Dan Wogaman, Quincy, O.

T. C. Campbell of Knoxville, Pa., advertises in another part of this issue for a double barrel Ithaca hammerless gun, which was stolen from him in January last. It has 30 inch barrels, is of the $50 grade and is numbered 27,919. When you see an Ithaca gun anywhere, look for this number on the barrel, and if you find it turn the muzzle of the gun toward the fellow who showed it to you and take him to a police station. Then notify Mr. Campbell. It would be well to remember, however, that the gun might be in the hands of an innocent purchaser.

I have been reading the articles in RECREATION, about the 30-30 and 30-40 rifles. That the writers of some articles never saw one of these rifles used, is evident from what they say.

I have 3 30 calibre rifles. One 30-30, 1894; 1, 30-40, 1895, and 1, 30-40 single shot. They are all Winchesters. For all around work I think the 30-30 is the best gun. If you wish to hunt large game, at long range, the 30-40, is the rifle. J. M. Harris and I killed mountain sheep, on Bear mountain last fall, at 1,000 yards, with 30-40, 1895 Winchesters without raising the sights, as this rifle shoots high as it gets dirty.

Every hunter has his favorite calibre rifle, but all will use the 30 within the next 2 years. They shoot harder, with less recoil, and are the most deadly rifles made.

E. H. Parsons, Browning, Mont.

Am getting good results from my 30 calibre Marlin, using black or low pressure smokeless powders and tempered lead bullets. I think the 22 calibre Marlin, '97, one of the best manufactured, as it will use 22 long rifle cartridge as well as 22 short. The Marlin people usually occupy 2 pages in RECREATION. That's where I got my first idea of buying a 30-30. Your guns and ammunition department interests me greatly.

W. W. Allen, San Luis Potosi, Mex.

In RECREATION, February number, Mr. Adams says he has no faith in a 30-30 rifle, and that no man would willingly face a grizzly with one. Two old hunters, of Humboldt, went to South Fork mountain. One had a 30-30, and the other a 45-90-500. With the 30-30 they killed a large and savage grizzly in 3 shots. On the same trip they also killed 2 smaller bears.

Mountain Thomas, Pasadena, Cal.

Through RECREATION, I would like information concerning the Winchester repeating shot gun, 32 inch barrels, lever action.

Is this gun "durable," and a good close shooter? Is it capable of outwearing the double Belgium guns?

Of the Winchester, which is the best, and strongest, the lever action, or the sliding action? O. A. F., Tioga, Pa.

In arranging the conditions for RECREATION rifle competition, as published in April RECREATION, I neglected to state that 5 shots were to constitute a score. Each shooter may enter 3 scores each month, but not more than this. He may practice as much as he likes, on the RECREATION target.

I have been using a 30-30 Marlin on elk and bear this spring. I think it is the gun for big game. I have had better success with it than with any gun I ever used. I have used 2 40-60 Marlins and 2 40-85 Ballards, beside other guns; but the 30-30 does the best work of any. It seems to paralyze everything it hits. Elk and deer don't know what hurts them, it kills them so quickly.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, Ore.

I was out on a big hunt in this State last fall. Killed 14 deer and a lot of small game. I used a 30-30 Marlin and it is all anyone could ask, for deer. My companion used a 38-56 and only got 2 deer.

F. A. Hibler, Bertram, Tex.

Your companion got all the deer any reasonable man could wish for, and you killed at least 12 too many.—EDITOR.

Will some of the readers of RECREATION who are using Parker guns kindly tell me, through your gun department, what they think of them as compared with the Remington, the Lefever or other high priced American arms?

L. H. Steel, Albany, N. Y.

In March RECREATION, H. J. Henry, of MacDougall, N. Y., asks, which is the best single barrel shot gun. I own a Remington hammerless single barrel and do not think there is a better gun on the market.

A. C. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.

I read so much about the benefits of Lyman sights, I determined to try them. Had my gunsmith fit a combination rear on my rifle, a 32-20 Winchester, and I find it helps me a great deal.

A. J. Knowles, Otsego, Mich.

I wish you would ask the readers of RECREATION which they consider the best all round gun, as between the Ithaca, Forehand and Syracuse.

J. L. R., Jr., Peoria, Ill.

Will the users of these guns please respond?—EDITOR.

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

A Glens Falls teacher was trying to impress on the class the lesson of Washington's Birthday, and among other questions she asked:

"If the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, what would Washington have been the father of?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply of one of the boys.—Chattanooga Times.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN BIRDS.

The New York Zoological Society has recently published, in its second annual Report, a most startling document. About 6 months ago Mr. William T. Hornaday, director of the Zoological Park now being established by the Society, became convinced that the destruction of bird life now going on in this country is far greater and more general than even most ornithologists are aware. Acting under the direction of the Society, he instituted a general inquiry into the decrease in bird life; and it is his report on the results of this inquiry to which I allude.

Four brief but pointed questions were drawn up, and addressed to a number of competent observers in each state and territory. They were as follows:

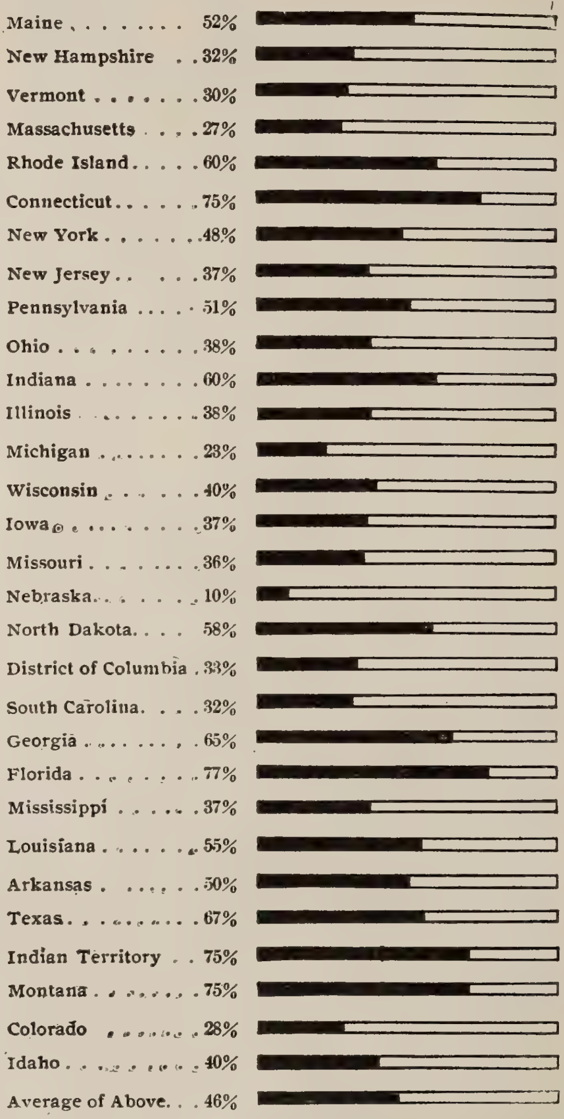
1. Are birds decreasing in number, in your locality?
2. About how many are there now, in comparison with the number 15 years ago? (one-half as many? one-third? one fourth?)
3. What agency (or class of men) has been most destructive to the birds of your locality?
4. What important species of birds or quadrupeds are becoming extinct in your state?

Owing to the fact that the inquiry was declared a step in the direction of bird protection, it created keen interest. Over 200 replies were received, representing all states and territories save 3. The observers represented all classes of persons specially interested in bird life, and competent to report on it, such as ornithologists, hunters, guides, taxidermists and game wardens. Many of the reports were full and valuable, and nearly all bore unmistakable evidence of thought and care. It was found that different observers in the same state agreed so closely in their fractional estimates of decrease that there was no room for doubt as to their general accuracy and value. An attempt was made to cover the different sections of each large state, in order to obtain a reasonably accurate general average for the entire state.

Beyond a doubt, the result of Mr. Hornaday's painstaking investigation will be a great and disagreeable surprise, both to our ornithologists and to the public at large. This seems to have been the first systematic effort yet made to ascertain the actual results thus far accomplished by the destroyers of our birds. From 30 states and territories the reports were so complete and clear that it was an easy matter to obtain the percentage of decrease in bird life in each state, during the last 15 years. The result appears in the accompanying series of diagrams.

DECREASE OF BIRD LIFE IN 30 STATES.

The shaded portions show the percentages of decrease throughout the states named, during the last 15 years, according to the reports.



The text of Mr. Hornaday's report assures us that the majority of observers seemed to take great pains to avoid overestimating the slaughter, and wherever a doubt existed, the benefit of it was given to the living birds. It need scarcely be said that there is no apparent reason for doubting the accuracy and general truthfulness of the observations now published.

The 30 states and territories named in the accompanying list comprise at least 3-5 of the total area of the United States; and the general average of decrease throughout that vast area is 46 per cent.! This of course refers to the whole volume of bird life, and to the loss it has suffered during the last 15 years. At the present rate of destruction, another 15 years will witness the complete annihilation from that area of practically all birds save the small and insignificant warblers and sparrows.

To sportsmen, however, the worst remains to be told. Although no separate general average was obtained to show the decrease in the game birds alone, it is evident, from the long list of special reports quoted by the author, that the decrease in game birds generally has been fully 75 per cent.! Mr. Hornaday counts up 144 species of gallinaceous birds, ducks, geese, and other swimmers, shore birds, pigeons, doves, and rails, which he groups under the general term "edible birds." As every one knows, these are the birds that are most universally and persistently persecuted—in spite of laws for their protection.

The so-called plume birds are declared to have been already exterminated throughout the United States. A long list is given of birds that are reported as "becoming extinct"—or already so—in which are found the wild turkey, passenger pigeon, pinnated grouse, heath hen, ruffed grouse, wood duck, flamingo, roseate spoonbill, bluebird, Carolina paroquet, and a dozen others. In the order of their importance, the chief destructive agencies have been reported as follows: Sportsmen, and "so-called sportsmen"; boys who shoot; "plume-hunters" and "milliners' hunters"; market hunters and "pot hunters"; "shooters, generally"; egg-collecting, chiefly by boys; the English sparrow; clearing off timber, and development of towns and cities; Italians, and others, who kill song birds as food; cheap firearms, etc.

Three states—North Carolina, Oregon, and California—show a stationary condition of bird life, i.e., as many birds as 15 years ago. Four states show an increase in bird life! These are Kansas, Wyoming, Utah and Washington—in the last named due to clearing away of the dense and dark coniferous forests that hitherto have been almost untenable by insectivorous birds. Kansas appears to be the banner state for bird protection—due to her admirable law against the shipment and sale of game. Cheyenne is the banner city—due to tree-planting, and the presistent efforts of a newspaper man, Mr. Frank Bond, of the "Wyoming Daily Tribune," in bird protection and the extermination of the English sparrow in that locality. Birds are now many times more numerous in Cheyenne than 15 years ago.

The fact that in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Louisiana hordes of ignorant aliens—chiefly Italians and Hungarians—are now regularly killing our finest song birds for food, is decidedly startling. It will be strange, however, if the publication of the facts does not lead to prompt and decisive measures, in all the localities named, for the instant suppression of this new form of outrage on bird life.

In the matter of the classes most to blame for the slaughter of the birds, it is refreshing to see that Mr. Hornaday handles some of them without gloves. Among those who receive their just deserts are the hotel men and others who insist on having "game on the bill of fare," and the hat-bird women, who are declared to be "in practice as cruel and bloodthirsty as the birds of prey." The egg-collectors, and the "side"- hunters receive due attention, and so do the professional ornithologists, the most of whom "have been so intent on their studies that they have not noticed the slaughter going on around them." By implication, also, the great scientific museums and universities are held partly culpable; for it is urged that they now detail some of their professional zoologists for the practical work of promoting legislation, and general sentiment, for the thorough protection of our remnant of birds and quadrupeds. The American Museum of Natural History is the only institution credited with having done anything in this line.

In the evident hope that the investigation now reported upon may lead to practical results, the author takes pains to set forth at length a series of carefully worded "Conclusions" and "Recommendations" regarding birds, and Western quadrupeds.

IN DEFENSE OF "GAME HOGS."

ALLAN BROOKS.

Please notice the inverted commas in the title. As I have no wish to defend the *real* game hog, but only to say a word for many good sportsmen who are classed as game hogs, by your readers.

One of the best articles that ever appeared in your magazine was "On Croatan," by E. J. Myers; yet this man is stigmatized by a reader as a game hog. Daniel Arrowsmith and other well known sportsmen are also brought under the same cognomen.

As a rule the men who most bitterly denounce game hogs, market hunters, spring shooting, etc., are those who care only to go shooting for a day or 2 in the whole year, if at all. Such men grumble and curse the more successful sportsmen if they do not make a good bag. To them the sport of hunting for the game is nothing. They talk of "snipes," "quails," and "wild ducks" and can scarcely tell one game bird from another. Of course there are many good sportsmen among the "more protection" cranks; but most of them have curious ideas on the subject.

The great failing, with most of these, is in not discriminating between resident and migratory game.

Three men are called game hogs, in the March number, for killing 106 ducks. This is not an inordinate number for salt water shooting. An average of 33 ducks to each man is not nearly so bad as 10 grouse would be, in my opinion. These men might not kill so many again, in a week's steady shooting. All wild fowlers know the uncertainty of duck shooting.

Not a tithe of the principal species of ducks found in the United States breed South of the 49th parallel, wood-ducks and blue wing teal excepted.

Red heads, blue bills, canvas backs and all diving ducks should have a much longer open season than mallards, black ducks, wood-ducks, teal, etc.

The law cannot be too strict as regards grouse and quail; and the total stoppage of their sale is the best way to protect them; but it would not matter much if there were no law on diving ducks, as their abundance or scarcity depends on a favorable or unfavorable season in the far North, where they breed.

I cannot agree with Mr. Brooks when he says the 3 men condemned in March Recreation, for killing 106 ducks in one day, are not game hogs. I insist, and fortunately there are thousands of sportsmen who agree with me, that 10 ducks is enough for any man to kill, in any one day, no matter of what species, or where he may be shooting. Mr. Brooks is radically wrong in assuming that it is all right to kill 20, 30 or more ducks a day, simply because they may be migratory birds. He will find few readers of Recreation who will agree with him on this point.

It is not wholly a question of breeding season, in the North, as to whether we may have a good flight of ducks, geese, and brant next fall. We shall never again have any such flights of these birds as were common 10 to 20 years ago. Why? Because they have been slaughtered, in spring and fall, by game hogs, to such an extent that they do not exist in any such numbers as previously. If the present rate of slaughter is to be kept up, there will not be a bird coming from the North, 10 years hence, where there are 100 even now. It is simply a question of moderation in fall shooting, and of abolishing spring shooting entirely, that will determine whether or not we are to have any migratory fowls in 1910.

I trust Mr. Brooks, and all others who are interested in this question of bird preservation, will read carefully the digest of Mr. Hornaday's report on this subject, published in another part of this issue of Recreation. What is said there of birds in general, applies with equal force to migratory water fowls, and the conclusions that Mr. Hornaday draws, from the great amount of information he has collected on this subject, are simply alarming to any lover of bird life.

Mr. Brooks is not only a high minded sportsman, but he is an accomplished naturalist, and a skilled artist, as all readers of Recreation know. He does not, however, realize the full meaning of what he says, on this subject of bird shooting. If he could read the correspondence that comes into this office, for 2 days in succession, he would never again say, or even admit, that it was right for any man to kill 30 ducks in any one day.

MAN'S NATURAL FEAR OF SNAKES.

R. P. FROELICH.

On the matter of serpents I have religiously adhered to the latter end belief of Adam. I abhor the sight of one almost as I do its deathlike, clammy feeling. If I am collecting snakes in the tropics, I go forth with much the feeling of the little boy who was sent out to find a switch—he sought what he feared to find.

Of course there are some who pooh-pooh the idea of snake fear; call it cowardice and absolutely deny the theory of natural fear of them, in man. I remember a Quaker, on board the Mexican liner Yucatan, who answered a professional gambler's remarks on the subject, with: "Yea, friend, but the devil feareth not his kind." For the rest of the trip the gambler kept in the saloon, and away from the boa boxed up on the deck. Now, my dear reader, because you twine a garter snake round your neck and keep a black snake in the recesses of your shirt bosom, do not take this little story too much to heart. You have not the opportunity of judging as to whether you fear or not. A little harmless snake is a totally different object from an 18 foot boa, shaking and twisting in wrath and stony eyed hate, as is generally the case when you suddenly come on him in the brush. This is a true descendant of the "Wicked One" that the heel of man should bruise. I have seen a strong vigorous man—a naturalist—who at his home in Massachusetts, had made a study of the snakes of that region, taken with nausea when I broke the back of a 19 foot boa, with a rifle ball. Both of us were on horseback and probably 50 feet away. The hissing, tortuous, twisting, all but shrieking mass of twitching coils, he said reminded him of a scene in a possible hereafter.

On the hottest day in the tropics you may enjoy a chill, sudden and decisive, by coming on that concentration of animosity—a serpent. Possibly it would occur to you as to me: "Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field."

I have never had snakes in my boots and certainly have no use for these or the other kind.

RAISING COYOTES IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

Gardiner, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: In a letter Mr. Hofer, speaks of "Antelopes being driven out of the Park by the coyotes." The Park has for years been a breeding ground for wolves. The superintendents have made no attempt to exterminate them until this winter, and refused permission to trappers who would gladly have waged war against them for the profit derived from the sale of the skins.

The large flats South of the Gardiner river have been a winter feeding ground for antelopes, and it has been no uncommon occurrence for coyotes to run them right into the town. Hundreds have been killed in this way, and they have decreased in number each year; while their enemies have increased, and spread over the States adjoining the Park to the great detriment of the stockmen; so much so, that one of the stockgrowers' associations has offered an additional bounty to that of the State. The reason offered for not permitting baits to be put out was that if men were allowed to go into the Park for such purpose, "they might kill game." There are a large number of licensed guides living adjacent to the Park; men of good character, who would like to earn a little money in this way during the winter. Permission granted them to trap wolves would also be a protection to the game against poachers, who go in and out of the Park as they choose. It is strange that the stockgrowers' associations of Montana, Nevada, Idaho, and Wyoming, have not taken action in this matter. They are taxed to pay bounties for wolves which are bred under Government protection. The superintendent of the Park gets much excited when an antelope is killed outside of the boundaries by a citizen of this town; yet where one has been killed thus, 20 have been killed or left mangled and dying by coyotes, between the town and the Gardiner bridge, and South of that stream. A few days ago I saw a band of over 100, South of the Gardiner river and between 200 and 300 on the foothills, West. A year ago there were probably more than double that number seen almost daily near the town. As near as I can judge some 70 or 80 were killed by hunters between the Northern boundary and Cinnabar basin. It would probably be safe to say that, within 2 miles of this town, between 150 and 200 were destroyed by the coyotes.

J. W. Hulse.

AN INDIAN'S DISCOVERY.

About 4 weeks ago, in company with 2 other Indians, I was out in the woods, stalking deer and turkeys. I have been in the woods a great deal and had talks with many old hunters, but on that hunt I discovered something I never heard of before, and that was deer tracks on a rock!

About a mile from where we camped, I was going along a somewhat open ravine that ran off of a mountain, and in going down this hollow I saw a flat rock, about 3 feet square, with some marks on it. I went to it, and on a closer examination found where a deer, on a full run, had jumped with one foot on the rock, sinking its hoofs about 2 inches into the hard sandstone. In making its spring for the next jump it chipped off 2 inches of rock at the front point of the track. This place, where the rock was chipped off, looked to be fresh, and was fresh as far as surface of the rock was concerned.

The track is as plain as any track ever seen in mud; and not only that, but within about 8 inches of the deer track were 3 other tracks on the same rock. They appeared to be a colt's tracks. These latter tracks were a little over one inch in diameter and about ⅛ of an inch deep in the side. About this brook we saw more deer signs than anywhere else in 10 miles of wild country. It seems to be greatly frequented by them. I took my 2 companions to the spot, and showed them the tracks. They were amazed at them, and said they had never before seen or heard of anything like them. One of the men has been a good hunter for 50 years, and has hunted all over the Indian Territory. Perhaps some of the scientific readers of RECREATION can explain the whole matter.

Now, Brother Shields, how do you, or anyone else, account for these tracks? Recollect they are on a mountain, in what might be called a brook running off the rock. I saw other tracks of colts that were larger, and other deer tracks on other rocks, in this same hollow, near those first discovered.

Charles Gibson, Eufala, I. T.

SOWING WILD RICE.

Wild rice seed, 2 or 3 years old, will grow as well as fresher seed, if properly planted. On November 25th, some 12 years ago, I sowed 10 bushels of 3 year old seed, on a pond near this town. The water froze that night; but the rice came up in the spring and by September there was a good crop. Wild rice is self sowing, and once started will perpetuate itself. Nothing will kill it but lack of water, though unusually high water may prevent it from maturing seed. The pond, above mentioned is, every fall, one great bed of rice, 200 yards long and 150, wide.

Sow rice on the water, and where water always stands, and there will be no trouble about its growing. Soak the seed for 12 or 15 hours, that it may sink more readily. In open marshy places, sow in from 6 inches to 5 feet of water, over a soft mud bottom. On lakes, sow in bays and coves. On running streams it should be sown near the banks and as far from the current as possible. Where wild rice starts, it will crowd out all other vegetation. I have never planted rice in the spring, but think good seed would grow if sowed early. I do not know whether or not rice will grow in water impregnated with alkali.

Have dealt in wild rice for 24 years; buying it from Indians. I clean the seed, and dry in a drying house. It requires 3 weeks to dry, and is turned 6 times a day.

Charles Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.

FLOATING ISLANDS OF HENRY'S LAKE.

For years I have read of the "floating islands" in Henry's lake, Idaho, and lately saw them mentioned in the Edison Encyclopedia, under the head of "Wonders of the World." The largest island, of the 4 in the lake, is described as being covered with trees, and as having a house on it.

I lived 12 years at Henry's lake, and have seen all the so-called islands in motion. It is true the largest island had a house on it. It was built by a Mr. Muskrat, and, for a while, occupied by him. The timber on the island consists of a bunch of willows. There are, perhaps, a dozen stems in the bunch, not one of them large enough for a cane. The island is about 20 feet across, and will not sustain the weight of a man. The 3 smaller islands are mere floating bogs, 2 to 4 feet wide.

Henry's lake is 4 miles wide and 6 miles long. Its greatest depth is less than 6 feet; its average depth not over 2 feet. During the spring the water raises about 3 feet, but subsides to the usual level in a week or so.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

I wish to contribute this note toward the extermination of wolves. They are now, and have been for years, very troublesome in the South Platte valley, in Northeastern Colorado, where I practiced medicine for some years.

Many hunters used to buy strychnine, instead of the much more soluble sulphate of strychnine, for poisoning wolves. The former is soluble only in 6,700 parts of cold water; while the latter dissolves in 50 parts. The inference is obvious; since the object in poisoning is to have the drug absorbed as quickly as possible. This is, of course, especially desirable when one wishes to save the skins of the animals poisoned, since they cannot then travel so far.

I have known many hunters who used the whole crystals of the drug in the bait, instead of pulverizing them. Naturally the powder is dissolved and absorbed much more quickly than the coarse crystals.

J. N. Hall, M.D., Denver, Col.

There has been considerable said as to whether coyotes are a benefit or a nuisance. Many say coyotes will eat prairie dogs and gophers, and thus prove useful; but here on Muddy Creek they are troublesome and do considerable damage to young stock, while prairie dogs and gophers do not diminish perceptibly. In the last 2 or 3 weeks they have killed 6 or 7 lambs within 500 yards of the house. None of the lambs were eaten much. The coyotes seemingly kill them for fun. We put strychnine in the carcases and in 3 nights succeeded in getting 4 coyotes. Possibly more died in the brush where we could not find them, yet we still hear the familiar howl every night. I think they are on the increase, or at least are not diminishing. Wolves have not done much damage here so far, but as soon as the hard weather sets in I expect they will be as bad as ever. I have seen tracks of some very large ones in the snow, in the foot-hills.

A. Y. Adcock, Casper, Wyo.

While in the woods recently I came to an old saw mill dam. I heard a rustling in the leaves, and keeping quite still I saw a red fox come up to the water with a piece of pine bark in his mouth. He waded into the water so I could see only his nose, or the piece of bark, sticking out. He stayed that way for about 5 minutes, then dropped the bark in the water, scampered out and ran back into the woods. I examined the bark and found it covered with fleas.

Peter Kachline, Stockertown, Pa.

A friend of mine, taxidermist and naturalist, has a green heron, shot here last summer, with but one leg. Where the other should be there are not even the traces of a rudimentary leg. Otherwise, the bird is perfect. Several prairie horned larks were shot on the meadows here last season. So far as can be ascertained they are the first ever seen in Massachusetts.

T. W. Burgess, Springfield, Mass.

Mr. B. B. Brooks of Casper, Wyo., seems to have been unfortunate in his use of strychnia in poisoning wolves. Let me suggest that he procure crystallized strychnia, of best quality, which is put up in ⅛ oz. vials. Distribute ½ ounce through the carcass of a steer, by splitting the carcass and slashing the meat; and note the result.

L. S. Kelly, New York.

David McDougal got 3 sheep heads last season, 14½ inches, 13 and 15½. He reports sheep plentiful. He also got a mountain lion which measured 11 feet 6 inches. The boys would not be without RECREATION for twice its cost.

Harry Chapman, Vernon, B. C.

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LET JACKSON'S HOLE BE ADDED TO THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Jackson, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: I have your letter requesting me to join the L. A. S. I am heartily in favor of every principle the L. A. S. upholds, and intended to join. Was in hopes the members of our Gun Club (about 40) would join, and thereby have a branch of the L. A. S. here; but you recommend taking Jackson's Hole into the park, and we cannot join and thereby approve of having our homes taken from us. RECREATION has many friends in this valley and they are somewhat surprised at the course you are taking. Is it your intention to try to have this whole valley taken into the Park? S. N. Leek.

ANSWER.

I am getting into a lot of trouble with my Western friends. One of them has requested me to call down Mr. Litchfield, for shipping game East and putting it in his private park. I stated my views on this subject, in May RECREATION. Now I am under the painful necessity of stating my views on another important subject; and am fully aware that in doing so, I shall incur the disfavor of many of my good friends in Jackson's Hole.

I am emphatically in favor of extending the limits of the Yellowstone National Park to include the timber reserve on the East and Jackson's Hole on the South.

No one regrets more deeply than I do that this would entail great hardship on the settlers in Jackson's Hole; but this is another of the numerous cases where, in the course of human progress, certain individuals must suffer for the public good.

In common with many thousands of progressive people, all over the world, I want to see the large game animals of this continent permanently preserved; and experience has shown that this cannot be done in the Yellowstone Park, as now situated. The herd of buffalo there has dwindled from 400 to 30 or 40. Of course, the elk have increased rapidly, but they have outgrown the feed in the park and great numbers of them must move out into the Teton country, to graze. Here they are immediately set upon by an army of hunters, in the open season, to say nothing of the bands of Indians that descend upon them. Thus far, the elk have held their own against these combined assaults; but they cannot always do so. The hunters invariably seek the largest bulls for their game, in order to get the finest heads. This means that the elk in the park must dwindle away rapidly, in size. It also means that at the rate at which the killing has been going on, the breeding grounds in the Park could not long meet the heavy draughts.

In the case of domestic animals we select the largest, strongest and best animals, for breeders. Thus we are enabled to improve our horses and cattle, from year to year. Suppose we killed the largest and strongest of these, as fast as they became 3 or 4 years old, as we are doing with the elk. What would be the condition of the domestic animals, in 10 or 20 years?

I, in common with most members of the L. A. S., and all other true sportsmen and naturalists, want to see the National Park made large enough so that the elk in it may live to be 10 or 20 years old; and that many of them may die from natural causes. Instead of allowing the race to dwindle down, we want to see them, on account of being protected from the raids of hunters and Indians, allowed to grow larger and stronger than ever. If the Park boundaries are extended, as we have asked the Government to extend them, then we may hope that this result will be brought about. Let the bands of elk within the Park increase to 100,000 if possible. Meantime, there will always be small bands breaking away and roaming through the mountains, in various directions, enough to furnish good sport for all the hunters. If there be not enough of these to enable the game hogs to slaughter as they would like to slaughter, and to enable the Indians to provide each year's supply of buckskin, so much the better.

Fortunately, the Government will pay the settlers in Jackson's Hole for their homes, to the full value thereof, if it ever takes possession of them.

True, it is a hardship to any man to be told he must move off his farm and allow it to be turned back into a wilderness. Such hardships are, however, inflicted on people, somewhere, every day and in all civilized countries. The Street Commissioners go to people in this city almost every month, and say "You must move out of your house. We are going to tear it down and lay out a street where it now stands." This sounds like savagery, to the owner of this home, but the new street or road is needed by the general public, and the interests of the one man must give way for the good of the many.

As I have said before, I realize that in making this statement, I incur your displeasure, and perhaps your ill will. Not only this, but I incur the displeasure of your neighbors, as well. If so, then let it be so. I am acting for the good of the people at large, and must abide by the consequences, whatever they may be.—EDITOR.

WHY WE PUT EASTERN MEN ON GUARD.

Mr. T. G. Flower, of Butte, Mont., has written a criticism on the plan of organization of the L. A. S. He complains that the West has not had proper recognition, in the distribution of the offices. His complaint would appear, at first sight, to be entirely valid and his objections well taken, but I have explained to him, in the following letter, the reasons for organizing the League as we have.

"I do not believe, from the tone of your letter, you have read the Constitution and by-laws carefully. If you had you would have had no occasion to write as you have.

"If you will look over this document, you will see that as soon as a State has 25 members, we organize them into a division of the League and return 60 per cent. of the membership fee, to the Chief Warden of such division. Then these men take entire charge of the work of the League, in their State, and the National League does not assume to interfere with them in any way. Your division would look after the procuring of such legislation as you might desire, and the enforcement of such laws as you have, or may be able to procure the enactment of.

"The National League of course retains the other 40 per cent. of membership fees, originating in your State, and with this money, it conducts the work of the National Organization. In the first place it provides the printed documents, of a general character, which will be delivered to the various State divisions in such quantities as may be desired. The officers thus far are advancing money out of their own pockets for this printing and for the manufacturing of badges, etc. These latter will be sold to the members, individually, and thus we shall be reimbursed. The Chief Warden of Montana will have the appointment of your county game wardens and their assistants. These are to be offered a reward of $10 for each conviction for a violation of your State game laws. The Constitution provides that these rewards shall be paid out of your division treasury, in so far as possible, but should the demand at first exceed the amount you may have on hand, then the National Treasurer is to come to your relief.

"The National Committee on local organization will simply give advice and ideas as to how best to recruit the membership in your State. They will not dictate measures to you, but will simply undertake to help you.

"The general officers, as you know, are to constitute the executive committee of the National League. It is necessary for these men to be in constant consultation. We are holding almost daily meetings for the purpose of advising together and of planning the work. This being the case it was necessary that, for the first year at least, the majority of these officers should live in the East and close together, in order that they might be in constant touch.

"Suppose we had distributed these officers throughout the United States. How could we have had an executive meeting, even once a month? In such a case, it would have been impossible to have gotten the executive committee together more than once a year.

"We placed one vice-president in Wyoming, as you know. We should have been glad to have placed the other 4 in Montana, Washington, California, and New Mexico, for instance; but for reasons stated above, this would have been impracticable.

"We are profiting by the 18 years experience of the L. A. W. This organization, is, as you know, eminently successful, and we can certainly afford to take advice from its officers. They have always been bunched in the East, and while they have done a great deal of hard work, yet all the local work has been done by the State officers."

THE NEW YORK DIVISION IN THE FIELD.

124 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Editor RECREATION: Reports received from many different localities in this State show conclusively that the numerous members of the L. A. S. have thoroughly grasped the question of game protection, and in the future we can safely look not only for a better enforcement of the laws but for attendant result in a large increase in all kinds of game and game fishes.

In accordance with the constitution and by-laws, which provide for the appointment of a local game warden in each and every county of this State, I have sent to all members of the New York Division a letter requesting the names of men who, in the opinion of the gentlemen so addressed, are thoroughly qualified to act as wardens and who, if appointed, would faithfully perform their duties.

Many names have been submitted, among them gentlemen and sportsmen whom I personally know to be of the right calibre, and the question now arises how can we make use of all of them, so that the League may derive the benefits which would naturally follow their appointment?

As rapidly as is possible the choice of local wardens will be made, and I shall submit to you for publication, in the next issue of RECREATION, a list of the names selected to act in this capacity.

It must be a source of great satisfaction to the officers of the League (as it is to me) to note the increasing interest taken in this great work. Every day I receive letters asking for information as to its objects, as well as for by-laws and application blanks. One letter, now before me, comes from a remote corner of Wisconsin, where I had not supposed they knew, as yet, of the formation of the L. A. S.; but the writer is well posted and it is evident he is a reader of our official organ.

Will you kindly make it known, through the columns of RECREATION, that the latch string to the Chief Warden's Office is always on the outside and that he will be glad to welcome such members as may find it convenient to call on him.

A. Edward Pond,
Chief Warden, New York Div.

Four state divisions of the L. A. S. have now been organized, viz.: New York, with A. E. Pond as Chief Warden; New Jersey, with T. H. Keller as Chief Warden; Massachusetts, with C. W. Dimick as Chief Warden, and Pennsylvania, with the Hon. J. O. H. Denny as Chief Warden. These officers are getting their war paint on, as fast as possible, and it is expected they will move on the pot hunters, vigorously, by the time the shooting season begins. Applications for local wardenships are being received by all these state officers, but no appointment will be made, in any case, without thoroughly investigating the standing of the applicant. We want no dead timber in any of the offices of the League. We want only men who will work, and if any of the appointees prove negligent, on trial, they will be promptly displaced and live, energetic men put in their places.

Members of the League, residing in any of the states named, are advised to recommend to their respective Chief Wardens, men who would make good local wardens, and who are known to be friends of game protection.

Applications for membership are still coming in steadily, but not as fast as they should, and every member of the League, who desires to see the game preserved, should work faithfully among his friends to induce them to join.

A circular letter has been prepared, and is being sent out to persons who should be members. If you would like some copies of it, for use among your friends, write the Secretary and he will send them to you. He will also send you as many blank applications for membership, and as many copies of the constitution and by-laws as you want.

Can you not use a large number of copies of this letter? Each member of the League should be able to use, to good advantage, 50 to 100. He should sign them personally, and should put a P.S. on the margin asking the recipient to make this a personal matter and to send his dollar at once, to the writer, in order that he may forward it to the secretary.

MR. FOX, GAME HOG.

In the crusade against pot hunters and game hogs, one of the rascals has been, so far, overlooked. He is a cunning hunter and tireless worker, and destroys more small game than any of his two-legged competitors. His name is fox, and he was once an outlaw, with a price set on his scalp. Since New York ceased paying bounty for foxes, they have become, in some parts of the State, as numerous as rabbits. Until their numbers are materially reduced, little can be accomplished in the way of protecting or propagating small game.

I suggest that the L. A. S. endeavor to procure the passage of a law restoring the bounty on foxes, and placing one, as well, on such varieties of hawks and owls as are known to prey on game.

The open season for ruffed grouse, as fixed by our present game law, begins August 16. At that date the young grouse are mere chicks, unable to fly more than 10 or 20 yards. Whole coveys are then slaughtered by men who a month later could not kill a grouse if they shot all day. The grouse season should not open before September 15, and the L. A. S. should see the change is made.

W. S. Mead, Woodstock, N. Y.

Please put my name on the rolls of the L. A. S. I will do a farmer's share in its favor. Send me a silver badge for the 50 cents inclosed.

I have stopped spring shooting and have told others to do so. Last week when I was trapping I caught a wood-duck. She was promptly released and set free. There are a pair of them in the woods, across the river, and now I often see one or the other, as they feed, on the river. That is what RECREATION does.

Mr. B. Knispel, Ebenezer P. O., Watertown, Wis.

I am glad to know you have stopped spring shooting. Many men who formerly practiced this have reformed, and I hope all of them will in time. If they do not, many of the best species of water fowl will be entirely extinct, within 10 years more.

That was a commendable act of yours in releasing the wood-duck which you caught in the trap. The average man would have killed it, no matter at what time of the year.

The New York Herald, of April 8th, in commenting on the passage of the bill for the repeal of Section 249, says " Mr. Weeks' bill was fought by the railroads, the cold storage and express companies, the game dealers and the hotel and restaurant men. Its final passage is one of the mysteries of the session, in view of the powerful agencies which combined to defeat it, as they had defeated similar legislation for several years."

The " mystery " is explained by the fact that in previous years, when bills were introduced for the purpose of repealing this law, and were defeated, the L. A. S. was not in existence. This year it was, and was in the fight. That is the difference.

The League will give the politicians and the newspapers a lot of other things to guess on, within the next few years.

The thanks of all members of the L. A. S., and of all decent sportsmen in the whole country, are due to Senators Chas. F. Guy and Grant Higby, and to Representative John A. Weeks, Jr., of New York, who so industriously and manfully fought for the repeal of section 249 of the game laws. The members of the League, especially, will not soon forget the great service these gentlemen have rendered to the cause of game protection.

CANOEING.

OFFICERS OF THE A. C. A., 1897–98.

Commodore, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sec'y-Treas., C. V. Schuyler, 309 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Wm. M. Carpenter, Main St., Sing Sing, N. Y.

Central Division, Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

Eastern Division, Francis J. Burrage, West Newton, Mass.

Northern Division, Edgar C. Woolsey, 37 Charles St., Ottawa, Can.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.

Date of meet for 1898, Aug. 5th to 19th, Stave Island, 1000 Islands, N. Y.

A. C. A. MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in RECREATION.

The following have applied for membership:

EASTERN DIVISION.

W. P. Brown, 21 St. Botolph St., Boston.
Wm. J. Osgood, Wawbewawa Canoe Assn., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

The Canoe interest as shown in your March number, must be very pleasing to the members of the A. C. A. The annual meetings show good work by the Clubs. I can vouch for the latch string of the Rochester C. C., as I was one of 4 Buffalos who pulled it, and enjoyed the Ice boating on Irondequoit bay, March 5th and 6th. The latch string is a good one, and every one must make himself at home. The better the time one has, the better the R. C. C. is pleased. This good fellowship I am sure extends to all Clubs, and if I were worth a million a minute and expenses paid, I would see and know every Canoe Club in the country, and make A. C. A. Clubs of those that are not.

T. Horn, Buffalo, N. Y.

Jaques.—" Mrs. West is not living with her husband now."

Faques.—" Is that so? What's the trouble? "

" He's dead."

Mrs. Talkalot—" What does make you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph? "

Joseph—" Gosh all fish-hooks Maria! It's the only chance I ever get."—Chicago Record.

Servant (returning from up stairs)—No, sir, the mistress is not in.

Caller—Yes, I heard her say she wasn't. —Detroit Free Press.

Always mention RECREATION when answering ads.

QUAIL IN THE LONG MARSH.

G. A. H.

For a long time my hunting chum and I had been trying to get out after quails; but something always prevented. The season had nearly closed when, at last, we set off; taking my setter, Dan, with us.

We reached the marsh after a drive of 5 miles, and in short order had our guns together and were ready for business. The marsh is about 7 miles long and 3 to 5 miles wide, and is dotted over with clumps of scrub oaks, which the natives call islands. On each side are large grain farms where the birds feed. These islands cover from 2 to 5 acres each, and are seldom more than ¼ of a mile apart. We started on one of the largest. Van took one side and I the other, intending to follow around until we met. I had gone about half way when a grouse flushed from a tree, and while I was trying to get a shot at it, another one went. I shouted to Van, who marked the last one. I continued some distance further, hoping to find a bevy of quail, but drew a blank; so joined Van and we started after the grouse. We again separated; I keeping to the right.

The dogs were working perfectly. Though old Fred had hunted 8 seasons he was as fast as ever, and warm company for any dog, young or old. Suddenly Dan stopped, wavered, tried the wind, then slowly went forward and froze to a point.

I signalled Van and started for the dog, but hardly had I gone a dozen paces when a grouse flushed 50 yards away. The brush was too thick for even a snap shot, so I could only mark the bird down.

This grouse got up ahead and to one side of where the dog was pointing, and I could not understand it. Dan has the reputation of always locating his game and seldom makes a false point. As he was still pointing I called him but he did not move. Van came up with old Fred, who promptly backed, but we could raise nothing. We went over the ground again and Van gave it up and started away. I proceeded to light my pipe, and while busy at that I heard the birds go. Van marked them down and said they were 3 quails.

Where those birds could have been is a mystery, as I thought I kicked over every foot of ground within 3 rods of the dog.

We worked to the edge of the brush where I had marked down the grouse, and found an old road with a rail fence on the opposite side. Thinking the fence the most likely cover, we worked down, Van on the field side, I in the road. We had gone but a short distance when I stooped to pull a sand burr from Dan's foot and while busy Van shouted "Look out!" I grabbed my gun in time to see the grouse sailing off through the woods. It was a long shot but I blazed away and down he came. At command Dan retrieved the grouse and I found I had just tipped one of his wings.

We now started for the quail that Van had marked down in an old clearing. We had gone but a little way when I missed Dan, and as he would not come to the whistle, I knew he was on a point.

Turning back we found him. This time we got the bird up and both shot; but as far as known he is going yet.

A short distance beyond Fred pointed; Dan backing. I flushed the bird and Van killed.

Working into the brush of the island, both dogs were making game, each independent of the other, when 2 grouse got up wild.

As we could not see them we had to guess at the direction they took.

We moved slowly on and had gone but a few steps when another one flushed, giving me a fair shot, which for some reason I missed.

We followed the birds and had almost reached the open marsh when both dogs roaded to a point; one standing under a wire fence, the other on the opposite side of a bunch of weeds and brush. We found good places to shoot from, and then gave Fred the word. Up went the grouse high above the brush and gave me just the opportunity I wanted. At the crack of the gun down he came. I was congratulating myself on making a good shot when Van appeared, putting a shell in his gun. "Did you shoot?" we both asked in a breath.

We had both fired at the same instant; and neither heard the report of the other's gun.

We now worked along the fence and Fred pointed again, Dan backed, and we once more sought a clear place to shoot from.

"Put him up, boy," was the command, and Fred moved a step or 2. The grouse rose over a bunch of willows, offering Van an open shot. At the crack of the gun, the bird dropped and caught in the fork of a branch. After getting this bird we started for the house.

When almost to the barn Dan made game and the next second a bird got up, going straight for the house.

We followed and Fred pointed in a patch of briers not 100 yards from the front door. On our coming up the grouse flushed, going my way. It was open shooting and I had no trouble in cutting him down.

After lunch we put our birds in the buggy, lit our pipes and started for a wheat stubble, for quail. We hunted 3 fields without success.

Coming to another island we separated, Van going around the outside while I went through the centre. While waiting for Van to come up I heard a shot and turning quickly saw several quail drop near me, one so close that I could easily have shot it on the ground. Dan also saw this bird and in less than a minute had a point.

As Van was not in sight, I flushed the bird and killed it. Here was an instance of shot balling, for though I let the bird go a good 30 yards it was completely riddled, hardly enough being left to pick up. Van came up and we went to where I had marked down the birds.

Fred got a point at once and Dan coming down the wind and not seeing Fred, flushed. Two birds got up and we each scored. One bird was only winged, and Dan had considerable trouble in catching it. While trying to help the dog I was surprised to hear a gruff voice at my elbow inquire, "Who in H— told you to hunt on this farm?" As no one from the place mentioned had given me permission, I referred him to Van, who tried to get the privilege of shooting what birds we had scattered, but failed. It was go, and go quick. The air was getting blue, and judging from the native's face he was liable to have apoplexy at any moment.

We had our revenge a day or so later, while hunting in this locality. Our dogs flushed a bevy from exactly the same place, but this time luck was with us. They dropped over the fence in a clearing, and while the old man sat on the fence and swore at us we cleaned up the bunch.

In a pasture lot Dan did some pretty work.

Both dogs were going at a tremendous pace, when Dan stopped so quickly that he lost his balance and fell over.

Getting on his feet again he roaded with head high, stopping often, but would not settle to a point.

We hurried up and found the quails were running; we could see them plainly in the grass. What an opportunity it would have been for a pot hunter.

When they saw us they flew to a grub patch and scattered in good shape. We followed, and it was point and back about all the time.

The dogs did perfect work both in finding and retrieving, and as the birds got up one and 2 at a time we did fair shooting.

We had secured in all, 16 quails and 4 grouse; not a large bag for 2 guns, but enough for us.

A MODERN WOOER.

EDWARD W. MASON.

Exquisite Miss Millionaire!
Hear a lover's genuine prayer:
Let the world adore your charms,
Swan-like neck, or snowy arms,
Rosy smile or dazzling glance
Making all our bosoms dance—
For your purse I've not a care
Exquisite Miss Millionaire.

Though I talk of finger-tips,
Pearly teeth, or coral lips,
Cheeks the morning rose that mock,
Still there is a charm in Stock!
Cupid loves a gilded cage,
Let me choose your equipage,
Passion pants for Swelldom Square,
Be but mine, Miss Millionaire.

Then you'll lead a care-free life,
More a goddess than a wife;
Fifty thousand straight a year
Making our expenses clear;
Giving, once a week, a fête,
Simply to display our plate.
Never earth saw such a pair,
Exquisite Miss Millionaire!

BICYCLING.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

E. S. C.

Gaily along by a winding stream,
  Whirl two little girls in blue—
Out on the wave, in a mirrored dream—
  A man in a swift canoe.

One little girl guards close her wheel,
  Striving a record to win—
The other dear girl, eying the boat,
  Wobbled, and ran right in.

Man to the rescue—damp little girl
  Saved from the watery snare—
With a damaged wheel—a damaged heart—
  And a frock not fit to wear.

Girl on the bank still keeeps to her plan—
  Spins on to the goal in view—
Girl in the boat just sits by the man—
  Comes out a prize-winner too.

Mary had a little lamb, that time has passed away; no lamb could follow up the pace that Mary sets to-day; for she rides on an air-shod wheel, in skirts too short by half; no lambkin shares her airy flight, but you can see her calf.

AN ABUSE OF ENDURANCE.

The development of the chainless bicycle last winter gave rise to unlimited discussion of the relative merits of the chain-driven bicycle and the bevel-gear type. After scientists had theorized on the subject and the 2 types had been put through an elaborate course of dynamometer tests, in experiment rooms and laboratories, it was generally conceded that the most practical way of settling the question was by a season's actual use of the chainless machine on the road. As an unusually severe test of this kind, Edward S. Edwards, of New York, set out on the self-appointed task of determining, by actual trial, how many consecutive centuries could be ridden on a chainless bicycle in a year. It was generally reported at the time that he had started out to do a century every day in the year, which, although not his original intention, the plucky little Welshman has continued to do up to the present time. He has been beset with many discouraging obstacles, such for instance as a New York blizzard in January, which made it necessary to have a path shoveled in the snow for him and a cutter to pace him against the cutting wind. Then he was arrested for fast riding, by the police of Washington, where he went in search of more propitious weather. Never daunted, he kept steadily at the task, which seems more like a test of human endurance than of any particular type of bicycle, until he passed all previous world's records for consecutive centuries, on March 7, at which time he had ridden 66 centuries in as many days, each 100 miles having been completed within the 14 hour limit set by the Century Road Club of America. Instead of the strain pulling him down, he increased in weight, during the early part of the year, and was strong and in the best of spirits, as the following extract from a letter written at that time, shows:

"The 66th century contained the same monotony as the others, as many people persisted in crossing the street directly in front of us, to their alarm and our disquietude; for we have a strong voice and like to use it, sans bell. Cactus tires, no punctures; chainless wheel, no worriment of chain jumping or bedustment; padded saddle, no chafing or soreness; cushion grips, no vibration; no nothing but the world's record for which we started and which we got without putting any part of the combination to any serious strain whatever."

Edwards was born in Anglesea, Wales, but became a naturalized citizen of this country. For 5 years before coming to the United States he was noted as a fast road rider in England, where he at one time held the Liverpool to London record. After coming across the Atlantic he broke the 24 hour road record of this country. He is of slight build, weighing only 120 pounds, but is very muscular and hardy.

Commenting on the task Edwards has set out to perform, the editor of an English cycling paper, and an acknowledged authority on bicycle riding and racing, says that in his opinion he will not succeed. "A hundred miles in the day is nothing; but 100 miles a day for every day in the week, Sundays included, through all 4 seasons of the year, is a prodigious task. A wave of heat in midsummer or a real blizzard next Christmas might utterly stop him. An infinite staleness is certain to creep over him, and even if weather permits, his own physical condition will probably condemn him to failure. It is a grievous example of the abuse of cycling and a task of drudgery, of a colossal nature. If proof were wanted that this particular bicycle would travel 36,500 miles in a year, it might be ridden by a troop of riders in turn. In fact, with 4 or 5 men up, it might be ridden continuously, day and night, for a year with a stupendous total as a result—a far better result as a biycle test.

"This ride, as a man test, will, if successful, certainly do harm to the rider. A long ride occasionally is enjoyable, but the monotony of 100 miles a day, all the year round, must be unendurable, and I believe will prove impossible. If a man claimed to do 60 or 70 centuries in the year he would be looked on as exceptional, but this man expects to do this and 300 more such rides, as well. He won't get through."

The English writer is correct in characterizing this effort as an abuse of cycling. It is more than this. It is a piece of brutal self-abuse, and should, like the 6 days' race, be prohibited by law.

The policeman looked after the man on the bicycle and shook his head doubtfully. He watched him wabble up the street and then wabble back again, and was sorely troubled.

"Hi, there!" he yelled at last. "Git off that wheel wanst, till I see whether you're drunk!"—Chicago Post.

Nearly every city in the United States, where cycling is popular, has an ordinance requiring that every bicycle in use on the public highways, after dark, be provided with a lighted lamp. Not many such cities have seen the wisdom of extending this law to all other classes of vehicles, however. Chicago and New York took the initiative in this respect, last summer, and Philadelphia was the next to follow their example, having enacted a "universal lights" law this spring, to the everlasting chagrin of a number of other municipalities which pride themselves on their progressiveness.

Chicago wheelmen labored sedulously for a long time to accomplish a result that in the end was realized almost by accident. Through the local daily and cycling press the need of lights on all vehicles, in use on the boulevards and streets at night, was constantly agitated for months, it being pointed out that certain of the highways were inadequately lighted; that many light buggies and cabs were fitted with rubber tires and could neither be seen nor heard until too late, by cyclists and pedestrians alike; that the drivers of such vehicles often turned in abruptly on the boulevards from dark side streets; that cabs and hansoms frequently stood in waiting at the curb, hidden from view by the shadows of the trees, and that even when a horse and vehicle could be discerned and heard by a wheelman, on a dark night, it was almost impossible to determine whether it was coming toward him or going in the same direction. The press took pains to call attention to the many terrible accidents occasioned by collisions between cyclists and unlighted vehicles, at night, resulting sometimes in death, and sometimes in broken arms or legs. The matter was taken up and pushed by the Associated Cycling Clubs, and 2 of the largest bicycle papers in the country, published in Chicago, issued thousands of little green and blue ribbon badges, bearing the imperative inscription, "All vehicles must carry lights."

No immediate effect was noticeable, but in the middle of the summer of 1897 a bill was introduced in the city council providing for the licensing of bicycles at $1 a year, and other vehicles in proportion to the load they carried, from $2 for a one horse buggy or wagon, with a capacity of one ton or less, to $8 or $12 for a dray carrying 4 or 6 tons and hauled by an equal number of horses. Numbered registration tags were to be issued for attachment to said bicycles and vehicles. Anticipating that the cyclists would raise a great protest, a clause requiring all vehicles to show one or more lighted lamps at night was incorporated in the measure to conciliate them. Much as they wanted the universal lights, the bill failed of its object, and after it had passed the council and received the mayor's signature an injunction was issued to prevent its enforcement. When the injunction came to hearing, the plaintiff being an ex-judge and the defendant the corporation counsel, the law was declared unconstitutional—all of it with the exception of the clause requiring lights on all vehicles—and the wheelmen were triumphant.

And that is how Chicago came to have a "universal lights" ordinance.

In the City of Brotherly Love it was different. The wheelmen labored unceasingly, for 3 months, through the Associated Cycling Clubs and the Pennsylvania Division of the L. A. W., to secure such a law, and were finally successful last March, after the bill they had had introduced in the common council had been delayed by an amendment providing that the measure should not go into effect until 60 days after its passage. The ordinance as it now stands requires that all pleasure vehicles, and all other vehicles proceeding at a pace faster than a walk, shall, between the hours of sunset and sunrise, carry a lighted lantern or lanterns, prominently displayed, under penalty of a fine of $5 for infraction.

In one respect the Philadelphia law is not so uncompromising as the Chicago ordinance, since drivers of teams other than pleasure vehicles, when belated, may proceed on their way at a walk.

Every other metropolitan city in the land needs a similar ordinance.

"Jones is writing for the magazines now."

"That so? On what subject?"

"Asking for sample copies."

ALWAYS GO SOMEWHERE.

To get the full amount of pleasure and profit out of the ownership of a bicycle one must use it as a means of getting beyond the confines of his immediate neighborhood. It soon becomes recreation of the most monotonous kind to ride up and down the boulevards and through the same parks, time after time; but as soon as you strike boldly out into unknown territory there is an added charm of exploration that never palls. Let your runs extend 40 or 50 miles from home, into places where you have never been before. Good road maps, with explicit directions as to routes, can be secured in any city, and with these you can go anywhere without danger of losing your way. You will have the best of roads to travel on, and road houses and inns where meals and lodging can be secured are more frequent than there is necessity for, most of them having been revived solely by the increased travel due to the bicycle. Every turn of the road will bring new and refreshing scenes to view, and you can revel in the beauties of nature's landscapes to your heart's content. A trip of 100 miles can be arranged, to begin at noon Saturday and end Sunday afternoon or evening. Strike out for some town 40 or 50 miles away, where there is a good hotel. Stay there over night, and in the morning, after a good breakfast, resume the trip more leisurely, returning by a new and longer route.

The element of time should be altogether eliminated from such rides. The prime object is pleasure, and the only way to get real pleasure out of them is to assume that you are unlimited as to time. Ride at a moderate pace that will allow you to see what you pass and to dally in pleasant places, smoking the pipe of peace, by the singing brook, 'neath the grateful shade of wide-spreading boughs, or perusing the thrilling tale of the heroine of the summer novel. Remember that you have left the worry and hurry of the city behind and have become, for the nonce, a living part of the rural tranquillity.

When the summer vacation comes a week's tour through the country, on a bicycle, will give astonishing returns in pleasure, health, and new information, for the slight expense entailed. Such a tour should be made in company with one or more agreeable and amiable companions, and a tandem forms an ideal way for man and wife to travel. A pretty section of country should be selected where there are good roads, plenty of shade and small streams and lakes, to be reached by train if not near home, and no absolute itinerary should be laid out in advance. Form a general idea as to destination and routes and leave intermediate points and time schedules to be determined by circumstances as they arise.

For a week's trip it is not necessary to carry much baggage. A Saratoga trunk is superfluous. All that is required can be readily carried in one of the canvas bags made to fit in the frame of the machine, supplemented by waterproofs and light wraps that may be strapped to the handle-bars.

Try such a trip this summer. Put your wheel to its noblest use, and see if your enthusiasm for cycling is not increased 100 per cent or more.

"A man is known by the company he keeps."

"And a woman by her dressmaker."

—Chicago News.

REMODELED FRAMES.

Every new season brings its change in bicycle styles, as well as in styles of dress. And these new styles, when they spread rapidly and are generally adopted, become fads. Not many important changes in the construction of bicycle frames were made last winter, but the fad for this season is low frames, with short heads and crank-hangers dropped from 2 to 3 inches. Such a frame, when equipped with handle-bars about 20 inches wide and but slightly dropped, is thoroughly up to date.

Not every wheelman was in a position last spring to pay $50 to $75 for a new model, however, especially when he found his old machine could not be traded in as readily as in the past, and that at best it would not bring more than $15 to $25. But a new machine each season is essential to the happiness of every enthusiastic cycling club member, and they individually and collectively racked their brains until finally a new wrinkle, in matters bicycular, was hit upon. By this scheme a new model could be secured at less than a third of the cost of a '98 machine. It was found that at an expense of $6 to $10 the old bicycle, bought in 1896 or '97, could be made over into the latest model by having the repairman cut the frame down from 24, 25, or 26 inches in height to 22 inches; shorten the head a corresponding amount, and give the crank-hanger an additional drop of an inch or 2, after which the frame was all nicely re-enameled. Then, by putting on a pair of new handle-bars, of the wide type; new tires, and a new saddle, the owner had a bicycle that was in every respect as handsome and serviceable as a brand new model bought from the manufacturer or dealer; provided the bearings in the old machine were in good condition and there was no structural weakness in the frame.

Thousands of old bicycles were made over in this way, during last winter and spring, the practice being especially prevalent, of course, in the large cities like New York, Chicago, and the big towns of the central states.

AS TO RACING.

Great changes have taken place in bicycle racing since last season. The promotion and management of race meets have largely passed out of the hands of bicycle clubs into the hands of track associations, formed by the owners of the principal cycle race tracks of the country. Then, professional racing men are no longer employed for advertising purposes, by the bicycle manufacturers, except in a few cases, the track associations having formed large teams of their own. There are 3 principal associations of this kind, respectively known as the National Cycle Track Association, the American Cycle Racing Association, and the International Cycle Track Association, each of which has secured a number of stars of the first magnitude in the cycling firmament, to represent it on the track. Each man excels in some particular style of racing, such as sprint events, middle distance match races, or long distance competition work.

Until little Jimmy Michael, the middle distance champion of America, came to the United States last year and awakened the public here to the beauties and excitement of paced match races of 15 to 33 miles, the most popular events run in this country were sprint races of a quarter mile to one mile, and handicaps of one, 2 and 5 miles. But this is all changed now, and a meet promoter knows that if he wants to attract a big crowd he must advertise a middle distance match race, between 2 world-famous riders, to be paced by triplets, quads, and quintuplets. So popular has this kind of racing become that one of the above associations has arranged a special circuit to be followed by its team in such events, and a number of our own best short distance racing men began training last fall for middle distance work—notably, John S. Johnson, Arthur Gardiner, E. A. McDuffie, Fred Titus, and others. Now we have a large aggregation of such talent including, in addition to the above, Tom Linton, Karl Kaser, Henri Cissac, Lartigue and other foreigners, so that this is sure to be the prominent feature of cycle racing in '98.

Another striking point about cycle racing, this season, is the immigration of so many foreign crackajacks who have given good accounts of themselves in their native lands. Through the efforts of special representatives of American tracks some of the best riders of England, and the continental countries of Europe, were secured. The list includes such well known names as Chinn, Chase, Fulford and Wheelock, of England; Tom Linton and W. Michael, of Wales; O'Connor, of Ireland; the Jallu brothers, Gougoltz and Lamberjack, E. Taylore, Piette, Cissac and Lartigue, of France; Pontecchi, Tomasseli, and Passini, of Italy; Jaap Eden, of Holland, Lehr, of Germany, Kaser of Switzerland. and others.

The coming of these men constitutes the greatest invasion of a country, by foreign racing men, that has ever occurred in the history of the sport, with the possible exception of the assembling of the champions of Europe at the international championships run every year. Their presence will add an international flavor to race meets this summer that will greatly increase the attractions of the track.

Filler—I suppose you think war is a sort of a picnic?

Bowles—Oh, dear, no; not that horrible.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Excelsior Cycle Club of New York, will give a Century Run, on June 19th. The course selected is to Oakdale, Long Island, and return.

A prize valued at $20 is offered to the Club entering the greatest number of riders over 25. This prize will be left to the selection of the winners.

There will be a fast and a slow division. The slow will be divided into 2 sections, and among the pace makers, will be 4 ladies, members of the Club. It is hoped this feature will be the means of inducing a large number of ladies to enter the run.*

The Captain of the Excelsior Cycle Club is Count A. de Julio.

Entry blanks for the run can be obtained from Dr. J. P. Burke, 157 Lexington Avenue. Entrance fee $1.

Senior Partner—We must discharge that traveller of ours. He told one of our customers I was a fool.

Junior Ditto—I'll see him at once and insist upon his keeping the firm's secrets.—Boston Traveller.

It is said that a strong solution of potash is good to remove enamel from a bicycle frame. It should be left in about 12 hours and then washed. Another rider recommends soda, and still another advises putting the frame in a boiling solution of caustic soda, letting it stand over night, and heating it up again in the morning, before taking it out. The enamel will then rub off. Keep hands and tires away from these solutions.

Harlie—That's a wonderful doctor.

Herbie—You bet he is. I swallowed a nickel an' he made me cough up $2.

Secretary Bassett's report for 1897 shows an increase in the membership of the L. A. W. from 72,879 to 102,636.

There are still in the League 21 (over 16 per cent.) of those who founded the organization, at Newport in 1880.

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*The Editor would be glad if no lady will enter this or any other century run, this season or at any future time.

BOOK NOTICES.

YELLOW PINE BASIN.

Like the trapper, the scout and the Vigilance Committee, the old-time prospector has done his work, and is rapidly passing away. Since '49 there has been not a mountain range nor a foot-hill, nor a canyon nor a gulch that he has not wandered over or through, rifle and hammer in hand, followed by his patient pack-horse bearing his iron pan and his slender stock of grub. Neither grizzly bears, Indians, mountain torrents, nor engulfing snows have deterred him from his brave search for the precious metals.

I am glad Mr. Catlin has given us this vivid picture of the life and personality of the typical prospector while its details and colors are still vivid in his memory. "Yellow Pine Basin" was not written by a space-writer, on facts drawn from other books, and made "to sell." Clearly, it is the work of a man who knows every inch of his ground; who knows what it is to winter in the mountains, to wallow through the deep snows, to fight for life against the elements.

It is a story of absorbing interest; of historical value to any person who cherishes the memory of the different types of Americans who have made this nation great; a story that appeals to all that is noble and patriotic in the heart of the reader. He finds it is by a sense of duty fully done that a man, wounded unto death and alone in the wilderness, can calmly write his last message to the gallant comrade who has gone on snowshoes a hundred miles for succor, and face Death in solitude without a murmur. The men who won the West always died like men.

I am glad Mr. Catlin has given us Zeb and Bud, and that he has shown us exactly what it is like to spend a winter, "snowed-up," in the Salmon river country, a hundred miles or more from the nearest settlement. It is a good story, well told; and the boy or the man who gets it is lucky.

YELLOW PINE BASIN: The Story of a Prospector. By Henry G. Catlin. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 214.

MISS MERRIAM'S NEW BIRD BOOK.

In "Birds of Village and Field," which modestly claims a place as "A Bird Book for Beginners," Miss Florence A. Merriam has rendered the "beginners" a service of decided value. If we were back in the days of long titles, it might well be called "Ornithology Made Easy, Fascinating and Valuable." Its breezy descriptions, its wealth of helpful figures, of all sizes, and its clear-cut keys make the subject matter as clear as the air of California. The introduction of a multitude of facts regarding the noxious insects destroyed by the birds, together with good pictures of the insects in their various stages, greatly enhance the permanent value of the book. This is decidedly a happy thought; and now Miss Merriam may as well expect a series of practical demonstrations of the rock-ribbed truth that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Every figure of a noxious insect is an independent argument for the preservation of the birds. I regret the author has not laid greater stress on the bounden duty of all bird lovers henceforth to take an active part in the promotion of measures for the protection of the few birds that the gunners have left. The time has come for aggressive warfare on the army of destroyers, and in this we expect the ornithologists to lead, not follow. Let all authors of bird books take notice, that hereafter any new bird book, or any new edition of an old book that comes to my table without preaching the gospel of bird protection, will be considered seriously imperfect, and treated accordingly. Far too long have our writers of charming bird books ignored the slaughter of the innocents. It is indeed true that such works incidentally promote bird protection by promoting the love of birds; but that is not enough. The situation now demands aggressive warfare.

Miss Merriam's book is fairly entitled to general and long continued popularity. Beyond all doubt, it is the author's best piece of work, thus far; and it is very much to my mind. The publishers have made of it a very satisfactory volume, both as to size and general attractiveness.

Birds of Village and Field: A Bird Book for Beginners. By Florence A. Merriam. 12mo. pp. xxviii. + 406. Fully illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York. $2.00.

A HANDY HAND-BOOK OF OUR GAME BIRDS.

What is a "game bird"? Out of every 50 sportsmen, probably 47 apply this term to the Gallinaceous birds only—grouse, quail, and partridge; but surely it should be given a wider meaning. Mr. Frank A. Bates has hit the correct idea in classifying as "game birds" all "those species which are suitable for food, which are habitually pursued by man for sport, and demand skill and dexterity in their capture." Under the title of "The Game Birds of North America," he has published a very useful descriptive check list, wherein nearly all the edible birds are enumerated. Less than a month before this little volume reached my table, I had occasion to go through the A. O.

U. check list, and make a reasonably careful count of all the birds of North America which might be classed as edible, or "game" birds. I made the number 144, or 20 more than Mr. Bates; but without codes and canons, it will be difficult for 2 men to pick out exactly the same number of species of birds which are edible.

I will not find fault because Mr. Bates omits from his list a few rather rare species which might possibly have been included; for the argument that could be bestowed upon this subject would fill a volume. The author's list includes of geese, ducks and swans 52 species, shore birds 56, gallinaceous birds 15, and pigeons 1, making a total of 124. The little volume is "a handy pocket manual for sportsmen," a book for the camp and the blind, where its concise descriptions, measurements and weight records will be most gratefully appreciated. Like all good bird books, it contains a key to the identification of species, and numerous small illustrations. I sincerely hope its success will be such as to warrant Mr. Bates in doubling the size of the volume, when it is time for a revised edition.

"Game Birds of North America." A Descriptive check-list. By Frank A. Bates, 16mo. Illustrated, pp. 118. Bradlee Whidden. Boston. $1.00.

FRENCH-CANADIAN DIALECT POEMS.

One of the most laughable sketches I ever read was in the dialect of the French-Canadians. Whoever is yet a stranger to this funniest of all dialects is to be envied the treat that is in store for him. In "The Habitant," by Dr. William Henry Drummond, we have a collection of 23 narrative poems, cast in this quaint form, the most of which are highly enjoyable, to say the least. Although they contain so much of pure and untranslated French as to seriously detract from the personal comfort of every reader who knows nothing of that erratic language, this copy of the "Habitant" glories in being one of the "ninth thousand."

Dr. Drummond has contributed several excellent poems and stories to RECREATION; among which are "Autumn Days," "A Dream of Wayagamack" and "Ze Wreck of Ze Julie La Plant." The latter was not credited to the Doctor at the time, owing to an oversight, but he wrote it all the same. His present volume will be found a most delightful companion for any lover of nature, in camp, or in the library, and all such people should read it.

The mechanical make-up of the volume is, in more ways than one, highly satisfactory; and I congratulate the Messrs. Putnam on their good sense in trimming the edges.

"The Habitant, and other French-Canadian Poems." By Dr. W. H. Drummond. 12mo. Illustrated by F. S. Coburn. pp. xiv. + 137. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price $1.50.

RECREATION'S RIFLE TOURNAMENT.

I reprint the conditions in this match for the benefit of any who may not have seen them in April RECREATION.

Each contestant will be allowed to shoot any number of scores, each month, at 100 yards, but may enter only 3 each month.

Five shots to constitute a score.

Any 22 calibre rifle, any ammunition, any trigger pull, any sights, except telescope sights, and any kind of rest allowed. Each contestant to mail such of his targets to RECREATION, at the end of each month, as he may desire to have entered for competition—not exceeding 3 in number.

Each target to be certified by 2 witnesses, beside the shooter; and the Editor of RECREATION reserves the right to call for affidavits, from shooters and witnesses, as to the conditions under which scores were shot. This provision does not imply any lack of faith in contestants or witnesses; but is made in order to avoid, as far as possible, dissatisfaction on the part of contestants who may not win.

The object in allowing contestants to enter 3 scores each month is to give any one contestant a chance to win 2 or more prizes, if his shooting is good enough to do so.

Shooters who may enter now, or later, will stand just as good a show of winning as those who entered earlier, *if* they do as good shooting.

Contestants must be actual paid yearly subscribers to RECREATION.

No entrance fee will be charged.

All scores to be decided by string measure.

Telescope sights positively barred.

PRIZES.

First prize a Stevens Schuetzen rifle, handsomely engraved and listed at $60.

Second, a 22 calibre take-down Marlin repeating rifle, handsomely engraved and listed at $25.

Third, a gold hunting case watch, listed at $25.

Fourth, an Eastman photoret camera, listed at $22.

Fifth, a No. 4 Eastman Bullseye Camera, listed at $16.

Distances to be carefully and accurately measured. Not paced or estimated.

Awards will be made by 3 judges, to be appointed by the editor of RECREATION, none of whom shall be contestants.

Competition will open April 1st and close September 30th.

Winning targets to be published in RECREATION as soon as possible after awards shall have been made.

Target, 6 inches square, with lines drawn diagonally from corner to corner and crossing in centre, from which point measurements are to be made, to centre of break.

Targets are black, with white lines, and may be placed on any base or background, at pleasure of shooter.

Targets will be furnished from this office at 20 cents a dozen—a sum barely sufficient to cover the cost of making the cut, and of printing. Send in your order at once if you intend to compete.

In a tournament of this kind, ties cannot be shot off, for obvious reasons. All original scores will, therefore, be decided on their merits, and prizes awarded accordingly.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

WHAT ABOUT THE TELESCOPIC GRAPHIC JR?

I should like to hear from any reader of RECREATION who has used a 4 x 5 Telescopic Graphic Jr. Camera, made by Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York.

I am thinking of buying one and should be glad to know the opinion of any one who has used them.

Am delighted with W. E. Carlin's articles on "Hunting with a Camera," and hope to see many more of them.

Joseph A. Close, 11 Myrtle Avenue, Stamford, Ct.

I have had excellent results from a 4 x 5 telescopic Graphic Jr. Camera. The work I have done with it is far superior to that previously done with a camera and lens costing 3 times as much.

If any one of your readers are in doubt as to the quality of this camera I can show work which will convince them of its superiority.

Robert L. Stillson, Centre and Pearl Streets, New York.

I have found it necessary, for the peace and comfort of my home, to buy another telescopic Graphic Jr. Camera. My wife is going South again, for 3 or 4 weeks, and wants to take my camera, and I don't intend to be without a Graphic Jr. for so long as I was last time she was visiting. So I see no other way out of the difficulty but to get another camera; for she, like myself, thinks so much of this one that she says she would not enjoy her trip without it. I cannot enjoy staying at home without it, so there you are.

We almost had a fight about the camera, as to who should have it, so for the sake of peace I have ordered another.

Walter H. Pitt, State Street and Boerum Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Another man who has been using a Graphic, Jr., says:

"It is the best camera, for a sportsman, I have ever used."

GUYOT SUSPENDER FACTS.

Experience has proven that the claims made for the genuine Guyot suspenders are in reality true. It is said these suspenders are absolutely perfect in every detail—the only hygienic braces ever made. Charles Guyot devoted his life to the solution of what he considered one of the greatest human problems, which was to practically make the most important portions of the masculine attire keep their position in an easy and sensible manner. With Guyot suspenders attached to men's trousers they never become baggy at the knees, but always retain their intended graceful lines.

If your furnisher attempts to substitute any other for the genuine Guyot suspenders you can obtain same by sending 50 cents in stamps, for a sample pair, to the Guyot agents at 621 Broadway, New York City. Mention RECREATION.

A NEW BULLET MOULD.

The Ideal Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., has made an improvement in large bullet moulds, such as are used extensively by the Military shooters. It is called the Armory Mould. Previous to the production of this mould, the square headed screw, shown in the cut-off slot, performed 2 functions, that of holding the cut-off plate down close to the face of the mould, and a stop for the cut-off at both ends of the slot.

The cut-off being hit frequently, by thoughtless operators, after it reached the screw, caused it to loosen and let the plate lift up from the face of the mould, in the act of cutting off the sprew. This resulted in bad work and often in breaking the screw. The Ideal Company has overcome the possibility of this, in the new mould. Note at the letter A, near the upper handle, that the cut-off rests on a separate stop pin which receives the shock, leaving the screw to perform the one function of holding the plate down. The end of the slot on neither side of the cut-off reaches the screw, as shown by the opening at the letter A.

This is a strong, heavy, well made bench mould, cut for 6 of the largest Military and Sporting bullets. Further information relating to this and other goods of a like nature may be had by writing for a copy of the Ideal Hand-Book. Mention Recreation.

WESTWARD THROUGH THE ROCKIES.

The traveler, tourist or business man is wise when he selects the Rio Grande Western Railway " Great Salt Lake Route " for his line to the Pacific Coast. It is the only transcontinental route passing directly through Salt Lake City, and in addition to the glimpse it affords of the Temple City, the Great Salt Lake and picturesque Salt Lake and Utah Valley, it affords the choice of 3 distinct routes through the mountains, and the most magnificent scenery in the world.

On all Pacific Coast tourist tickets stopovers are granted at Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Leadville, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden and other points of interest. Double daily train service and through Pullman and Tourist sleeping cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles.

For illustrated pamphlets descriptive of the " Great Salt Lake Route," write L. B. Eveland, T. P. A., 305 West Ninth Street, Kansas City, or F. A. Wadleigh, G. P. A., Salt Lake City.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

If a man really prefers to wear a collar that costs 25 cents, or even 15 cents, and pays a laundry to transform it into a hideous thing of torment and tatters—why—he can do it of course. But a linen collar will stand the average laundry one to 3 times. If it endures 3 times that makes it wearable 4 times in all. Suppose it costs 15 cents—a low price when new. The 3 washings, at 1½ cents each, brings the cost of 4 times wearing to about 5 cents a time. Meantime it has shrunk or stretched, or acquired a saw tooth edge, or the button holes have torn out and much anguish of spirit has resulted. Four Linene collars would have looked as well, felt better and cost just half as much, to say nothing of saving in trouble.

THE MEDICAL EXCURSION IN JUNE, TO DENVER AND SALT LAKE CITY.

The American Medical Association meets at Denver June 7th to 10th. One of the features of the gathering will be an excursion from Denver to Salt Lake City and return, via the D. & R. G., Colorado Midland, and Rio Grande Western railways, through the " Heart of the Rockies," furnishing a splendid opportunity to view the most magnificent scenery on the American Continent. Salt Lake City is an ideal summer resort and the bathing at Saltair, in the Great Salt Lake—an inland salt sea, nearly a mile above sea level—is superb in June. There are more attractions in and about Salt Lake City than at any place in the world. Write F. A. Wadleigh, G. P. A., Rio Grande Western Ry., Salt Lake City, for pamphlet on Salt Lake City and the Rocky Mountains.

TOURS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The " Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery.

Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colorado, for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

Nie and Dean, Grand Rapids, Mich., have put on the market an automatic bell ringer for bicycles. It consists of a seamless steel sleeve fitted loosely over the handle bar, so that it may be easily rotated thereon. To ring the bell a slight turn of the hand inward is all that is required. It is adapted to both gear and rotary bells, and can be used on any standard handle bar, without making any change in it.

It appears to be an excellent arrangement, though I have not yet tested it. It is certainly worth investigation, for it appears that by the use of this device, the rider may ring his bell without in the least loosening his hold on the grip—a feature that is often desirable when riding in crowded streets, or on bad roads where every precaution must be taken to keep full control of the wheel. Send for descriptive circular. Mention Recreation.

Hoskins and Sewell, 16 East 15th Street, New York City, are making a light folding iron cot that is especially useful for camps and summer cottages. It can be folded up, during the day; and stored away in the closet, or in a corner of the tent, so as to occupy little more room than a grip sack. Yet when opened out, at night, it is big enough for a full grown man, and is as staunch and solid as an iron bedstead that costs $100. It is clean, durable and will stand any amount of hard usage that it can possibly be subjected to. Send for a circular of it. You will like it if you ever try it. I have slept on one of these cots, many a night, and the only trouble with it is that you do not want to get up when breakfast is ready.

Parker Bros., manufacturers of the old reliable Parker gun, Meriden, Conn., have lately issued a calendar, which contains the portraits of a lot of well-known trap shooters, and some information of value to both trap and field men. This calendar will be sent free to all Secretaries of Gun Clubs if they will mention, when writing for it, that they saw this announcement in RECREATION. It will be sent to others on receipt of 10 cents to cover postage, if when writing you will mention this magazine.

Most calendars run from January to December, inclusive, but Parker Bros. have made a new departure in this matter. Theirs runs from March, 1898, to February, 1899, inclusive. If you have grown tired of some of your other calendars that have been staring you in the face for 4 or 5 months you can now chuck them in the waste-basket and hereafter have a new one to look at.

The 30-30 Marlin rifle, with fancy curled walnut stock, pistol grip, checkered fore-end, handsomely engraved, take down, which you gave me, for a club of subscriptions to RECREATION has been received and tried. It is a beauty in its outlines and finish, and the first vicious crack will startle anybody; but one look at the solid top action dissipates all possible thought of danger and the shooting is par excellence.

As to securing subscribers for RECREATION it is many times amusing to watch some sportsman when he gets the first sample copy in his hands. Mention $1 a year and see how his eyes grow larger, with every beautiful page he turns. When his eyes can grow no larger, out comes his $ and he is a friend and admirer of RECREATION forever.

John Slovensky, Pittsburg, Pa.

Seeing an advertisement in RECREATION, with cut of RECREATION Gun Cabinet, I wrote Messrs. G. S. Hudson & Son, for one, which I received some days since. I am more than pleased with it and can only wonder how they can make it for so low a price. I have long been looking for something of the kind, and this fills the bill in every respect, price included. Any one in need of such a case can do no better than make an effort to get subscribers and secure it in that way.

I can always advise every one to buy RECREATION, for its game news and its principles. If you are in need of sportsmen's goods, you can always find the best of everything advertised in it.

Mark Wedge, Bridgeport, Ct.

Cincinnati, O., December 23, 1897.

Polk Miller Drug Co., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen: Having used your "Sergeant's Condition Pills" in my Kennels, I gladly endorse them in the strongest terms. I consider them the best remedy, for what is claimed for them, of any dog medicine in the world. They act like magic, and many a dog that has gone to "Dog Heaven" would be alive and eating his meals regularly, to-day, if he had been given "Sergeant's Condition Pills."

Fraternally yours,

Al. G. Eberhart.

I want to tell you that as long as I have canvassed for subscriptions for you, I have met but one man, who said a word against RECREATION. This fellow told me, in plain language, that your book was no good. Now this man, from my point of view, is a *damn fool*, and I told him so. What followed there is no use explaining; but I am still on top and will continue to increase the circulation of your magazine, for it is a dandy.

Jno. D. McEwen,
South Williamsport, Pa.

The RECREATION gun cabinet you sent me, for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION, has just arrived. I thank you very much. It is a credit to you and the maker—to you for being able to give so nice a prize for so little work—and to G. S. Hudson & Son, for putting so good a cabinet in the reach of all, at so small an outlay. I heartily recommend it to all sportsmen and if they once have one they won't know how to do without it.

George B. Bliss, Stamford, Ct.

Mr. Chas. Payne, Wichita, Kans.

Enclosed find check for amount of bill. The 90 dozen quail came through in excellent condition, with a loss of only 3 birds.

I do not see how your method of shipping could be improved upon, and it seems to be the general opinion of all who have seen the arrangement, that you have hit upon the best way.

E. F. Swan, Sec. State Mut. L. Ins. Co., Worcester, Mass.

I received the Kenwood sleeping bag which you so kindly sent me for 15 subscribers to RECREATION. I consider it a valuable Christmas present from you. The manufacturers well deserve the reputation they have established. No sportsman should be without it, any more than they should be without RECREATION. I intend to make lots of new friends for you in '98.

J. E. Poole, Lynn, Mass.

I wish to acknowledge receipt of, and to thank you heartily for the camera, received yesterday, for club of subscribers.

I am highly pleased with RECREATION. Several of my subscribers tell me, "it is the best of its kind," to which I say, "Amen."

J. R. Hazard, Washington, D. C.

I received the camera. Have given it a complete test and find it worthy of more praise than is given it.

W. A. Stevens, Friendship, N. Y.

ON HAYDEN LAKE, B. C.

L. L. BALES.

A half-mile portage from salt water, through dense underbrush and fallen timber, brought my canoe and traps to the margin of Hayden lake. This body of water is 4½ miles long by one mile wide; with bold, rocky, rugged shores, covered in most places by evergreen forests and surrounded by snow capped mountains. As yet, this country is unmarred by the loggers, who are following close in the wake of the trapper and prospector. What a dreamy romantic lake it is! But few sounds disturb the morning stillness. The weird lonesome cry of the spotted loon, and the gleam of his snow white breast as he sports in the limpid waters, could be heard and seen 3 miles away that morning. The whistling screech of the eagle near by, grated harshly on the ear in the otherwise quiet solitude. Placing my traps and rifle in the canoe, I chose the left-hand shore and started to make the circuit of the lake in search of sign of mink, martin, otter, and beaver.

I had passed 2 miles of shore without sign or incident, when, on an open grassy spot on the mountain side, 50 yards from the water, I noticed a fat deer, feeding, all unconscious of danger. At the report of my rifle, it threw up its head for a moment, then went on feeding. At the second report, the deer made a few violent plunges and landed dead within a few feet of my canoe.

It required but a few moments to dress the deer and proceed. The shore became abrupt, with a high cliff overhanging the lake. From 5 to 40 feet above the water were numerous pictures and strange characters, drawn with red paint, many years ago by some Indian artist. How they were placed there remains for conjecture; as the face of the cliff has an over-hang of many feet and is perfectly smooth, with deep water at its base.

A short distance from this place a small stream entered the lake through 5 different channels. In the vicinity was a low wooded point, where many eagles were perched on the most prominent trees. What was the attraction for them here? As I approached the small creeks, numerous schools of salmon were endeavoring to ascend them from the lake. On those salmon the eagles lived. Here I found my first otter slide, and on it I set a No. 4 deer trap, with offset jaws and teeth. A trap, which for several reasons I have found to be the most successful beaver and otter trap used on this coast.

Half a mile from the creeks was a low rocky point, covered with moss, ferns, and small firs. The lake at this point had narrowed to 150 yards in width. On the point was a regular family otter slide. I looked the place over and concluded to set 3 traps, and while doing so, I heard 3 heavy plunges directly opposite from where I was standing. I gazed intently in the direction from which the sounds came but could see nothing, as the loom of the land extended over the lake from that side 10 or 15 yards. In a few moments the head and ears of a doe appeared swimming toward me, followed by a 2 point buck who was in turn followed by a noble 4 pointer. In this vast solitude, alone with nature's children, I keenly enjoyed the passing scene; and learned that with the lower animals, as well as the human family, "all is fair in love and war." For the doe—for some reason best known to herself—would turn and swim at right angles. After tacking about the lake in this manner for 5 minutes, they landed on the same shore from whence they came and in the same order. As they did so I gave them a rousing cheer, knowing they would stop a short time. With a few hasty strokes of the paddle I ran my canoe under some overhanging brush and sprang ashore. There stood the two pointer. He fell to my shot. Hearing an important stamp, I turned and saw the very head and horns a friend of mine, in New Brunswick, wanted. When he shows the head of that noble buck to his visitors, he tells them the story of its death.

First Actor—The people of Toughtown have a hard reputation.

Second Actor—Very. I hear eggs are to be sold at the ticket office, this season, to accommodate the patrons of the theatre. —Life.

"Just the thing for Camp"

GOOD MILK
GOOD CREAM
NO SUGAR
and Condensed

Rich and Wholesome

* * *

Ask your grocer for a can of...

Highland Evaporated Cream

and the above is what you will get

Excellent in Coffee

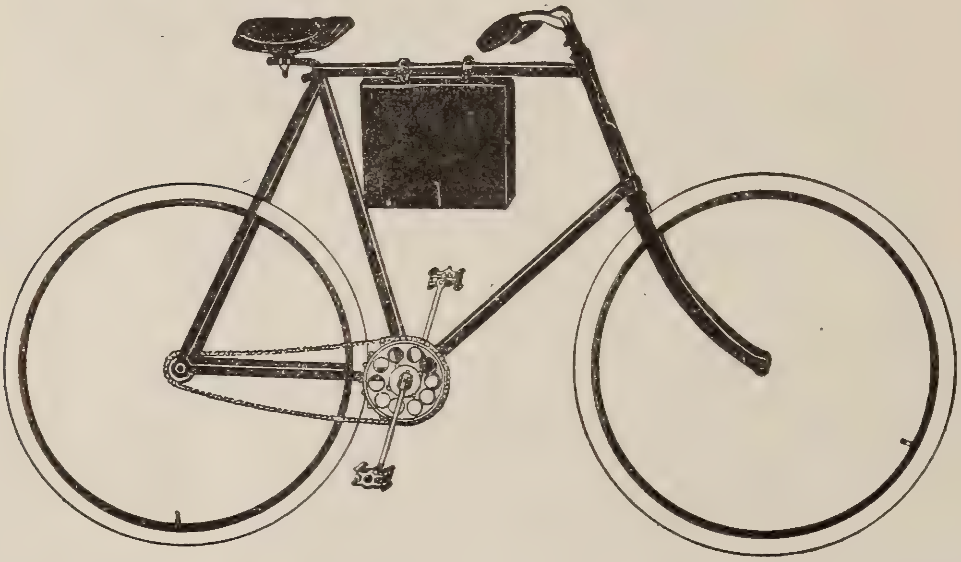
HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM is simply rich, pure cows' milk, reduced by evaporation to the consistency of heavy cream. It keeps forever in the closed can, hence furnishes an ever-ready stock for all purposes for which ordinary milk or cream are used. As a cream, it is far less expensive than ordinary dairy cream.

WM. POTTER, Jr., Eastern Representative
HELVETIA MILK COMPANY
134 Milk Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Ounces
vs.
Pounds

A Film Cartridge for 12 pictures, 5 x 7,
Weighs 4 ounces.

Glass Plates and necessary holders for 12 pictures, 5 x 7,
Weigh 4 pounds.



The No. 5 Cartridge Kodak

is the only 5 x 7 camera which uses light-proof film cartridges and can be LOADED IN DAYLIGHT.

Being but 3¼ inches in thickness when closed, the Cartridge Kodak fully loaded for 12 pictures 5 x 7 inches can be suspended inside the frame or securely clamped to the bicycle head. It is the only 5 x 7 camera which is adapted to the wheelman's use.

Price No 5 Cartridge Kodak, with rapid rectilinear lens, pneumatic release shutter, iris diaphragm stops, - - - - - - -	$35.00
Light-proof film cartridge, 12 exposures, 5 x 7 inches, - - -	1.60

Kodaks $5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

A HANDY INDEX.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: I read in April RECREATION, an article on how to index negatives. While Roscoe's plan may answer, there are some things lacking to make it complete. He does not have a blank space in his table for the condition of the light, or for the size of the stop used, both of which are essential.

The inclosed diagrams will explain my plan, which answers every requirement. For glass plates I make a drawing of the table, and then make a negative the proper size. From this I make blue prints. I then take the empty plate boxes and paste the blue prints on the cover, having the subject and number on the end; so when the boxes are packed away the subject and number can be seen without moving a box.

Subject	No Box	No Plate	Date	Cond. Light	Time Day	No Stop	Exposure	Plate	Remarks

Subject	No. Box	No. Plate	Date	Cond. Light	Time Day	No. Stop	Exposure	Plate	Remarks
		12							
		11							
		10							
		9							
		8							
		7							
		6							
		5							
		4							
		3							
		2							
		1							

Subject	No. Box	No. Plate	Date	Cond. Light	Time o'Day	No. Stop	Exposure	Plate	Remarks
G-River	1	12	6-9	B-Sun	2P	8	$\frac{1}{100}$	H	
M-River	1	11	6-12	B-Sun	3P.	8	$\frac{1}{100}$	H	
N. Mich.	1	10	11-10	Cloudy-S	1P.	8	$\frac{1}{25}$	H	
N. Mich.	1	9	11-10	"	1P.	32	$\frac{1}{5}$	H	
		8							
		7							
		6							
		5							
		4							
		3							
		2							
		1							

I then number each negative, from 1 up to 12, and pack 12 in a box as Roscoe does. First I put in the bottom a sheet of blotting paper; then on this a negative, face to paper and back up. Then a negative with back to back of first negative; then blotting paper and negatives, and so on until the 12 are packed.

I also make a book, of the same blue prints, for reference, which is useful. I notice Roscoe lives here, and should like to meet him and exchange prints.

Chas. W. Dake.

EUREKA!

How many of us, whose means are limited and whose ambitions are many, sit and pore over a supply catalogue of a photo stock dealer and wish our purses were a great deal deeper! Especially is this so when we look at the prices the dealers necessarily ask for the solid, substantial large sized, granite, steel or enameled trays that we so covet. We need these in toning and fixing our prints.

We turn from the list with a sigh and go back to our gallon crocks, dish pans—white wash bowls, etc., and slop away as resignedly as possible.

Such was my experience—till I learned better. Now I have an assortment of large, roomy granite trays, with handles at each end and which I got for almost a song. I'm not much of a singer but almost anyone can find as good a song as I did.

The secret is this. You will find at all the big hardware stores bake pans, of various sizes, in enameled or granite ware that are just the thing for the purposes mentioned. The prices will be about as follows: Stove pan No. 16, size 10 x 4 x 2½, costs 30 cents each; No. 17, 11 x 15 x 2½, 40 cents; No. 18, 13 x 18 x 2½, 50 cents, and smaller sizes in proportion. The demand being greater for stove pans than for toning pans the price is naturally lower. At least 4 of these pans, of different sizes, so they will nest together, are indispensable to an amateur.

I know from experience how poorly equipped thousands of amateur photographers are, in this regard, and how important it is for good results to have "large, roomy and convenient trays." One of the most emphasized points of the discussion in the convention, of '97, was the phrase I have quoted.

I keep a tray of hot water (120°) on a little oil-heater, so I can develop my platino prints immediately on removing from the printing frame. They are much better if thus treated than when kept some time before developing. If the air is the least bit damp the prints are apt to be found more or less developed when you are ready for them, and are not so clean.

How many times must it be repeated, in the journals, that a cold, dark room, and cold developer, in winter, are responsible for ¾ of the bad negatives we get in that season? This don't apply, however, to Eastman film, as it is naturally contrasty, and, if developed in 60° developer, will be too harsh and intense to be good.

Perhaps the most cheated and abused person in the country is the beginner, who, after he has snapped off his first roll of film, takes it to any old professional photographer, whose opinion of amateurism, is, by the way, anything but flattering, to have it "fixed." I have been obliged, while traveling in the South, to resort to this method, to get my negatives developed quickly. Further remarks, perhaps, are not necessary. The reader may have "been there" himself.

Possibly no city in the country furnishes so great a number of interesting, quaint and curious subjects for the hand camera manipulator as New Orleans. It would be impossible to mention but a few of the great variety of interesting places that are fine subjects for the camera, in this short note. If you have but a few hours in the city, by all means visit the levee, Jackson Square, French Market, which I saw in all the glory of Thanksgiving preparation, the cemeteries, the Spanish fort and Canal Street.

I have been a stamp collector, a fiend in the pursuit of old coins and have had other similar crazes, but nothing is so enduring, so entirely fascinating and satisfactory as the collection of unmounted photographs. By this means I made many an otherwise dull hour pass swiftly last winter. My 2 albums of exchanged for prints are a constant source of pleasure to me and my friends. It is the pastime par excellence for me. History, geography, art, all together in my collection, making it a lasting reference book that grows more and more valuable (save the combined bath print part of it) as time passes.

It is one of the neglected pastimes, too, as I realized when endeavoring to secure suitable exchanging correspondents. Recreation solved the problem, however, and I have organized the quite numerous company who wrote to me on seeing my article, in January number of this magazine, into a world wide photo exchange society, with a printed monthly list and a slim financial backing.

We are a satisfied crowd, however, and our wants are all summed up in the phrase —"New Members constantly coming in." Write to me,

F. R. Archibald, Rock Creek, O.

COMBINED OR SEPARATE?

I was much interested in an article that appeared in the January, 1898, number of Recreation, on "Combined bath." Without doubt the separate bath toning solution is the best for professional use; but for the "struggling amateur" it is no delusion. It is rather one of the greatest helps to success.

Few people would have the courage to continue the study of photography if at the start they used the separate bath. Instead of being a constant source of annoyance it is one of the means that help to hold the interest until enough is known of the art to enable the student to competently use a separate bath.

I have a combined bath that will produce as good results as any separate bath, if directions are followed. Therefore because one person is deluded by the use of combined bath this does not formulate a rule to apply to all others. One of the great secrets of success, in the use of any toning solution, is in following directions and in observing neatness. Think a little. Use a little common sense, and I am sure you will agree with me.

M. L. H., Rochester, N. Y.

The Judges who will award the prizes in Recreation's third annual photo competition, are Mr. Wilmot Townsend, the well known artist; Mr. E. A. Burnett, E. P. A., of the Santa Fe Railway and Mr. Wm. D. Murphy, President of the New York Camera Club.

The judging will take place May 2d and the result will be announced in July Recreation.

If Richelieu had lived in this 19th century he would doubtless have said, "In the hands of men entirely great the camera is greater than gun."

A tele-photo lens worth $150 as a premium for 100 subscriptions. Who will be the first to earn it?

Why not send in your dollar and become a charter member of the L. A. S.?

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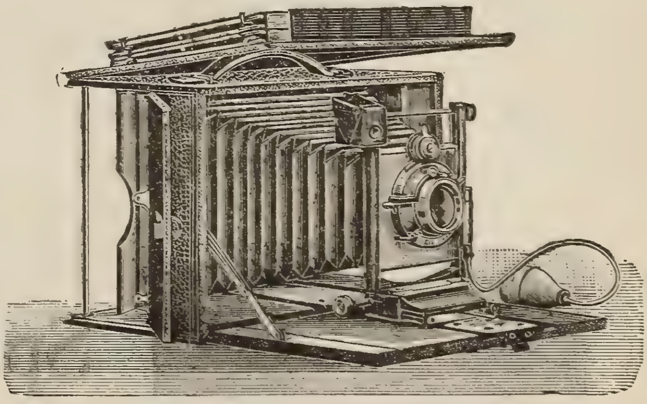

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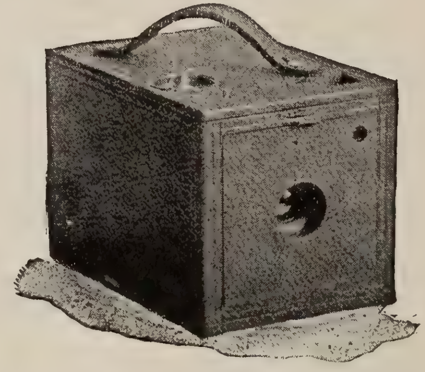

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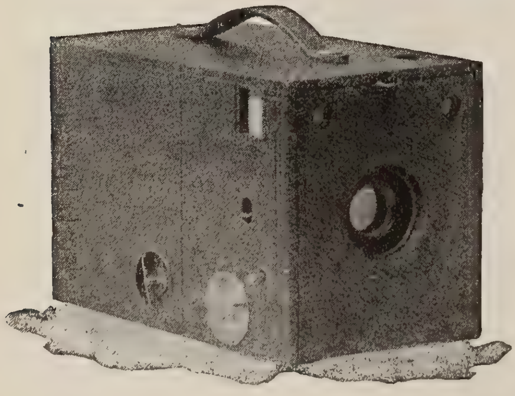

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Catalogues free at Kodak agencies or by mail.

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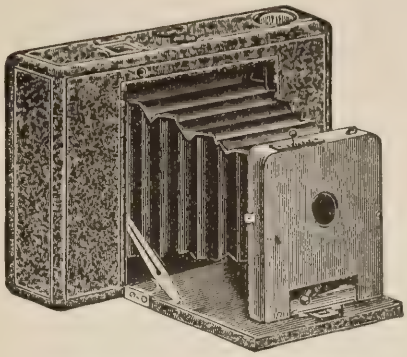

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is designed for the cyclist, the traveller, or any one that wishes a high-grade camera, the most compact of any in existence.

The dimensions are 1⅝ x 4½ x 6½ inches
Capacity, 12 exposures, sunlight film
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The shutter is fitted with two speeds for snap shots, and also has a device for time exposures. A set of three stops are also provided.

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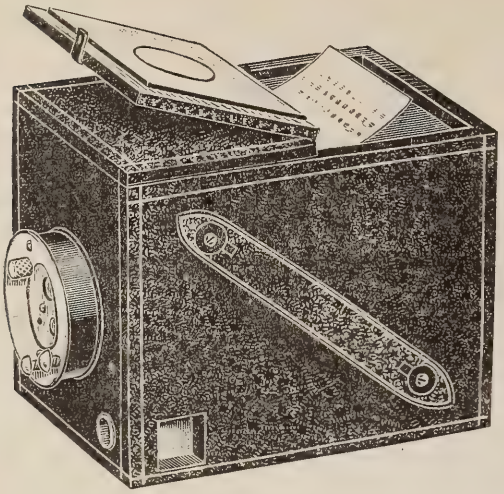

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Loads with 24 flat films 4 x 4, or
Six glass plates, 3½ x 3½, in holders.
Achromatic lens with three stops.
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Time and snap shot shutter.
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An Exposure Meter.
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The Willsie 4 x 5 Camera **$15**

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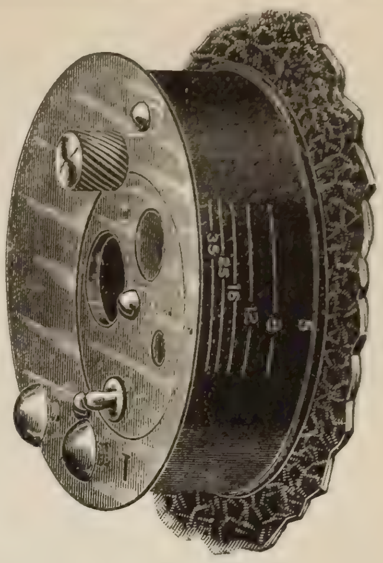
THE MOUNTED FLAT FILMS

are easy to put into the camera, easy to change, and do not require holders. Any film may be removed for development without disturbing the others. The exposed films can always be separated from the unexposed. The subject, time of exposure, etc., can always be learned from the memoranda on each film; and the number of exposed and unexposed films in the camera can always be told at a glance. Films are changed in daylight.

THE LENSES

are the best meniscus achromatic that can be obtained, and give superior definition combined with rapidity, flatness of field, and depth of focus. Their length of focus (five inches in the 3½ size and six and one-half inches in the 4 x 5 size) prevents the distortion which results from the use of shorter focus lenses.

A FOCUSING ATTACHMENT



is a part of each camera. All lenses require focusing. A "universal" focus lens cannot be ground. Lenses frequently are used at a fixed (or "universal") focus to avoid the expense of a focusing device in a camera. Our focusing attachment is accurately scaled, and, being made of metal, is not liable to the wear and injuries of leather bellows.

THE SHUTTER

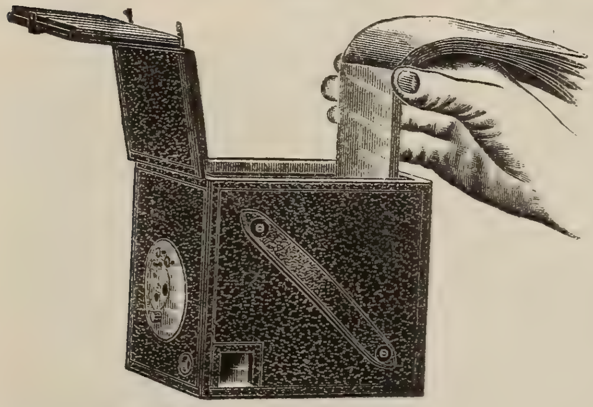
being fastened to the metal front disk cannot warp and can readily be removed for examination or exchange. It has a safety stop disk with three openings, and time and instantaneous buttons. The front is finely finished in nickel.

AN EXPOSURE METER

will hereafter be provided with each camera. The most difficult thing in amateur photography is the proper timing of the exposure. With this exposure meter the proper time can always be determined before making the exposures. (Exposure meters alone sell for from $2.50 to $5.00 each.)

THE NEW PRINCIPLE

used only in the Willsie Camera, is the most pronounced improvement in camera construction in the last decade. It combines all the advantages of all other methods and yet does away with all the interior mechanism of a camera. A strip of opaque paper is cemented to the back of each film or plate. These strips are three or four times as long as the films, and by opening the cover of the camera the outer ends of these paper strips can be as easily handled as the leaves of a book. The entire operation of changing films is done by simply pulling one of these strips. A place is provided on each strip for all the memoranda that ordinarily requires a note-book.



WE GUARANTEE

these cameras to be equal to any cameras of similar prices, and in some respects superior to all others. Upon receipt of $10 for the 3½ size, or $15 for the 4 x 5 size, we will send the camera and a very complete book of directions, prepaid, by express.

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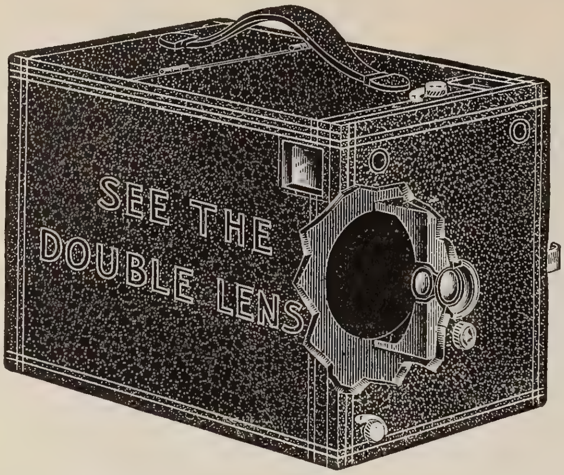

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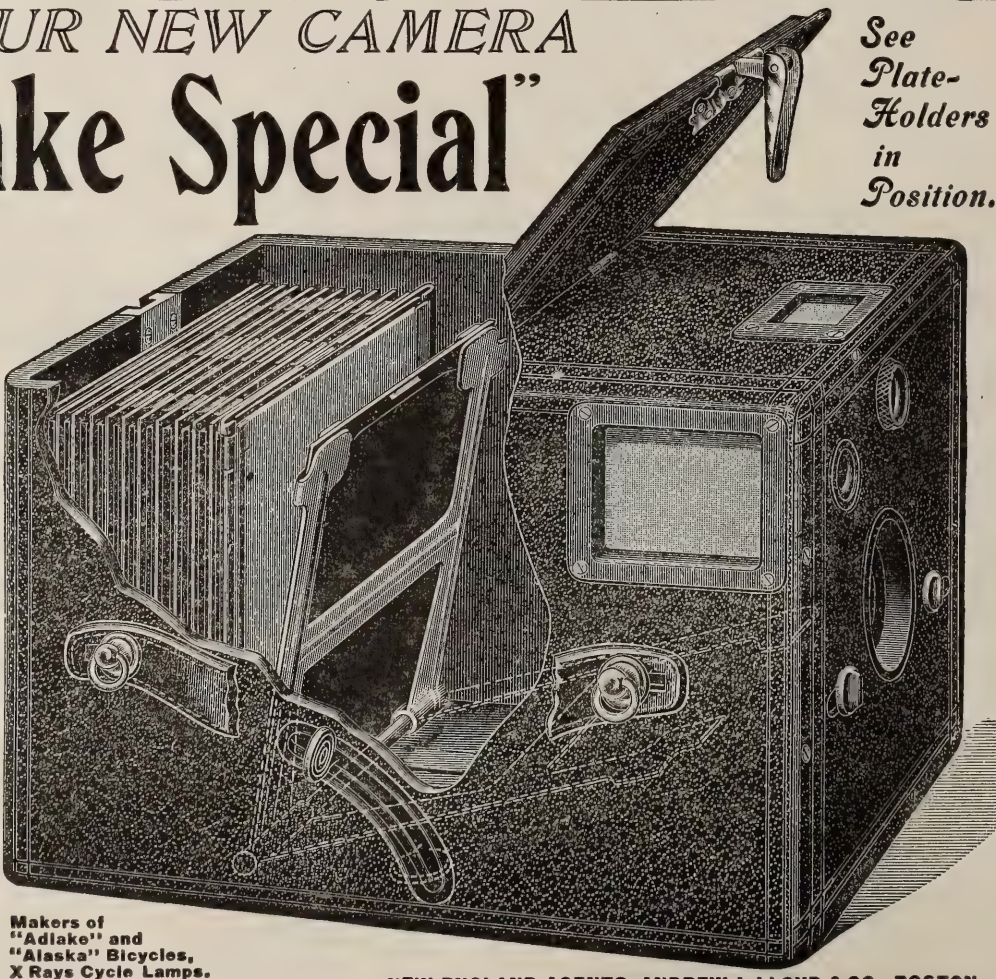

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Everything

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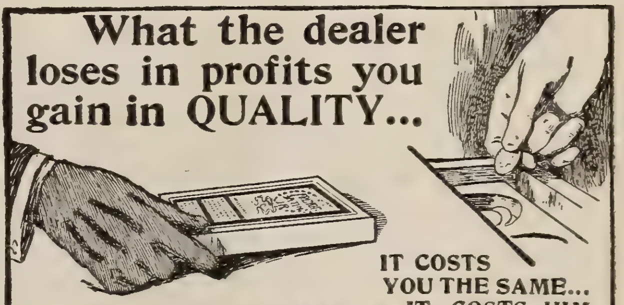

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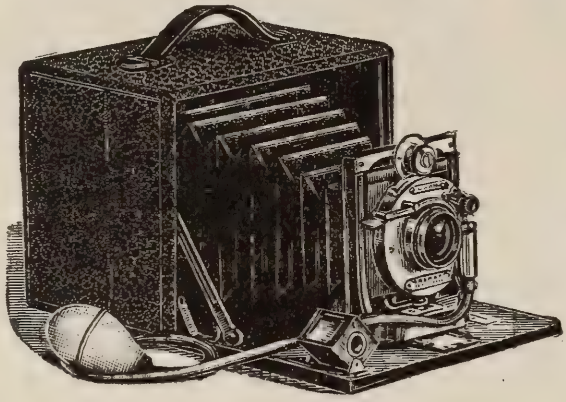

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There are a host of $5.00 cameras on the market, but only one that makes a picture 4 x 5 inches.

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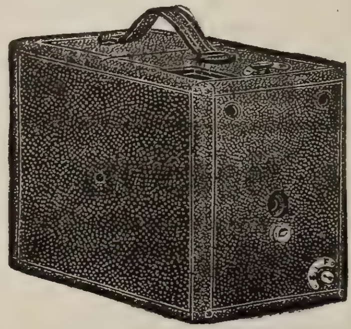
Boss Dandy



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WITH COMPLETE
Printing, Toning and Developing Outfit

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CAMERA IS PERFECT and has a TRUE FINDER, also TIME and INSTANTANEOUS SHUTTER.

With our outfit, consisting of six 3½x3½ inch dry plates, two trays, toning and developing solutions and printing frame, any one can get satisfactory results. We guarantee everything. Sample Picture sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

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Dissolve instantly, keep indefinitely, are stainless and non-poisonous. Endorsed by amateurs and leading professionals. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Box containing toning for 250 4x5 prints sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cts.; Developing Tablets 25 cts. Booklet free on request.

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BEWARE OF BETTIS.

Fort Niobrara, Neb.

Editor RECREATION: I have owned dogs for 2 years and have had a good deal of sport, running coyotes and jack rabbits. Your articles on the wolf question have attracted a great deal of attention. The development of coursing is of interest. I trust some day to see an all American dog win the Waterloo Cup—the great English event.

By-the-way, you might do your readers a good turn by warning them against buying dogs from unknown dealers. I had a friend in this country badly "bitten" not long ago. He answered an ad. of one James Bettis, of Winchester, Ill. Bettis replied and after some correspondence my friend sent him $50 for 2 Russian Wolf Hounds and $2 extra for the purpose of having the dogs registered.

In a few days 2 ordinary greyhounds arrived. He then made enquiry and learned that Bettis is a common swindler, making a living by such fraudulent practices. My friend is a business man and in addition to his disappointment owing to not getting what he ordered—has the additional chagrin of having been "taken in."

Wm. E. Elliot,
Lieut. 12th U. S. Infantry.

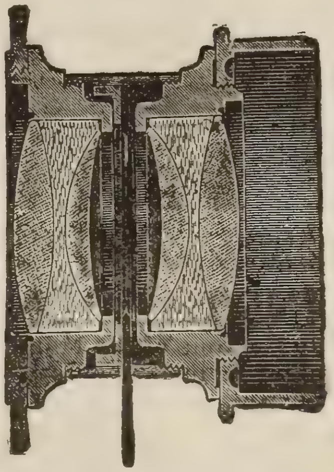
Always mention RECREATION when answering ads.

JUST THE OTHER WAY.

The man who had built up the new town, and was showing a prospective settler about the place, pointed with pride to a pretty little church, just completed.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked the visitor.

"I should say not," replied the head man of the burg, with an air of injured pride; "the church belongs to me."—Detroit Free Press.



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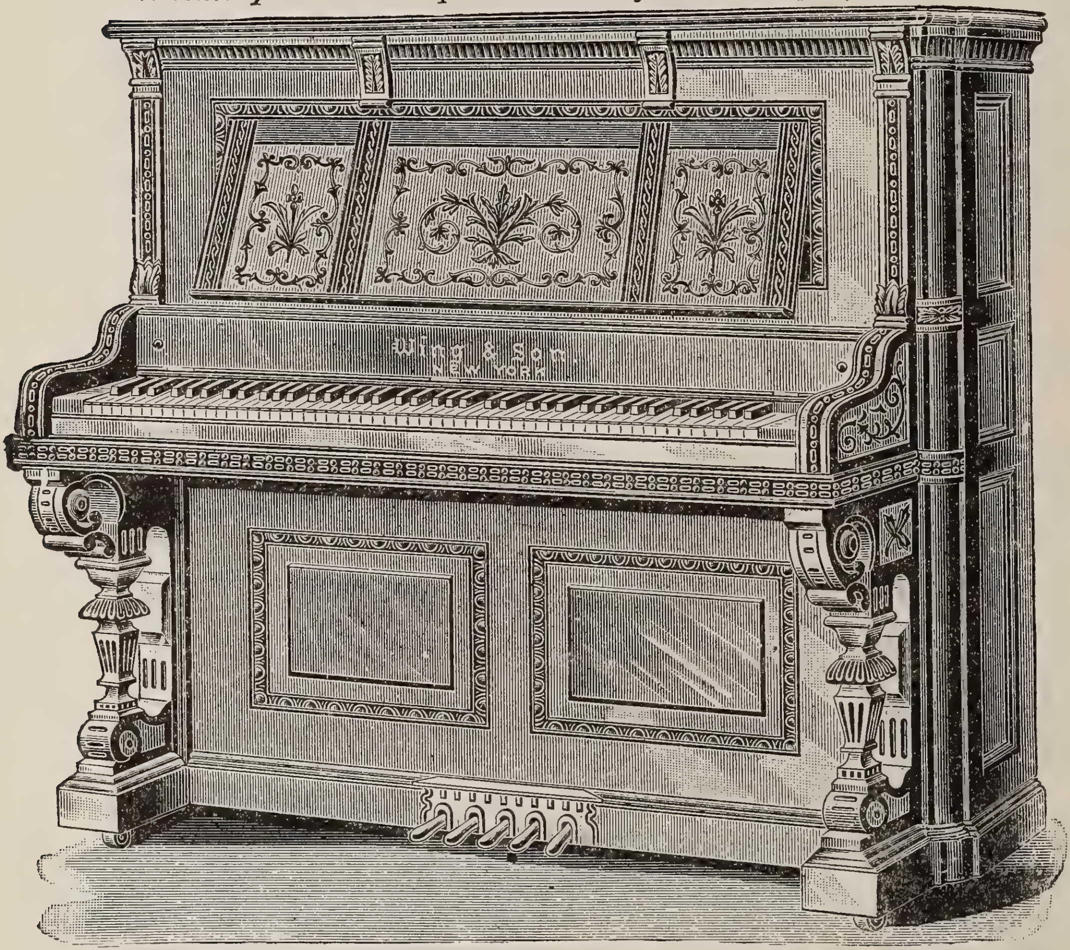
STYLE 7. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT.

No other piano made equals this in style and design of case.



You do not have to pay an extravagant price for a first-class piano.
Write for prices of the Wing Piano before you buy.

THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. The sounds of these different instruments may be heard alone or in concert with the piano.

Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for TWELVE YEARS against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material :: :: ::

SENT ON TRIAL We will send this piano, or your choice of four other styles, to any part of the United States on trial (all freights paid by us), allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and, if the instrument is in any particular unsatisfactory, we will take it back at our own expense. No conditions are attached to this trial. We ask for no advance payment; no deposit. We pay all freights in advance.

Over 18,000 Wing Pianos manufactured and sold in 29 years (since 1868).

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Our beautiful, handsomely illustrated catalogue, and a book of information about pianos sent free on request.

Wing & Son

443 and 445 West 13th Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1868

The National Guard and many Officers of the

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have been buying, for use in Cuba, our

Siberian Moose Shoes

because they are so **light**, so **durable**, and so thoroughly **water-proof.**

For the past year we have been sending a lot of these shoes, and some cavalry boots, to Gen. Gomez's officers, through a large tobacco-importing house here in New York.

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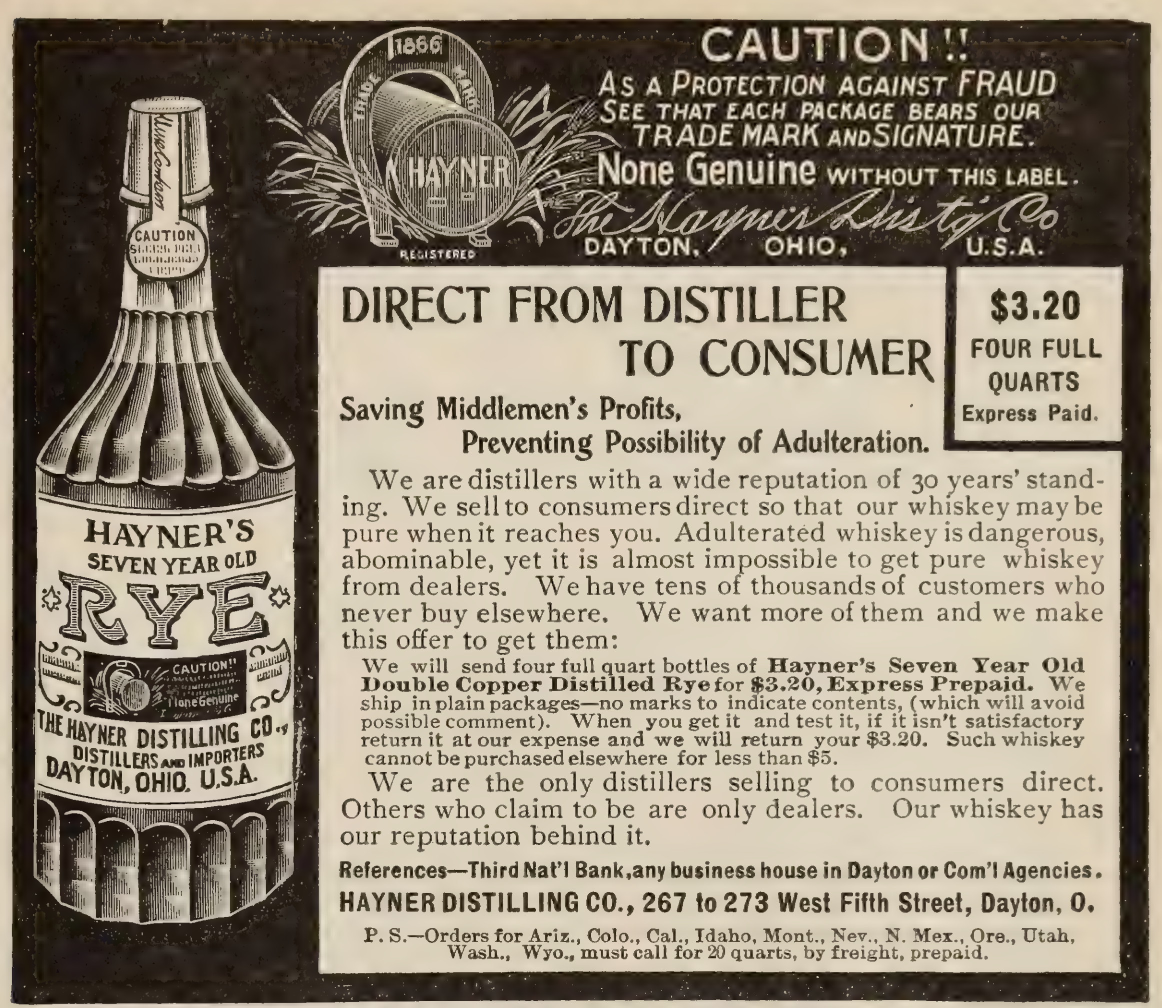

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G. F. Roberts, Milton, Mass.

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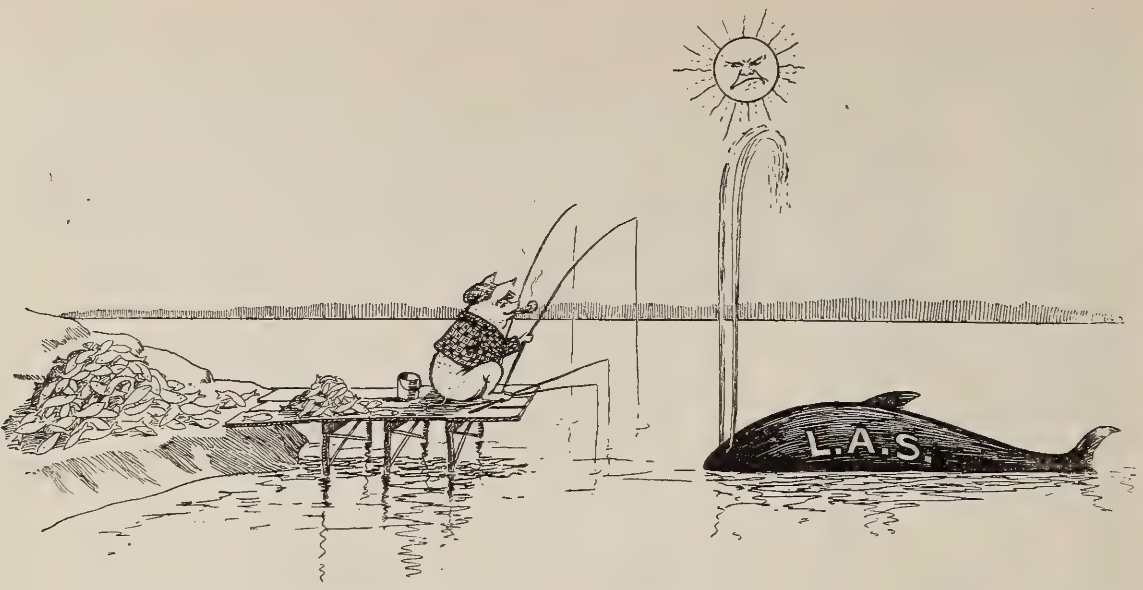
Eastman Kodak received O. K. I thank you very much.
H. H. Clark, East Angus, Que.

I received the Marlin rifle O. K. and it is a hummer.
G. H. Powers, East Syracuse, N. Y.

I received the Blair camera Saturday and think it is a beauty.
Kenneth Townsend, Amherst, N. S.

Received the Bristol steel rod O. K. and it is a beauty. Accept my sincere thanks for it.
F. L. Wilcox, Asbury Park, N. J.

My Premo camera and tripod arrived O. K. to-day. Accept my sincere thanks for that which has been presented to me for less than 2 days' work.
O. M. Evans, Steubenville, O.



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"Finding a New Trout Stream," F. R. Fouch, and other good stories, beside the usual grist of short letters from the game fields, the fishing waters, the haunts of birds, etc.

I hope to be able to print in this issue several of the prize winning photos from the competition which closed April 30th.

I am informed on what appears indisputable evidence, that Wm. Bettis, of Winchester, Ill., who advertises dogs for sale, is a fraud and a swindler. Business men in his town say he has no kennel, never had one, and that his statements cannot be believed, under any circumstances.

"Witness," said the cross-examining lawyer, "are you willing to swear the prisoner was smoking a pipe at the time?"

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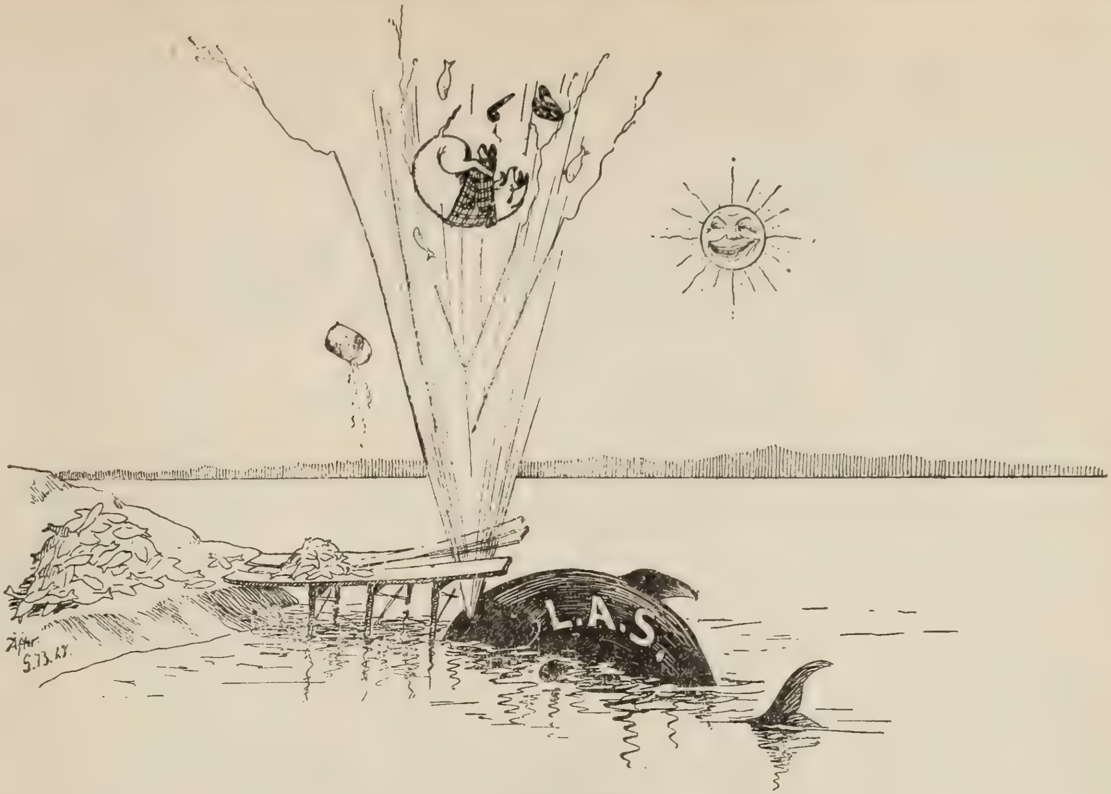

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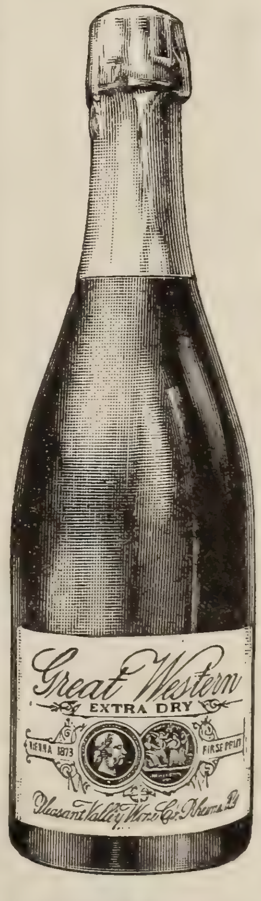
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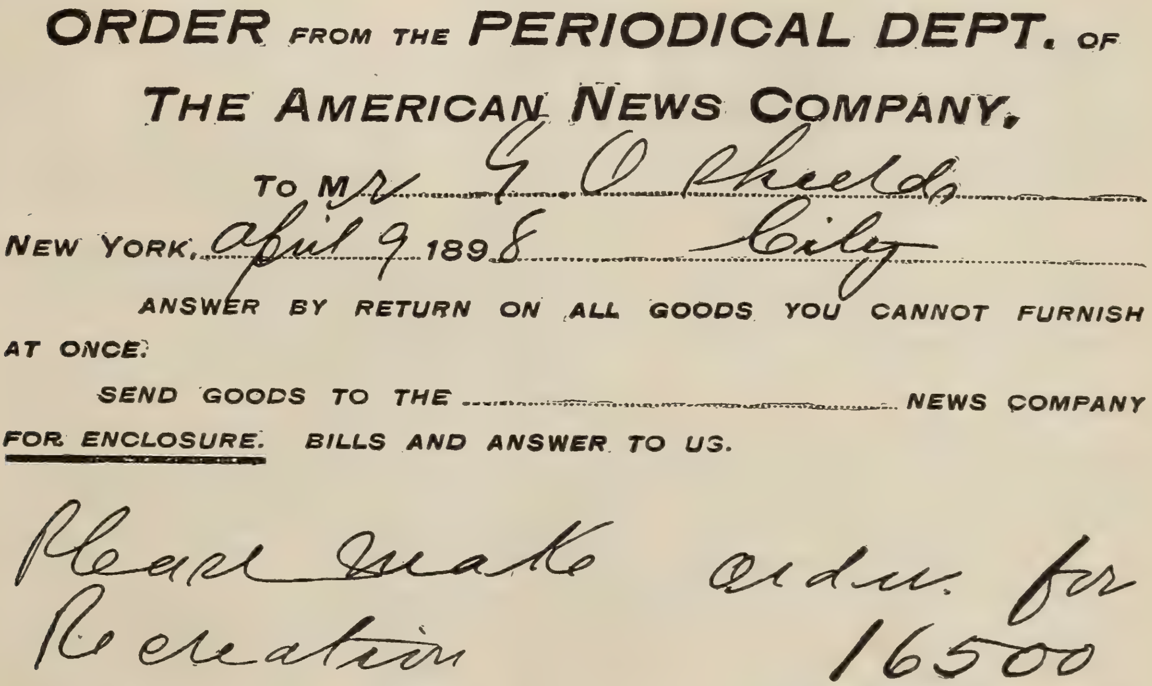

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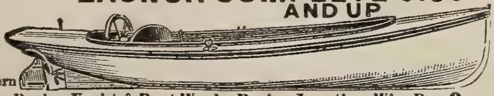

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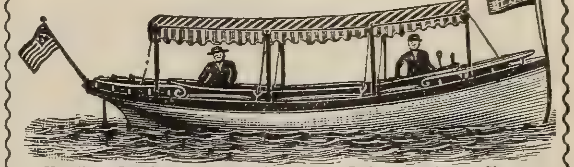

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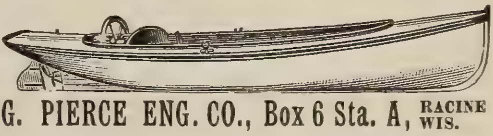

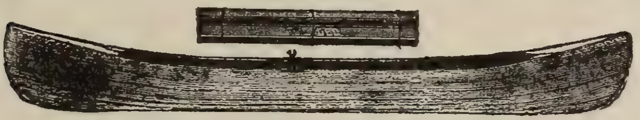

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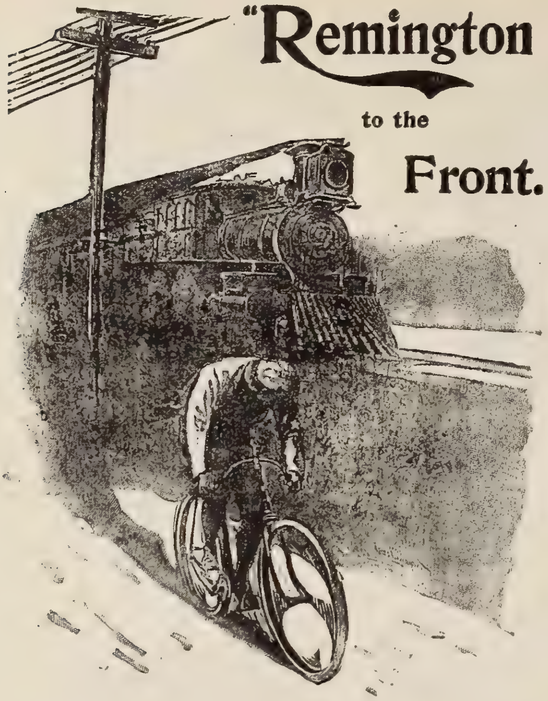
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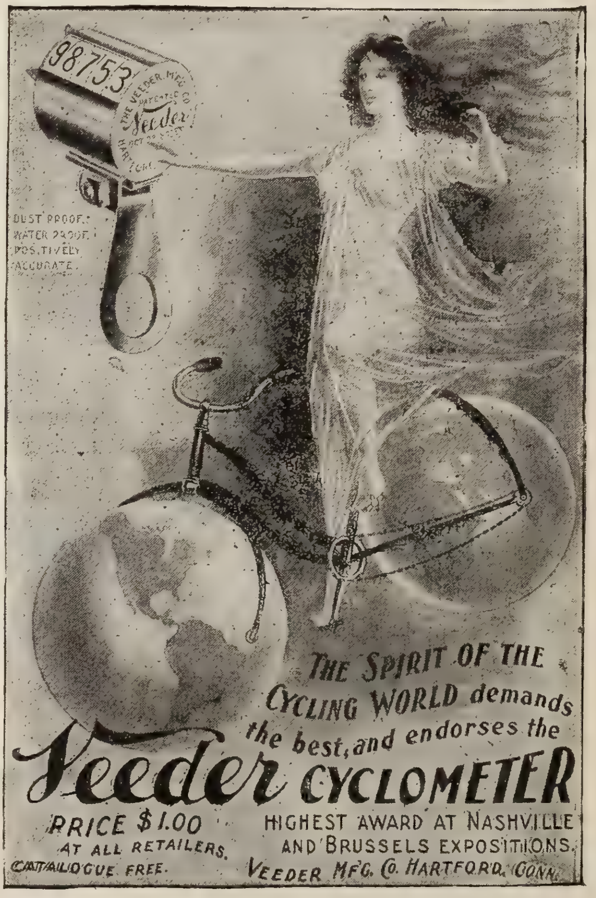
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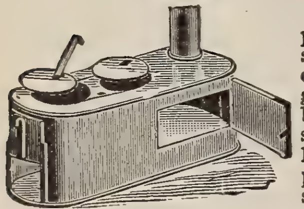

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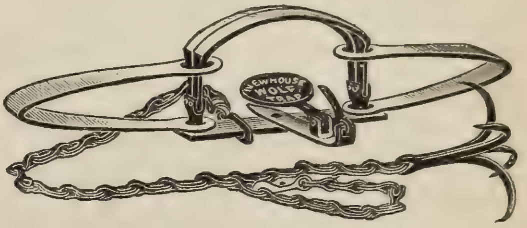

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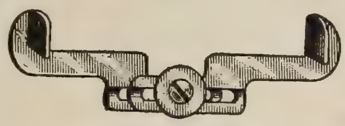

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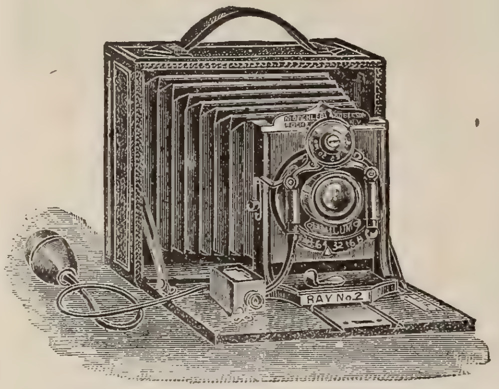

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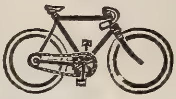
$27  **Buys**

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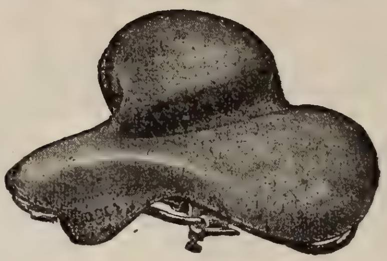

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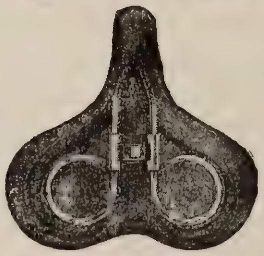

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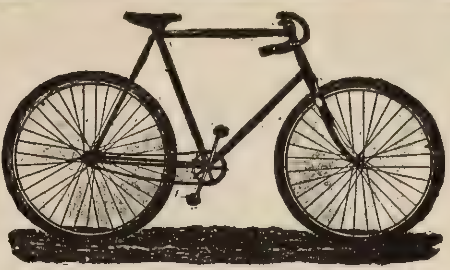

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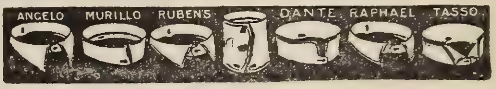

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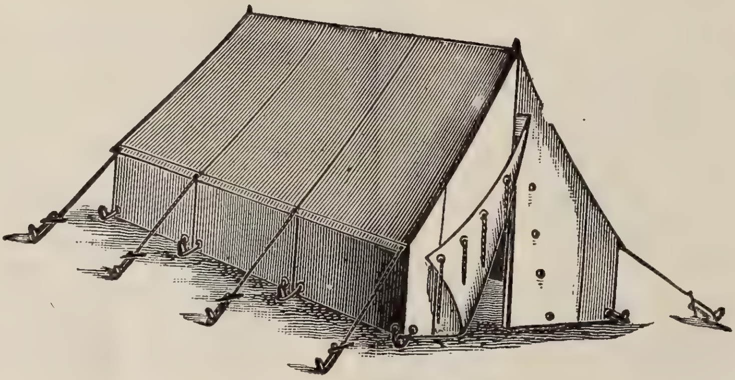

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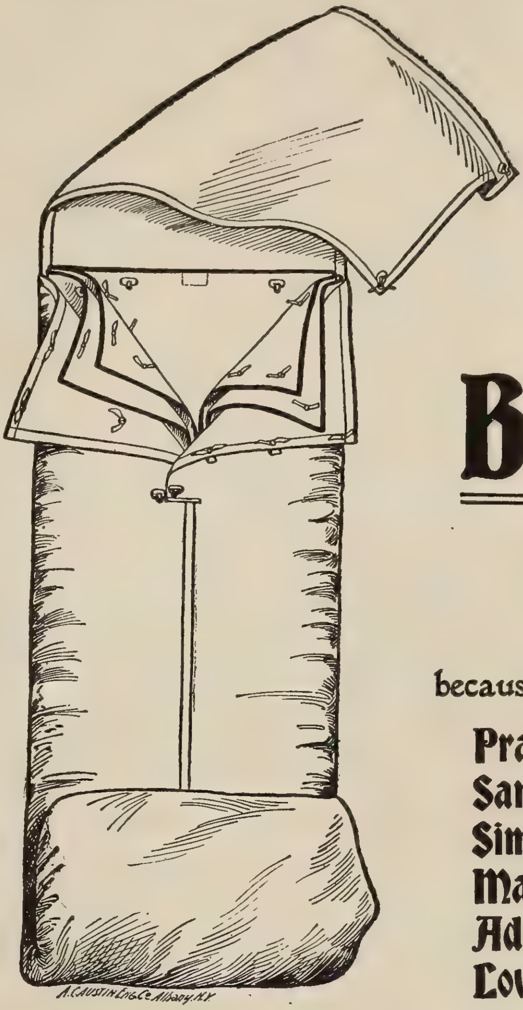
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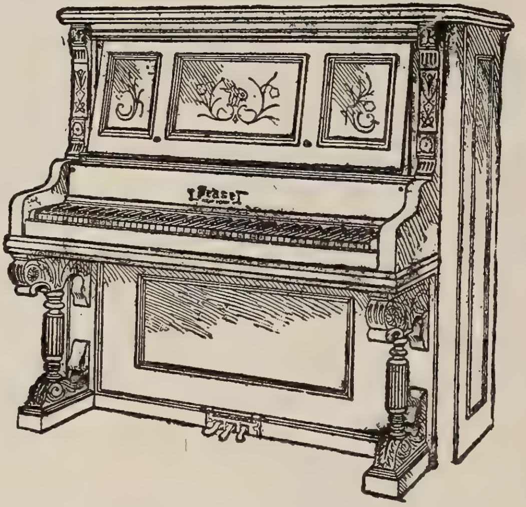

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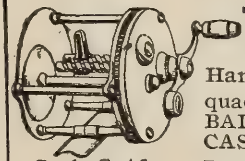

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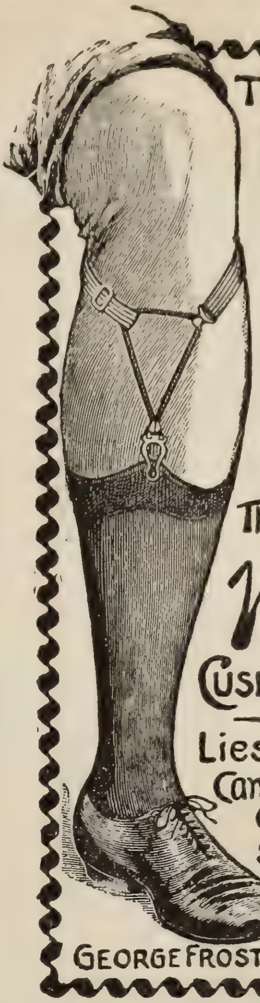

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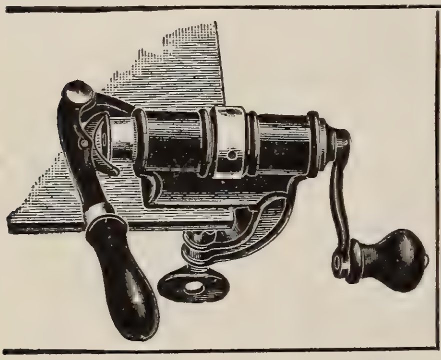

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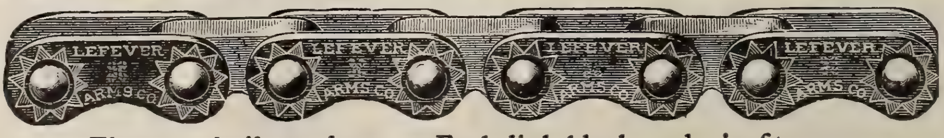
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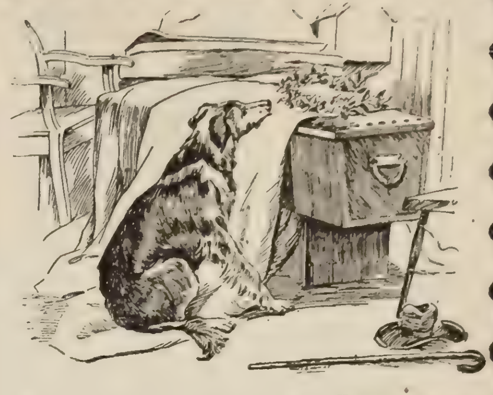

Talkin' about love an' all
This high-flown affection,
Why, man alive, you can't call
It love at all, in connection
With that of a dog.

No use argyin' one way or t'other,
This question's settled in my estimation,
Feller for gal, and child for mother,
May be called love, but it ain't in relation
With that of a dog.

Jest read the papers, that's all to it;
Breaches of promise an' sich like actions,
Man sez he'll do, and then won't do it,
Life's chuck full of sich transactions;
'Tain't so with a dog.

When a dog loves yer, he loves yer
Through thick and thin in the same queer fashion;
'Tain't nothin' like them turtle doves yer
Read about with their silly passion,
This love of a dog.

I've tried women, also hosses,
An' ain't got nothin' to say agin either,
But fer downright lovin', when hard luck crosses
Yer path, I tell yer neither
Is shucks to a dog.

By F. W. Shibley.

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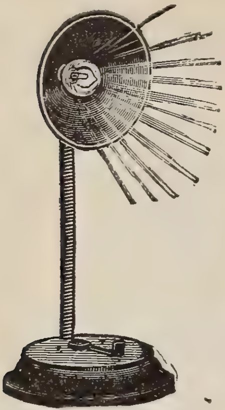

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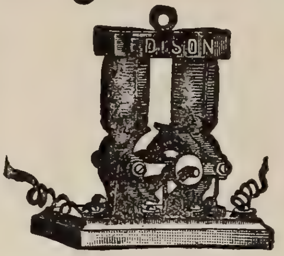

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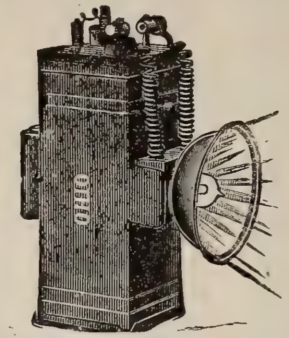

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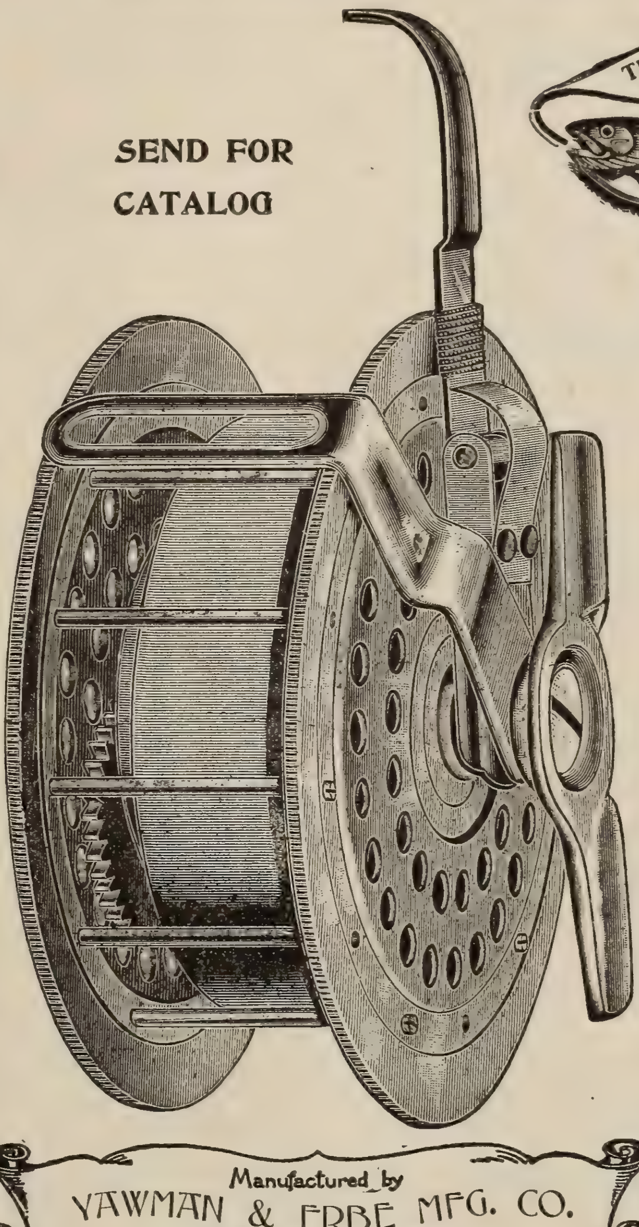

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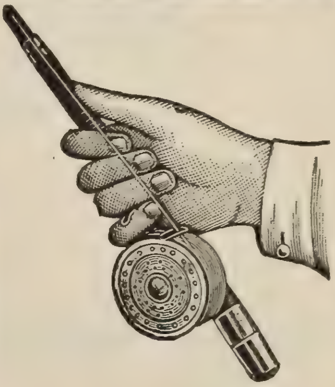

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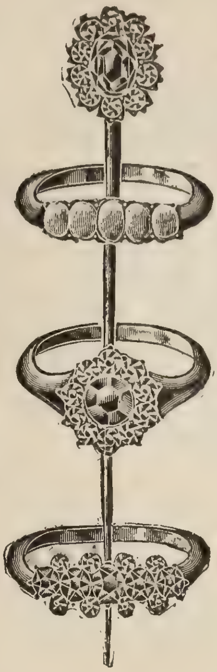

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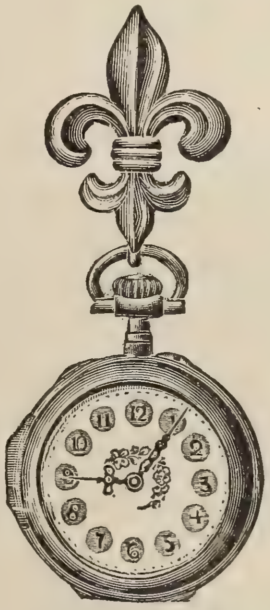

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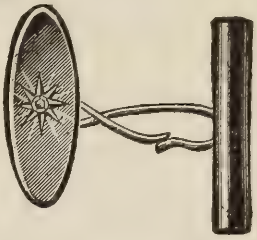

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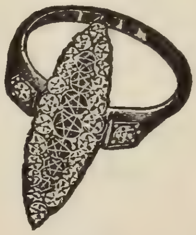

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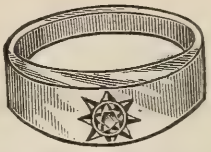

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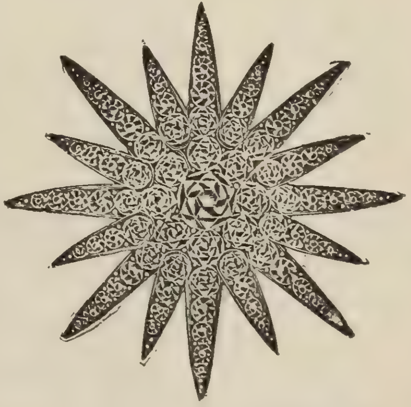

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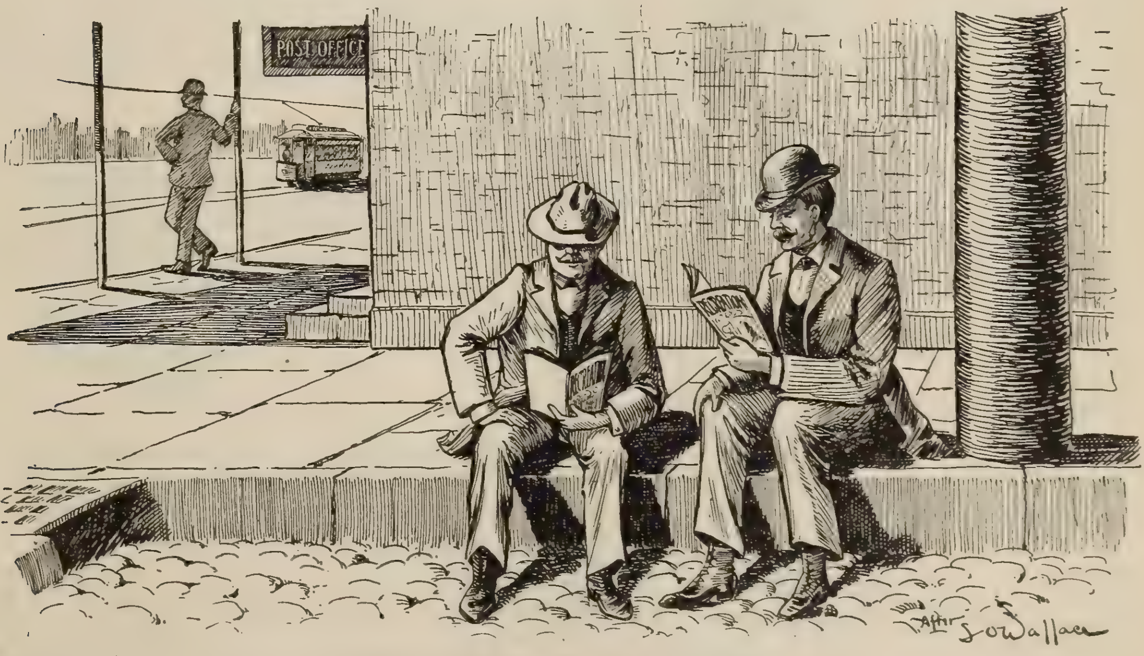

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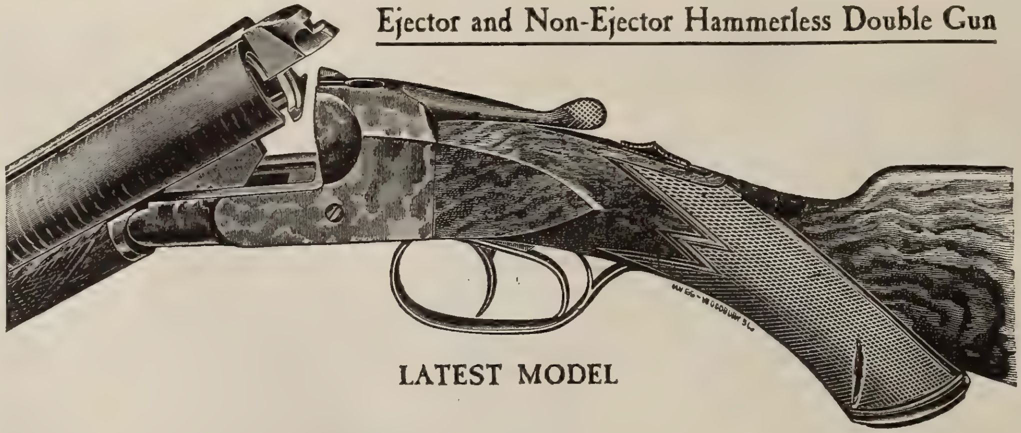

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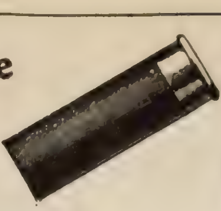

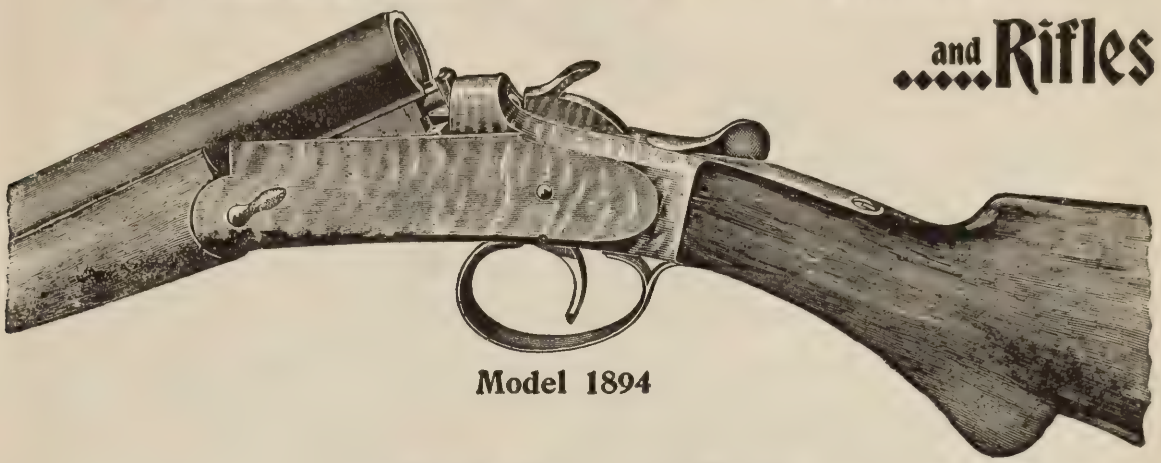

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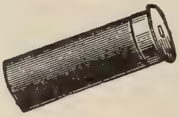

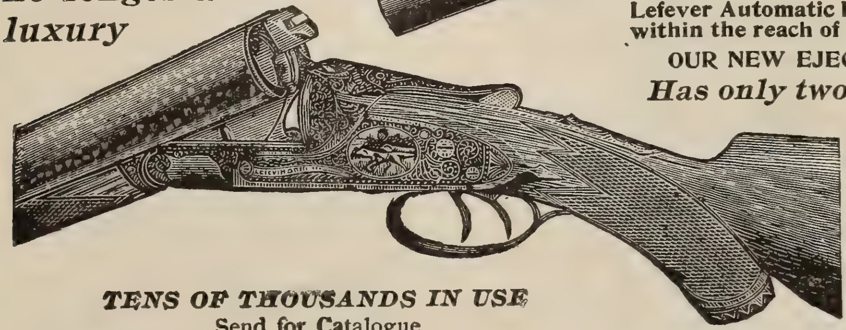

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GAME NOTES.

Elk wintered well the past season. Many calves are to be seen in every band. None have died from cold or starvation, as many did in the winter of '96-'97. Bands of from 75 to 500 are to be seen on every mountain side. Ducks are numerous on the river and creeks. There is also a flock of swans here.

Much dissatisfaction is expressed in regard to the proposed annexation of part of Jackson's Hole to the Forest Preserve. The timber is scarce and of little value.

An inhabitant of this place was lately arrested and fined for shipping elk heads and horns. The fine and costs amounted to about $25. What is that compared to the price he got for the heads? He can afford to stay in the business.

Sportsman, Jackson Hole, Wyo.

In March RECREATION Mr. E. G. Gardner, Chetco, Ore., states that last winter he killed 72 deer. I should have expected to see a postscript signed Editor, and speaking about "a game hog." Deer, when dressed, will average 125 pounds each, and 72 times 125 is 9,000 pounds. If Mr. Gardner has 4 in his family and each ate 2 pounds of venison a day, for 90 days, (about the length of the deer season, I suppose they would consume 720 pounds. What became of the other 8,280 pounds of deer meat? In my opinion 6 deer would have been plenty for Mr. Gardner. That would have left a like amount for 11 other "Sportsmen."

C. S. Scribner, Canton, O.

In 2 hours, 3 men in this county shot 268 rabbits. At another time 4 men shot 104 rabbits in one afternoon. Would you call those men hogs? That would be an insult to the pig family. We have a few prairie chickens and quails. The latter are protected until 1900. There are some geese here in the spring and fall, but they are wary, and the hunter who kills one has well earned it. Ducks are not so plenty as they used to be.

A. V., Tipton, Iowa.

I have seen it stated that an animal shot through the heart will drop in its tracks. I have been a hunter, scout and guide since 1872, and have shot hundreds of animals through the heart. I have yet to see one drop where it stood, when so shot. They all ran from 10 to 300 yards; most of them falling within 20 to 50 yards. An animal lying down is not likely to get up after a heart shot. I would like to see this question discussed by such old time hunters as Van Dyke, Ira Dodge, George Ray and Mack Miner.

M. P. Dunham, Ovando, Mont.

For Field or for Trap,
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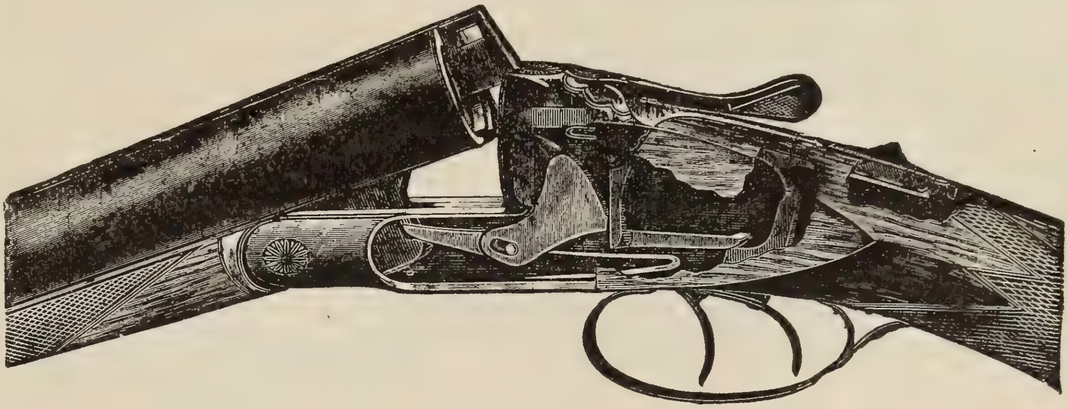

THEIR simplicity of construction and superiority of finish stamp them "BETTER" for practical all-round work than any gun in the market. The "old, old story" but, nevertheless, substantiated by every man who ever drew a Syracuse to his shoulder.

Here is what men say of the Syracuse who are using it . . .

I promised to tell you exactly what I thought of the SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN you sent me, after having given it a thorough trial. I spent two weeks in Minnesota, during October, and as the chickens and ducks were wild, had an excellent opportunity to test the killing qualities of this gun. I killed as often and as far, with my 12-gauge SYRACUSE, as those of our party who were shooting more expensive 8 and 10-gauge guns, and which required, or at least used, nearly double the ammunition. I am satisfied I shall never own a better gun, for the money, than the SYRACUSE. I can heartily recommend it to all who want a moderate-priced, yet good, close, hard-shooting gun.

HARRY A. BEAVER, Cadillac, Mich.

Accept my thanks for the valuable little SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS GUN. The shooting qualities of the SYRACUSE, and its neat appearance, cannot be beaten by any gun I ever saw, for the money.

CHARLES L. BIGART, Dunmore, Pa.

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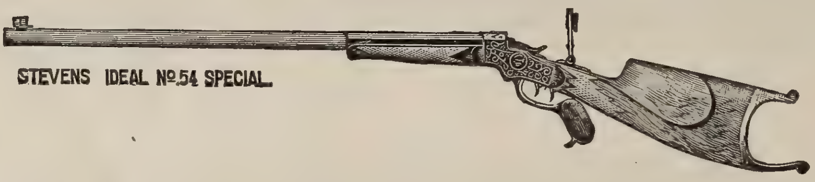
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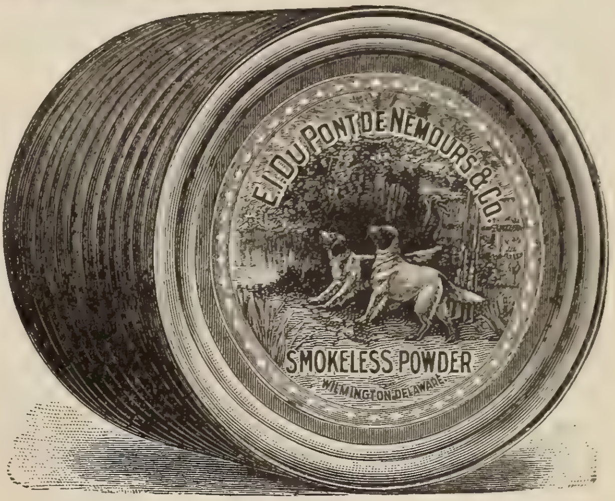

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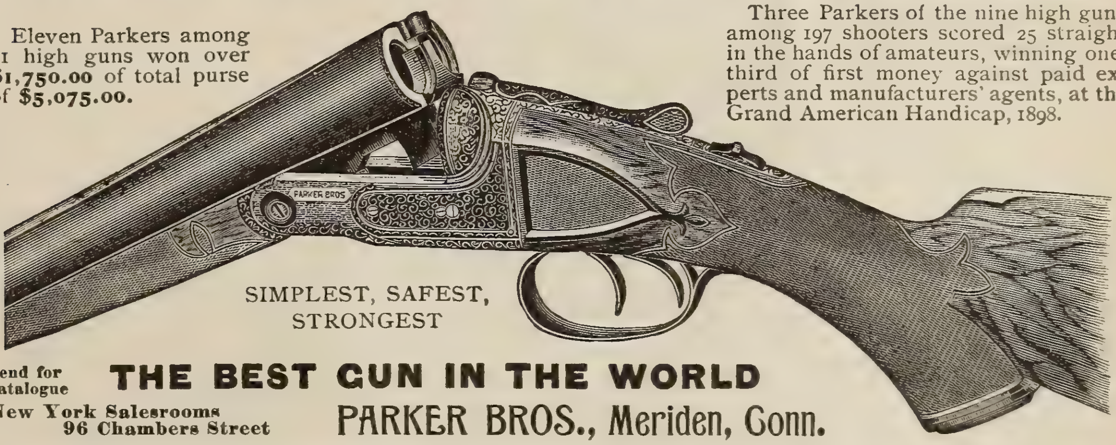

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Jas. L. McLaughlin, Proprietor & Guide.

For Sale or Exchange: A Tandem Tricycle, new; soft rubber tires, ball bearings all round; in good second hand condition. Original cost $250. Will sell cheap or exchange for hammerless shot gun, typewriter or camera.

C. D. Perkins, D.D.S., Augusta, Ga.

There was a trout in our brook
  And he was wondrous wise,
He never touched a baited hook
  Or artificial flies;
But, when he saw a real live bug
  Come floating through the pool,
He rose and gorged it with a shrug;
  He was no angler's fool.

What's the Use

of walking when you can get a first-class, high-grade bicycle for nothing?

How?

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If you live in a town of 3,000 or more, and if you are a hustler you can get these in 2 days.

I can give you the names of 20 people who did this in 1896, and who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

RECREATION

19 West 24th Street
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HOW THE NATURE PHOTOS APPEAL TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

You have many expressing their high appreciation of your most excellent magazine, and I agree with all that has been said in its favor. I want to tell you how much good it is doing in a way different from the sportsman's view. My daughter is engaged in kindergarten work. One of the great objects taught is in regard to animal life. Here is where RECREATION comes in. The articles "Hunting with a Camera" are especially applicable to this work. My daughter takes the book to her school, tells the little ones all about the pictures, and about the birds and animals shown. It would do you good to see the little tots, as they hear and see what RECREATION says. They do not forget it. From this they learn to love and care for the birds and animals, and it inspires them to love and protect them, instead of trying to destroy them. No danger of any of these little ones ever becoming game hogs.

D. W. S., Dayton, O.

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

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Its Habits, Habitat, Haunts and Characteristics. How, When and Where to Hunt it. 8vo, 600 pages, 80 illustrations. Cloth, $3.50; Half Morocco, $5.00; Full Morocco, $6.50.

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THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a Photake Camera and outfit, listed at $2.50.

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Read what a prominent clergyman says of our preserve. His letter is printed on this ☞ page. He lives near our property and knows what he is talking about.

Read what a prominent physician says of it. His letter is printed on page 453 of this issue. He has hunted all over this preserve and knows whereof he speaks.

We shall sell 50 memberships at $150 each. The next 50 will be $200 each.

If you want to get in on the ground floor send your check at once.

I. E. BOOTH, Secretary
333 West 32d St., New York

GAME AND FISH OF THE DU-MOINE RIVER REGION.

Pembroke, Ont.

Editor Recreation: I have hunted on the Du Moine river, in Pontiac County, Que., but have never been more than 25 miles above the mouth. From my own experience and from information obtained from hunters, lumbermen, etc., who have been over all the ground, I am able to give you some practical information.

The mouth of the Du Moine is about 50 miles West of this town, and is nearly opposite Mackey's Station, on the main line of the C. P. R. In the Du Moine region game and fish are plentiful. It is no extravagance of language to say that deer (*Cervus virginianus*), grouse and moose are abundant. Twenty years ago there was not a deer track to be seen on the Du Moine; but now they are there in thousands, and of course, the wolves are there too. It is the best hunting ground for moose, that I know of. They are so entirely unacquainted with man, their tameness is shocking to me.

Up North, in the neighborhood of Grand lake, there are caribou. A Pembroke man saw 9 in one herd last winter, in that locality, and tracks of hundreds more. I believe there are more black bears, to the square mile, in that region than anywhere else in Canada.

The country is rough but there are old lumber roads all through it, so that it is not inaccessible. On these old roads one can shoot all the grouse he wants without the aid of dogs. A game hog could make a record there on ruffed grouse, ptarmigan and spruce grouse.

There are many varieties of fur-bearing animals such as foxes (red, silver, cross, black and pure white), lynx, marten, fisher, beaver, otter, mink, muskrat and wolverine.

Although I have hunted there for 7 seasons I never saw many ducks or geese, except shell drakes and migratory flocks of broad billed ducks. The shell drake, divers and loons are to be seen on all the many lakes of that region, but it is no place for a 10 gauge gun, as the water-fowl really don't amount to much.

As to fish, it is impossible to exaggerate. In the Du Moine itself there are no trout of any kind, but no end of black bass, pike, doré, and muskalonge. Every brook holds the *Salmo fontinalis* in apparently unlimited numbers. In the lakes which dot the whole region the larger varieties of trout abound. I have caught gray trout weighing 30 pounds, and speckled trout weighing 30 pounds, and one can get as many as he wants, especially of the latter. These weights, I am told, have been exceeded, but I have not seen the fish.

All in all, I know of no more desirable tract of country in Canada, for hunting and fishing.

Rev. G. D. Bayne, B.A., Ph.D.

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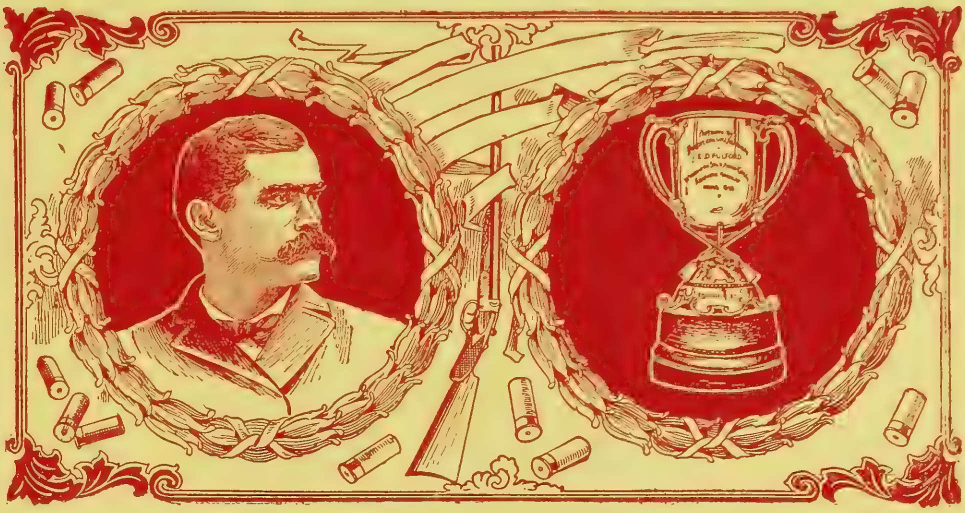

Grand American Handicap, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1897

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP, 1898, Mr. Fulford, 1st. Mr. Loomis, 2d. Mr. Jones, 3d.

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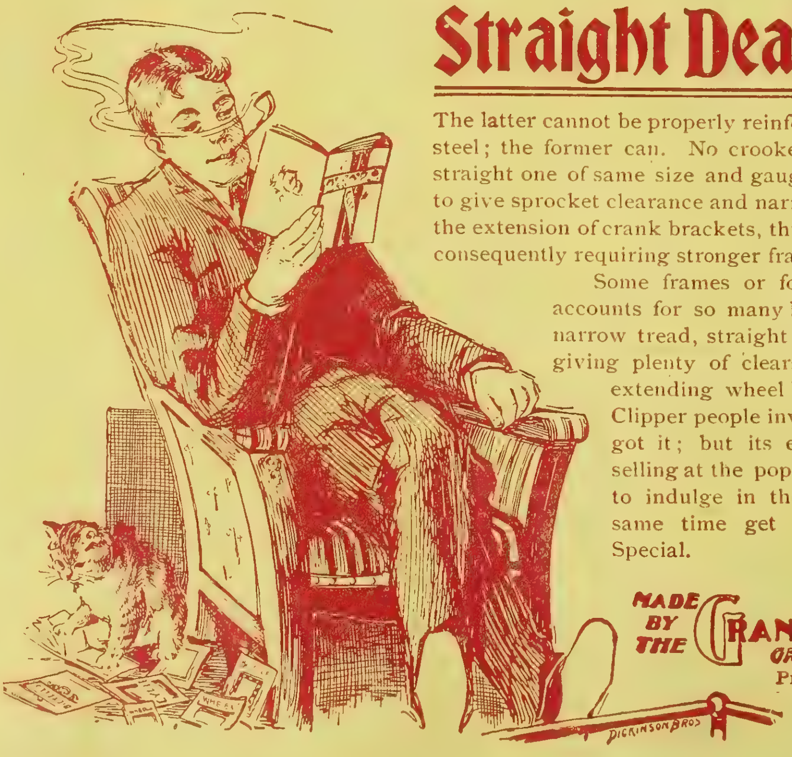

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